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JULY 1964 SIXTY CENTS

Harper's

MAGAZINE

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The American Way of Birth

SLOAN WILSON

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The Job-finding Machine: How to Crank It Up

EDWARD T. CHASE

The Trauma of Size Sixteen MARYA MANNES

The Expanding Spectrum: Space-messengers,
Missile-detectors, and People-watchers

JOHN L. CHAPMAN

Schlesinger at the White House HENRY BRANDON

Also: Ray Bradbury, John Dickson Carr, Peter F. Drucker,
John Kenneth Galbraith, Fitzroy Maclean

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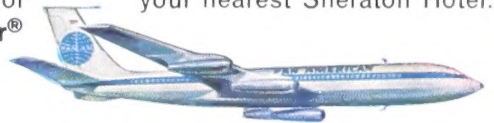
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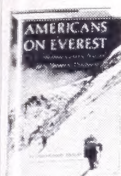
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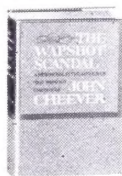
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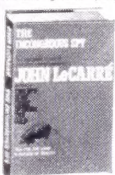
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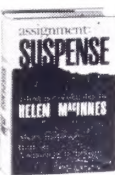
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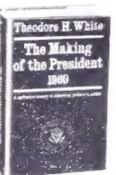
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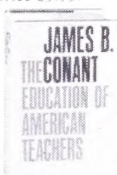
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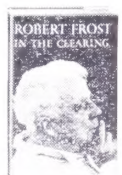
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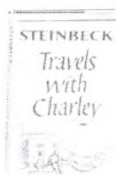
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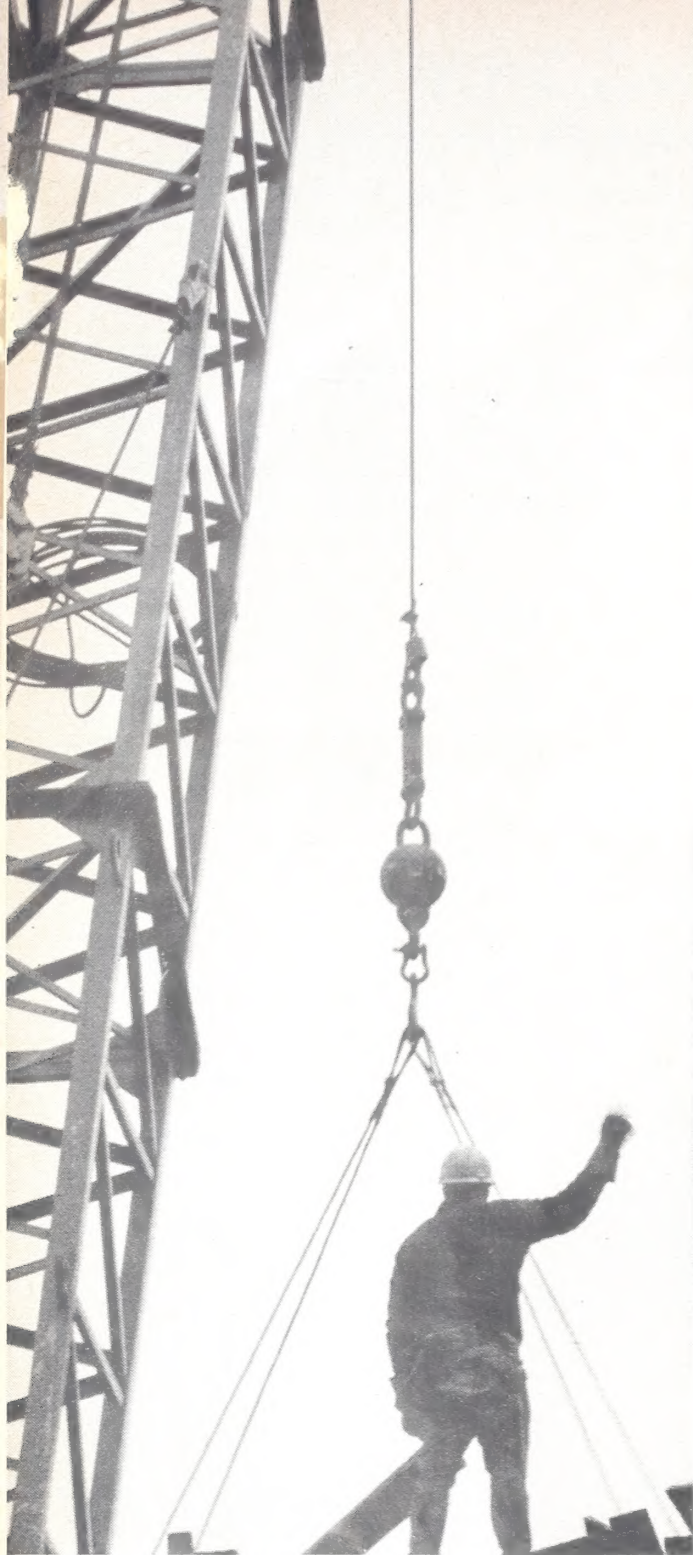
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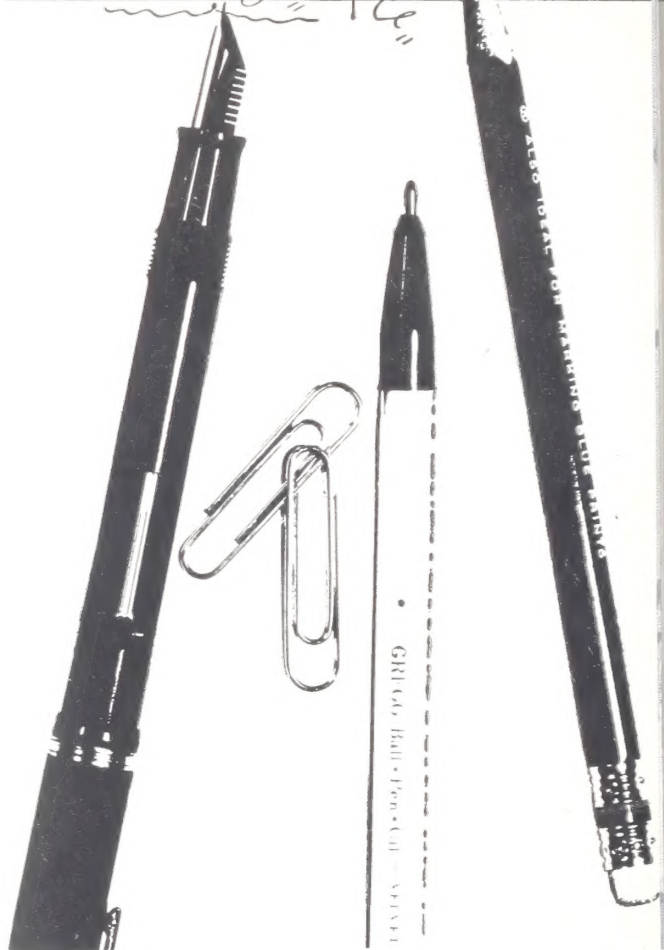
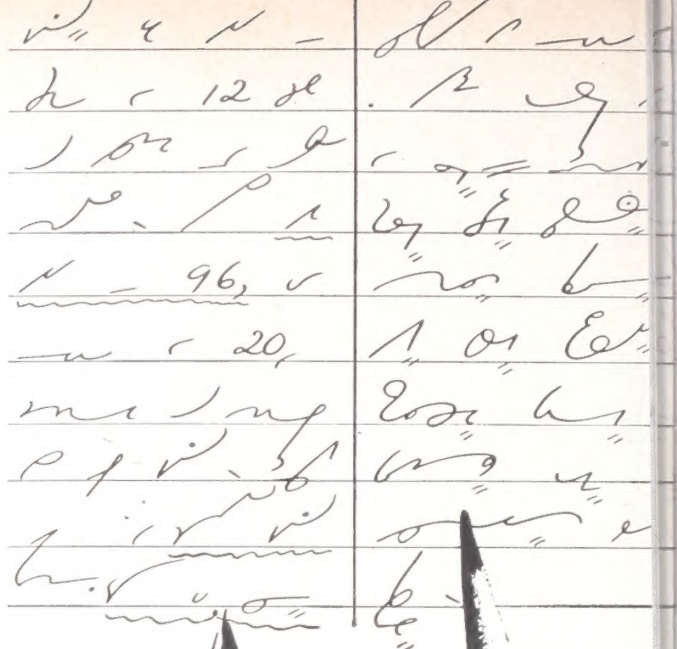
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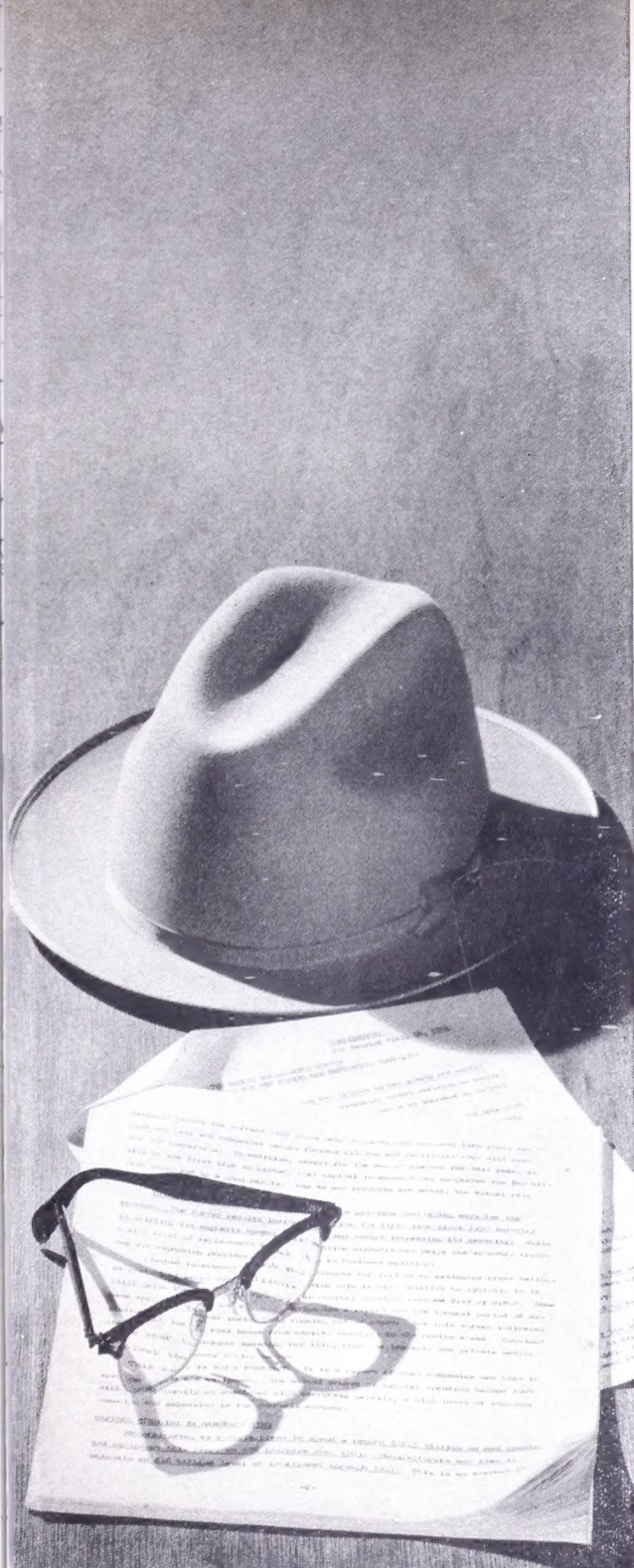
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THE INDUSTRIOUS Over the last four years, the amount spent for new churches in the U.S. climbed about three percent, while spending for new houses of detention dropped 45 percent. F. W. DODGE CONSTRUCTION STATISTICS will give such figures to makers of church pews or jail doors. In fact, this McGraw-Hill division can provide its clients with data on some 267 different categories of construction to use as a county-by-county measure of sales potential.



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LETTERS

Schooling the Deprived

Charles E. Silberman's article, "Give Slum Children a Chance: A Radical Proposal" [May]—despite its clear espousal of [Dr. Martin] Deutsch's "curriculum"—makes an equally clear effort for the "golden ghetto" concept—the notion of raising the educational, economic, social, cultural levels of the Negro while at the same time solidifying the walls of the ghetto. While one can clearly agree that "merely" throwing black and white students into the same classroom without regard to differences in knowledge and academic performance does not constitute integration in any meaningful sense, the honest answer he proposed does not hold water.

He suggests that "genuine" integration will not be possible until schools in Negro neighborhoods, and the schools in white slum areas as well, are brought up to the level of the very best in the city . . . so that children's educational performance will no longer reflect their income, social status, ethnic group, or color. This is not even a half-truth.

The fact is that Negroes of superior educational achievement have not found the key to "integration" with whites of superior achievement—let alone the Negroes and whites with differences in knowledge and academic performance. . . .

This was a scholarly article with a political point of view—one which had no place in the article unless there was a deliberate intent to deceive. Any scholarly discussion of the question of school integration should address itself to the following:

(1) The systematic deliberate efforts made to pre-ordain the residency of Negroes to the "black ghettos."

(2) The [New York City] Board of Education's role as an "unwilling partner" to school segregation as witnessed by its zoning policies, site selection practices, and collaborative efforts with housing developers (who regularly attract new tenants to overcrowded schools).

(3) The failure of the Board of Education to *fill up* unused space in schools in white neighborhoods with children from the Negro areas.

(4) The failure of all our schools to educate for citizenship, as against the emphasis on scholarship. . . .

The Deutsch approach does begin to help the children from the less-chance areas to become acceptable as learners and students. . . . But when Mr. Silberman employs the Deutsch approach to gradualize the revolution, he raises questions not only about the sincerity of his "moral imperative" pronouncements, but also about the utility of the Deutsch formulation as an educational tool in a democratic society.

PRESTON R. WILCOX, Ass't. Prof.
The New York School of Social Work
of Columbia University
New York, N. Y.

Mr. Silberman's article deserves acclaim. . . . To resolve the problem of what to do about children born without the advantages of a normal life . . . some thought might be given to total-environment schools where the children are picked up on Monday morning and returned late Friday or early Saturday.

The Canadians have been successful with similar schools in the frozen North where the children of Eskimos, trappers, and Indians are brought in from hundreds of miles and returned for summers only. Born in an atmosphere of primitive conditions not unlike those of our slums and hillbilly sections, these youngsters emerge with twentieth-century knowledge covering both skills about how to live, as well as how to make a living. Many go from high school to higher education. . . .

FRED ETZELT
Delray Beach, Fla.

Mr. Silberman advocates admitting "deprived" children into special nursery schools at the age of three or four to "reverse the effects of a starved environment." . . . Has he thought of the ultimate effects of his Radical Proposal on the child in rela-

tion to his family? The child who is inculcated with middle-class standards is not going to return happily to his slum home. Further, he will have to develop a kind of dual personality so that he can shed his uppity standards and behavior as soon as he is in the slum. At school, or he will be in constant conflict with his siblings and parents as well as his neighborhood. . . .

VIVIAN MARSH
Crystal Lake, Ill.

The *theory* of the Montessori approach, matching the child's curiosity and delight with an appropriate environment, agrees with the promising ideas of Jerome Bruner and the work of Martin Deutsch. However, to apply the Montessori *method* without considerable change would be anachronistic. The Montessori materials provide sensory and manipulative activities. However, they are highly structured, and specific rules are outlined for their use. Children receive ritualistic training in following these procedures, but have little experience in realistic problem solving. The "prepared environment" usually lacks large manipulative equipment such as blocks and wheeled toys. Sensory materials of real life, such as various clothing to dress up in (dramatic experiences) or sand and water in generous amounts are not included. Sensory and social concept development tend to be neglected. . . .

VIRGINIA LEE FISHER, Director
Child Development Laboratory
School of Home Economics
University of Missouri
Columbia, Mo.

Dr. Silberman's excellent article was of special interest to us. . . . Dr. Montessori was able not only to help the normal slum child but had to find and develop the physically and mentally handicapped, until they set aside as uneducable. The Washington, D. C., Society for Crippled Children has a primary (ages three to six) Montessori class for children with both physical and mental handicaps, of various economic strata including the slums. The Society's personnel feel they have achieved "very good results" in their first two years.

MARY DALY
Dir. of Communication
Washington Montessori Institute
Washington, D. C.

Designed by George Thompson



THE AIM

Sun and a bush and a shadow leap toward me
As true as an arrow,
Flung on my sight like a being newborn
Or a sheep of one shear.
Odd, after years I have herded the pasture,
That now of a sudden
The ambient fleece of the world should be shorn
And the creature stand clear,
In this line of the light and the bush and the shadow,
The ultimate arrow.

LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

One of the 31 crystal pieces in Steuben's exhibition—with the poem that inspired its design.

Steuben announces a summer exhibition of "Poetry in Crystal" in Corning, New York

THE crystal piece in this photograph is evidence of a great creative adventure.

Three years ago, Steuben Glass and the Poetry Society of America joined in an experiment to discover if the spirit of poem could be expressed in crystal.

Thirty-one distinguished American writers, selected by the Poetry Society, were invited to submit new and previously unpublished poems.

Steuben's artists and craftsmen took the poems, explored their meanings and expressed them in crystal sculpture.

All thirty-one pieces will be on display from June 27 through Labor Day. You are invited to see them, and the poetry that inspired their design, at the Corning Glass Center, Corning, New York. The Exhibition will be open seven days a week, 9:30 to 5:00.

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Love Letters to Rambler



Rolf Haefner of Newark, New Jersey, considered buying another make car. But that was before he saw the beautiful new 1964 Rambler American. He writes to us, "as the proud owner" of an American 220 sedan:

"This year I think you hit the jackpot!"

"Rambler has really gone out to give their customers something good for their money.

"The American's styling is pleasing. The car is fun to drive, and, in my estimation, is the best on the market.

"It is bigger, more powerful, has more trunk space and is still economical in gas consumption.

"Your company has led the automobile industry in so many things. Your Double-Safety Brake System is not found in any other car in this price class.

"I will do everything to recommend your product and the people from whom I bought my Rambler."



The new '64 Rambler American is six-passenger roomy, sports-car smart. And it is once again the economy champion. The 125 hp American 440 won Class B and turned in the best gas mileage of all cars in all classes in the 1964 Mobil Economy Run. See how drive one—at your Rambler dealer.

LETTERS

Rhodes to Glory?

Lord Elton in "An Englishman's Audit of Rhodes Scholars" [May] peoples an impressive gallery with his roll call of the great men who came up as Rhodes Scholars. But . . . the fact deserves mention that the choices of the Rhodes Trust were not invariably happy ones. . . .

For contrast, there was Schwerin von Krosigk, a German Rhodes Scholar who rose high in the Nazi administration [Reich Minister of Finance] as a Ribbentrop protégé. Krosigk came to share some of the last days with Hitler in the Berlin bunker and to be nominated as the next foreign minister in a successor government. . . . Krosigk gets his deserts in *The Last Days of Hitler* from the British historian H. R. Trevor-Roper, who audits his intellect as nil and his character as somewhat less than that. . . .

Of course a single Krosigk does not dim the greatness of many Rhodes Scholars. . . . It is only fair to add here Lord Elton's note that the German Scholarships were discontinued.

CHARLES DELACY
Chicago, Ill.

Doyle's Ordeal

"The Ordeal of Lash Calhoun" [Nathaniel Hartshorne, May] has smacked me right in my rejection-slip-laden desk drawer. Having gone the route of blue-penciled head-patting, I give up. Mr. Hartshorne may have meant his article to be funny, but I cried at the familiarity of his words.

A. U(npublished) DOYLE
Elmhurst, Ill.

The Bard Out West

As a San Diegan, I am compelled to protest the snub given San Diego's National Shakespeare Festival by your magazine. In "Much Ado About Shakespeare: Three Summer Festivals" [May] Julius Novick mentions our festival only once (and that incorrectly). . . . Our festival is *not* the "San Diego Shakespeare Festival," which implies a somewhat parochial scope, but the "National Shakespeare Festival," denoting a broader reach. . . .

I can only conclude that Mr. Novick overlooks our Festival because it is in

the West, and therefore remove from his apparently near-sighted vision. If he should come to San Diego, he would see not only a most beautiful city, but excellent Shakespeare. We would welcome him.

GERRY HORWITZ
San Diego, Calif.

A Judgment on Crime

Sincere congratulations on your Crime and Punishment supplement [April]. Many periodicals and newspapers have done hit-and-run view on this often mistreated subject without any depth analysis. The supplement was used as a text for a class in Police Science at Farmingdale College by my instructor here on Long Island. . . . Penology has a long way to go and it will only reach its zenith when penal officials embrace the psychiatric services, social services, and chaplain services instead of hampering them. . . .

THEODORE T. KOLAKOWSKI
Deputy Sheriff Jailer
Nassau County Sheriff Dept.
Mineola, L.I., N.Y.

Those Who Chose Germany

Gertrude Samuels concludes that "The Jews in Germany Today" [May] will have to convince themselves Goethe was right in his belief that the people of Germany are like people everywhere. Perhaps . . . Goethe's statement can also mean that people everywhere, when they are inflamed with hatred, may just as quickly become executioners as did the Germans. One of the real lessons here is that the humanity in man holds very little restraint on his basic animal nature, and wherever a leader of men succeeds in arousing hatred, he becomes a leader of beasts.

CHARLES EUGENE GAIL, D.D.S.
La Canada, Calif.

Belling the Cat

Let me compliment you on the "Three Poems" by A. B. Guthrie, Jr. [May]. They are real; the rhythms earn their way by carrying along the sense; and they all express the conflicts living requires.

I wonder if you noticed that Guthrie's "Twin Lakes Hunter" and "The Secret in the Cat" by May Swenson,

The New York Stock Exchange Specialist.

If you're interested in buying or selling stock, it's worth your time to understand how he might help.

When you buy or sell a round lot (usually 100 shares) of stock in the two-way auction market of the New York Stock Exchange, you probably want your order executed quickly and you surely want a fair price.

To get both, your transaction is often helped along by a man called a Specialist.

Every stock on the Exchange is assigned to a Specialist. The following may help you understand him and his role in your transaction.

He is a Member of the Exchange. Therefore, he is subject to many rules and regulations, developed through years of experience.

The Specialist, as his name implies, specializes in a specific group of stocks on one of the trading posts on the floor of the Exchange. There are approximately 350 Specialists.

He helps supply liquidity to the market. "Liquidity" is the ease and speed with which stocks normally flow between buyers and sellers in an orderly market.

For example, when you want to sell your stock "at the market" and there is no one to buy (no demand), the Specialist is expected, within practicable limits,

to make a bid for his own account, reasonably close to the last sale price. This way he makes up for the temporary disparity between supply and demand. Similarly, he often takes the seller's role when you want to buy.

The result is that your transaction can usually be made in minutes at a price close to the last sale.

■ Or suppose there's an unusually large gap between what is asked for a stock and what someone is willing to pay. Then the Specialist might try to break the deadlock by making a higher bid or lower offer.

Though he doesn't keep prices from going up or down, he helps keep the market fair and orderly, aiming to prevent big jumps and declines in prices from one sale to the next. Exchange studies indicate that over the past five years, on an average, about 88% of all transactions were at the same price as the previous sale or within a quarter point.

■ Another major role for the Specialist is to act as a broker's broker, executing orders placed with him by other Exchange Members. If, for example, a broker receives an order to sell a stock at \$50 when \$47 is the highest bid in the market, he leaves his order with the Spe-

cialist, who tries to execute it when and if the price rises to \$50. (He is paid part of the regular broker's commission, with no extra charge to the investor.)

The unique thing about the Specialist is that, most of the time, he buys for his own account when public investors are selling, and sells when they are buying. An Exchange study indicates that last year some 83% of his dealings—when related to the last different price—were purchases at declining prices or sales at rising prices.

Like any businessman, he hopes the risks he takes and the judgment he applies will make things work out profitably, for both the individual investor and himself.

Buying and selling a round lot in a fair and orderly market, with ease and speed, is usually taken for granted as part of the American way of doing business. The Specialist is one reason why it works so well.

Own your share of American business
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Man of One's Time

One of the great debates of modern times—most often discussed in literary circles but actually having far broader implications—is whether one should be *engagé* or *dégagé*, whether to participate in the affairs of men or to be a bystander, whether to be involved or deliberately uninvolved.

The question may be in good part academic because we are all involved willy-nilly. Still, how we choose to be involved is up to each of us individually. Surely to be men of our time, to be alive in the fullest sense of the word, implies a willingness not only to stand up and be counted but also to engage in some activity in which we believe.

At the risk of sounding pompous, may we suggest investing? The usual motive for buying securities is, of course, to make money, and we're all for that. But owning shares in American business also implies that the investor is willing to run a risk in order to have a stake in the future of our capitalistic system. There is no reason why profit and principle should not coincide.

Remember what Tennyson's Ulysses said when his adventures were over? "I am a part of all that I have met." It was a statement any man could be proud of.



MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER
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LETTERS

in the same issue, deal in the same subject, the killing of an animal. Only the Guthrie poem does what all great art must do. It shows the struggle that has to be whenever death is dealt with by human beings. . . . The Swenson poem, on the other hand, is mechanistic, coldly analytic. It is exactly the point of view we censure when in New York City thirty-eight persons hear a call for help by someone being murdered and do not answer, or when a mob in Albany cries, "Jump," to a distraught young man on the edge of a roof. . . .

The verse certainly has shock value. But in time the shock of killing and dissecting one's pet cat might wear off. Then how about describing the killing and dissecting of an infant:

I took my baby apart
To see what made her gurgle . . .

H. E. S. JOHNS
Newark, N. J.

MISS SWENSON REPLIES:

My poem is not about vivisection, but about curiosity—which *cannot* kill the cat—which tries but fails even to enucleate his secret.

The Doctor and the Bureaucrat

Dr. Theodore M. Sanders seems a reasonable man and presents his points with admirable detachment ["What Doctors Can Do to Cut the Cost of Medical Care," *Easy Chair*, May]. I remained detached until he stated that physicians insist on providing medical care "with a minimum of help from government, though why they fear our government I do not know." It is not that I fear the U.S. government. Also, I'm sure that most government workers are reasonable men when given the facts with which to work. The "fear" that most physicians have is that the paper work, the explanations, the denials of legitimate claims, and the vast waste of public monies would become so overwhelming and frustrating as to make the practice of medicine intolerable.

For example, I recently treated a one-year-old military dependent for 35 per cent full-thickness body burns. The child was in the hospital and on strict isolation for forty-two days. During this time, I saw the child once or twice daily and operated on him twice. Yesterday . . . I received

the following request: "The Credit Manager of _____ Hospital called to ask if you would write a letter to Medicare justifying the forty-two-day hospital stay of this patient. He says Medicare will not pay the hospital bill until such time as they receive further information regarding same."

To call this frustrating or maddening is to grossly understate the case. What would they like me to justify? . . . Would they like me to say that I'm certified by the American Board of Surgery or that I'm a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons? . . . that a 35 per cent body burn in a one-year-old normally carries with it a mortality rate of around 40 per cent? . . . Must I waste my time justifying a number to someone who can only comprehend the situation as a large number and not as a sick human being? . . .

Well, Dr. Sanders may say, here is a disgruntled physician who cites one tiresome case. Not so! Should I tell you of our local military installation whose new base hospital requested one small centrifuge and one oil-emersion lens for their microscope and received four huge centrifuges and one *dozen* oil-emersion lenses? . . .

I do trust the U.S. government and I intend to practice medicine the rest of my life, come what may, but I firmly believe that I can do it more easily, with greater dispatch, with far less frustration, and much less waste without the help of Uncle Sam.

D. W. CAMPBELL, M.D.
Grand Forks, N. D.

DR. SANDERS REPLIES:

Like Dr. Campbell, I would much rather practice medicine with a minimum of bureaucratic interference. Unfortunately, the kind of frustrating red tape he describes has been made necessary, in large part, by black sheep of the medical profession who pad bills, accept rebates, and lack the knowledge to give their patients modern scientific care. The medical profession has not succeeded in policing itself except in hospitals. And it has failed to find workable solutions for the economic problems which deprive large sections of our population of the care they should have. I should like to see doctors join with the government to find the answers. By simply opposing change, we leave the field to the bureaucrats.

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**American Airlines
and its fan-jet engine.**



Martyrs Unlimited *by Peter F. Drucker*

Mr. Drucker's reflections—as guest in the Easy Chair this month—stem possibly from his experiences as a professor and a management consultant. The most recent of his several books on business and society is “Managing for Results.”

There is not one occupation, trade or profession in this country that is not misunderstood, neglected, under-rated, unloved, and rejected. No group that is not steadily slipping in popular esteem and in ability to attract the young. It is heartrending how much suffering each trade and profession endures—patiently if not exactly in silence.

It is not at all surprising that the undertakers demanded equal time on television to rebut what they felt was a preposterous attack on them and their business methods. What is surprising is that the other trades have not yet rebelled so vocally against the crushing contempt in which all are held by a cruel American public. So far they confine themselves to speeches at their conventions, articles in their journals, resolutions, and public-relations campaigns. But more drastic means are needed to restore all our professions and occupations to their rightful place in public esteem.

Take the military, for instance. At first glance it might seem to have little to complain about. We have more generals and admirals on the payroll than ever before in peacetime. A professional soldier was recently President of the United States for eight years, and he remains an immensely popular hero whose word of approbation is the coveted prize of all Republican aspirants to the office. Dozens of other generals and ad-

mirals are public figures, commanding more respect and wielding greater influence than military men usually do even in war. I can't think, for example, of any precedent for Admiral Rickover's triple role of educational oracle, one-man lobby, and production czar. Retired officers are in civilian jobs everywhere, as corporation executives, as trade-association secretaries, as university presidents, and as diplomats. The service academies have so many applicants that they can impose the admission standards of the Ivy League colleges. And with half of the federal budget going to defense there should be no lack of money to pay these public servants handsomely.

But, alas, appearances are completely deceptive. Every issue of every service journal (not to mention newspaper columns by military pundits) contains harrowing tales of the sufferings of the military man: of his rude neglect by civilian authority which, as Senator Goldwater (who is also a major general in the Air Force) complained last March, “turns the profession of arms into a second-class craft”; of the shortage of company presidencies for the major generals who, at age fifty-four, look for their first jobs in business; of the callow indifference of the youngsters who prefer civilian pay as mechanics to the joys of the second hitch as corporals.

Other groups suffer just as much. The Civil Service, whatever its growth in numbers and pay, smarts under the public contempt for the “bureaucrat” who “never met a payroll.” The labor leader is snubbed and slighted by business and held up to contempt as a grafter and to ridi-

cule as a clod by the press. The businessman, in turn, is all but submerged by a rising tide of socialism. Nobody knows how little profit he makes—and that little is snatched out of his hand by the grasping tax collector.

The academician is beset by the all-but-universal “anti-intellectualism” of the American people (as shown, for instance, by their sending their children to college in ever larger numbers). Even though the professor clearly knows how to do it better—doesn't he teach it after all?—politicians rather than professors still run the government, writers produce the best-sellers, businessmen manage companies and administrators the schools. And nobody ever listens to the professor—even though more academicians are being asked to speak on more subjects to more and larger audiences than ever before in this gab-happy nation.

Every smaller occupational group within the big ones suffers similarly. The Army gangs up on the Air Force and both on the Navy. The English teachers scream loudly about the science faculties getting all the lush government grants and consulting fees and all the new buildings. Yet the scientists are far from happy. They are deeply worried by their “image.” The public apparently pictures the scientist as a “barbarian” (according to the Rockefeller Institute's René Dubos) or as a “white-coated witch doctor” (according to Professor Dupree of the University of California). The public image of the scientist is “cold, objective, impersonal,” Margaret Mead reported, in a constantly quoted survey a few years back. The public completely fails to see, let alone to appreciate, that this monster is kind to children



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and puppies, is a loving husband and (judging by his behavior in faculty meetings) often as spontaneously emotional as Juliet. In every other issue of *Science* there is an editorial or a letter to the editor bemoaning this horrible misunderstanding. How it could have arisen is indeed hard to see, considering that the rest of *Science* is full—as it course it should be—of such heartthrobs as "New Papovavirus Contaminating Shope Papillomata."

Big business is conspicuously misunderstood. Every survey shows that the public refuses to recognize du Pont or Westinghouse—or any other of the big technological companies—as just folks and simple, friendly neighbors. Instead the public perversely appreciates only their technological leadership or their product quality. This is such gross injury to the corporate psyche as to call for a massive program of "public education."

A not one career attracts high-caliber youngsters anymore. Indeed the figures show conclusively that "youngsters of high ability" just go nowhere at all. At a sales executives' meeting I recently attended, the results of a survey were disclosed to the horrified

mores gave "selling" as his career

In cold fact, however, these tales are self-delusion. No one occupation or profession is persecuted, misunderstood, or rejected in this country. The figures presented at all the wailing conventions may be valid—but the conclusions drawn from them are pure hogwash.

bright boys or even most of them. We would not want all the top graduates to go into selling—what would we do with them there? It is perfectly true that boys find their heroes in President Kennedy, General Eisenhower, and the astronauts rather than in the independent small businessman (as an otherwise sane young company president in Cincinnati complained to me in all seriousness). But from, as he did, that no one respects

The government agencies, on the other hand, have figures that prove conclusively that the good young men don't seek government jobs but go into business instead. The engineers complain that the ablest of the young fall for the glamour of pure science; the teachers, that the ablest of the young want to go into research; the researchers, that the ablest of the young lust for the fleshpots of industry. I am sure that portentous reports are presented at the board meetings of the Mafia warning that the ablest young Sicilians no longer want to make a career in dope-peddling.

The saddest case is undoubtedly that of the doctors. They are damned if they do and damned if they don't. Far from being honored because they have become men of science, they feel they have lost the respect which patients gave to yesterday's "family doctor" with his warm human sympathy. Indeed, as an American Medical Association Survey brought out, a full third of the public believes that the doctor today makes too much money and compares unfavorably with old Dr. Jones, who was willing to be paid in turnips when cash was scarce. The same perverse public, however, also wants "socialized medicine"—which would completely destroy the present warm and personal relationship between patient and doctor. No wonder that the ablest young men don't apply to medical school!

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a businessman or appreciates his contribution. It is perfectly true that the role of the physician and the practice of medicine have changed radically these last fifty years. But if anything deters college graduates from going to medical school, it is the difficulty of getting in, the long years and high expense of the training, and the mechanical memorizing required by so many medical courses, especially in the early years. The position of the military man in society is indeed a problematic one—but only because we never before had a military establishment of such size, importance, and prominence in peacetime. And if the able young academician spurns teaching, it is because the entire faculty pushes him into research, where the promotions are.

Does the appliance company that is respected for its technical competence rather than loved for its folksiness really have much to complain about? The housewife, after all, does not buy the dishwasher for "togetherness." What distinguishes the scientists, as they themselves have been telling us for centuries, is the impersonal objectivity drilled into them in their training. And does the depositor really want his bank to be a "friend" or a "helping hand"? This is the role of the Community Chest. I'd rather be sure that the man who loans out my good money to a perfect stranger checks up on his collateral.

In sum: we do not suffer from a national outbreak of disrespect. We suffer from an indulgence in self-pity of epidemic proportions. Like the heroine in a Victorian penny-dreadful, our occupational and professional groups do not feel proper unless they have had a good self-righteous cry over their sad plight.

There is rich comedy in this—in the solemn nonsense of the learned surveys, in the pretentious jargon of the image-coiffeur, in the brazen publicity-chasing of the press release that deplores "vulgar publicity." A good deal of it is almost as funny as the lachrymose bragging of those rascals, the Dauphin and the Duke, on Huckleberry Finn's raft. Not even Mark Twain could have improved on the complaint of the morticians' president that his members are deprived of the basic right of every American to brag about a sale.

There is perhaps even some small



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social benefit in all this breast-beating. Once in a while, a group will be persuaded to do something about its own behavior rather than just complain about being maligned. Some county medical associations, especially in California, have tackled the thorny job of enforcing professional standards on member physicians who grossly exploit health insurance. Concern for their "image," not just fear of local ordinances, has led several companies into cleaning up air and water pollution. In 1968, the anti-smog campaign Monsanto spearheaded in St. Louis. The new editor of *Science*, Philip H. Abelson (himself a writer of rare clarity), campaigns vigorously against the obscurantist and inept style of so much scientific writing—which is surely the greatest barrier to public understanding of science and the scientist. And quite a few of the young (and often very able) officers who know that they will be retired as majors or colonels before they reach fifty are quietly finding out what skills to acquire to prepare themselves for civilian jobs. A few days ago, for example, I received a letter from a colonel totally unknown to me who, at the age of forty-seven, expects to be retired from the Army in a few years and wants to prepare himself to be a computer programmer in industry.

But the occasional benefits are outweighed by the dangers of our wallowing in collective self-pity.

It is only a short step from self-pity to the conspiracy delusion. And we have gone dangerously far down the road to national paranoia. Some quite normal businessmen give money to the Birchers or to the radio and TV programs of H. L. Hunt's "Facts Forum" with their lurid tales of insidious communist conspiracy in high and low places. These men know perfectly well that President Eisenhower or Chief Justice Warren are middle-of-the-roads. Yet being told every day how business is being maligned and downgraded all around, they begin to wonder: there must be some sort of conspiracy somewhere. In turn, quite a few college professors believe in a sinister "military-industrial complex" with tentacles everywhere which conspires against freedom and world peace. (By the way, all our

recent Presidents, the whole Supreme Court, and most of our public figures manage the amazing feat of belonging to both the "communist" and the "fascist" military-industrial conspiracies at once.)

Businessmen these days work closely with consultants from the academic world. Yet many are ready to believe that the college faculty is a nest of "fellow travelers" plotting the downfall of the Republic and poisoning the minds of the young against free enterprise. But there are also the self-consciously shrill "liberals"—in Houston or Milwaukee or elsewhere—with good jobs or thriving businesses who feel that they live in as much danger of life and limb as a missionary in cannibal country—if the reports they publish "back home in the East" can be trusted.* And there is the PTA board of a Los Angeles progressive school which pulls the shades tight lest the wicked reactionaries spy on its meetings.

There are real conspiracies in this frightened and frightening world. All the more reason not to encourage delusions of conspiracy. Every time an occupational or professional group pities itself as misunderstood and maligned, it feeds delusion. President Johnson was right when, at a U. S. Chamber of Commerce meeting, he advised the American businessman to shed his "martyr complex."

Luckily, the sane and responsible people—they are the vast majority in every occupation and profession—finally go into action when paranoia becomes rampant in their own group. The counterattack that in the end stopped the late Senator McCarthy's witchhunt was first launched by the top management of the Ford Motor Company. Ford's general counsel, William T. Gossett, was the first well-known lawyer and the first senior corporation executive to attack McCarthy as a public menace—in a Bar Association speech delivered in McCarthy's stronghold, Dallas, in October 1951, long before the Senator reached his crest. Two years later—a year before McCarthy's fall—Gossett's campaign for civil liberties, decency, and justice reached its climax in the *Notre Dame Law Review*

* Having spent most of the last four-teen summers in Colorado I can reassure my "liberal" friends in New Jersey: The natives "out there" are friendly.

in an anti-McCarthy issue which Gossett edited and largely wrote. This widely credited with depriving McCarthy of the crucial support from the Bar, the Catholic hierarchy, and the professional corporation executives. Similarly today a number of highly respected academic liberals are becoming convinced that the "military-industrial conspiracy" story could become dangerous to national welfare and are quietly tackling it.

But self-pity is too dangerous to be indulged in until it has become psychopathic. The sane and responsible people in each group better make up their minds to stop the self-pity peddlers. Whenever they are being told how maligned, misunderstood, unloved their own group is they might ask: "How badly are we really doing—in jobs and opportunities, in money and in influence?" In the twenty years of unparalleled prosperity since World War II, practically every single occupation and profession in America has done very well indeed. One can of course always find someone who has done even better. But the groups that complain the loudest of being injured and unappreciated are precisely those that have done the best: the academicians, the physicians, the military, and business.

The most important point to stress is, however, much simpler. Americans as a people accept all work as honorable and respectable—for everyone. They do not look down upon any occupation, or person, as inherently inferior. They may laugh at him a little, but they respect the scholar who buries himself in ancient Assyria as well as the salesman hustling on the highways to make a dollar. But because our society accords respect to all occupations, it grants superiority only to the individual for personal performance and accomplishment. As it denies "class," it recognizes no inherently superior calling, be it the intellectual or the businessman, the politician, the soldier, or the undertaker. And if—as seems only too likely—the complaint of "disrespect" by a profession or occupation really means that the group wants deference as superior to the rest of us, it does not deserve sympathy or support. It deserves a loud, vulgar raspberry.

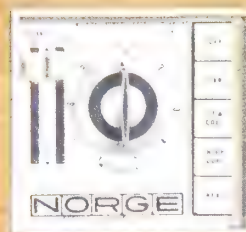


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Once again, Borg-Warner's Norge Division has come to the public—this time to ask: "What's wrong with home air conditioners?" A very respondent said (1) they were ugly; (2) they were noisy; (3) their filters were hard to change. The engineers set to work and developed the new Norge. You can see it's better looking. It is also easurably quieter. And the filter is in front where you can flip it out.

THE ENGINEERS at Borg-Warner's Norge Division have gone and

designed a brand-new air conditioner.

Why?

People told them that there was a lot they didn't like about previous air conditioners. Specifically: looks, noise and the fuss involved in cleaning or changing filters.

The picture shows what they did about looks. The new Norge has a real walnut front. (Over half the people Norge asked about air conditioners said they'd pay more for a wooden front. Here it is—at no extra cost.) It's beautiful. The new Norge looks like furniture, not machinery.

Here's what Norge's engineers did about noise. They found that the vents through which most air conditioners take in air were letting out too much of the noise from the fan. They fixed that. They buried the fan way in the back of the unit and put the vents in a brand-new place—so that the noise would bounce right back in where it came from. It works. You can play your hi-fi at low volume while the new Norge is on.

Here's how the Norge engineers made the filter easier to get at. They

put it in front, behind a flip-down door. The new Norge is as easy to open as a drop-leaf desk.

What did the Norge engineers do to make sure their air conditioner would last—summer after summer? They gave it the works.

They tried to drown it in a man-made cloudburst. (It was tight as a drum.) They piled 400 extra pounds on the mounting brackets. (The brackets held.) They ran it in 110° F temperatures. (It ran and ran and ran.) They ran it on 10 percent less voltage than called for. (It still worked.)

That's the true story of what happened when the great engineers at Borg-Warner went to work on room air conditioning. Cool.

BORG **WARNER**

The great engineers

After Hours

A Touch of Iconomania

by Joseph Hitrec

Last winter, after several years of waiting, I put to test what I believed was a secret formula: how to become an art collector on a shoestring—or almost. I had set my heart on acquiring some medieval icons, and one of the ways of bypassing predatory dealers was to go straight to the source. The opportunity finally came my way during a visit to Belgrade, Yugoslavia, a country reputed to be one of the remaining storehouses of Byzantine art.

Of the three letters of introduction I had brought with me, one was found to be addressed to a person who no longer lived in Belgrade. The second addressee happened to be in jail for black-marketeering in national art treasures. The third and last letter took me to the beautiful six-room apartment of an elderly couple named Jovanovic, in the old part of town. Mr. Jovanovic turned out to be a charming and hospitable specimen of what is locally referred to as "the old guard."

Three whole rooms were given over to the largest and richest private icon collection I had ever seen. Displayed on the walls were about a hundred pieces; several dozen more lay in packing cases, awaiting cleaning and restoration. They were a stunning sight. How did my host manage to keep this treasure from being nationalized?

Mr. Jovanovic's story was long and rather bizarre. A successful dentist



before the war, he had started collecting in the 'twenties when inflation and wholesale closures of aristocratic estates were glutting the European art market with Renaissance works. The scramble for the medieval art of the Balkans was still a couple of decades away. Jovanovic toured the Serbian and Macedonian villages and bought icons from churches, monasteries, and private homes at a few dinars apiece. By the time the Nazis invaded Yugoslavia in 1939, he had close to a thousand pieces, most of them housed in his villa on Kalimegdan. The villa suffered a direct bomb hit and was burned to a cinder. When liberation came in 1945 he was left with about 400 pieces; these were stored in one of the apartment houses he owned and lived in. The houses were nationalized. The Jovanovics lost the right to their large apartment on the ground of "insufficient utilization." They would have to look for a smaller place and put their collection in storage.

By that time, European art dealers were scouring the countryside for old art and the regime had waked up to the notion that medieval relics were a tourist lure and a prestige builder. A department was set up for their preservation. Jovanovic thought of a bold and original scheme.

He sought an audience with the officials and told them of his icons. His case was that they were part of the national heritage and ought to be

suitably looked after; he desired to place them under state protection. He was not asking for subsidies—only the privilege of keeping his apartment, where the collection could be properly looked after. As a quid pro quo, he would be delighted to keep open house to state guests and visiting foreign notables.

The officials fell in with the suggestion and he was left unmolested. Subsequently, they remitted his rent and paid for the light and heat needed to keep the treasure at a safe temperature. Later they gave him expert help to restore those icons still in the packing cases. Last but not least, whenever one of his icons was reproduced in an official publication the picture credit always included the phrase, "Collection of R. Jovanovic." It was a sensible arrangement all round.

Mr. Jovanovic's pleasure in his collection was tinged with an obvious pride of ownership as he showed me around. Like a true collector, he was a walking encyclopedia of iconology. I learned, for instance, that icons were painted exclusively on wood—never on canvas or parchment. They were usually unframed, except when one was mounted as a pious ornament on a church iconostasis, the ta screen that divides the congregation from the sanctuary in an Eastern Orthodox church. Here sometimes gold or silver casing was placed in cutout over the icon, leaving only the figure exposed. Gem-studded or enamel-encrusted, these casings were sometimes gaudy and in bad taste but often—as in the icons of Lal Ohrid in Macedonia—they were works of art in their own right, designed to complement and enhance the painting itself.

The use of icons was not, of course, confined to churches. Every home, even the humblest, had one—often several. They were portable holy pictures, rather like the penates in

Mr. Hitrec is the author of seven novels about India, where he lived for fourteen years. Now an American citizen, he frequently visits his native Yugoslavia and has translated the novels of Ivo Andric. His novel "Son of the Moon," won the Harp Prize of 1948.

Got a lot to carry? Get a box.



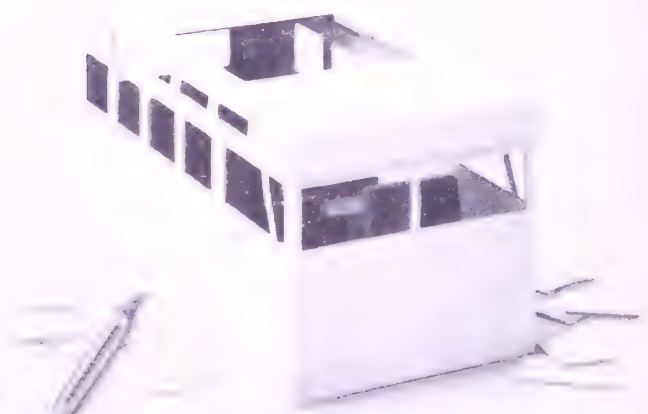
Now add a few seats. Say 8.



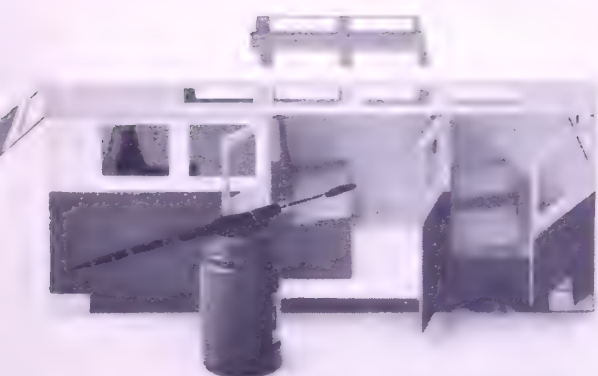
Make an aisle so you can walk to the back.



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Roman household. Travelers put them in their saddlebags when journeying. At prayer time in the home, the family icon would be passed from hand to hand and kissed. When not used, it would hang in a corner of the room where the soot of the burning candle or oil taper would gradually tarnish its high color and eventually blacken it out of recognition.

Mr. Jovanovic grew more expansive. "Although the icon tradition is generally associated with Byzantium," he went on, "its origins are traceable to early Christianity in the Syrian-Palestinian area. Legend has it that St. Luke painted the first image of the Mother of God, thus creating the icon archetype; but scholars prefer the notion that the custom was borrowed and adapted from the Egyptian temple art. Be that as it may, Virgin and Child became a recurring theme of the icon painters and a symbol of the early Marian cult, stylized in two main variations: Eleusa or Lady of Mercy, and Galactotrophusa or Milk Giver. The range was later expanded to include Jesus Christ in his role as Pantocrator or Ruler of Everything, and also certain saints and scenes from the New Testament, such as the Annunciation, the resurrection of Lazarus and the like."

It was the rise of Byzantium, however, that gave the icon painter his hour of glory. From being an anonymous hack of devotional artifacts, he rose by degrees to a place of importance beside the fresco painter and the sculptor. The concept, style, and technique of his work became refined and systematized. He was still anonymous, but the best of his painting brilliantly captured the Eastern Church's glimpse of heaven—those cool, melancholy divine visages which, for all their gilded splendor and lavish Oriental detail, seemed to gaze down from a great height as if from a world of pure spirit. It was a sublime but eloquent vision. The icon art spread out through the Balkans, north through the Slavic lands to Russia, south to Greece and Crete, and westward to the ends of Italy. The primitives of the quattrocento, especially Duccio, Cimabue, and Giotto, bear witness to the irresistible contagion. So do the mosaics of Venice, Ravenna, Rome, and Palermo.

After the fall of Constantinople the Byzantine icon painters dispersed to the Greek islands and Crete and to the hinterlands of Macedonia, Serbia, and Bulgaria, where local schools had been thriving for some time. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, some brisk cross-pollination took place ("bastardization" was Jovanovic's word for it) and the Renaissance spawned a style of icon known as Italo-Cretan. It can be recognized by the lurking sensuousness in the Virgin's face and in the shiny opulence of her garments. But the new school failed to ruffle the traditional styles of Serbia and Macedonia, which kept their distinct identity right up to the nineteenth century when commercial lithography and letterpress finally made them obsolete.

There were several rather lush Italo-Cretan pieces in Mr. Jovanovic's collection, but from the manner in which I was hustled past them it was evident that he was not especially proud of them. "One doesn't look for an Italian Madonna in an icon," he told me. "Would you believe in a Joan of Arc modeled by Sophia Loren? There was one thing our old masters insisted on. A Virgin had to look the part! Now look at this one," he commanded, pointing to a three-handed Virgin and Child. "This is a Virgin!"

The painting was an eighteenth-century replica of the legendary three-handed icon—the Tricherusa—from the medieval Serbian monastery of Studenitsa, reputed to have been painted around 1300. "Here you see Serbian School at its best," explained Jovanovic. "Modified Byzantine, a blend of the esoteric and earthy, but strictly within the style's canon. None of your cinquecento Miss Italys!" He added that the three-handed Virgin had quite a vogue at one time. The story had it that a fire broke out in the Studenitsa monastery, but the original Tricherusa soared away miraculously and came to rest on the back of a mule, which promptly trotted south to Mount Athos in Greece. There the monks recognized the miracle and took the icon into the monastery of Chiliandary. By next morning, the icon had mysteriously found its way into the abbot's chapel pew. This remarkable event occurred three times in all and was

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AFTER HOURS

interpreted as a sign of Divine Will. From that time on the monks stopped electing an abbot and adopted the Tricherusa as the head of the monastery.

Presently, over a demitasse of aromatic Turkish coffee, served by Mrs. Jovanovic, I managed to coax her husband back to the original subject of my visit. He was sympathetic but doubtful.

To begin with, now that his collection was in the state catalogue, he no longer enjoyed a pipeline to private "entrepreneurs"; he was not trusted by them. He himself was getting too old to wander up and down the country as he used to. But once in a blue moon, some villager or other might drop in with a few icons in a burlap bag, and that might be an opportunity. It would be a pig-in-a-poke purchase, though, since most icons were blackened over with the candle soot of many generations and had to be restored first. The restoration might uncover a masterpiece, or a smudge of decayed nothing. I told him I would take that chance.

We discussed the problem of getting my purchase out of the country. "You could try and smuggle it, but I wouldn't advise you," he said. "They are brittle things, these icons." Some years ago a French dealer had cunningly affixed a crate of them under the chassis of his Renault, believing that if he took a little-traveled route to the Austrian frontier he would avoid sophisticated customs officials. As he was approaching it, he came on a bad patch of road and smashed the crate without knowing. At the ramp, an inspector noticed the dangling wood splinters and the ruse was discovered. The icons were missing. Both men drove back down the road and found them—broken and badly chipped. The fragments were confiscated, the dealer fined and detained for two days. Later, in Paris, he received a polite letter from Belgrade advising him that the "religious articles" had been repaired and he could have them by making the usual export application. He went back there the following spring and got them.

Jovanovic thought that, as a private individual, I stood a good chance of getting an export permit; especially if it was only a question of a few pieces. What the authorities were

COMING IN

Harper's

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AFTER HOURS

set against was wholesale commercial pillaging, not private art lovers. When the time came, he would tell me where to apply and how to go about it.

"How soon will that be?" I asked and he smiled charmingly and rolled his eyes to the ceiling. "That's up to the villager and his jute sack. We must wait and hope."

That was several months ago. I am still waiting and hoping.

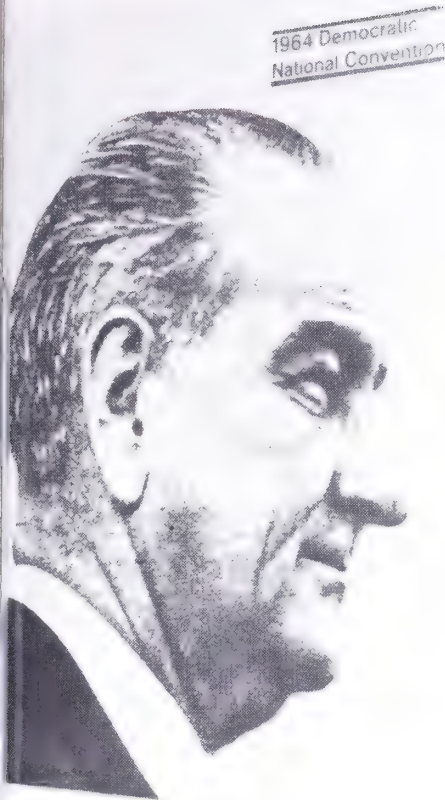
The Course

by Louise D. Peck

On the third and final leg
Of the race, fog set in
In earnest, and a calm planed
The bay into a pond.
The old skipper cursed
Blue. This was the one
He had to win to rank
Better than fourth for his year's
Contesting this field of youth.
The men who'd beaten him were young
As the sons he never had.
The hulls, besting his *Meg*,
Derived from glass and asked
Almost nothing of care—no caulk,
No heavy copper paint.
Light sails ran up
At a touch, dried and were furled
As though they were things without
craft.

His canvas took muscle and time.
The difference between boats
Now and boats then
Was what? He was going to say
It was like equating TV
Dinners with home-cooked meals,
But he felt crotchety
And old to think this way.
What, though, had the others learned
Of fog when it hoods men
At sea? What did they know
Of log lines, depths and shoals
And how the water moves
Above the floor of the bay
In a non-textbook way
From tide to tide? Not much—
Nor, at their age, did he.
Instruments and charts,
The sounding of buoy bells
And a tie with the bay like a long
Marriage, eased him first
Over the finish line.
He was days drying the sails
And rubbing the sloop's brass
bright.

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SIDNEY HYMAN, noted authority on the Presidency and author; **JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN**, author of ten books and winner of many magazine awards.

WILLIAM ATTWOOD, newspaper and magazine writer and now Ambassador to Kenya; **VILLIAM S. WHITE**, journalist, author, and Pulitzer Prize Winner; **MARIANNE MEANS**, White House correspondent Hearst newspapers, and book and magazine author.

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The Job-finding Machine

How to Crank It Up

By Edward T. Chase

Lots of jobs go empty while millions are unemployed—largely because the service which is supposed to bring the two together isn't working right.

On at least one vital front the war against poverty in the 1960s is being fought with tragically obsolete weapons. A crucial part of the battle consists in finding jobs for people who now don't have them, and the only nationwide mechanism designed to do this is the United States Employment Service.

Although a heroic effort is now under way to improve it, the agency—as of this writing—is still pitifully unequal to its mammoth responsibility. Indeed USES does not even know, on a national basis, where the job openings exist or are likely to occur, or the location, and skills or lack of them, of the unemployed men and women who might fill those vacancies. This is a major cause of that baffling phenomenon of our time—the

existence of some four million unemployed workers while hundreds of thousands of jobs go begging.

This is not to say that USES has no dealings with the unemployed. On the contrary, you can see hundreds of them each morning in any large city waiting for the office to open—a nondescript crowd, bearing the unmistakable stamp of defeat. Inside, vast neon-lighted rooms are filled with lines of men inching toward placards marked “saladman,” “busboy,” “dishwasher.” In a back corner, separated from these patient queues, are the “bottle money” applicants, chiefly alcoholics or others too unstable or unskilled to seek anything but the most menial part-time work. An alarming number of them are in their teens or early twenties; many are Negroes.

Waiting at their desks, the Employment Service interviewers do not seem seized of any great sense of urgency. Some are reading the morning paper; others are gossiping. But shortly they will begin the day's routine, which consists mostly in referring unskilled or semi-skilled workers to em-

ployers who happen to have called the USES.

This dismal scene, and its miniature replica in small-town offices, conveys an impression of an agency that does not rate high either with its clientele or in public support. Lamentably, this impression is correct. It is the consequence of past history as much as current practice.

USES was established in 1933 at the depth of the depression and was quickly overwhelmed by the task of referring millions of destitute men and women to public relief projects. With the advent of unemployment insurance later in the 'thirties it was swamped with unemployment claims. This task quickly took priority over job placement. Ever since, USES has been widely considered, and often called, "the unemployment office." Skilled workers, white-collar or blue, have seldom looked to it as a likely source of good leads for jobs. Though housewives and restaurant operators may phone in for casual help, personnel offices of most companies use other recruiting methods.

About 20 per cent of all USES non-farm job placements today are in domestic service, although household work accounts for only about 3 per cent of all non-farm jobs generally. The well-advertised concern of USES for parolees, Indians, disabled vets, school dropouts, and others at the bottom of the labor market has helped reinforce its reputation as a kind of welfare service for the unfortunate.

The two thousand local offices of USES are financed out of the federal payroll tax. But they are run by the individual states as neighborhood facilities. This local orientation is peculiarly frustrating at a time when the job market is increasingly regional and national. For instance, I know a conscientious young USES interviewer in a Brooklyn office who was recently confronted with several unemployed welders. There were no known local openings to offer them. Quite by chance, the interviewer had heard that welders were being sought right then in Connecticut. Now to match the applicants with the jobs through official channels would involve a cumbersome mailing process called interstate clearance. Since time is of the essence in getting a job, he urged the

welders to go after the Connecticut jobs on their own.

This is not a step a man broke and out of work for many weeks can take; nor is it a satisfactory way for a national public employment service to function. Yet few interviewers can give even this much sensible advice. Most of them have had little contact with the world of business and industry, and few of them go calling at offices or factories.

As a result, even in their own hometowns, USES offices have only meager data about local job openings. And there is virtually no incentive for employers to make their needs known to USES, despite the urgency of the present manpower crisis. The whole operation has a voluntary character like that of a travel agency . . . while over four million Americans are jobless and triple that number will be out of work for varying intervals in the year ahead. Obviously, pinpointing the job opportunity is more than half the battle in placing a man. Dr. Arthur Burns, who was chairman of President Eisenhower's Council of Economic Advisers, has called the lack of national job-vacancy statistics a "vital missing link in our entire system of economic intelligence."

Is Its Goal Sinister?

Against great odds USES has been trying, within the past several years, to transform itself from a down-at-the-heels social-welfare relic of the New Deal—absorbed with unemployment compensation and the placement of domestics—into a national manpower agency responsible for the most efficient use of our total labor resources. This new self-assertive spirit has triggered a savage assault on the agency. The attackers are private employment agencies, defending the sacred right to make a commissionable buck. Ironically, their self-serving militancy may, in the end, boomerang by arousing an indifferent public to sympathetic support of the vital mission of USES.

Within the past year, the attack was pressed right into the halls of Congress and even into a Presidential press conference, where USES was accused of competing with private enterprise both in the business community and on the campus, and of the further sin of soliciting jobs for people who already are employed. President Kennedy promised to look into the matter.

Not long ago, I talked with the affable spokesman for the private employment agencies. He is John Willetts, a Dartmouth man from Milwau-

Edward T. Chase, who has written extensively on technology and manpower problems, is currently consultant both for a Ford Foundation-sponsored national conference on unemployment, and for the New York City Planning Commission. He is also writing the official report on Mobilization for Youth and is active on the Board of the Henry Street Settlement.

lee, who assured me that I'd perform a needed public service if I could conclude *whether* that USES was *really* up to.

Its sinister goal is the monopolistic control of all manpower and this "could lead to eventual control of the nation's means of production and distribution of goods," according to Harold Nelson, an Akron agency man, who testified before a Senate subcommittee. Nelson distributes sample letters for the like-minded to copy and send to their Congressmen to alert them to the expected USES coup. In his Senate testimony Nelson compared USES practices with the Russians', the Third Reich's, Red China's, and Castro Cuba's.

The National Employment Association, headquartered in Detroit, which represents 4,300 agencies, is raising \$75,000 for its current "Operation Freedom" campaign. It depicts USES as bent on destroying the private agencies, indifferent to the unemployed, and determined to control the entire labor market. The NEA has a voluble and thoroughly alarmed freedom fighter in the person of Representative Frank Bow, a Republican Congressman from Ohio, who ceaselessly guards the ramparts for the private agencies. "Never before, not even in the dramatic and devastating days of the New Deal and the Fair Deal, has the strangulation of private enterprise been so imminent," Bow told the recent NEA annual convention. The convention was reassured that his excessive agitation would not distract the Congressman from his mission. "I repeat you are not alone, or rather *we* are not alone, for I take a great and genuine pride in carrying a musket in your ranks in this battle. But this battle is not over; it is certain to be a continuing one in a long war—provided, as I have emphasized before, that *we* stand up and fight and fight hard. Each of you in the private employment industry has more than just this issue at stake. I say to you without hesitation that your very survival in business is at stake today. Even more significantly, your very rights and freedoms as Americans are threatened as never before in your lifetime or in the history of this nation."

Such accusations might be dismissed as ludicrously exaggerated—and relatively harmless—manifestations of private greed or lunatic conservatism, were not our current need for an effective federal employment service so critical. Under these conditions, this kind of sniping could cripple the effort just beginning to remedy the inadequacies of USES.

To assess the gap between what we need and what we now have, it is instructive to look at a

service that has long employed sound staffing techniques. Sweden's for instance.

To be sure, as defenders of the status quo love to point out, Sweden is a small nation with a homogeneous population and is therefore not comparable to the United States. Yet these particular characteristics lessen the smaller country's need for an effective national employment service. Sweden does not have to cope with our demographic variety, racial discrimination, and complex industrial development now racked by automation—all factors which complicate the adjustment of manpower supply and demand in this huge country.

One Service That Works

The Swedes swear by their employment service. They credit it not only with mastering the employment process, but also with contributing to productivity and growth. The biggest difference, however, between their service and USES is the enthusiastic support it gets from the population generally and Swedish businessmen in particular.

Swedish employers *use* their service. They make their job vacancies known without any formal mandate. They also volunteer detailed advance notice of any important changes they contemplate that will affect the labor market. The Swedish government then helps workers to move as needed. It provides travel allowances which include the cost of sending the man's wife along when he is interviewed for the job so that she may satisfy herself on housing and schooling in the new locality. Prefabricated houses are provided while the relocated worker looks for a permanent home and he gets an adequate family subsistence allowance and training and retraining as needed.

Employees of the Swedish service are mostly well-educated professionals. They are well paid and there are enough of them for the time-consuming task of keeping in touch with employers. A leading Swedish employment service officer, Nils Kelgren, after observing the American system over many weeks commented, "Not on one single occasion in the United States did I hear an employer himself calling an officer [of USES], presenting the vacancy and his wishes."

Gunnar Myrdal has pointed out that Sweden's employment service, unlike ours, spends more to *prevent* unemployment than it ever did for unemployment relief. "This policy is an investment in higher productivity," he says. "The state is seen to be rendering a service to expanding busi-

nesses as well as to the workers threatened by unemployment. *For this the business community is grateful.*" (Italics mine.)

"Another First"

Immediately after his inauguration, President Kennedy enjoined the Secretary of Labor to reform USES to cope with the already disturbing rise in the number of jobless. The then Secretary of Labor, now Supreme Court Justice, Arthur Goldberg, and his successor, Willard Wirtz, are both intellectuals intensely concerned with the dynamics of the labor market, and they have instructed USES to become a "manpower service." President Johnson is equally emphatic. Appropriations have been increased, and there have been implementing directives and legislation. But the chief product until quite recently has been a welter of self-congratulatory literature about the "new" USES mission.

Much ballyhooed, for example, have been the steps to meet the deepening youth-unemployment crisis. A new USES youth kit was issued, but when an interviewer I know tried to track one down, no one in his office seemed to have heard of it. Eventually a veteran supervisor unearthed one beneath a towel and some old magazines. The kit,

things. But it could be brought to life only by a top-notch USES staff enthusiastically aided by businessmen. So far, neither the staff nor the co-operation have been forthcoming.

USES has also been beating the drums for its special new facilities for recruiting and placing professional people on a nationwide scale. The idea is sound but there remains a wide gap between promise and performance. By way of a test some weeks ago in New York I visited the Service's handsome professional quarters in the *Newsweek* Building on Madison Avenue. These are a far cry from the bleak offices where the unskilled applicants go.

I asked the interviewer to find two agricultural chemical writers—a not-too-arcane specialty today. Several weeks passed and I heard nothing from USES. I checked back with the earnest young woman handling the case, and discovered she had made only a routine and unsuccessful scrutiny of the local files. When I suggested that perhaps she might check with other state offices, she agreed, dimly, and maybe she did go this far. But I never heard from her again. Meantime a private agency filled the vacancies—for a profitable middleman's fee.

On the other hand, one also encounters tantalizing examples of what USES could be, given the staff and public support it needs. For instance, in one small-town USES office I visited recently the morale of the manager and his staff was at a high pitch. He had reviewed his 1963 results and they confirmed his best hopes—the community, especially its employers, were "beginning to break down," as he put it, and turn to his office with their needs. Even as he spoke, the phone rang. He talked animatedly and when finished he turned to me with a grin saying, "Another first; it's happening every day lately."

It was in a sense pitiful, but significant—a call from the biggest liquor store in the adjacent resort village requesting a clerk. This represented a breakthrough, nonetheless, a "first-time" employer turning to him. This USES office had won esteem for the initiative and good judgment it displayed in both referrals and its interviews with job applicants. Accordingly, it had lightened the stigma of being "the unemployment office." Many of its applicants were not jobless claimants for unemployment insurance, but people seeking better jobs, among them professionals.

This manager never gave up. He told me, for example, of a woman—an editorial assistant—who had moved to the town from New York. "How could I get her work here?" he said. "I figured it would only come through if I kept at it for a long time. I decided to try." And in due course, a doctor working on a book needed editorial help. He called USES after learning of its good reputation. "I get my kicks out of making

Triply Mysterious East

A first-grade elementary-school pupil named Atomu . . . Suematsu is gaining popularity because of his "up-to-date" name among his classmates at primary school in Fukuoka Prefecture.

According to his teacher father, the boy was given the name to commemorate the establishment of the Japan Atomic Energy Research Institute in Japan in 1959, the year the boy was born.

But not just that, he said.

The name also has three meanings: Fighting with dreams, Atomic year, and No more babies.

—*Japan Times*, Tokyo, April 27, 1964

tough placements," the manager said. He gets even greater kicks out of persuading long-unemployed men and women to relocate or to take retraining courses under the Manpower Development and Training Act Program.

This experience illustrates what the whole USES must do to pick itself up by its bootstraps. It must win the confidence of employers so that job-vacancy information is forthcoming. Simultaneously it must win the cooperation of the labor force. And the key to both objectives is better service, not paper public-relations gestures.

More Money, New Roles

This means, among other things, more money to add more staff. In the decade from 1947 to 1957, the USES budget and staff dwindled by 23 per cent and its job placements declined proportionately. With increased appropriations in 1961 and 1962, the reverse happened. What can be accomplished was demonstrated in 1962 in a test conducted in Muncie, Indiana. In that typical small-city office, five interviewers and a clerk were added, bringing the total staff to thirty-five. They were then able to call on every employer in Muncie. The office doubled its newspaper advertising, and mailed resumés of its applicants to 2,200 local employers. As a result, overall job placements increased by two-thirds, and among the semi-skilled by 350 per cent.

This kind of service must be made available all over the country if we are to have any hope of halting the creeping menace of long-term structural unemployment. The average twenty-year-old today can anticipate six different careers in his lifetime, and at least one per cent of workers now employed will have to be retrained annually if they are to find jobs. This means 700,000 workers a year—nearly seven times as many as were trained last year under the pioneering Manpower Development and Training Act, which got under way in 1962.

USES is the agency which must set up retraining programs, interview employers in systematic surveys of regional job prospects, and work closely with local vocational school systems if the program is to work. Moving into this area has proved an eye-opening experience for USES. In the past year 112,000 unemployed or underemployed men and women took retraining courses or have been approved for retraining. About 70 per cent of the "graduates" got jobs. Eighteen-year-old draftees who flunk preinduction tests are now being referred to USES offices for counseling, train-

ing under MDTA, or job placement. To encourage this salvage operation, President Johnson announced in May that a personal letter from him urging young men to seek the help of their local employment offices will be enclosed with future draft rejection notices. USES counselors are discovering that many of those flunking the tests are from broken homes. Skilled referrals to social and psychiatric services are required. This is a novel but appropriate role for USES.

Amendments to the Manpower Development and Training Act passed last year permit programs for overcoming illiteracy as well as teaching vocational skills. This should make it possible for the training programs to reach those most in need of help. To date, this has not been the case. For example, I found that some five hundred women had to be interviewed in one employment office to fill a class of thirty in practical nursing. In another instance, 287 men were lined up to pick twenty trainees for a hotel cooking course. Twenty per cent of all the people now unemployed have had less than eight years of schooling. Yet only 3 per cent of MDTA trainees have been drawn from this group.

Amendments to federal statutes on vocational education also will require (1) a closer working rapport between USES and vocational education, which—as a result of legislation passed in 1963—is scheduled for a steep increase in federal financ-

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Amendments to federal statutes on vocational education also will require (1) a closer working rapport between USES and vocational education, which—as a result of legislation passed in 1963—is scheduled for a steep increase in federal financ-

See my article on "Learning to be Unemployable," *Harper's*, April 1963, for an account of our present unbalanced vocational education.

are short-handed, the same people must hand out unemployment checks and act as job counselors. As a result, vital counseling, testing, and interviewing are skimped.

These functions also suffer because of the present need to justify an annual appropriation before Congress. Long-range planning, counseling, and testing services are less impressive at budget hearings than a high score on job placements. The fact that many of these jobs are temporary does not show up in the statistics. Actually, however, last year one third of all USES placements were for less than three days. Though such achievements help raise the score, they have little bearing on a positive manpower policy.

Getting Business to Use It

For the real role of an effective national employment service is—though few Americans realize this—actually to create employment. It does this through a battery of services which together perform the complicated job of matching labor supply with labor demand. The basic steps are to provide information on employment trends, to interview, counsel, test, and classify job applicants and refer them to prospective employers. Training and retraining as well as relocation may be necessary. Workers must be given early warning of technological or other trends which may result in unemployment. Many employers also need help in anticipating their manpower needs and in recruiting and testing applicants—a function USES has brought to a high level of proficiency.

To perform in this fashion USES needs more than increased funds, better personnel, modern equipment and operating methods. It must have increased public support—above all, from business and industry. If such cooperation is not forthcoming voluntarily, conceivably it will have to be achieved by law. Organized labor has been pressing for mandatory listing of all job vacancies with USES. This has been done before but only in wartime. If unemployment grows worse, a federal executive order might well be issued requiring all government contractors to list their job openings with USES. The rationale would be that a worker shouldn't have to pay a fee to a private agency to get employment deriving from

perhaps "government business."

she agreed, dimly, all industries may be persuaded to. But I never heard of agencies by carrot-and-stick method. private agency filled to unemployment-insurance tax able middleman's fee, needed for employers who offer

job-vacancy data. But however it is brought about, a national employment service can never be really useful if it does not have full information on jobs and, as a consequence, patronage by most of the qualified workers rather than just the ill-equipped. Otherwise it remains only a peripheral operation.

There are small signs on the horizon that industry is beginning to get the point. For example, the New Jersey Manufacturers Association has persuaded its members to list their hard-to-fill job vacancies with USES. In the first year, over two thousand job openings were listed by some two hundred companies and USES was able to fill a great many of them.

A substantial dollar saving is involved when the service can cut down the interval between jobs. Last year USES made 6.7 million job placements. If the time each of these workers spent looking for work was reduced by one week and his average weekly wage was \$60, a total of \$402 million was saved. That is a conservative estimate, yet the sum about equals the current annual appropriations for USES and the administration of unemployment insurance combined. And the \$402 million is only the dollar wage income produced—it does not include the savings in relief costs or unemployment compensation nor the value of goods and services added to the gross national product by this employment.

For How Long?

The real significance of speeding up the employment process is manifest when one considers that long-term unemployment (six months or more) has been on a relentless increase in the United States regardless of boom or slump. In mid-1953 the very-long-term unemployed were 58,000, or 3.7 per cent of the unemployed. In mid-1957 they numbered 260,000, or 9.6 per cent of the unemployed. By mid-1960 they had grown to 411,000, or 11.9 per cent, and in mid-1963 they numbered 643,000, or 15.8 per cent of all the unemployed.

Half the rise in unemployment over the past decade is attributable to the longer duration of joblessness, rather than new unemployment. This is an ominous and entirely new experience for the United States. Against this dismal background, and the prospect of accelerating automation plus an explosively expanding labor force, USES can be properly seen as an indispensable agency. Clearly, a vastly strengthened USES is a necessary first step in any serious war on poverty.



Juno in Limbo

The Trauma of Size 16

by Marya Mannes



A plaintive reproach to the garment industry—which every graduate from the Misses' sizes will understand.

This article will make no sense unless I state my dimensions. They are 5 feet 10½ by 39-31-10 inches. The kinder descriptions of this magnitude are Junoesque, striking, or statuesque. The less kind are usually not overheard or can be translated easily from such evasions as, "We don't carry your size," or, "Well, you're tall enough to get away with it." I must add, however, that only salesladies in smart shops shudder with revulsion and that normal people do not avert their eyes at my approach. My trouble is that through genetic circumstances beyond my control I belong to a minority discriminated against by the ninth-largest industry in the United States, the garment trade, and known as Women. It must here be explained that the word Women in the dress business does not mean females, as distinguished

from males, but sizes 18, 20, and onwards as distinguished from sizes 5 through 16, known as Juniors or Misses.

If you cannot get into Misses, you've had it. For the corporate fashion thinking has long since established that the woman who needs a size 18 or 20 has lost hope. The best they can do for the menopause market (they assume that all big women are not only stout but elderly) is to provide some modest shrouds in sleazy fabrics to cover the unmentionable form and announce at the same time, as discreetly as possible, that the wearer has resigned from such temporal pleasures as sex and beauty and is merely sitting out that twilight period before final interment. In some good department stores, the Women's section is given a cover-name like "Westchester" or "Beekman Place" and is tucked away in some distant corner to save the client's embarrassment at openly acknowledging the deformity that brings her there. There the unhappy woman can inspect coats like tents, hats like pots, and suits with

loose jackets to disguise unspeakable hips. Of fashion, of design, of fabric interest there is rarely, if ever, a hint. The best that can be hoped for by the woman who wears these coverings is that she not be noticed.

Now, to give some segments of the dress industry their due, there have been of late years in big cities specific outlets for fashions designed for the oversized minority and usually called "Tall Gals," or some similar jauntiness. They concede bravely and openly that You can be Gay though Heroic and that even "full-proportioned" Women like dashing slacks, maillots for swimming, slit skirts, and plunging necklines. It is possible through diligent searching to find some clothes that convey at least the intention to attract. I suspect they are designed by huge unhappy Amazons hidden away in wholesale lofts as they toil for their kind.

How any woman over thirty emerges from this torture chamber . . .



But by and large the fashion industry has made it a misdemeanor to be a Woman; an affront against a society in which the ideal and only permissible figure is that of a girl of twenty in a size 8. The smart stores make token gestures to the underprivileged oversized by hanging a few despondent 18s on distant racks, but the salesladies are conditioned to discourage seekers. They could not in any case be less interested in the search. Neither could the decorators who decreed the lighting in the dressing rooms. If the big woman is depressed by her fruitless search for clothing, the reflection of herself in the triplicate mirrors as she struggles into a garment that barely reaches the knee produces total despair. These cubicles are decomposing rooms; the skin turns a mottled algae green, the hair as listless as the feathers on a dead bird, and the body a flaccid parody. How any woman over thirty ever emerges from this torture chamber without thoughts of suicide I do not know. Even women under size 16 have been known to shudder at their triplicate image; the rear view, all too rarely seen, is the final shocker.

But the humiliations of the big woman do not end there. The shredding of hope, dignity, and

self-esteem are daily and relentless. Every ad in every paper or magazine showing a dress that looks as if it might be designed for her has the printed doom: sizes 8 to 16; or even worse, the words *Petites*, *Junior Misses*, *Subteens*, and other generic terms for modern nymphets.

As for the models in *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*, it must be clear to all that they live on birdseed and borrowed time. Except for a sudden rush of bosom to the neck (where none was before) the forms that used to distinguish their sex have been absent for decades. In fashion, flesh is vulgar.

And here we come to an interesting social fact. The higher the status, the thinner the woman. "Women are now dieting their way into clothes," said Janet Sloane, a retailer of high-priced designs. "They are out to fit the clothes instead of vice versa." Another designer echoes her: "When I first started designing in '39, sizes 16 and 18 were important. Gradually, over the years . . . the larger sizes are being dieted quietly out of existence." There is no question, in short, that the more money a woman has, the more time she has to spend on her whittling. To the poorer woman with many children, diet and exercise are luxuries which she cannot afford. She must eat what she makes for her family and what she needs to keep going; special foods and beauty salons are beyond her reach and time. This is why the big sizes are found only in the "cheaper" stores and why their clientele are usually lower-middle-class and shapeless. Trudging through the aisles and racks with their shopping bags, they buy the crumbs tossed them from the fashion table.

In his book called *The Rag Race*, Bernard Rosheo quotes a manufacturer of high-priced dresses for the "large and mature woman" as follows: "The most expensive 'missy' clothes are built for the body of a twenty-year-old girl. We take care of the woman who can't get into such clothes because nature has shifted the cargo. The bust has dropped, the shoulders have rounded, the waist has thickened. She's lost her figure. We try to make up for it because the only thing she hasn't lost is her mental attitude."

I have news for this nameless benefactor. The

Marya Mannes has written fiction, criticism, and satire—in both prose and verse—and has appeared often on radio, television, and as a public speaker. For ten years, she was on the staff of "The Reporter" and in 1959 had her own TV program. Her books include "Message from a Stranger" (a novel), "Subverse" (political satire in verse), and "But Will It Sell?"

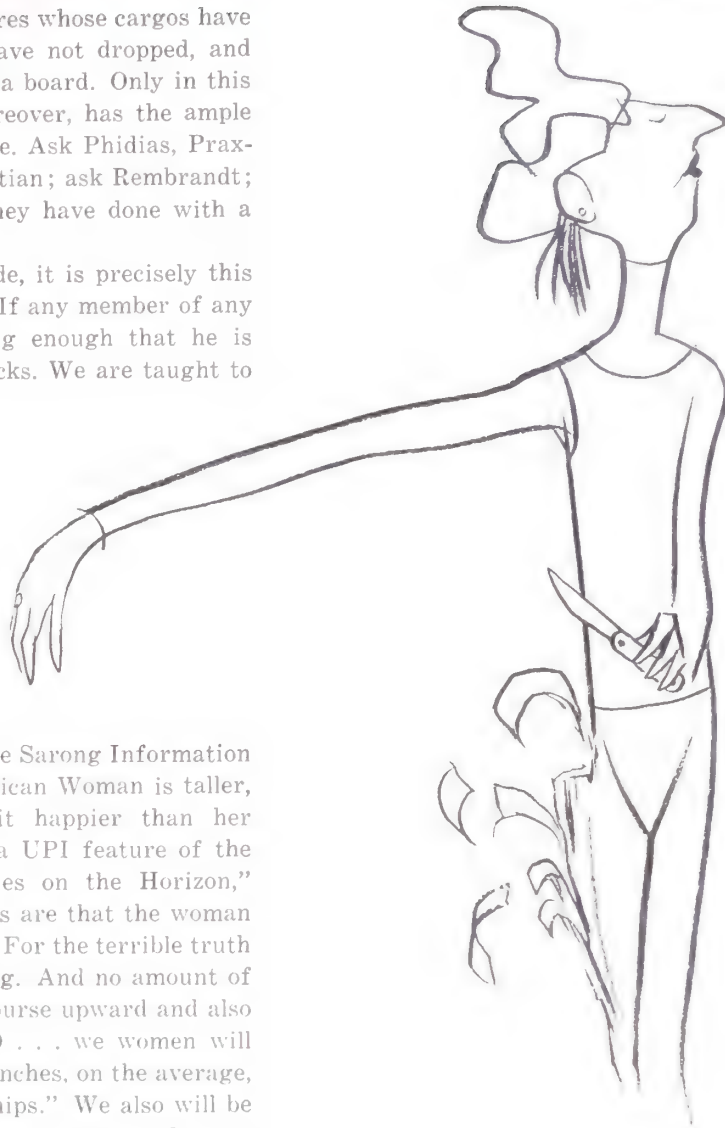
country is full of big creatures whose cargos have not shifted, whose busts have not dropped, and whose shoulders are flat as a board. Only in this mass-production world, moreover, has the ample figure become the lost figure. Ask Phidias, Praxiteles, Michelangelo; ask Titian; ask Rembrandt; ask Renoir. What would they have done with a Junior Petite?

As for our mental attitude, it is precisely this we are in danger of losing. If any member of any minority group is told long enough that he is unacceptable, the image sticks. We are taught to walk with apology instead of pride. Instead of being told that we have our own kind of beauty, we are persuaded that we have none. We are, God help us, mature women in a world measured by a teen-ager's waist.

And yet—and yet—look what we have here: In 1962 a survey made by the Sarong Information Service finds that the American Woman is taller, bustier, leggier, and a bit happier than her counterpart in 1900. And a UPI feature of the year before, "Larger Ladies on the Horizon," says, "Statistical predictions are that the woman in space will be an Amazon. For the terrible truth is, we females are expanding. And no amount of dieting seems to stay our course upward and also outward. By the year 2000 . . . we women will have added one inch to two inches, on the average, to the bust, waistline, and hips." We also will be taller and weigh more, says a report from a foundation-garment manufacturer which has compiled records on female anatomical changes for the last sixty years. The article attributes this growth to vitamins, exercise, and medical care, and adds that as a result, tomorrow's women will not only be bigger but better-proportioned.

But there is a catch in all this. They are still talking about the five-foot-seven college junior with a twenty-four waist and no hips who needs very little more cloth to cover her than her shorter sisters.

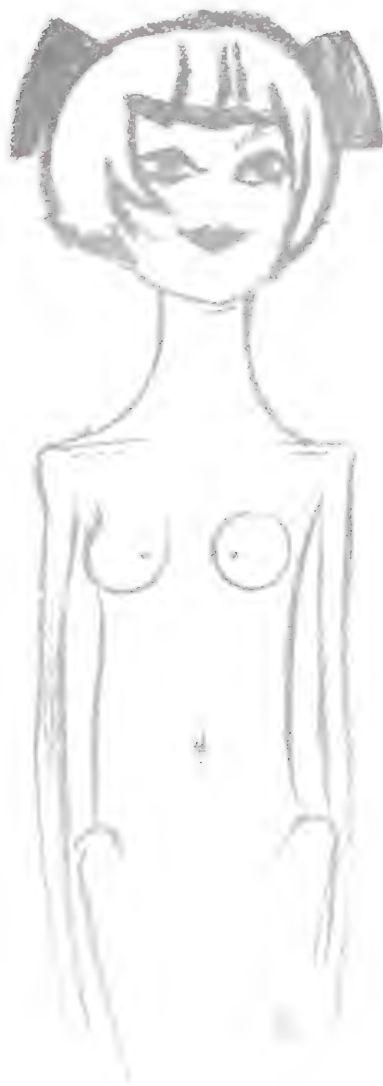
There is another catch too. With the alleged shrinkage of the American woman through diet, dress sizes seem to have shrunk accordingly through skimping. It is my distinct, if unprovable, suspicion that a dress marked 18 today is virtually the same size as a dress marked 16 ten years ago; a 16 is a 14, and so forth. The effect of this on the big woman is one more humiliation: she must now move, though her own dimensions



... The more money a woman has, the more time she has to spend on her whittling.

have not changed, from the unpardonable 18s to the unmentionable 20s in the company of fat ladies, gross ladies, pregnant ladies, and society's abandoned.

And here we come to the diabolic bottom of the whole business. The less yardage, the greater the profit. It does not pay to add the extra material needed to flatter extra dimensions, or the deeper hem needed for longer length. It is economically unfeasible to cater to the minority, however large, of retail customers who cannot conform to mass norms. Or rather, it is feasible only when quality of design and fabric can be geared to the poorest taste and purse. So what we have here—again in this business society—is the molding of human beings and attitudes by economic determinants.



slim young leg), but that in the fullness of her years she can give to others what she has learned herself. The contempt for elders which is at the root of so much young aberration may well result from these elders' pretense of a youth which they do not possess. The young are not fooled by this, neither are they guided. I cannot see why a troubled young girl should want to seek counsel from a grandmother who squeezes herself into a Miss Petite, or why any child, for that matter, should find comfort in a fashionable fleshless lap. Age in a woman should have a certain amplitude—of movement, of attire, and above all, of spirit. The broadening is natural; the confinements to patterns of youth a contradiction of reality.

None of these comments are meant to deny or belittle what the last decades in this country have done for the American woman in prolonging her physical youthfulness for at least ten years. There is no doubt that wiser eating habits, more exercise, and better cosmetics have helped her to look as attractive as she can for as long as she can.

But there is something wrong when the national, and only, ideal of female attraction is the twenty-year-old nymph, and when the big woman or the older woman must tailor herself to it. Change and difference should not constitute disasters but advantages, whether it is the majesty of size or the release of age: a time when a woman can at last be free from the competition of externals.

Other times and other civilizations have recognized these differences and saluted them. I think

of long skirts of other centuries, and I think of

of a woman I knew who, from

women too shrill—you

every shop where there is nothing over 16 fit to wear. And you can write articles like this.

Neither will probably do you the least bit of good.

shows a slender leg—still very different from a

The Cheerful Mongolians: A Visit to a Very Far Country

by Fitzroy Maclean

As far as I can remember, I first became aware of the existence of Outer Mongolia twenty-five years ago, in Moscow. Idly looking through the list of my fellow members of the Diplomatic Corps not long after my arrival there, I came upon the Legation of the People's Republic of Outer Mongolia, headed by the Minister, Monsieur Sambuu, and at the next official reception I was able to identify him by his characteristically Mongolian countenance and his charmingly Mongolian-looking wife.

But that was all. In those days Great Britain did not recognize Outer Mongolia. In fact, no one did except the Soviet Union. And so, in diplomatic circles, Monsieur and Madame Sambuu led socially isolated lives as the representatives in the Soviet Union of what was then the only other Communist country in the world (or almost the only, for there was then also the neighboring Republic of Tannu Tuva, which since seems somehow to have disappeared).

Nor, supposing that one wanted to, was it at all clear in those days how one could get to Outer Mongolia. The Trans-Siberian Railway, which I had successfully used as a jumping-off point for various expeditions to Turkestan, seemed to miss it. Dr. Sambuu showed no inclination to issue visas, nor indeed to have any dealings whatever with his diplomatic colleagues.

A rather half-hearted attempt to drift in one autumn by way of Siberia and the Altai Mountains ended a hundred miles or so short of my objective in a sea of mud and a dishearteningly continuous downpour of rain. And so for a

quarter of a century Outer Mongolia remained for me a name on the map and on the numerous large and brightly colored postage stamps issued by an enterprising Outer Mongolian Minister of Posts and Telegraphs.

But then suddenly, from time to time, Mongolia was in the news. (Outer Mongolia no longer. Inner Mongolia had in the meantime been eaten by China. So now there was one.) Mongolia, we learned, had, at her fifth attempt, joined the United Nations. Dr. Sambuu, my former colleague, having written a book entitled *Advice to Herdsmen*, had become President of the Republic and was now writing a history of religion. The Americans were thinking of recognizing Mongolia. Great Britain had actually done so. The great traveler, Peter Fleming, had applied for a Mongolian visa and been refused, owing to his notorious connection with that enemy of the people, James Bond. In Mongolia there were dinosaurs' eggs ninety million years old. Mongolia was on everyone's lips. In Mongolia the sun shone 300 days out of 365. Where, my wife and I asked ourselves, can we go for Whitsun? There could only be one answer.

The elegant little black dress worn by the sensationally attractive Mongolian lady across the luncheon table at Irkutsk Airport could only have come from Fifth Avenue. Having flown the three thousand miles from Moscow between midnight and six in the morning, without the sun either going down or rising, we were feeling slightly disembodied and were comforted to be addressed by so charming a person in faultless

American and to learn that she was a member of the Mongolian Delegation to the United Nations. With her and her children we clambered hopefully on board the waiting Mongolair plane and were soon looking down on Lake Baikal. Then some wooded mountains, then prolonged turbulence, when Mongolian air hostesses in national dress handed round boiled sweets and paper bags and one tried to keep one's attention on one's book. Then a lot more mountains—the Khangai of Northern Mongolia—and we were coming in to land at Ulan Bator, the capital of the Mongolian People's Republic.

Ulan Bator, or Red Hero, is by any standards a very long way away: 1,000 miles from Peking, 1,800 miles from the Arctic Ocean, 2,000 miles from Delhi, 3,000 miles from Moscow; even today these are considerable distances. It is also the capital of an extremely large country. From east to west Mongolia measures 1,500 miles. In area it is about the size of France, Germany, Italy, and Great Britain put together.

One is conscious of its size and remoteness as soon as one gets there. A few miles out from Ulan Bator you lose sight of the ranges of mountains to the north, and the steppe begins: a vast expanse of green rolling country stretching away to a distant horizon of hills. One is conscious, too, of its emptiness.

Respectful by Limousine

We caught only a passing glimpse of Ulan

series of copious Soviet-style meals, interspersed with strange but not unsavory Mongolian specialties and washed down with plenty of Mongolian vodka, Crimean port, and Armenian brandy. There was no one else staying in the hotel. The long corridors echoed emptily. The bill, as I was later to discover, came to the equivalent of about \$100 (U.S.) a day. But our first twenty-four hours were unmarred by any such unpleasant shock.

From our mountain fastness we sallied forth daily in our black limousine in search of enlightenment and instruction. Ulan Bator is a modern town with a total population of 180,000 where substantial blocks of modern flats are rapidly replacing the rather untidy groups of tents which still cluster on the outskirts. In addition to the usual imposing government buildings common to all Communist countries and a massive mausoleum containing the bodies of Sukhe Bator and Choibalsan, the two heroes of the Revolution of 1921, Ulan Bator also boasts a well-stocked department store, an opera house, a university, an academy of science, a Grand Hotel (reputedly the best in the Communist world), a stadium, a large new hospital, and a number of up-to-date factories. Most of the latter are either directly or indirectly geared to Mongolia's pastoral economy and include a meat-canning factory, a tannery, a boot-and-shoe factory, and a wool mill equipped, incidentally, with the latest British textile machinery.

In the course of our stay we visited textile mills, hospitals, infant schools, lama temples, institutes of veterinary science, libraries, museums, and the state department store. We were taken to the wrestling and the elections and the cinema and the state circus, where we saw jugglers, exotic dancers in G-strings and a performing yak. We called on the Prime Minister, the Chief Lama and the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and the Rector of the University. We saw the interior of the state circus and an ordinary family living in an ordinary house.

But we were determined not to spend all our

emissary to Tito, he took part in action behind the lines in the Balkans and China. He was Under-Secretary of State for War 1954-57 and is the author of "Escape to Adventure," "Back to Bokhara," and other books.

modestly. No sooner had we settled in than we were summoned to the first of a long

time in the city. Hiring—for a mere \$500—a Soviet-made jeep and driver, we set out with Mr. Orchibal to view the remains of Genghis Khan's ancient capital of Karakorum a couple of hundred miles away across the steppe. Across his knees the driver carried an antiquated sporting gun, fully loaded, in readiness, he told us, to dispatch any wolves we might encounter.

They Invented Riding

In such an immense country a population of less than a million is thinly spread. In a hundred miles you may meet another car. Or you may not. Probably you will meet just a shepherd with his sheep or a herd or two of horses or cattle. Or a little group of exotic-looking, high-cheekboned nomads on the march, with all their worldly belongings loaded on a string of camels. On all sides the steppe is alive with small furry animals, marmots, mice, jerboas, popping inquisitively in and out of their holes and scuttling rapidly back again—a tempting target for the great birds of prey that hover menacingly overhead. Here and there you come on a little cluster of *gers*, the traditional Mongolian round white tents of felt stretched over an easily transportable collapsible wooden framework, in which the bulk of the population still live. It was in these that we paused to get out of the cold and into a warm Mongol family atmosphere and eat strange meals of tea and cheese and great bowls of fermented mare's milk in the center of a circle of friendly, grinning, curious faces.

Strictly speaking there are no proper roads—just a whole series of widely divergent tracks across the plain from which you hopefully select the most promising. Further to the south, the steppe turns gradually into desert or *gobi*, a mixture, like most deserts, of patches of scrub, salt flats and sand dunes, and great stretches of nothing in particular, turned into a wilderness seven hundred years ago, so they say, by the trampling of Genghis Khan's myriad cavalry.

Having stopped repeatedly on the way to film the great herds of horses that drift about the steppe and having then got lost in the darkness amongst the innumerable divergent tracks, we did not complete the first stage of our journey until five in the morning, only to find, to our amazement that, after crossing two-hundred miles of steppe, we were staying in another luxury suite with sitting room and bathroom attached and a Chinese toothbrush and tube of toothpaste laid out for each of us in case we had left ours at

home. Next day we set out for Karakorum, stopping off on the way at a cooperative farm where we were shown more horses than ever and treated to a spectacular display of roughriding.

The Mongols have remained a nation of horsemen. It was they, they claim, who invented the saddle, who practically invented riding. In fact, it was in Mongolia that the first horse made its appearance. To this day, each Mongolian man, woman, and child is ready to jump on a horse and gallop off and they expect their visitors to do the same. Nor is there any lack of mounts in a country where there are far more horses than people. The Mongols love horses. Racing, after wrestling, is their most popular pastime, the horses being ridden over a twenty-mile course by children of both sexes aged between six and ten. *Airag*, fermented mare's milk, an unexpectedly effervescent and intoxicating beverage, is their favorite drink. Their national emblem is a horseman galloping into the rising sun and on the main square of the capital the equestrian statue of Sukhe Bator, the Liberator of 1921, prances magnificently.

The equestrian virtues of the Mongols have not been without their influence on Mongolian history. With his hordes of Huns on their sturdy little ponies, Attila, the Scourge of God, emerging from innermost Asia in the fifth century, threatened the frontiers of the Roman Empire, while at the same time other Hun tribes, turning eastward, invaded China. It was his skill as a cavalry commander and the mobility and endurance of his cavalry that eight centuries later made Genghis the most formidable military phenomenon of his age and caused him and his immediate suc-



Sukhe Bator, the Liberator, prances magnificently in the main square of Ulan Bator.

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later the Chinese drove back the Mongols and,

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Out of this dim world rode amid the turmoil and tumult of the year 1920 a young cavalryman known as Sukhe Bator, Sukhe the Hero, carrying in the hollowed-out handle of his whip a secret message to Lenin. In July 1921 he returned and, with the help of the Red Army, routed the forces of Baron Ungern Sternberg, a pathologically sadistic, red-haired, white-faced Baltic Baron of alleged partially Mongolian extraction, who had somehow drifted there from Siberia and, after his beatification by the Living Buddha, was conducting a private reign of terror against Chinese, Russians, and Mongols alike.

The Living Buddha Dies

It was against this confused background that Outer Mongolia now became the first, and for many years the only Soviet satellite. A People's Revolutionary Party was formed by Sukhe Bator and his fellow partisan leader Choibalsan, like him Russian-trained; the Living Buddha, now on the side of the revolutionaries, became officially Head of State; Mongolian independence was declared; a treaty of friendship with the Soviet Union was signed; and, once the situation had thus been stabilized, the Red Army with-

The following year, in 1922, young Sukhe Bator the Liberator delighted the crowd at the Independence Day celebrations by galloping at full tilt down the field and leaning as he did so from the saddle to pick up silver dollars from the ground. He was a leader after their own hearts. A year later he was dead, poisoned, it was said, by a lama doctor. The following year saw the death of the Living Buddha after a primacy of nearly half a century, an event of which the revolutionaries took advantage to announce that, in accordance with a convenient ancient prophecy, there would be no further reincarnations of the Living Buddha of Urga. After which Outer Mongolia was declared a

Though their country had now ceased officially to be a theocracy, the problems confronting the Marxists of the new Mongolia were manifold. There were no towns and there was no industry. There was therefore no urban or industrial proletariat. There was little or no trade and therefore no native bourgeoisie or commercial class. There was no agriculture and therefore, strictly speaking, no landowners or peasants. In effect, apart from the lamas, the whole population were nomads and herdsmen, a few of their



leaders enjoying various feudal rights and bearing hereditary titles of nobility. In short, it was not at all the sort of society that Karl Marx had had in mind when he wrote *Das Kapital*.

Lenin, for his part, gave it as his view that the Mongols, as a race of herdsmen and nomads, would do well to go slow and approach socialism in the first place by starting cooperatives. And this, at varying rates of progress and with varying degrees of success and with various deviations to right and left—duly followed by purges of the offending deviationists—the Mongols have been trying to do ever since. From 1932 until 1952, a period roughly corresponding to the Stalin era in Russia, Mongolia was firmly ruled by Sukhe Bator's fellow revolutionary, Marshal Choibalsan. During this period there were no deviations, only some purges and what is now regarded, not without hindsight, as a somewhat exaggerated cult of personality. On Choibalsan's death his place was taken by Y. Tsedenbal, another dependable ally of the Soviet Union who is still in power at the present time.

25 Livestock per Person

Today, more than forty years after the Revolution, Mongolia is still basically a nation of nomads and herdsmen. But during the last ten years things have been moving apace in a number of different directions.

The power of the lamas has long since been broken. Now only two or three monasteries remain open and there are not more than a couple of hundred lamas all told. At the Gandang Monastery in Ulan Bator, once the seat of the Living Buddha, and now one of the few religious centers still in use, we watched the lamas at their devotions, heard them blow their trumpets, clash their cymbals, and beat their drums. After the service we took tea in his ceremonial tent with the Abbot, an affable old gentleman with charming manners. But aside from this we were to detect but few signs of life from a once all-powerful church.

Modern education and a modern health service (partly airborne) have made considerable progress. Illiteracy has been practically eliminated and many of the diseases which were rampant thirty or forty years ago have been stamped out. In the technical and scientific field the Mongols have shown themselves quick to learn, and foreign instructors have by now in the main made way for their former pupils. Already there are 6,000 students in higher institutions alone, and a

Mongolian doctor can now complete his whole training without ever leaving his own country.

Near Ulan Bator coal is mined on quite a large scale. And elsewhere copper, gold, and iron ore are also being worked. Round Sain Shand, in the Gobi, oil has been struck, and in other parts of the country other industrial centers and settlements are springing up. Finally, the railway now links Ulan Bator directly with Moscow and Peking.

But stockbreeding and livestock rearing remain the basis of the Mongolian economy. With some 25 million head of livestock to a human population of just under a million, Mongolia has the highest per capita rate of livestock in the world. Of these 80 per cent are sheep and goats, 10 per cent cattle and yaks, 8 per cent horses, and 2 per cent camels. Having failed disastrously to induce the Mongolian *arats* or herdsmen to accept collectivization in the late 'twenties and early 'thirties, the authorities prudently let the matter rest until 1957, when an intensive new collectivization campaign met with greater success. Today, practically 100 per cent of the *arats* are members of ever-larger *negdels* or cooperatives, and there are also thirty or more large state farms owning herds of their own. At several of these we were plied with food and drink and endless statistics and shown such farming operations as were in progress.

Collectivization has, however, altered the life of the average Mongolian herdsman less than one might think. Part of the livestock is still privately owned by the members of each co-operative, and apart from technical and scientific progress in the field of animal husbandry and



Collectivization has not much changed the life of the average Mongolian herdsman.

veterinary science, there has been little change in the traditional pattern of their existence. Each *negdel* now has its permanent administrative and social headquarters complete with school and hospital, but herds and herdsmen continue their extensive nomadic peregrinations, as the season and the state of their allotted pastures demand. Now, as always, the *arat*'s home remains his *chirag* *ger*. It is here that he and his family are born, live, and die. It is here, too, that the traveler, wherever he comes from, will find a

What may in the long run have more effect on Mongolian life is the introduction of arable farming. For centuries the Mongols were, as a race, opposed to disturbing the soil and its spirits on religious grounds, and as recently as 1929 only 8,000 acres were under cultivation in the whole country, and these almost entirely by Chinese. In 1959, however, a plowing program on the enormous scale of Khrushchev's Virgin Lands project was undertaken by a number of state farms and cooperatives. This bold experiment proved on the whole successful and by 1961 the Mongols were for the first time able to supply their own requirements of wheat and to export

And indeed Mongolia today seems a prosperous enough place. People are on the whole well-fed

Mongol *del* or in European clothes. Cars are not

bicycles are beginning to make their appearance

plentiful supply of consumer goods, imported for the

most part from Russia or China or from the other Communist countries.

Politically, Mongolia has much in common with any other Communist country. "What," the Mongols asked me after a tour of elaborately insulated polling booths on election day, "do you think of our elections?" "Admirable," I replied, "except that you have only one party." And yet it would be a mistake to assume that Mongolia is no more than an outlying province of the Soviet Empire. Forty-three years after the Red Army helped Sukhe Bator to liquidate the Mad Baron, the Mongolian People's Republic gives in many ways a greater impression of independence than do some Communist countries in Eastern Europe.

Wrestlers Flap Like Eagles

One reason for this, I suspect, is that the Mongols are so intensely proud of everything Mongolian. The *del*, both practical and ornamental, still predominates over European dress. On every occasion brimming silver bowls of *airag* are handed round in preference to Crimean port or Caucasian champagne. And, when summer comes, even the occupants of the most luxurious apartments in Ulan Bator pack their *gers* into a truck or onto a camel and take to the hills or plains. Likewise, the Three Manly Sports—horsemanship, wrestling, and archery—still hold the same place in Mongol life as they did in the days of Genghis Khan. Wrestling, in particular, is tremendously important. We were taken to see it the day we arrived and given seats in the presidential box.

The stands all around the great arena are packed with an immense, noisy crowd. The sun is shining. Bright blue and vermilion banners flap in the wind. Everyone in the crowd knows every hold and throw and even the little children can be seen practicing them on the sidelines, all aspiring in due course to the titles of Lion, Elephant, or Eagle, awarded to the national champions. As one pair of contestants after another flap out onto the field in their traditional "eagle" dance and then go into a series of steadily maintained clinches interspersed by sudden bouts of violent action, excitement gradually rises and even the ceremonially dressed heralds or seconds, who circle round holding the wrestlers' hats, join in with encouraging slaps and cries. Then, when, after much straining and maneuvering, one or other contestant has lost his balance and been thrown, the winner, flapping his arms like an

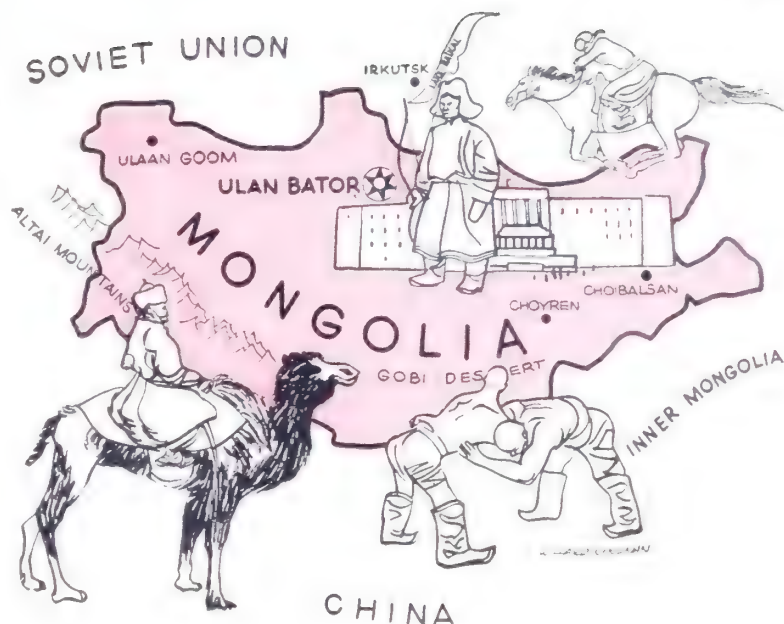


eagle's wings, goes into a victory dance; the crowd yells with excitement; and the next round starts. Out in the middle of the field, completely absorbed with my task of filming, I find myself again and again about to become mixed up in one or other of the contests. Meanwhile in tents and booths all round the ground, *airag* is flowing freely and the finer points of each match are being discussed by everyone from the Prime Minister downwards.

Watching this, or watching the mares being milked or a string of camels moving across the plain, or watching a couple of herdsmen single out a horse from the herd, hunt it at full gallop in and out of several hundred stampeding mares and stallions, lasso it, bring it down, saddle it, mount it, and, after much bucking and kicking, ride it to a standstill, I momentarily forgot the new government offices and factories and apartment houses of Ulan Bator and felt transported to an heroic, an Homeric age.

What, I wondered, as I climbed onto the train for Peking, does the future hold for Mongolia? With her recognition, first by the various Communist countries of the world and latterly by a number of non-Communist countries, and with her recent entry into the United Nations, Mongolia has finally emerged from her long isolation and is ready to play her part in world affairs. This is bound to be to some extent conditioned by her geographical situation. Wedged between China and the Soviet Union, Mongolia seems unlikely to stray far from communism of one kind or another. But with the sudden deterioration of Sino-Soviet relations, her position has of late gained fresh interest.

So far, while maintaining correct relations with both and accepting aid from both on a lavish scale, the Mongolian government has made it clear that the nation's sympathies lie with the Russians. The reasons for this are not far to seek. In the past Mongolia has looked to Russia for help and found it. What is more, she is still finding it in the shape of substantial economic aid. Even today 75 per cent of Mongolia's trade is still with Russia. She is also, it is true, receiving aid from China, but on a smaller scale and mainly in the form of direct Chinese labor. Moreover, the willingness of the Chinese to send thousands of blue-clad laborers to build roads and



blocks of flats for the Mongolians is in itself a reminder that China, with her fast-expanding population, already running at 700 million and likely to reach a billion by the end of the century, must in the natural course of events be looking for somewhere for all those hundreds of millions to expand into.* And where more convenient than the neighboring plains of Mongolia with their largely untapped resources? Nor can either race forget the centuries when the whole of Mongolia was part of China or forget that Inner Mongolia is already an integral part of the Chinese People's Republic.

For all these reasons the Mongols' preference for Moscow is readily understandable. But, though in foreign policy the Mongolian government regularly follows the Soviet line, there is little or no indication of active Soviet interference in Mongolian internal affairs. Indeed, the large statues of Marshal Stalin still to be seen in Ulan Bator in themselves point to a certain political independence.

Without for a moment suggesting that the Mongols would do anything so indelicate as to play one Communist colossus off against the other, it is conceivable that they may find certain tactical advantages in their delicately poised position between the two. And now, with the opening up of fresh contacts with the outside world, new possibilities are emerging.

* Harrison Salisbury recently reported in the *New York Times* that the Mongolian authorities have decided to expel thousands of Chinese workers, as a result of progressive deterioration of relations with Peking.—*The Editors*

The American Way of Birth

by Sloan Wilson

Two devotees of natural childbirth make some surprising discoveries on the way to the delivery room.

The young professor of sociology was intense and intelligent. He sat in a bar near my home in Manhattan, sipped beer, and denounced the procedures of childbirth in the United States.

Most American women, he said, are so flabby, so unexercised that they don't have the muscles to give birth naturally. Besides, they are so terrified of childbirth that their whole bodies freeze, contracting muscles which should be relaxed. The terror, he said, comes in part from deep ignorance; in primitive cultures, most young girls have seen children being born, but in the United States most women's knowledge is theoretical until they have babies themselves.

They are rigid with fear the moment labor starts, and obstetricians drug them heavily because they are on the edge of hysteria. Thus they go through childbirth without knowing what is happening and without being able to help much. The drug in their blood gets into the baby, and the infant is born too doped to suckle, even if the mother were awake enough to present her breast. During the mother's drug hangover, the baby is fed glucose, and loses the will to nurse.

Probably the mother does not really want to nurse anyway, because of American prudery and feminine vanity. So the baby stays on the bottle, graduates to pasty canned foods, and grows up with its oral needs unsatisfied. And *that*, my friend explained with an air of triumph, is why so many people smoke too much, drink too much alcohol, and need tranquilizers and sleeping pills.

This is also why we build hydrogen bombs and obsolete aircraft carriers, instead of schools and hospitals for the poor. Because we are frustrated from birth, we grow up filled with hostility and fear.

It all sounded quite convincing there in the barroom. Then I went home to my apartment, where my pregnant wife sat knitting a small yellow sweater.

"Did you have a good time?" she asked.

"Pretty good. A lot of the college crowd was there."

She yawned, put the little sweater aside, and stood up. Catching a glimpse of herself in the mirror, she said, "Don't you think I'm getting to be enormous for six months? What would you do if we had twins?"

"Look for a bigger apartment," I said, and followed her to bed. She slept, but I remained awake, trying to make sense out of the young sociologist's diatribe, and what I knew of childbirth myself.

I was forty-three and had had four children by an earlier marriage when I was very young. The first was born dead, and perhaps that was why childbirth had always been full of terror for me. News of that first disaster came to me when I was in Greenland during the war, and the message was all garbled, so that for days I had had no clear idea of what was going on. My next three children were born beautiful and bright and are growing up a good deal less neurotic than their father.

When they were born, I had never heard of "natural childbirth." On the advice of our suburban obstetricians, I had taken my wife to the hospital, paced the corridors in the time-honored way, accepted the news of birth with joy, and had not worried too much when for various physical reasons my first wife found it impossible to nurse.

But now as I was about to become a father again, new theories about childbirth were being talked about in bars, and I had to find the best way of doing everything. I felt this responsibility all the more keenly because my second wife was fourteen years younger than I and had the charming illusion that I was wise and should make the important decisions. If I recommended natural childbirth with no drugs, she would try to follow that course.

The Books Said . . .

The next day I went to a bookstore and bought several volumes about natural childbirth and infant care. Among them were, *Thank you, Dr. Lamaze*, by Marjorie Karmel, and *Nursing Your Baby*, by Karen Pryor. These books and many pamphlets presented an exuberant, earthy philosophy which glorified the act of birth as a supreme moment in life, and celebrated nursing as a mystic communion between mother and child, as well as a medically desirable practice for both. The fear and pain associated with childbirth were explained away much as a Christian Scientist or an all-out-believer in theories of psychosomatic illness might explain them away. The books made four points clear:

(1) We should have an obstetrician who believed enough in the theories of natural childbirth to withhold drugs, at least until they were proved absolutely necessary, and we should have a pediatrician who would encourage nursing and insist that the baby's appetite should not be sneakily removed by artificial feeding.

(2) We should take a six-weeks course in

natural childbirth, and my wife should practice exercises taught there.

(3) I should remain by her side during labor and, if the hospital allowed, during delivery.

(4) The infant should be kept by the mother's side in the hospital, not in a central nursery.

Most of these thoughts filled me with alarm. A doctor I knew had recommended our obstetrician. He had attended a young friend of ours who was terrified at the onset of labor and had been drugged almost from the moment she got to the hospital. She remembered nothing and, on doctor's advice, had decided against nursing. All this now seemed ominous and it stirred up my lifelong mixture of admiration and suspicion concerning physicians.

All the doctors I knew in my youth were regarded almost as gods by my parents, and they lived up to the image remarkably well. In my early adult years I was shocked when a surgeon who had become a good friend asked me to help him edit an article on fee-splitting, unnecessary surgery for money, and other unethical practices. A little later I got involved in an all-out fight with a hospital staff when they wanted me to leave my three-year-old daughter, who had pneumonia, alone in a room which seemed to her to be full of terror. I won that fight by sleeping on the floor, and when I wrote a story about it for *Harper's* ("The Black Mollies"), a good deal of medical opinion came to my defense. The experience taught me that sometimes the layman can be right when he fights with a doctor, but in all conscience he has to realize that he's working with very little knowledge, and can hamper a good doctor's attempts to preserve life.

I didn't want to argue with my obstetrician in hospital corridors while my wife was in labor, and decided that the best thing to do was to write him a long letter asking his beliefs on natural childbirth and nursing. If we seemed to disagree on principle, I thought, I could change obstetricians now.

The necessity of taking a course in natural childbirth seemed odd to me because I didn't see why one had to study to learn something that was supposed to be natural. But the idea of

Sloan Wilson, who was born at home in Norwalk, Connecticut, went to Harvard, commanded small ships during World War II, wrote five novels, including "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit." After "decades of suburban living," he moved to Manhattan, where he is now working on a novel tentatively entitled "A Temporary Arrangement."

remaining by my wife's side during labor and delivery seemed to make sense. Many hospitals are understaffed nowadays, and I knew women who had been left alone and terrified in the labor room. The idea of having the husband present was to give the wife a sense of safety and relaxation, as well as to allow him to share the whole experience as much as possible. I suspected that my wife would be more than usually glad to have me by her side, because her mother had suffered a long terminal illness within the past few years, and the very smell of a hospital was full of implications of agony for her. All this seemed to call for my presence, but there was only one difficulty: I wasn't at all sure I would have the guts to stand by her calmly while she writhed in labor, and I was terrified that I would faint when the child actually started to emerge.

Though the books said that the moment of birth was the supreme experience for both mother and father, I suspected that it would be bloody and slippery and agonizing. My mother had told me of one case in which a father passed out, and was simply shoved under the delivery table while the necessary work went on. I doubted if such a performance on my part would help my wife, and I knew that it would ruin my self-respect. Above all, I did not want to lose my wife's lovely concept of me as a calm and wise man. Suddenly January 12, the day my child was supposed to be born, loomed as the day of my greatest test.

The fourth point the books made, that of keeping the infant by the mother's side in the hospital, seemed sensible. My instinct told me that the separation of a mother and child should not be too sudden, and I had seen many understaffed baby wards, where the infants were allowed to lie crying more than seemed to me to be reasonable. The only trouble with "rooming-in," as the practice was called, was that some hospitals didn't allow it. That might mean a fight with a hospital staff, which I would try to resolve ahead of time.

The Obstetrician Said . . .

That night, after talking the matter over with my wife, I wrote our obstetrician a long letter. His answer was to invite us to his office for a talk on a Saturday, when he ordinarily did not receive patients.

The obstetrician was a man my own age or perhaps a little younger, yet I felt curiously as though I were being summoned by my head-

master for admonishment. There was something undeniably silly in my position: I, who had read three or four books on childbirth, was more or less trying to lay down the law for this man who had made a career of obstetrics. Still, it was worth arguing about. And perhaps there was a little vanity involved: my wife had been a professional dancer, and she had always maintained her program of diet and exercise. Just before she got pregnant, she weighed 108 pounds, with a height of five feet three inches. She was in the best of physical condition, and maybe there was something boastful in my claim that she would need little help in delivering a child.

"Good morning," my wife and I said in unison, and laughed nervously.

"This natural-childbirth thing is pretty complex," he said, sitting down behind his desk and lighting a cigarette.

(Had he been nursed? I had been, but I also lit up a cigarette. My wife doesn't smoke, and seemed totally calm. She doesn't remember whether she was nursed or not.)

"I think that possibly the drugs and the difficulty so many women seem to have with nursing may be a contributing cause to a lot of neurotic traits," I began, stammering a little. "And the rooming-in seems to me to be important. I'd go crazy if you left me for three days screaming in a baby ward."

"In most hospitals the babies are pretty well taken care of," the doctor said easily. "Sometimes the mothers need a rest."

"Would they if they weren't drugged?"

Despite myself, my voice was tinged with hostility. I had heard that obstetricians don't like natural childbirth because they would rather induce labor with chemicals to suit their own schedules, instead of waiting for birth to take place in its own good time.

"It's very hard to generalize about childbirth," the obstetrician said with a weary smile. "Sometimes there is great pain and sometimes almost none. Some women can relax and some can't help being terrified. If there is pain, I believe in drugs. Would you see any great virtue in having a tooth out without Novocain?"

"No," I said, a little confused. "But I don't want my wife drugged before she needs it, as a matter of course . . ."

"I never do that," he said mildly.

"I don't want the baby fed in the nursery out of a bottle. I want the baby to need to nurse."

"We'll certainly give the baby a chance," he said. "A lot of these things we simply have to play by ear."

"Can we have the rooming-in plan?"

"Yes. The Lenox Hill Hospital can arrange for that, if your wife wants it and is well enough."

"I want it," my wife said. "I think I'll be well enough."

"Good," he said, lighting another cigarette.

"Can I be with her through labor and delivery?" I asked, lighting a cigar.

"Through labor, yes. I'll have to see how the hospital feels about letting you stay through delivery."

"I'd like to get that settled ahead of time."

He smiled. "Don't create a situation," he said, "in which either of you will suffer a sense of defeat if everything doesn't go according to some prearranged plan. Childbirth is complicated. People react to it in complicated ways."

He was looking at me closely, and I was suddenly aware that he knew he had three patients now, the baby, the mother, and me, and that it was obvious that I needed close watching. Was I really hoping that he would tell me that I could not be present during the delivery? This thought made me pugnacious.

"I really want to be with my wife during the delivery if it's at all possible," I said.

"If it's an easy delivery and if you have the peculiar temperament which allows you to witness an operation for the first time with equanimity, perhaps it can be arranged," he said, and snuffed out his cigarette.

"How about the course in natural childbirth?" my wife asked. "Can you recommend one?"

"Yes," he said, scribbled a name and address on a piece of paper, and handed it to me. "I think you'll find this woman very good."

His talk about "if it's an easy delivery . . ." was beginning to work on my anxieties. After the prenatal examinations he had made of my wife, did he know something he wasn't telling us? I ached to ask him, but didn't want to scare my wife. She solved this by getting up and going to the lavatory.

"Is she all right?" I asked him in a stage whisper. "Do you expect anything but an easy delivery?"

"She's fine," he said. "The baby's heartbeat is strong, and she's healthy as can be. I just don't want you to think that childbirth is always as easy as the natural childbirth enthusiasts sometimes paint it. If she can have the baby painlessly without drugs, fine. If not, I don't want you to try to tie my hands."

"I wouldn't even if I could," I said with sudden humility. "But if she can't have natural childbirth, who can? She's exercised all her life,

and I've never seen the slightest trace of fear."

"The muscles of the uterus don't have anything to do with the exterior muscles," he said. "Maybe she will have an easy time of it, and maybe she won't. I just don't want either of you to think that there's only one way of doing this."

My wife returned, and we all smiled, as though we had been telling jokes.

"Perhaps," I said, "I have been oversimplifying some of my theories about the American Way of Birth."

"Do you know how foreigners do it?" he asked.

"Which foreigners?" my wife, who had been doing some reading of her own, asked. "I understand that there's a tribe in Africa which kills all breech births."

"I suppose you could find some culture which does anything," the doctor replied. "But in some European countries they wrap a newborn infant in swaddling clothes and leave it strictly alone for three days."

"And that's why the Russians and the French have been such models of emotional security all through history?" my wife asked.

"*Touche*," he said. "We are all to some extent neurotic cultures. The point is whether the drugs used in childbirth and the lack of nursing in America are the result of neurosis or the cause of it or both. I simply have to deal with individuals. If a woman is in terror, drugs are all I have to give, in the time I have to deal with her, and if she really doesn't want to nurse, formulas are my only answer. If you can get along without drugs and without formulas, so much the better. We'll give it a try, at least."

"Thank you," I said, and as soon as I left his office, went with my wife to the nearest bar. She doesn't drink, but I needed two martinis to still the feeling that it was I, and not some theory of childbirth, which was being challenged.

Relaxing Like Crazy

A few days later we went to our first class in natural childbirth. The other couples were in their late teens and early twenties, and all seemed to be college instructors and other kinds of young intellectuals. "Natural childbirth," I was told, chiefly interests people who regard themselves as unusually intelligent and educated. Uneducated Negro women, Puerto Ricans, and white women from rural sections where "natural childbirth" was for centuries the only possible choice, now commonly ask for drugs when they come to a New York City hospital, for they regard release

from the pain their mothers and grandmothers experienced as a benefit of modern urban living.

The course was not demanding. We saw large photographs of sculptures depicting the development of the fetus. They taught us more about the growth of a child inside the mother than we ever learned in college biology courses. The women students were then told to lie on the floor and pant, while rubbing their bellies. This provided a curious and occasionally hilarious sight at which no one was supposed to laugh. The breathing exercises were supposed to take the mind off the contractions of the uterus, and the "effleurage"—or massaging of the belly—also was designed to reduce tension. We husbands were told to tell our wives to relax, becoming quite sharp about it when we saw them stiffening their arms and legs. The general philosophy was that full knowledge of the process of childbirth removed fear and that, just as a football player can bruise himself without even knowing it in the heat of a game, a woman can through concentration forget about the straining of her body. This was hard for me to believe, but like most religions, I suspected, it was true only if you did believe it, and both my wife and I tried our best.

After we had several sessions of panting and belly rubbing and telling each other to relax, we saw a French movie in color of a woman giving birth to a child without drugs. It was her third child, and the movie lasted only about seven minutes. Although I had seen combat during the war, the gush of blood and other fluids which accompanied the birth of the child shocked me, and I wondered more than ever if I was going to be a great rock of stability while my wife burst forth with life.

At home my wife continued the breathing exercises, and I practiced counting in a calm, relaxed voice to let her know how long a theoretical contraction had lasted. The idea was that pain would be easier to bear if she knew how long it would last. The talk about "painless childbirth" and the instructions about how to combat pain confused us a little, but we persevered.

As January 12 neared, we tried to relax so much that sometimes we must have looked as though we had some mild form of sleeping sickness. But January 12 came and went without anything happening. According to Dorland's *Medical Dictionary*, the normal period of gestation is usually 266 days, but our doctor said that people are rarely sure of the date of conception. So we waited, relaxing like crazy, me with martinis and cigars and sleeping pills, my wife with

her knitting. The baby began to acquire the biggest wardrobe in the family.

On the morning of January 22, my wife woke me up and said calmly, "My water broke." Because of our training course in natural childbirth, we didn't panic—often the child doesn't come for another twenty-four hours, and first babies rarely hurry. I tripped only once on the way to the telephone to call the obstetrician and I was rather disappointed when he said, "Just take it easy. Take it easy. Keep me informed when the contractions start."

We dressed, put some records on the phonograph, and I got breakfast. There was an air of supreme tension, much like days during the war when enemy planes were reported in the area, and we sat at our combat stations aboard a high-octane-gas tanker, eating sandwiches and waiting. The parallel of expectant death and expectant birth worried me. There was still in me the premonition of tragedy that had to be hidden from my wife, who once more sat serenely knitting.

I Did the Counting

The day dragged on and I wanted a drink and knew that this was precisely the wrong time to have one or two or three. We talked and laughed a lot, reliving our honeymoon in Ireland, where my wife had lived almost half her life. All jokes seemed marvelously funny, as they had during the worst moments of the war, especially the Irish jokes.

"In this window," the Irishman said, "there was nothing and in that window, nothing at all."

My wife's brogue came back when she told that little pleasantry.

We discussed an Irish automobile accident we had seen. A small car rounded a corner at seventy miles an hour, skidded, and turned over, throwing a man out on the street. Horrified, we stopped our car, and tried to remember old courses in first aid, but the man who had been thrown to the street got up, dusted off his pants, and with the help of ourselves and many other spectators, righted his car, got in, and drove off cursing. There had been an air of magic about the incident, death turned into comedy.

We laughed and played records of *Guys and Dolls*, in which my wife had once danced briefly. We discussed the meaning of the phrase, "chorus girl," which she utters with humility and I say with pride.

At about six in the evening the contractions started in earnest, and they certainly were nat-

ural, but not painless. My wife did the panting and the belly rubbing that was supposed to take her mind off it, and I did the counting. I was proud that I could make my voice sound reasonably calm and detached, as though I were counting backward to send a rocket to the moon.

This went on all night. By telephone I kept in close touch with the doctor, and I was grateful that he didn't order us to the hospital, because our apartment was a more pleasant place to spend the so-called painless hours. Actually, the pain was not so bad, my wife said—nothing she couldn't handle. I kept records of the contractions as they began to come every fifteen minutes, then went erratic, arriving every half-hour, then every five minutes, and then stopping altogether.

"False labor," the doctor said, and added that the sac enclosing the fluid around the baby had probably torn only a little. But at seven in the morning he advised us to come to the hospital, because in such circumstances, he explained, a woman's body is dangerously open to infection, and no time should be wasted. He said he would meet us in the labor room at eight.

We waited until seven-thirty, grabbed the suitcase which had been packed for two weeks, and caught a taxi, telling the driver to drive carefully, not to hurry. When we got to the hospital, a cheerful Negro attendant met us with a wheelchair which seemed suddenly to reduce my wife to an invalid. A look of fear crossed her face for the first time, and recalling her mother's long illness, I knew that the white-coated interns and the soft-sliding doors of the elevators were not contributing to her relaxation.

"Don't leave me," she said, grabbing my hand.

"I promise," I said, as we got into an elevator and started up.

On the seventh floor a stiffly starched nurse said that my wife should go to her room, where she would be "prepped" for delivery. We went to the room, and another nurse said she should go down to the delivery room for her preparation, because they did not have sufficient staff in the private rooms. She was wheeled into the elevator again, and at the door of the delivery room I was ordered to wait outside.

I waited more than an hour, and the doctor who said he would meet us at eight was not visible at nine. Where was he? After asking many people for change, I found a dime, called his office, and was told by his answering service that he was at the hospital. Unknown to me, he had entered by another door, and was fully in charge.

At nine-thirty, he appeared and invited me into the labor room, a small chamber with an ordinary hospital bed. My wife was lying there with two pretty young nurses, joking about the fact that the baby didn't seem to want to be born. She was glad to see me and grabbed my hand, but I could tell that the warmth of the young nurses had removed some of her terror. Since her arrival, she said, no one had left her alone.

Abruptly the contractions started again. Mustering my best pose of calmness, I started to count, and we both told each other to relax. The counting proved silly when a young Puerto Rican nurse of great beauty put her hand on my wife's belly and said, "It's starting now. It's almost over. There's the peak of it. Now it's dying down." I was given the job of noting the time of the contractions, but I noticed that the nurses were doing it too. They were thoughtful in giving me things to keep me busy.

The doctor appeared from time to time and listened to the fetal heartbeat, always assuring us that it was strong. When he was away the young nurses listened to it, groping about with the stethoscope when the baby changed position. There was something terribly ominous about this. My wife complained that the stethoscope was cold, and one of my jobs was to hold it in my pocket to keep it warm.

Intermittent labor went on all morning. The doctor came in every few minutes, and we all made jokes and told each other to relax. From time to time he examined my wife's cervix, which was supposed to open to the width of five fingers before birth could take place. Two fingers he said at noon, and then three fingers. He guessed that birth might take place at two-thirty, but then the labor stopped altogether.

Sent Outside to Wait

While the doctor examined my wife, I was told to go and stand in the corner, because my presence apparently embarrassed the nurses or somebody. Standing there with my face to the wall like a bad boy, I felt the tension rising within me almost to the breaking point. There was a lot of blood on the sheets now, and when the labor started again, my wife started to pant and to rub her belly as she had been taught, but her eyes were obviously wild with pain, and her whole body writhed. I held her hand and counted, sounding mindless to myself. My wife spoke seldom and never above a whisper.

"I don't know how much longer I can take it," she said finally.

The doctor motioned to me, and I followed him outside to a private room.

"Things aren't going just right," he said. "She's working, but she's not getting results. Sometimes the uterus just isn't strong enough to push the baby out. I think the baby's bigger than we expected."

"What can we do?" I asked.

"We can induce it—certain chemicals can make the uterus work harder. That will increase the pain, but we can control that if you want."

We went back to the labor room. There was more blood, and my wife was bathed in sweat.

"I don't want any more of this," she said to me in a low voice. "Knock me out."

An apparatus was brought in to drip some substance into the veins of her wrist. She was given injections. Her body writhed in more torment than ever, the blood increased, and I started to grow a little dizzy. I looked at the clock. It was three in the afternoon. My wife had been in labor for more than twenty-four hours.

"Your wife is not conscious now," the doctor said. "I don't think she needs you anymore. Wait outside."

I fled to the private doctor's room, and to my own horror, suddenly doubled up in tears. The spasm lasted only about five minutes. The doctor came in just as I was recovering, and said, "Why don't you go outside and get something to eat? I think I'll have some news for you in about an hour."

"Is she all right?"

"It's not a normal delivery because her uterus isn't strong enough and it's a very big baby in a small woman, but we'll get through it. Go have a drink."

It Was Simple

I went to a bar across the street and had two martinis, finding that they brought me gradually down to earth. When I went back to the hospital I found that a young actress, a friend of my wife, had become worried by the long labor, and had arrived with sandwiches, vodka, and coffee for me. We sat for an hour drinking and talking, jumping each time the door from the delivery room opened. The phrase, "death watch," kept entering my mind, driving out the phrase, "birth watch." I could not understand why I expected only the worst.

In the end it was simple. At five o'clock the

doctor came out with his white suit stained with blood, and said I had a beautiful new daughter who weighed almost eight and a half pounds, and that my wife was still unconscious, but was doing well. Five hours later my wife was sitting up in bed, nursing the baby for the first time, groggy but suddenly slim again and full of smiles.

The next day the doctor came in and talked to us. We had failed at natural childbirth—both drugs and forceps had been necessary, along with an episiotomy, a slight incision to avoid a ragged tear. In a real state of nature, my wife quite probably would have died, along with the baby, after writhing for another forty hours in fruitless pain. A less skillful doctor probably would have performed a Caesarian early, or might have injured the baby with forceps. The myth that drugs prevent nursing was soon dispelled. My wife turned out to be one of the lucky ones, and her milk came in strongly on the third day, precluding all other foods.

After those days of tension, we were both limp from exhaustion for almost a month. Many friends asked us what we thought about natural childbirth. In retrospect we are glad we were together during those long hours of labor. When things go just right, as they do in that French movie which takes seven minutes, a strong, relaxed young woman and a calm, unneurotic father probably can find the moment of birth a great joy. But when things mysteriously go wrong, the American way of birth is nothing to be regarded with contempt. The "naturals," as savages were once called, didn't have drugs, but they probably had a high rate of death in childbirth. Maybe if we were all completely relaxed about reproduction, childbirth would be easier, but for many of us, a six-weeks course is not enough to remove a lifetime of inhibition and fear.

Our baby is alive mostly through the forces of nature, but also through the abilities of a good doctor. Enthusiasts for natural childbirth or for drugged, artificially induced childbirth are both wrong, in my opinion. Each woman should take the course in natural childbirth and go as far as she can without drugs. If the baby doesn't come easily, one can have only gratitude for the many skills and pain-killers which have been developed in Europe and in this country over the past half-century. The American way of birth is much derided these days by male intellectuals, but women of all backgrounds, I find, speak rather softly about it, at least after they have their first child.

Schlesinger at the White House

An Historian's Inside View of Kennedy at Work

A Conversation with Henry Brandon

Armed with his favorite long cigar, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. settled down to this tape-recorded conversation in my house in Washington, D. C., after he had resigned as Special Assistant to President Johnson. It gives one a foretaste of the book that he is now engaged in writing about his experiences in the White House and in the Kennedy Administration.

BRANDON: When President Kennedy suggested that you should join him in the White House, how did he define your job?

SCHLESINGER: Actually, the first suggestion came from the Attorney-General-to-be, in the middle of December in 1960 . . . he asked me what I would think of his proposing to the President-elect that I come down as Special Assistant. I said I had no objection. Subsequently, the President-elect came to Cambridge (you may remember early in 1961—to attend a meeting of the Harvard Board of Overseers) and made his headquarters in my house, and he said he was expecting me to come down as Special Assistant. I said it sounded very exciting to me but rather unclear, and I wondered what my duties might be, to which he replied: "Well, I don't know what the duties of a Special Assistant will be. . . . I don't know what the duties of a President will be, but I think there will be enough down there in the White House to keep both of us busy." So it was on this basis that I came to Washington.

BRANDON: And once you, so to say, entered your office, did he then define it more clearly?

SCHLESINGER: Only in practice. I think that his original conception of the White House staff was a very free-wheeling group which would serve him in a variety of ways. He disliked the notion of staff assistants with fixed assignments and rigid jurisdictions and sharp demarcations of authority. He wanted to keep things flexible. In

this respect he was obviously in the school of Franklin Roosevelt as a Presidential administrator rather than in the school of Dwight Eisenhower.

Inevitably, various continuities built up in the staff and various people had increasingly well-defined spheres of authority, but some of us remained utility men, though we had certain continuing assignments. In my own case I became more continuously involved in Latin America, in Europe, in the United Nations, in civil rights, and in the arts . . . but I did a lot of other things.

BRANDON: I remember at the time I said teasingly to you that you had joined the White House in order to be able to write the history of the Kennedy Administration . . . and then you said I was wrong because there was an historian in the President and that he would write his own history. Now circumstances have changed.

SCHLESINGER: It had never been my intention to write a history of the Kennedy Administration. I had always supposed that the President would. Among other aspects of the tragedy, history has been denied what I think would be a fascinating book, because few heads of state have had such an interest in writing history, and I think such capacity for it, as President Kennedy.

This whole experience has been chastening for a professional historian. I think the professional historian understands very much better—after an exposure of this sort—the perils and artifices of his own profession.

BRANDON: If you had to write your *Ro* Era again, how would your experience in government have influenced you?

SCHLESINGER: I don't think the experience would influence one very much on the broad outlines or the broad analyses or the broad interpretations. Where it does have a great impact, I

think, is on the reconstruction of the processes of decision. I think the historian tends in retrospect to make the processes of decision far more tidy and rational than they are: to assume that people have fixed positions and represent fixed interests and to impose a pattern on what is actually a swirl if not a chaos. I think the historian doesn't realize the opaqueness of the process.

BRANDON: There are, I presume, Presidents who simply take decisions on the basis of different alternatives offered to them. And then there are Presidents who on the basis of the alternatives forge their own decision, their own ideas. Was this Kennedy's technique?

SCHLESINGER: Very much so. As you know, Kennedy was a man of extraordinary and insatiable intellectual curiosity who had a great instinct for the crucial realities in a situation. It was a common experience to see proposals brought to him on which experts had been working for months and then have him ask one or two questions which were obviously extremely relevant if not decisive questions, questions which came out of a larger context and which the experts themselves had not thought of.

He had the effect on people, in short, of forcing them to fresh approaches—exciting them because of his great interest and his own brilliance, and forcing them to a higher, more imaginative performance than the bureaucracy would ordinarily produce or tolerate.

How Presidential decisions are made in particular remains a mystery to me, and the process is ultimately impenetrable.

The question of timing, of course, is very important. It was, I think, the critical thing in his decision on the question of civil rights. Since the beginning of the Administration, the President had been sending messages to the Hill and giving occasional speeches in which he sounded the call for civil rights and described equal opportunity as a national obligation. But Congress seemed determined not to move ahead in regard to civil-rights legislation, and the only area left for aggressive action was within the Executive branch itself. As you may know, a great deal was done

there, not only in the appointment of more Negroes to public office than ever before, but also on the defense of voting rights and equal educational opportunity, including in a couple of cases the sending in of troops.

But all this proceeded without great new impetus being given to the civil-rights struggle itself until the events in Birmingham. I can remember a meeting which the President had with a number of Negro leaders—Martin Luther King and Roy Wilkins and Philip Randolph and the others—in which he said the man to whom the civil-rights movement owes most in this country is, of course, Bull Connor. This occasioned a mild surprise. He explained that Bull Connor's police dogs finally awakened the American conscience and made it possible for us all to move ahead.

And that's quite true. Compare the message that President Kennedy sent to Congress in February 1963—before Birmingham—and the speech he gave in June—after Birmingham. The sense of urgency and the moral exhortation don't differ very much one from the other. What differs is the context. When he gave his second speech he had the nation's ear, and therefore the message was charged with excitement and had a penetrative effect. This could only happen after the events of Birmingham had finally shocked the nation into some awareness of what was going on.

No Fireside Chats

BRANDON: At the same time some people criticized him for not having moved sooner.

SCHLESINGER: Some people always suppose that the Presidency has a unilateral power and that by his own fiat the President can create the kind of opinion he needs. This to me, of course, seems historically untrue. Our Presidents who were most effective in the process of public education had to have some leverage in the country to begin with.

In the case of Theodore Roosevelt, a whole generation of progressive political action, beginning in the cities and spreading to the states and then to the newspapers and the magazines, made the country listen to him. In the case of Franklin Roosevelt, the Depression made the country listen.

Now Kennedy had the advantage of neither grass-roots progressive political activity, nor of a great economic calamity, to make the country hang upon his words. And it was always naive to suppose that by giving a few television speeches he could make the country heed something it didn't want to heed. That's why he was always skeptical of people who used to suggest that if he gave a Fireside Chat every week, this would change everything. He had a very acute and deli-

for *For* Mr. Schlesinger, Jr., winner of the Pulitzer Prize in history, is author of "The Age of Jackson" and "The Age of Roosevelt."

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cate sense of timing. The fact is he was far more effective in public education than many American newspapermen and editorial writers supposed at the time, as was shown by the quite astonishing terrible sense of vacancy and loss when he was murdered.

BRANDON: The curious thing is that while he was alive he was criticized for not trying to educate the nation enough, and now one often hears the complaint that he moved too fast, that he was somewhat ahead of public opinion, and that this is one of the reasons why serious splits have occurred in the nation. Do you agree with this?

SCHLESINGER: Yes. I think the retrospective judgment is the correct one. I think he was ahead of public opinion and that he did quite an extraordinary job in public education within the limits of a situation in which people didn't want very much to be educated.

As to the question of splits, obviously no strong President can carry out affirmative policies without producing a split. It's a great illusion that national unity and progress in public policy are compatible. Every great President, because he's wanted to change things, has violated the sensibilities if not the interest of some strong and contented group in the population; consequently they've hated him. And the fact that Kennedy was hated as Roosevelt was hated, and Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt and Lincoln and Jackson and Jefferson, was one sign of the fact he was doing an effective job.

The Bay of Pigs

BRANDON: To come back to the decision-making process . . . it is often said that what is important for a President is to know how to use power. Now the first important decision that the President took was the Bay of Pigs decision, which went wrong. Did it go wrong because he did not yet know how to use power?

SCHLESINGER: I think it went wrong because he was so new to the Presidency that he did not yet know the quality of the men who were offering him advice. I do not mean to say that some of the men who offered him the advice to go ahead in the first Cuban case were not of great intelligence and ability. But all men of intelligence and ability have to be weighed in one sense or another, and the way a President learns to use advice is not to accept anybody's unconditionally, but to work out various forms of discount and triangulation so that when advice comes he can accept it—perhaps in the terms that it's offered, but in the terms which make it usable for him.

He inherited an apparatus of government, the

Joint Chiefs of Staff, the Central Intelligence Agency, a State Department, which were all more or less committed to this project. For various reasons the problems of disengagement from the project seemed at the time more difficult than the problems of permitting it to go ahead, so to speak, on its own and without any form of American military support.

One consequence of the Bay of Pigs was to reinforce and vindicate his basic skepticism about the kind of advice he would get from some of the most distinguished and eminent men of the time.

BRANDON: Did he say anything much later about it to you? In the historic perspective?

SCHLESINGER: Yes, I think he felt that this was a most basic element in his Presidential education. I think it made him quite skeptical of a military establishment and of the diplomatic establishment and of the intelligence establishment, and I think it caused him to rely more on himself and on the White House staff. It also imbued the White House staff with a great sense of having served him ill. The members of the White House staff who were involved were themselves new to Washington and somewhat intimidated by the weight of authority which appeared to support this expedition. I think the White House staff was galvanized into new and more aggressive activity in the months thereafter.

BRANDON: By that you mean more active . . .

SCHLESINGER: More active in defending the interests of the President and therefore more aggressive in invading what the machinery of government regarded as its own domain. This led to a certain amount of resentment of the White House staff for meddling, but the staff felt it had not meddled enough in the early months of the Administration and consequently helped expose the President and the nation to a grievous error.

BRANDON: What does the "meddling" really consist of?

SCHLESINGER: The hardest thing in government is to change anything. You have a great laborious, opaque mechanism which is in many respects committed to the process of doing everything the way it was done before—with great vested interests, administrative, fiscal, and intellectual, and certain accustomed processes—and with very little capacity for innovation.

What meddling consists of really is seeking out those people in this machinery who are capable of innovation—and there are a great many of them, as you know—and helping them, strengthening their hands, both by bringing their ideas to the attention of the President and also by sup-

porting them in their own internal conflicts.

The White House staff would be nothing without allies throughout the machinery of government, and one of the things that the Kennedy Administration tried to do was to bring forward the freer spirits in the Foreign Service and in the Civil Service and strengthen their hands. This obviously was resented by the people who for the most virtuous reasons were wedded to the status

A Call from the President

BRANDON: Very often the President himself acted as a sort of gadfly by calling Desk Officers and so on—

SCHLESINGER: The President was in this respect very much like Roosevelt or Churchill. If he was interested in a problem like the Congo and wanted to control what was going on, he would not follow the chain of command as President Eisenhower, I gather, did. In other words, say, tell something to the Secretary of State, who would tell it to the Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs, who would tell it to the Assistant Secretary of State for Africa, who would tell it to the Congo Desk Officer, and similarly the Congo Desk Officer would reply through the same chain of command. This would often dilute the message both ways, divesting it of any pungency or character. President Kennedy's instinct would be to call the man and ask him or tell him, and this had the effect of not only giving the President much fresher information and sharper opinion, but it also would imbue the machinery of government itself with the sense of his own purposes. It's a very exciting thing to get a call from the President and an exciting thing to have some direct sense of what he wanted, and this had I think a tonic effect throughout government.

BRANDON: Do you remember any case where this happened to you?

SCHLESINGER: Yes, in quite a number of cases. One which comes to mind particularly was in the midst of the Second Cuban Crisis when I was in New York working with Governor Stevenson on the UN presentation. I had a talk with a man whom I would consider as wise a man in our country as any on Soviet affairs, Averell Harriman. He was at that time Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, and despite his rich experience and, I believe, deep understanding of Soviet policy, he had not been consulted on this crisis. Averell, of course, was filled with ideas and had no one to talk to about them, so he called me up in New York and said he was

absolutely convinced that Khrushchev was going to pull back. He mentioned a few pieces of evidence—the things Soviet broadcasts were saying and not saying—the fact that Khrushchev had attended a concert of an American singer and called in an American businessman. There was an accumulation of details which convinced Harriman that Khrushchev's policy was going to be one of withdrawal. This seemed very convincing to me, and it was still at a stage when the predominant opinion was that he would not. So I sent a telegram from New York to the President and within forty minutes I got a call from him demanding to know more. Then he immediately called Harriman. That was quite characteristic.

BRANDON: Why did Harriman at that point not contact the President directly?

SCHLESINGER: Because I think he felt a reluctance in the midst of this terrible crisis to give unsolicited opinions. But this is something that the White House Special Assistant can do. Since the Special Assistants roam the whole domain of government and since their job is to serve the President, they should have no hesitation about barging in on anything. It's very odd because this is rather a new system, as you know. It was all based on an Act passed in 1939; before that, the President of the United States had as little staff assistance as the Prime Minister of England has today. Informally, Roosevelt perceived very strongly the need for staff assistants. He had them, but he had them, so to speak, by subterfuge, because his Special Assistants were all on someone else's payroll. Thus Raymond Moley was nominally in the State Department, Tom Corcoran nominally in the RFC, Ben Cohen nominally at the National Power Policy Commission.

Roosevelt thus found it necessary, as government expanded under the New Deal, to have people who would be in effect on his staff, who could tell him what was going on, make sure the decisions were followed, protect him, and, above all, enable him to control the machinery of government. Without a staff, the problems of Presidential control would be insuperable; the President would be at the mercy of the heads of his Departments and Agencies.

BRANDON: What was surprising about Kennedy, since he was after all a Senator, was his enormous concentration on foreign policy and the relative difficulties he had in maintaining good relations with Congress.

SCHLESINGER: I don't think either is really surprising. I think every President in this modern age begins his Presidency with a greater interest in domestic affairs. Roosevelt did,

Truman did. Eisenhower was the exception, but Eisenhower's whole experience had been military or foreign. In every case after a time they begin to be more interested in foreign affairs. That's partly because foreign affairs are more urgent and more interesting, and partly because the President has more power to act.

BRANDON: You don't think that President Johnson is essentially really more fascinated by domestic affairs and Congressional relations?

SCHLESINGER: I think he is now, but unless he deviates from what has been the typical course in his office, I believe in due time he will find himself more and more absorbed in foreign policy.

BRANDON: To what extent was President Kennedy influenced by historic precedent? To what extent was his thinking influenced by history?

No Binding Precedents

SCHLESINGER: His thinking was influenced very much by history, but not in the sense of precedent. A precedent was something which the first Catholic to be elected President of the United States could hardly regard as binding. That something had not been done before didn't interest him particularly, if it was a sensible thing to do.

I can remember the discussions before his Presidency when he was thinking of making Douglas Dillon Secretary of the Treasury. I said to him that it would be unprecedented to take a Junior Cabinet Minister from a previous Administration and of the opposite political complexion and put him in one of the most important posts in the government. President Kennedy was rightly unimpressed by this. On the other hand, he was deeply influenced by history in the sense of having a notion of the direction, the movement of events. He saw things in certain historic sweep and flow. Also he was deeply influenced by the great figures of history and their qualities of heroism, magnanimity, generosity, chivalry.

He derived from history certain useful generalizations, such as that you should never get into a fight and deny your opponent a means of exit. That, for example, was something which he had had as a maxim privately for years, and which he acted upon with such brilliance during the Second Cuban Crisis.

BRANDON: What do you think now in retrospect are historically his most important speeches?

SCHLESINGER: His Inauguration speech will go down in history as one of the great Inaugural addresses. His civil-rights speech of June 1963 is, I think, his great speech in domestic policy. And the American University speech. I suggest those might be the three great speeches.

BRANDON: Did you take part in any of them?

SCHLESINGER: In the American University speech, in a minor way, but the main lines of these speeches were the President's own. He was assisted in them by Ted Sorensen, who was his brilliant and selfless collaborator in these things. The American University speech [delivered June 10, 1963] suggests how he went about them.

President Kennedy began to feel in the spring of 1963 that there was a possibility of some kind of new movement in our relations with the Soviet Union, and he began to look for an opportunity to make a "peace speech." That was the way it was described, and this was a project which was kept extremely confidential in the White House. McGeorge Bundy began in a quiet way to get from two or three members of the White House staff ideas which might go into such a speech. Ted Sorensen worked on it. The President thought a great deal about it, talked with Sorensen and Bundy, made clear the point of view and the ideas he wanted. Part of this draft presently emerged. It was shown to a small group in the White House. As I recall, the draft was not shown to the State Department or to the Defense Department until the Saturday before it was given. It was given on a Monday. You may remember the President went to Hawaii, and I think it was perhaps on Friday afternoon that the draft was circulated through State and Defense for their comments. Ted Sorensen then flew with the draft to Honolulu and the President worked on the final draft on his way back and gave the speech Monday morning.

I think that was the kind of speech which only the President could make. It shows the importance of a President who will not be passive in the sense of accepting only proposals submitted to him from the machinery of government, but will have the courage to have his own conception of what ought to be done, and when it ought to be done, and to impose it on the government.

BRANDON: What were the reasons for showing it so late to the State Department and to the Defense Department?

SCHLESINGER: The President knew what he wanted to say and didn't want to set in motion a process of dilution.

BRANDON: It seems to me that Kennedy in his speeches tried to be the reformer, the man who makes history, but in his actions he was much more cautious.

SCHLESINGER: I think the problem there was that in order to prepare the ground for action in a democracy you must have consent and support, and the process of education had to come first. In

a fairly prosperous country like America in the 1960s, he had to begin an immense job of public education in order to prepare the way for action. He himself, of course, was looking forward to a second term. He supposed that his reelection

have a much freer hand in Congress, that there

he would be able to do something to minimize the role of the anti-Administration Democrats. For all these reasons, I believe, he thought that in his case—as in the case of Theodore Roosevelt—it would be the second term rather than the first that would be the term of major accomplishment.

BRANDON: Did he talk to you about any specific new ideas—both in domestic and foreign affairs?

SCHLESINGER: No. After all, the election was still a year away at the time of his death and at that time, during the summer and fall, the major

program. He pondered the question of unemployment and talked it over with Walter Heller of the Council of Economic Advisers and others. He

simple increase in the general levels of economic activity, and that the unemployed were those more and more in handicapped or disqualified categories—either ethnic minorities or the under-educated or undertrained or old people. When you subtract those various categories from the general unemployed, those who were left, who would be reemployed by an increase in general levels of business activity, were not too great. Under Walter Heller's direction, the studies were made which prepared the way for the poverty program which President Johnson has loyally continued

Why So Sensitive?

BRANDON: Do you think the President's indefatigable interest in the press was an advantage

SCHLESINGER: Oh, I think it was overall an advantage. One of the important things the President has to do is to know what's going on. But why Presidents are so sensitive to press criticism is hard to understand. Presumably men who have been in public life ought to be inured to a certain amount of misunderstanding and malice. But Presidents are terribly sensitive. Some, like Coolidge and Eisenhower, just didn't read papers which criticized them; others, like Roosevelt, Kennedy, Johnson, and Truman, read them with apparently inexhaustible capacity for indignation.

Kennedy, as you know, regarded this as one of the occupational hazards of the Presidency. Even though he often got briefly irritated, on the whole these were cause more for jokes than for genuine rage.

BRANDON: Many historians have now accepted the theory that history is mainly a personal vision. A minority of historians, especially those whose preoccupation is economic history, have argued that the study of history should mean more than a personal reconstruction of the past, that it should be more concerned as to how one epoch relates to another. What is the point of view from which you approach history?

SCHLESINGER: I think history is partly a personal vision. But it is more than a personal vision because the raw material of history is what the historians optimistically call "facts." These are elements on which all historians can agree—namely, that certain people have lived, that certain battles and elections have taken place, and so on, no matter how much they differ about the interpretation. I think this substratum will continue. The questions of the interpretation are going to vary from historian to historian and from generation to generation.

BRANDON: Do you think the fact that you participated—that you were inside of government—will enable you to interpret more accurately?

SCHLESINGER: It will enable me perhaps to describe the process of public decision more accurately than people who have never been in government, though the experience is really less important than the instinct—the intuition—about these things. Undoubtedly a great historian in a library—if his intuitions are subtle enough—can do better than a mediocre historian who spent years in the public service. Public experience by itself is no substitute for the insight which distinguishes a great historian from an average one.

BRANDON: But will your perspective be better or worse?

SCHLESINGER: My perspective on the Roosevelt Administration will be better as a result of this experience. But participation in the Kennedy Administration does not ensure that my perspective on it will be better. And what I write about the Kennedy Administration therefore will not be (as my work on the Roosevelt Administration attempts to be) a comprehensive and systematic account. It will rather be a contribution to the work that some future historian will undertake about the Kennedy Administration, because what is important about the Kennedy years twenty years from now may not be what you and I and Ted Sorensen think is important about it today.



The Cold Wind and the Warm

A story by Ray Bradbury

"Good God in heaven, what's that?"

"What's what?"

"Are you blind, man, look!"

And Garrity, elevator operator, looked out to see what the hall porter was staring at.

And in out of the Dublin morn, sweeping through the front doors of the Royal Hibernian Hotel, along the entryway and to the registry was a tall willowy man of some forty years followed by five short willowy youths of some twenty years, a burst of birdsong, their hands flapping all about on the air as they passed, their eyes squinching, batting, and flickering, their mouths pursed, their brows enlightened and then dark, their color flushed and then pale or was it both? their voices now flawless piccolo, now flute, now melodious oboe but always tuneful. Carrying six monologues, all sprayed forth upon each other at once, in a veritable cloud of self-commiseration, peeping and twitting the discouragements of travel and the ardors of weather, the corps-de-ballet as it were flew, cascaded, flowed eloquently in a greater bloom of

cologne by astonished hall porter and transfixed elevator man. They collided deliciously to a halt at the desk where the manager glanced up to be swarmed over by their music. His eyes made nice round o's with no centers in them.

"What," whispered Garrity, "was that?"

"You may well ask," said the porter.

At which point the elevator lights flashed and the buzzer buzzed. Garrity had to tear his eyes off the summery crowd and heft himself skyward.

"We," said the tall slender man with a touch of gray at the temples, "should like a room, please."

The manager remembered where he was and heard himself say, "Do you have reservations,

"Dear me, no," said the older man as the others giggled; "—we flew in unexpectedly from Taormina." the tall man with the chiseled features and the moist flower mouth continued. "We were getting so awfully bored, after a long summer, and someone said, Let's have a complete change, let's do something wild. What? I said. Well, where's the most improbable place in the world?

Let's name it and go there. Somebody said the North Pole, but that was silly. Then I cried, Ireland! Everyone fell down. When the pandemonium ceased we just scrambled for the airport. Now sunshine and Sicilian shorelines are like yesterday's lime sherbet to us, all melted to nothing. And here we are to do . . . something *mysterious!*"

"Mysterious?" asked the manager.

"We don't know what it is," said the tall man. "But we shall know it when we see it, or it happens, or perhaps we shall have to make it happen, right, cohorts?"

The cohorts responded with something vaguely like tee-hee.

"Perhaps," said the manager, with good grace, "if you gave me some idea what you're looking for in Ireland, I could point out . . ."

"Goodness, no," said the tall man. "We shall just plummet forth with our intuitions scarved about our necks, taking the wind as 'twere and see what we shall tune in on. When we solve the mystery and find what we came to find, you will know of our discovery by the ululations and cries of awe and wonder emanating from our small tourist group."

"You can say *that* again," said the hall porter, under his breath.

"Well, comrades, let us sign in."

The leader of the encampment reached for a scratchy hotel pen, found it filthy, and flourished forth his own absolutely pure 14-carat solid gold pen with which in an obscure but rather pretty cerise calligraphy he enscribed the name DAVID followed by SNELL followed by dash and ending with ORKNEY. Beneath, he added "and friends."

The manager watched the pen, fascinated, and once more recalled his position in all this. "But, sir, I haven't said if we have space—"

"Oh, surely you must, for six miserable wanderers in sore need of respite from overfriendly airline stewardesses—one room would do it!"

"One?" said the manager, aghast.

"We wouldn't mind the crowd, would we, chums?" asked the older man, not looking at his friends.

No, they wouldn't mind.

"Well," said the manager, uneasily fumbling at the registry. "We just happen to have two adjoining—"

"*Perfecto!*" cried David Snell-Orkney.

And the registration finished, the manager behind the desk and the visitors from a far place stood regarding each other in a prolonged silence. At last the manager blurted, "Porter! Front! Take these gentlemen's luggage—"

But just then the hall porter ran over to look at the floor.

Where there was no luggage.

"No, no, none." David Snell-Orkney airily waved his hand. "We travel light. We're here only for twenty-four hours, or perhaps only twelve, with a change of underwear stuffed in our overcoats. Then back to Sicily and warm twilights. If you want me to pay in advance—"

"That won't be necessary," said the manager, handing the keys to the hall porter. "Forty-six and forty-seven, please."

"It's done," said the porter.

And like a collie dog silently nipping the hooves of some woolly long-haired, bleating, dumbly smiling sheep, he herded the lovely bunch toward the elevator which wafted down just at that precise moment.

At the desk, the manager's wife came up, steel-eyed behind him. "Are you mad?" she whispered, wildly. "Why? Why?"

"All my life," said the manager, half to himself. "I have wished to see not one Communist but ten close by, not two Nigerians but twenty in their skins, not three cowboy Americans but a gross fresh from the saddle. So when six hot-house roses come in a bouquet, I could not resist potting them. The Dublin winter is long, Meg; this may be the only lit fuse in the whole year. Stand by for the lovely concussion."

"Fool," she said.

As they watched, the elevator, freighted with hardly more than the fluff from a blown dandelion, whisked up the shaft, away.

It was exactly at high noon that a series of coincidences occurred that tottered and swerved toward the miraculous.

Now the Royal Hibernian Hotel lies half between Trinity College, if you'll excuse the mention, and Saint Stephen's Green, which is more like it, and around behind is Grafton Street, where you can buy silver, glass, and linen, or pink hacking coats, boots, and caps to ride off to the goddamned hounds, or better still duck in to Heeber Finn's pub for a proper proportion of drink and talk—an hour of drink to two hours of

Known internationally as a writer of science fiction, Ray Bradbury is always involved in a number of other projects. This year he has been idea consultant for the U.S. Government Pavilion at the World's Fair, has seen the filming of his novel, "Fahrenheit 451," by the French director, François Truffaut, and has written the screenplay of his "Martian Chronicles."

talk is about the best prescription to follow.

Now the boys most often seen in Finn's are these: Nolan, you know Nolan, Timulty, who could forget Timulty, Mike MaGuire, surely *everyone's* friend, then there's Hannahan, Flaherty, Kilpatrick, and on occasion, when God seems a bit untidy and Job comes to mind, Father Liam Leary himself, who strides in like Justice and glides forth like Mercy.

Well, that's the lot, and it's high noon, and out of the Hibernian Hotel front who should come now but Snell-Orkney and his canary five.

Which resulted in the first of a dumfounding series of confrontations.

For passing below, sore torn between the sweet shops and Heeber Finn's was *Timulty* himself.

Timulty, as you recall, when Blight, Famine, Starvation, and other mean Horsemen drive him, works a day here or there at the Post Office. Now, idling along between dread employments, he smelled a smell as if the gates of Eden had swung wide again and him invited back in after a hundred million years. So Timulty looked up to see what made the wind blow out of the Garden.

And the wind, of course, was in tumult about Snell-Orkney and his uncaged pets.

"I tell you," said Timulty, years later. "I felt my eyes start as if I'd been given a good bash on the skull. A new part ran down the center of my hair."

Timulty, frozen to the spot, watched the Snell-Orkney delegation flow down the steps and around the corner. At which point he decided on sweeter things than candy and rushed the long way to Finn's.

At that instant, rounding the corner Mr. David Snell-Orkney-plus-five passed a beggar-lady playing a harp in the street. And there, with nothing else to do but dance the time away, was Mike MaGuire himself, flinging his feet about in a self-involved rigadon to "Lightly o'er the Lea." Dancing, Mike MaGuire heard a sound that was like the passing by of warm weather from the Hebrides. It was not quite a twittering nor a whirr, and it was not unlike a pet shop when the bell tinkles as you step in and a chorus of parakeets and doves start up in coos and light shrieks. But hear he did, above the sound of his own shoes and the pringle of harp. He froze in mid-jig.

As David Snell-Orkney-plus-five swept by all tropic smiles and gave him a wave.

Before he knew what he was doing, Mike waved back, then stopped and seized his wounded hand to his breast. "What the hell am I waving for?" he cried, to no one. "I don't know them, *do* I?"

"Ask God for strength!" said the harpist to her

harp and flung her fingers down the strings.

Drawn as by some strange new vacuum cleaner that swept all before it, Mike followed the Team down the street.

Which takes care of two senses now, the sense of smell and the use of the ears.

It was at the *next* corner that Nolan, leaving Finn's pub because of an argument with Finn himself came around the bend fast and ran bang into David Snell-Orkney. Both swayed and grabbed each other for support.

"Top of the afternoon!" said David Snell-Orkney.

"The Back Side of Something!" replied Nolan, and fell away, gaping to let the circus by. He had a terrible urge to rush back to Finn's. His fight with the owner of the pub was obliterated. He wished now to report upon this fell encounter with a feather duster, a Siamese cat, a spoiled Pekingese, and three others gone ghastly frail from undereating and overwashing.

The six stopped outside the pub looking up at the sign.

Ah, God, thought Nolan. They're going in. What will *come* of it? Who do I warn first? Them? Or Finn?

Then: the door opened. Finn himself looked out. Damn, thought Nolan, that spoils it! Now we won't be allowed to describe this adventure. It will be Finn this, Finn that, and shut up to us all! There was a long moment when Snell-Orkney and his cohorts looked at Finn. Finn's eyes did not fasten on them. He looked above. He looked over. He looked beyond.

But he *had* seen them, this Nolan knew. For now a lovely thing happened.

All the color went out of Finn's face.

Then an even lovelier thing happened.

All the color rushed back into Finn's face.

Why, cried Nolan to himself, he's . . . *blushing!*

But still Finn refused to look anywhere save the sky, the lamps, the street, until Snell-Orkney trilled, "Sir, which way to St. Stephen's Green?"

"Jesus," said Finn and turned away. "Who knows *where* they put it, *this* week!" and slammed the door.

The six went on up the street, all smiles and delight, and Nolan was all for heaving himself through the door when a worse thing happened.

Garrity the elevator operator from the Royal Hibernian Hotel whipped across the sidewalk from nowhere. His face ablaze with excitement, he ran first into Finn's to spread the word.

By the time Nolan was inside, and Timulty rushing in next, Garrity was all up and down the length of the bar while Finn stood behind it



suffering from concussions from which he had not as yet recovered.

"It's a shame you missed it!" cried Garrity to all. "I mean it was the next thing to one of them fiction-and-science fillums they show at the Gayety Cinema!"

"How do you mean?" asked Finn, shaken out of his trance.

"*Nothing* they weigh!" Garrity told them. "Lifting them in the elevator was throwing a handful of chaff up a chimney! And you should have *heard*. They're here in Ireland for . . ." He lowered his voice and squinched his eyes. ". . . for *mysterious reasons*!"

"Mysterious!" Everyone leaned in at him.

"They'll put no name to it, but, mark my declaration, they're up to no good! Have you ever seen the like?"

"Not since the great fire at the convent," said

But the word "convent" seemed one more magic touch. The doors sprang wide at this. Father Leary entered in reverse. That is to say he backed into the pub one hand to his cheek as if the Fates had dealt him a proper blow unbewares.

Reading the look of his spine, the men shoved their noses in their drinks until such time as the father had put a bit of the brew into himself, still staring as if the door were the gates of Hell ajar.

"Beyond," said the father, at last, "not two minutes gone, I saw a sight as would be hard to credit. In all the days of her collecting up the grievances of the world, has Ireland indeed gone mad?"

Finn refilled the priest's glass. "Was you standing in the blast of The Invaders from the Planet Venus, Father?"

"Have you seen them, then, Finn?" the father said.

"Yes, and do you guess them bad, your Holiness?"

"It's not so much bad or good as strange and *outré*, Finn, and words like rococo, I should guess, and baroque if you go with my drift?"

"I lie easy in the tide, sir."

"When last seen, where heading?" asked Timulty.

"On the edge of the Green," said the priest. "You don't imagine there'll be a bacchanal in the park now?"

"The weather won't allow, beg your pardon, Father," said Nolan, "but it strikes me, instead of standing with the gab in our mouth we should be out on the spy—"

"You move against my ethics," said the priest.

"A drowning man clutches at anything," said Nolan, "and ethics may drown with him if *that's* what he grabs instead of a lifebelt."

"Off the Mount, Nolan," said the priest, "and enough of the Sermon. What's your point?"

"The point is, Father, we have had no such influx of honorary Sicilians since the mind boggles to remember. For all we know, at this moment, they may be reading aloud to Mrs. Murphy, Miss Clancy, or Mrs. O'Hanlan in the midst of the park. And reading aloud from *what*, I ask you?"

"*The Ballad of Reading Gaol*?" asked Finn.

"You have rammed the target and sunk the ship," said Nolan, mildly irritated the point had been plucked from him. "How do we know theseimps out of bottles are not selling real-estate tracts in a place called Fire Island? Have you *heard* of it, Father?"

"The American gazettes come often to my table, man."

"Well, do you remember the great hurricane of nineteen-and-fifty-six when the waves washed over Fire Island there in New York? An uncle of mine, God save his sanity and sight, was with the Coast Guard there which evacuated the en-

irety of the population of Fire Island. It was worse than the twice-a-year showing at Fennelly's dressworks, he said. It was more terrible than a Baptist Convention. Ten thousand men came rushing down to the stormy shore carrying bolts of drape material, cages full of parakeets, tomato-and-tangerine-colored sport coats, and lime-colored shoes. It was the most tumultuous scene since Hieronymus Bosch laid down his palette after he painted Hell for all generations to come. You do not easily evacuate ten thousand Venetian glass boyos with their great blinky cow-eyes and their phonograph symphonic records in their hands and their rings in their ears, without tearing down the middle. My uncle, soon after, took to the heavy drink."

"Tell us *more* about that night," said Kilpatrick, entranced.

"More, hell," said the priest. "Out, I say. Surround the park. Keep your eyes peeled. And meet me back here in an hour."

"That's more like it," cried Kelly. "Let's *really* see what dread thing they're up to!"

The doors banged wide.

On the sidewalk, the priest gave directions. "Kelly, Murphy, you around the north side of the park. Timulty, you to the south. Nolan and Garrity the east. Moran, MaGuire, and Kilpatrick, the west. Git!"

But somehow or other in all the ruckion, Kelly and Murphy wound up at the Four Shamrocks pub halfway to the Green and fortified themselves for the chase, and Nolan and Moran each met their wives on the street and had to run the other way, and MaGuire and Kilpatrick, passing the Elite Cinema and hearing Lawrence Tibbett singing inside cadged their way in for a few half-used cigarettes.

So it wound up with just two, Garrity on the east and Timulty on the south side of the park, looking in at the visitors from another world.

After half an hour of freezing weather, Garrity stomped up to Timulty and said, "What's *wrong* with the fiends? They're just *standing* there in the midst of the park. They haven't moved half the afternoon. And it's cut to the bone is my toes. I'll nip around to the hotel, warm up, and rush back to stand guard with you, Tim."

"Take your time," called Timulty in a strange sad wandering, philosophical voice as the other charged away.

Left alone, Timulty walked in and sat for a full hour watching the six men who, as before, did not move. You might almost have thought to see Timulty there, with his eyes brooding, and

his mouth gone into a tragic crease, that he was some Irish neighbor of Kant or Schopenhauer, or had just read something by a poet or thought of a song that declined his spirits. And when at last the hour was up and he had gathered his thoughts like a handful of cold pebbles, he turned and made his way out of the park. Garrity was there, pounding his feet and swinging his hands but before he could explode with questions, Timulty pointed in and said, "Go sit. Look. Think. Then *you* tell *me*."

Everyone at Finn's looked up sheepishly when Timulty made his entrance. The priest was still off on errands around the city, and after a few walks about the Green to assuage their consciences, all had returned, nonplussed, to intelligence headquarters.

"Timulty!" they cried. "Tell us! What? What?"

Timulty took his time walking to the bar and sipping his drink. Silently, he observed his own image remotely buried beneath the lunar ice of the barroom mirror. He turned the subject this way. He twisted it inside out. He put it back wrong-side-to. Then he shut his eyes and said:

"It strikes me as how—"

Yes, said all silently, about him.

"From a lifetime of travel and thought, it comes to the top of my mind," Timulty went on, "there is a strange resemblance between the likes of them and the likes of us."

There was such a gasp as changed the scintillation, the goings and comings of light in the prisms of the little chandeliers over the bar. When the schools of fish-light had stopped swarming at this exhalation, Nolan cried, "Do you mind putting your hat on so I can knock it off!?"

"Consider," Timulty calmly said. "Are we or are we not great ones for the poem and the song?"

Another kind of gasp went through the crowd. There was a warm burst of approval. "Oh, sure, we're *that*!" "My God, is *that* all you're up to?" "We were afraid—"

"Hold it!" Timulty raised a hand, eyes still closed.

And all shut up.

"If we're not singing the songs, we're writing them, and if not writing, dancing them, and aren't *they* fond admirers of the song and the writing of same and the dancing out the whole? Well, just now, I heard them at a distance reciting poems and singing, to themselves, in the Green."

Timulty had something there. Everyone had to paw everybody and admit it.

"Do you find any *other* resemblances?" asked Finn, heavily, glowering.

There was a still more fascinated indraw of breath and the crowd drew nearer.

"They do not mind a drink now and then," said Timulty.

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you'll damn well get, for who's standing there behind you, and you feel his sweet spearmint breath on your neck?"

"The father from the local parish?" offered

"The father from the local parish," said everyone, in despair.

"There's nails number two and three in the cross on which all Ireland's males hang crucified," said Timulty.

"Go on, Timulty, go on."

"Those fellows visiting here from Sicily run in teams. *We* run in teams. Here we are, the gang, in Finn's, are we *not*?"

"Be damned and we are!"

"*They* look sad and are melancholy half the time and then spitting like happy demons the rest, either up or down, never in between, and who does *that* remind you of?"

Everyone looked in the mirror and nodded.

"If we had the choice," said Timulty, "to go home to the dire wife and the dread mother-in-law and the old-maid sister all sour sweats and terrors, or stay here in Finn's for one more song or one more drink or one more story, *which* would all of us men choose?"

Silence.

"Think on that," said Timulty. "Answer the truth. Resemblances. Similarities. The long list of them runs off one hand up the other arm. And well worth the mulling over before we leap about crying Jalsus and Mary and summoning the

Silence.

"I," said someone, after a long while, strangely, curiously, "would like . . . to see them closer."

"I think you'll get your wish. Hsst!"

And far off they heard a faint and fragile sound. It was like the wondrous morning you wake and lie in bed and know by a special feel that the first fall of snow is in the air, on its way down, tickling the sky, making the silence to stir aside and fall back in on nothing.

"Ah, God," said Finn, at last. "it's the first day of spring. . . ."

And it was that, too. First the dainty snowfall of feet drifting on the cobbles, and then a choir of birdsong.

A and outside the pub came the sounds that were winter *and* spring. The doors sprang wide. The men reeled back from the impact of the meeting to come. They steeled their nerves. They balled their fists. They geared their teeth in their anx-

us," said everyone, nodding

Place is lacking. Then, second, time for say you should sweet talk

a stack the half over the sty-gate which means

July Fifth in the old burying ground

by Maxine W. Kumin

*Stop, passengers, as you pass by
this road they voted funds to grade
and scrape for yesterday's parade—
this nowhere road, this ingrown track
to cellar holes and loggers' shacks—
as you are now, so once was I.*

After the fireworks last night
climbed up and cracked the sky,
the deer came in to nip the blooms
from these geraniums

where plastic flags with fifty stars
mark such as Nehemiah White,
Captain of the Valley Volunteers.
He and his cannon muzzled at the wall
must lie here till Christ will call

alongside Jane, Aetat 87
who went down like a shock of corn
fully ripe. She stands up in Heaven
adjoining three unnamed newborns
buried on their mothers' arms,
all lost in childbed fever.
*Legions of angels keep them warm
for their dear Saviour*

next to Mrs. Susanna Gaunt
who died in the springhouse churning butter.
*Blest be the dead, their labor spent;
she departed this life in hopes of a better*

across from Pastor Israel Cole,
a Harvard College graduate
who lived respected and died lamented
in 1778.
God rest his soul.

God rest his soul, and rest as well
Jimmy Evans, Rhoda Fell,
John Timmens (drowned) and Ellen Lee
who once took rubbings from these stones
—as I am now, so you will be—
to frame and hang, and now are gone.

*Stop, passengers, as you pass by;
as you are now, so once was I
who chiseled out the prophecy:
prepare for death and follow me.*

ious mouths, and into the pub like children come into a Christmas place and everything a bauble or a toy, a special gift or color, there stood the tall thin older man who looked young and the small thin younger men who had old things in their eyes. The sound of snowfall stopped. The sound of spring birds ceased.

The strange children herded by the strange shepherd found themselves suddenly stranded as if they sensed a pulling away of a tide of people, even though the men at the bar had flinched but the merest hair.

The children of a warm isle regarded the short child-sized and runty full-grown men of this cold land and the full-grown men looked back in mutual assize.

Timulty and the men at the bar breathed long and slow. You could smell the terrible clean smell of the children way over here. There was too much spring in it.

Snell-Orkney and his young-old boy-men breathed swiftly as the heartbeats of birds trapped in a cruel pair of fists. You could smell the dusty, impacted, prolonged, and dark-clothed smell of the little men way over here. There was too much winter in it.

Each might have commented upon the other's choice of soup, but

At this moment the double-doors at the side banged wide and Garrity charged in full-blown, crying the alarm:

"Jesus, I've seen everything! Do you know where they are now, and what doing?"

Every hand at the bar flew up to shush him.

By the startled look in their eyes, the intruders knew they were being shouted about.

"They're still at St. Stephen's Green!" Garrity, on the move, saw naught that was before him. "I stopped by the hotel to spread the news. Now it's your turn! Those fellows."

"Those fellows," said David Snell-Orkney, "are here in—" He hesitated.

"Heeber Finn's pub," said Heeber Finn, looking at his shoes.

"Heeber Finn's," said the tall man, nodding his thanks.

"Where," said Garrity, gone miserable, "we will all be having a drink instantly."

He flung himself at the bar.

But the six intruders were moving, also. They made a small parade to either side of Garrity and just by being amiably there made him hunch three inches smaller.

"Good afternoon," said Snell-Orkney.

"It is and it isn't," said Finn, carefully, wait-

"It seems," said the tall man surrounded by the little boy-men. "There is much talk about what we are doing in Ireland."

"That would be putting the mildest interpretation on it," said Finn.

"Allow me to explain," said the stranger.

"Have you ever," continued Mr. David Snell-Orkney, "heard of the Snow Queen and the Summer King?"

Several jaws trapped wide down.

Someone gasped as if booted in the stomach.

Finn, after a moment in which he considered just where a blow might have landed upon him, poured himself a long slow drink with scowling precision. He took a stiff snort of the stuff and with the fire in his mouth, replied, carefully, letting the warm breath out over his tongue:

"Ah . . . *what* Queen is that again, *and* the King?"

"Well," said the tall pale man, "there was this Queen who lived in Iceland who had never seen summer, and this King who lived in the Isles of Sun who had never seen winter. The people under the King almost died of heat in the summers, and the people under the Snow Queen almost died of ice in the winters. But the people of both countries were saved from their terrible weathers. The Snow Queen and the Sun King met and fell in love and every summer when the sun killed people in the islands they moved North to the lands of ice and lived temperately. And every winter when the snow killed people in the North, all of the Snow Queen's people moved South and lived in the mild island sun. So there were no longer two nations, two peoples, but *one* race which commuted from land to land with the strange weathers and wild seasons. *The end.*"

There was a round of applause, not from the canary boys, but from the men lined up at the bar who had been spelled. Finn saw his own hands out clapping on the air, and put them down. The others saw their own hands and dropped them.

But Timulty summed it up, "God, if you only had a brogue! What a teller of tales you would make."

"Many thanks, many thanks," said David Snell-Orkney.

"All of which brings us around to the point of the story," Finn said. "I mean, well, about that Queen *and* the King and all."

"The point is," said Snell-Orkney, "that we have *not* seen a leaf fall in five years. We hardly know a cloud when we see it. We have not felt snow in ten years, or hardly a drop of rain. Our story is the reverse. We must have rain or we'll perish, right, chums?"

"Oh, yes, right," said all five, in a sweet chirruping.

"We have followed summer around the world for six or seven years. We have lived in Jamaica and Nassau and Port au Prince and Calcutta, and Madagascar and Bali and Taormina but finally just today we said we must go North, we must have cold again. We didn't quite know what we were looking for, but we found it in St. Stephen's Green."

"The *mysterious* thing?" Nolan burst out. "I mean—"

"Your friend here will tell you," said the tall man.

"*Our* friend? You mean—Garrity?"

Everyone looked at Garrity.

"As I was going to say," said Garrity, "when I came in the door. They was in the park standing there . . . *watching the leaves turn colors.*"

"Is that *all*?" said Nolan, dismayed.

"It seemed sufficient unto the moment," said Snell-Orkney.

"*Are* the leaves changing color up at St. Stephen's?" asked Kilpatrick.

"Do you know," said Timulty numbly, "it's been twenty years since I *looked.*"

"The most beautiful sight in all the world," said David Snell-Orkney, "lies up in the midst of St. Stephen's this very hour."

"He speaks deep," murmured Nolan.

"The drinks are on me," said David Snell-Orkney.

"He's touched *bottom.*" said MaGuire.

"Champagne all around!"

"Don't mind if I do!" said everyone.

And not ten minutes later they were all up at the park, together.

And well now, as Timulty said years after, did you ever see so many damned leaves on a tree as there was on that first tree just inside the gate at St. Stephen's Green? No! cried all. And what, though, about the *second* tree? Well, that had a *billion* leaves on it. And the more they looked the more they saw it was a wonder. And Nolan went around craning his neck so hard he fell over on his back and had to be helped up by two or three others, and there were general exhalations of awe and proclamations of devout inspiration as to the fact that as far as they could remember there had never *been* any goddamn leaves on the trees to begin with, but now they were there! Or if they had been there they had *never* had any color, or if they *had* had color, well, it was so long ago . . . Ah, what the hell, shut up, said everyone, and look!

Which is exactly what Nolan and Timulty and Kelly and Kilpatrick and Garrity and Snell-Orkney and his friends did for the rest of the declining afternoon. For a fact, autumn had taken the country, and the bright flags were out by the millions through the park.

Which is exactly where Father Leary found them.

But before he could say anything, three out of the six summer invaders asked him if he would hear their confessions.

And next thing you know with a look of great pain and alarm the father was taking Snell-Orkney & Co. back to see the stained glass at the church and the way the apse was put together by a master architect, and they liked his church so much and said so out loud again and again that he cut way down on their Hail Marys and the rigamaroles that went with.

But the top of the entire day was when one of the young-old-boy-men asked what would it be? Should he sing "Mother Machree" or "My Buddy"?

Arguments followed, and with polls taken and results announced, he sang *both*.

He had a dear voice, all said, eyes melting bright. A sweet high clear voice.

And as Nolan put it, "He wouldn't make much of a son. But there's a great daughter there somewhere!"

And all said "aye" to that.

And suddenly it was time to leave.

"But great God!" said Finn, "you just arrived!"

"We found what we came for, there's no need to stay," announced the tall sad happy old young man. "It's back to the hothouse with the flowers . . . or they wilt overnight. We never stay. We are always flying and jumping and running. We are always on the move."

The airport being fogged-in, there was nothing

for it but the birds cage themselves on the Dun Laoghaire boat bound for England, and there was nothing for it but that the inhabitants of Finn's should be down at the dock to watch them pull away in the middle of the evening. There they stood, all six, on the top deck, waving their thin hands down, and there stood Timulty and Nolan and Garrity and the rest waving their thick hands up. And as the boat hooted and pulled away the keeper-of-the-birds nodded once, and winged his right hand on the air and all sang forth: "*As I was walking through Dublin City, about the hour of twelve at night, I saw a maid, so fair was she . . . combing her hair by candlelight.*"

"Jesus," said Timulty, "do you hear?"

"Sopranos, every one of them!" cried Nolan.

"Not Irish sopranos, but real *real* sopranos," said Kelly. "Damn, why didn't they say? If we'd known, we'd have had a good hour of *that* out of them before the boat."

Timulty nodded and added, listening to the music float over the waters. "Strange. Strange. I hate to see them go. Think. Think. For a hundred years or more people have said we had none. But now they have returned, if but for a little time."

"We had none of *what*?" asked Garrity. "And *what* returned?"

"Why," said Timulty, "the fairies, of course, the fairies that once lived in Ireland, and live here no more, but who came this day and changed our weather, and there they go again, who once stayed all the while."

"Ah, shut up!" cried Kilpatrick. "And listen!"

And listen they did, nine men on the end of a dock as the boat sailed out and the voices sang and the fog came in and they did not move for a long time until the boat was far gone and the voices faded like a scent of papaya on the mist.

By the time they walked back to Finn's it had begun to rain.



The Expanding Spectrum

Space-messengers, Missile-detectors, and People-watchers

by John L. Chapman

The electromagnetic spectrum is enabling us to "listen" to the universe, cut steel with tamed light waves, preserve food without refrigeration, and "see" through distant ice caps.

Early this month, the vagaries of rocketry permitting, a United States spacecraft will rise from White Sands, New Mexico, carrying a device destined to "see" a star that human eyes have never beheld and probably never will. The star, in fact, may not be a star at all. It is known to scientists only as an intense source of X-rays which are invisible and cannot penetrate our atmosphere. However, we know the source exists because earlier rockets, also equipped with X-ray detectors, intercepted the beams during high-altitude flights.

From this it can be deduced that ours is a vast universe. Some things we see, some we don't. No one realized this, however, until 1800 when an English astronomer, Sir William Herschel, in observing the sun began experimenting with various combinations of colored glass. He noticed, to his surprise, that certain combinations stopped most of the sun's light but none of its heat. Other combinations blocked the heat but allowed the light to pass through. This was contrary to the

long-accepted theory that sunlight and heat were the same and therefore inseparable.

To verify his suspicions, Herschel then placed a thermometer in the light spectrum—the red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet rainbow dispersed by a prism. He found that at the red end of the spectrum temperatures were higher than at the violet end. Most interesting of all, they continued to rise *beyond* the red, where nothing could be seen. Obviously, something totally independent of light was generating this heat—something undetectable by the human eye. But what?

Fifty years and many experiments later, scientists were finally sure that invisible radiation existed beyond the borders of light—at both the red and violet ends of the spectrum. They learned too that the radiation traveled in waves whose length (*i.e.*, the distance from crest to crest) varied with distance from the light band. Waves beyond the red were progressively longer than light waves, and those beyond the violet were progressively shorter.

Thus the "light" spectrum began to grow into a new and broader spectrum. Today it is called the electromagnetic spectrum because its radiations are both electrical and magnetic. It now embraces an immense family of waves about sixty times the size of the original.

For example, there are radio waves, the swift

wings of the spoken word and of rocks and rolls; microwaves, the home of television and radar; X-rays, the illuminators of bones and undigested safety pins; gamma rays, an undesirable product of nuclear bombs; infrared waves, which we can create simply by striking a match; and ultraviolet waves, whose effects we sometimes peel from shoulders too long exposed to the sun.

And there is the familiar substance we call light, first recognized as electromagnetic radiation by James Clerk Maxwell in the mid-nineteenth century. Maxwell, too, was the first to theorize that man might be able to produce the invisible radiations beyond light, that nature was not necessarily their only source. Two decades later Heinrich Hertz proved Maxwell right and so set the stage for the beginning of radio and the subsequent blossoming of the spectrum.

Though we have understood and used the full-blown spectrum for about a half a century, it is now undergoing a profound—if rather slow and evolutionary—change. This process began around World War II, and has picked up tempo in the last five years under the impetus of nuclear and space developments. Today the spectrum is like a bargain table at Macy's. It is alive with activity, involving such things as the laser, the new light-amplifying device with revolutionary possibilities for communications and weaponry. It also involves improved safety in aviation, protection for astronauts, new navigation techniques, bacon that lasts for months without refrigeration, and mysterious objects incredibly far out in space. Theoretically, our use of the spectrum is limited only by our ingenuity.

The spectrum, however, is not a tangible thing. No one has ever seen it, nor is it easy to visualize. It is simply a convenient scale or arrangement of something man has learned to use but cannot see. It was built brick by brick from Herschel's foundation and its names are applied according to the usage of a band of waves or its position on the scale. The X-ray band was so named by discoverer Wilhelm Roentgen because he did not understand its true identity and hence used the mathematical symbol for the unknown.

The spectrum is also a yardstick of energy, for electromagnetic radiation is energy traveling

in the form of waves, not unlike those produced by a stone dropped into a pond. All electromagnetic waves, whether natural or man-made, are born in the oscillations or vibrations of atomic particles. The wavelengths of radiations range from hundreds of miles for the longest to about one ten-billionth of a centimeter for the shortest. This span is so great that it is impractical to use a single unit of measurement throughout the radiation spectrum. So the waves are variously measured in meters, centimeters, microns, millimeters, and angstroms. One angstrom unit equals one hundred-millionth of a centimeter.

Whatever their length, all electromagnetic waves travel at the same speed—186,000 miles a second—the familiar speed of light (which, of course, is an electromagnetic wave). Because their speed is uniform, electromagnetic waves can also be measured by their frequency—*i.e.*, by the number that pass a given point each second. By way of analogy, suppose you are watching a long railroad train rolling by at a uniform speed. The first cars are very long, hence there are correspondingly long intervals between the flashes of daylight you see between them. Then, as shorter cars go by, the number or *frequency* of daylight flashes increases. The shortest cars produce the highest frequencies. So it is with electromagnetic waves. Long waves have low frequencies; as wavelength decreases, frequency goes up.

The Long and the Short

The whole family of electromagnetic radiations can be pictured as a long, triangular ladder with very wide rungs at the base (signifying the longer wavelengths) and progressively shorter rungs leading upward until, at the top, the sides of the ladder appear to converge.

Nearly half of the lower portion of the ladder comprises the "radio" spectrum. Within it are the long waves, including those used for standard radio broadcasting, and short waves (the shortest of which are called microwaves), used for television, police radio, overseas broadcasting, amateur radio, and radar. Man-made radio waves vary widely in length—from several miles to a fraction of an inch. The difference between them, however, is more often expressed in terms of frequency. For example, all standard radio broadcasting functions between 550,000 and 1,500,000 cycles per second. This is the rate at which radio signals leave transmitters. (For convenience, these large figures are usually expressed as 550

John L. Chapman, who is now editor of "Northrop Technical Digest," won the AAAS-Westinghouse award for magazine science writing in 1962 for his article in "Harper's" on plasma physics. During the war, he served with the U.S. Air Force in the China-Burma-India theatre; he is the author of "Atlas: The Story of a Missile."

to 1,500 kilocycles; another zero is dropped when the numbers are imprinted on radio dials.)

Directly above radio waves on the ladder is the region of heat radiation, called infrared because it lies below the red component of visible light. This "almost-visible" radiation has been used for many purposes, including photography, missile defense, criminology, and meteorology.

An infrared device responds to heat rather than light. For example, in the Pacific during World War II, American soldiers used a spotting device known as the Sniperscope. It directed infrared waves at enemy troops and then converted the reflected radiation into visible light. Today, infrared sensors guide the Sidewinder missile to the exhaust heat of target aircraft. Infrared waves range in length from about .75 microns to 500 microns (one micron is a millionth of a meter).

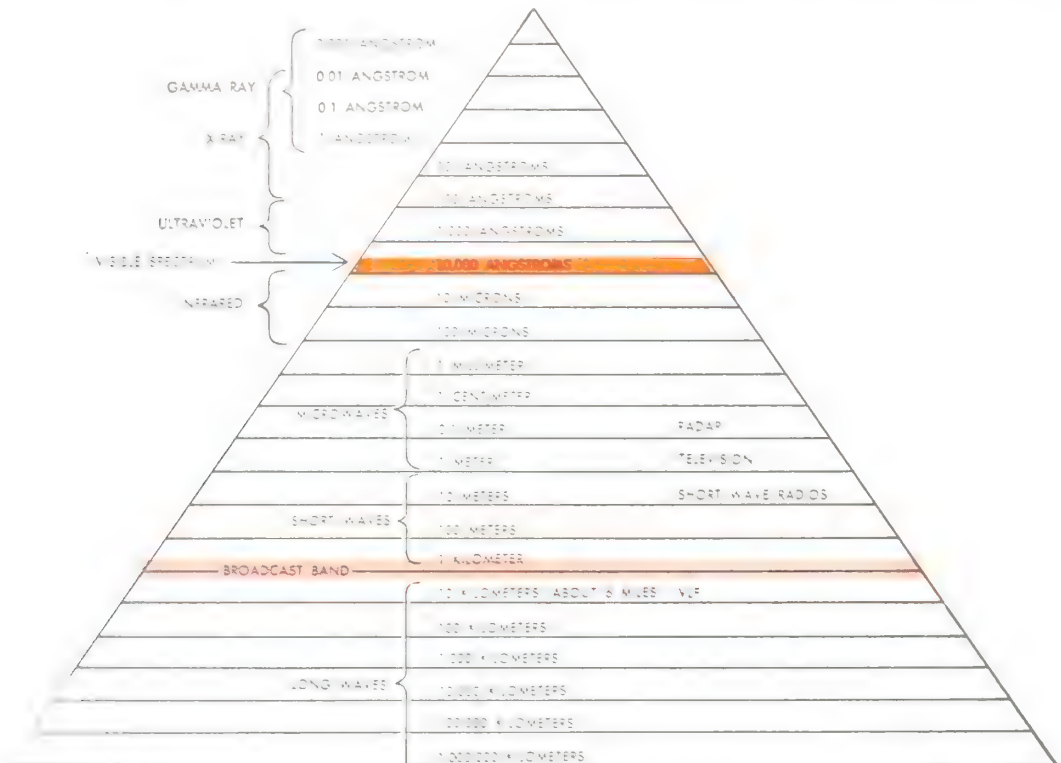
Next to the infrared waves on the electromagnetic ladder is the narrow strip of waves to which the human eye responds—that is, visible light. Actually we do not "see" light, we see its effects. The frequency of light waves is between 400 and 800 trillion cycles per second, and they are so short that their length is measured in billionths of an inch. This small zone of radiation—less than 2 per cent of the total spectrum—

creates the visible world and also provides the energy to sustain all life on earth—through the process of photosynthesis.

Above the light waves are three more bands of invisible radiation—ultraviolet waves, X-rays, and gamma rays. These have progressively higher energy and shorter wavelengths, the shortest gamma rays measuring about one ten-billionth of a centimeter.

Our planet and the universe it inhabits are, as one scientist puts it, "a mad jumble" of these fast, long, short, and penetrating radiations. Not all, however, are electromagnetic. Nature also generates streams of high-speed particles—principally bits and pieces of subatomic matter such as electrons, protons, and neutrons. Such particle radiation is associated with the radioactivity caused by the disintegration of certain heavy atoms, including uranium, radium, and thorium. Just to confuse matters, nature made one form of radioactivity which is electromagnetic instead of particulate. These are the gamma rays, which are present in the electromagnetic spectrum.

The primary engines of radiation in nature are the stars, which derive their energy from the burning of hydrogen. Two by-products result: he-



The electromagnetic spectrum embraces such a vast range of wavelengths that their lengths must be expressed in different units of measurement. One angstrom equals one hundred-millionth of a centimeter. One micron is one thousandth of a millimeter. The diagram is only suggestive of the range, not an accurate representation.



Closeup of the visible light spectrum, which occupies only a narrow band on the total electromagnetic spectrum shown on the opposite page.

ium and radiant energy. Our nearest radiant engine, the sun, converts an estimated 564 million tons of hydrogen into 560 million tons of helium every second. The surplus four million tons become electromagnetic and particulate radiation.

Our prodigal star disperses this great flood of radiation in all directions. Part of it warms and lights the nearer members of its planetary family; the rest dissipates in space. The earth intercepts and subsists on a small fraction of the sun's total radiant energy.

Electromagnetic radiation from the sun includes radio waves, infrared, visible light, ultraviolet, X-rays, and gamma rays. Fortunately, of all this radiation, only visible light and a little of the infrared and ultraviolet reach the ground. The higher-energy ultraviolet, X-rays, and gamma rays—which can damage and even destroy human tissue—are absorbed by the earth's atmosphere. Indeed, it is only because the surface of the earth has always been shielded from the incessant radiation storm in space that life could evolve here.

To be sure, we are exposed to other natural radiations in our immediate environment, but these are not large enough to be dangerous. Some radiation originates in the slow decay of radioactive elements in rock and soil. Infinitesimal amounts of infrared radiation emanate from all physical objects: trees, buildings, automobiles, chocolate cakes, even people.

Although we have lived with all this radiation for millennia, we took little notice of it until a man-made variety made the front pages some twenty years ago. Since then, nuclear reactors and nuclear weapons, along with X-ray machines, have vastly increased the output of high-energy radiation; and after the H-bomb tests of 1954, the problem of fallout radiation set off a worldwide controversy.

The space age has cast new light on natural radiation initially in the discovery of the Van Allen belts and more recently in plans for the U. S. moon journey. An advisory committee of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration has concluded that the three-man *Apollo* crew cannot be adequately protected if the lunar-landing attempt coincides with solar-radiation

storms predicted for the 1968–70 period. The committee has recommended that the Apollo mission be postponed until the storms have subsided.

The energy behind radiation determines its penetrating power and the sort of damage it can do. Both solar and nuclear radiation involve high energies. In the upper-X-ray and gamma-ray regions, energy is sufficient to "ionize"—that is, to dislodge electrons from atoms and molecules, thereby disrupting their chemical behavior. The effect on living matter and on equipment is being studied in many current research programs. Scientists know that ionizing radiation can injure or kill a living cell, and that it can alter genes sufficiently to induce aberrations in offspring.

So far, the American astronauts who have orbited the earth at low altitudes and for comparatively short periods have not experienced serious radiation hazards. Detailed experiments are planned, however, to determine radiation levels and the necessary shielding at various altitudes.

Windows on the Universe

Space flights have opened a new era in astronomy. Dr. Homer E. Newell of NASA's space science office summed up the possibilities in these words:

Until recently man was confined to the earth's surface and the lower part of its atmosphere. Here he could experiment on the fundamental laws of physics and study at first hand one sample of the bodies in the universe, one sample of physical life. His only informants about conditions beyond his small segment were the radiations coming to him from outer space. . . . Now, the rocket of his own building suddenly expands man's horizons. The scientist can look forward to observing and measuring directly, even in person, more than one sample of the material of the universe (or at least of the solar system), more than one body of the universe, and perhaps more than one sample of life in the cosmos. Above the obscuring and distorting atmosphere, the spectral range of observable radiations is extended to include gamma rays, X-rays, ultraviolet, infrared, and radio waves that do not reach the observer on the ground.

Nonoptical radiations originating in space offer the scientist unique clues to fundamental processes of the universe. For example, Dr. Newell predicts that information on stellar birth and evolution will come from the ultraviolet region. And at infrared wavelengths, man may

clouds of dust and gas—just as a photographer

Instruments carried beyond the atmosphere short-wavelength regions above visible light—ultraviolet, X-rays, and gamma rays. One "extremely strong" beam of X-rays, for example,

galaxy of stars, which is about 30,000 light-years from the earth. Astronomers are not sure what

some hitherto-unknown type of star.

Until recently, most space astronomy has been from light-weight satellites. The first true space

radiation. Next year, for the first time, a 3,300- in the infrared, ultraviolet, and X-ray regions.

wavelengths. Most of these waves cannot be detected by ground-based receivers. But some have "see" into outer space. This second window has

This milestone in the history of astronomy occurred quite by accident. An American engineer, the late Karl Jansky, was investigating static that had been interfering with transatlantic radio broadcasts. He discovered a weak 14.6-meter signal that "reappeared" in his receiving equipment every twenty-four hours or so. He believed it was coming from some point in and he later traced the source to the center of our galaxy, the Milky Way.

The importance of Jansky's discovery was not until special "radio telescopes" were made. The radio and the optical telescopes both gather electromagnetic waves originating in space. However, optical waves are visible while radio waves are not. Hence an optical tele-

scope can observe and photograph images transmitted to earth by light waves. A radio telescope, on the other hand, can only record the intensity and direction of radio waves. Its value lies in the fact that radio waves penetrate many regions of space that block light waves. The radio telescope has thus enabled astronomers to study parts of the universe that either do not generate light or are hidden from view by heavy concentrations of dust, gas, and stars.

In the past two decades, radio waves from space have helped identify clouds of hydrogen floating between stars, supernovae (exploding stars), runaway galaxies, and galaxies in collision.

Moreover, radio emissions have been recorded which are so strong that they challenge traditional concepts of matter and energy. Early last year, radio astronomers detected five remote objects which were then studied by optical astronomers. They literally defied description. Known only as "quasi-stellar radio sources," they are neither stars nor galaxies. Yet they are brighter than anything observed through a telescope—one hundred times brighter than our whole galaxy. Their distance from the earth is enormous—one is four billion light-years away (each light-year represents a stride of six trillion miles). These quasi-stellars—which have been named "quasars"—produce powerful radiant energy not explicable in terms of known physical processes. "At present," says Dr. Jesse L. Greenstein of Caltech, "it seems likely that the energy source . . . must be ascribed to a titanic explosion involving the release of either nuclear or gravitational energy."

Tamed Microwaves

Comparatively few radio sources in space are very weak. This is why radio telescopes must be huge. For example, the bowl-shaped antenna of the new Aricebo radio telescope in Puerto Rico measures a thousand feet from rim to rim. Because radio waves are longer than light waves, radio telescopes need not be as accurate as the optical ones. Tolerances of a half-inch are acceptable in radio astronomy, while the 200-inch optical telescope at Mount Palomar is accurate to a millionth of an inch.

Fortunately, most radio waves from space are not the same length as those generated on earth by radio and TV transmitters. The latter, however, sometimes interfere with radio astronomy just as city lights can affect optical telescopes.

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maser—has improved radio-telescope operation. The maser, which was developed about ten years ago, amplifies incoming signals. (Its name is an acronym for “microwave amplification by stimulated emission of radiation.”) It improves the quality of microwaves (very short radio waves) by “stimulating” the atoms of microwave sources to higher energy states. Radiation produced in this manner is said to be “coherent” in that it travels with greater uniformity and intensity than ordinary radiation.

The success of the maser led researchers a little farther up the spectral ladder to the zone of visible light, where, it seemed, radiation could also be stimulated. In 1960, this effort culminated in the now-famous laser, which generates narrow, powerful, and very orderly beams of light instead of the incoherent jumble of waves produced by all other light sources.

Lasers can cut tough metals in fractions of seconds. Their use in high-precision welding and machining and in delicate surgical operations is foreseen. The laser's greatest promise, however, is as a conveyor of information. Light waves have a frequency millions of times greater than the waves used to transmit radio and television signals. More waves per second mean that more information can be carried. Accordingly, it is said that a single laser beam could transmit more information than all the radio and microwave frequencies now in civilian and military use.

Obviously, an instrument capable of focusing and intensifying electromagnetic radiation has a potential for weaponry. Lethal beams or “death rays” capable of “disintegrating” enemy missiles may one day be practical. *Space Aeronautics* magazine recently reported: “Over four hundred organizations, ranging from aerospace firms to nearly every major university and including Army, Navy, and USAF in-house labs, are reportedly involved in some kind of laser research—much of it with at least some bearing on weaponry.” The U. S. Army already has an experimental “laser rifle” which releases intense bursts of light instead of bullets, and is said to be capable of igniting objects, detonating explosives, and causing temporary blindness.

Electromagnetic waves are also being “manipulated” for less destructive purposes—such as radar. Today's radar systems are more than a million times more sensitive than those built just ten years ago. Back in 1946 radar signals were reflected off the moon 240,000 miles from earth. Now they reach out to planets many millions of miles away.

Radar, which operates in the microwave region

of the spectrum, is based on the fact that most electromagnetic waves, traveling 186,000 miles a second, will bounce back from any surface they encounter. If the waves are strong enough they can be detected as an “echo” at their source. World War II radars performed some astonishing feats in detecting hostile ships and aircraft, but the equipment of that era is crude alongside the powerful systems used today. For instance, the biggest wartime radar antennas measured about thirty by ten feet. The giants now manning our BMEWS (Ballistic Missile Early Warning System) network in Greenland are sixteen stories high and 400 feet long, and weigh 1,500 tons each. In flight tests, a new radar altimeter has accurately measured a plane's altitude during low approaches and in automatic landings. A rotating airborne radar antenna system may prove valuable in preventing aircraft collisions.

Radar is now used in astronomy, too. The radio waves which the astronomer hears are broadcast by very distant objects. The *radar* astronomer, on the other hand, listens to radio waves which *he* dispatches to and from nearer objects in the solar system. He learns a good deal from the way in which these waves are scattered, absorbed, retarded, polarized, refracted, and reflected when they contact the sun or other planets. Radar is our most accurate yardstick for measuring interplanetary distances and someday may be used to make detailed maps of Mars and of the veiled faces of Venus and Jupiter.

Still another new device for using electromagnetic energy is the radiometer. Unlike the radar transmitter, which is “active” in the sense that it produces the signal it subsequently receives, the radiometer is “passive”—purely a listener, a means of detecting and measuring waves of natural origin. It resembles the radio telescope, but while the latter is tuned to natural radiation in space, the radiometer is more often tuned to the weaker emanations from objects and materials on earth—people included.

Along with everything else in the physical universe that has a thermal temperature above absolute zero, human beings give off minute but detectable quantities of electromagnetic radiation. A radiometer, in fact, has detected the difference in body radiation when a man 90 feet away opens and closes his jacket. A radiometer has also recorded the variations in signals produced by a hardtop and a cloth-top automobile.

The radiometer is being studied for a number of military and peaceful applications, including detection and identification of targets from aircraft, missiles, and satellites; detection of nuclear

explosions at high altitudes and in space; measurement of planetary temperatures from space probes; and weather research and observation. Although it is in the same general military category as the radar transmitter, being a passive detector, it can locate an enemy vehicle in darkness or fog without sending out a signal which the enemy could intercept and trace back to its source. Also, it takes much less power to operate a "listening" system than one that must send a signal on a two-way trip.

Scientists also foresee use of the radiometer to "scan" the skies for a few miles ahead of jet airliners, searching for temperature changes known to be indicative of clear air turbulence.

The bottom of the spectral ladder—the region of very low frequencies (VLF)—is also the scene of intensified research. VLF waves measure up to about six miles in length and have a frequency range of from three to thirty kilocycles. Such waves will travel much farther than shorter radio waves and will penetrate water, ice, soil, and rock. Though their range is comparatively short in such materials, they can be depended on to carry a message to its destination without risk of interception or jamming.

The Navy is developing a VLF system using no more than eight transmitters to blanket the earth's surface with navigational signals which could reach submarines at depths of fifty feet, even under ice caps.

Bacon and Cosmic Forces

Obviously, electromagnetic radiation can be both friend and foe. The ultraviolet can burn and it can bring useful information from space. X-rays can reveal events inside the body and can arrest cancer, but if absorbed in too great quantity or strength they are harmful. With the laser rifle, man is even learning to use light, one of his oldest friends, against himself.

The reverse is happening in the case of gamma radiation, the feared product of nuclear bombs. Now it is turning out that these—the shortest of electromagnetic waves—have a benign ability to change the chemistry of various materials. Radiation chemistry has been used to improve the properties of polyethylene and to develop wood and polymer "alloys" stronger and more resistant to moisture than ordinary wood. The U. S. Army reports successfully testing an irradiated bacon that looks and tastes like ordinary bacon—even better, some claim—but will keep for months without refrigeration. Gamma rays have also

been used to disinfest wheat and to suppress sprouting in potatoes and mold in strawberries. Commercial marketing of radiation-preserved chicken, ham, pork, and eventually beef is promised for the not-too-distant future.

Scientists are reasonably certain that gamma rays are the shortest electromagnetic radiations, but they are uncertain about the other end of the spectrum. Recently, special instruments have detected electromagnetic waves as long as 18.6 million miles, or about one-fifth the distance from the earth to the sun. No one knows where these giants come from. They are so long that their frequency is not measured in cycles per second but in seconds per cycle. The longest measured required 100 seconds to pass a given point.

American investigators are also intrigued by Russian claims that electromagnetic waves are responsible for the controversial phenomenon known as extrasensory perception (ESP). And other researchers would like to know what part electromagnetic radiation plays in sculpturing the stuff of which the universe is made, what it contributes to the final summation of all cosmic energy, including gravitational and nuclear forces.

The study of these factors takes one into the ivory tower of theoretical physics, a place frequented by relatively few scientists and practically no laymen. The newest mathematical evidence links electromagnetic fields to the creation of the truly basic elements of matter, the same elements nuclear physicists are seeking as they dissect the heart of the atom.

Beyond doubt, there is still much to be learned about electromagnetic waves, just as there is more the waves themselves can tell us about our environment. For although electromagnetic radiation is older than the hills, man's mastery of it has been slow. More than a half-century elapsed between Herschel's first clue to its existence in 1800 and Maxwell's deductions that waves made up of alternating electrical and magnetic fields existed in space and that these waves could be created in the laboratory. And it was not until the early 1900s that scientists began pointing the way to modern techniques in radar, radio astronomy, lasers, and radiometers, and to hundreds of applications of infrared, ultraviolet, and X-rays in industry and medicine.

New uses—and new answers to the most fundamental questions—will probably come to us on the wings of electromagnetic radiation itself, radiation sent our way by remote sources and events throughout the universe. For electromagnetic waves—one of our most useful tools on earth—are our eyes and ears in space.

A Place to Drink and a Place to Pray

The Scotch in Canada, Part II

by John Kenneth Galbraith

Saturday night might be a gala of uproarious violence, but Sunday was stiff with religious enterprise.

The McIntyre House stood nearly in the center of the east side of the single block that comprised Main Street. Unlike the square brick-fronted buildings across and on either side, it was long, low, and of frame construction. Once it had been white with green trim, and traces of the original paint remained. At the north end was an arch cut through the building which gave access to the livery stables behind and to a blacksmith shop run by Jim Bruce, who, on all festival occasions and for a moderate fee, closed his shop, donned the ancient tartan of the Bruce, and took up his pipes to provide the only music the Scotch understood and loved. Also in the hotel yard were the privies, a massive bank of cells, undifferentiated as to sex or precision of user, each cell giving on to a single trench which was cleaned only infrequently. They gave off an astonishing smell. Immediately adjacent was the kitchen.

However, it was not for its food that the McIntyre House was renowned in our part of Ontario but for its drink. A door within the arch led into the bar; there was another in from the street. In the 1920s this valiant room was already in decline; pool tables had been moved in to retrieve, however ingloriously, some of the revenues that had once accrued exclusively to whisky. But the scars of the greater days could still be seen on the wainscoting and the doors and deep in the bar itself. Before prohibition came to Ontario in 1916, it had been the resort of the drinking Scotch. As a result, it had seen some of the most uproarious violence that alcohol has ever produced.

The effect of alcohol on different races is as remarkable as it is invariable. An Englishman becomes haughty; a Swede sad; an Irishman sentimental; a Russian fraternal; a German melodious. A Scotchman always becomes militant.

It was on Saturday night that the Scotch gathered at the McIntyre House to make merry and seek each other's destruction. Whisky bottles were emptied and used as weapons; sometimes the bottom was knocked off to make a better impression on the thick epidermis that protected

the average clansman. Boots and even furniture were also used, although on gala occasions the furniture was removed. On a Sunday after one of these festivals, men would be in poor condition from Port Talbot to Campbellton, and from Iona Station nearly to West Lorne.

Even among the nondrinking Scotch, the tales of the McIntyre House were legendary. Once a commercial traveler from Toronto had called for a cocktail and given instructions on how to make it. The patrons were outraged but Johnnie McIntyre quieted them down and went out for ice. This he got from a little iceberg by a tree in the yard. It owed its origins to the dogs who frequented the tree and to the Canadian winter which quickly converted all moisture to ice. Johnnie thought this would return the man to whisky and so did those to whom he quietly confided the stratagem. The man from Toronto praised the flavor and called for another.



There was also the night that my great-uncle Dunc, the family ambassador to the drinking Scotch, sat next to one of the McPherson boys who had begun to worry lest alcohol was getting the better of him. After once again confiding sadly of his fears, he drank a large bottle of carbolic acid. To the surprise of all who had known his capacity, he died a horrible death.

Finally, there was the gala evening—it must have been about 1910—when one of the Campbells who inhabited the country north and west of town mounted the bar and announced his intention of avenging, once and for all, the insults that had been heaped on the Clan Campbell ever since it had fought on the wrong side at Culloden a hundred and sixty-five years before. He specifically promised to lick any man who lived between Lake Erie and the Michigan Central Railway. A

score leaped to the challenge; the Campbells rallied round. It was a glorious struggle. Next morning a half-dozen clansmen were still stacked like cordwood in the livery stable.

“Abolish the Bar”

Prohibition was advocated in Ontario partly because of the natural desire of better men to impose their virtue on the worse. But partly it was considered an important influence for markedly raising the productivity of the farm labor force. The slogan of the prohibitionists, “Abolish the bar,” showed the way in which their concern had become associated not with alcohol but with the theatre of combat.

Once the bar of the McIntyre House was closed, the Scotch deserted the hotel in droves. The poolroom was taken over by the idlers of the town and no good was thought to come of anyone who frequented the place. In point of fact, none did.

I have memory of only one moment when the McIntyre House was in its glory. It must have been on the first of July of 1914 or 1915 when I was approaching the age of either six or seven. We had gone to Dutton to celebrate Dominion Day, the Canadian Fourth of July, and to attend the Caledonian games. There had been running and broad-jumping, and throwing of weights for distance and height, and a great deal of sword-dancing and piping. My father, one of the officials of the Caledonian Society, had looked very grand in a modified kilt of the McDonald tartan—not many of the clansmen owned a complete kilt, so they made do with what they had. Then at four o'clock my sister and I were bundled into the family democrat, a large four-wheeled affair with a fringed top, and we started for home because the fighting had begun. As we passed the McIntyre House, we saw it. Some forty or fifty clansmen, the drinking Scotch at nearly their maximum effective strength, had been reinforced by elements of a Scottish regiment which had come to grace the celebration and provide music.

John Kenneth Galbraith is Professor of Economics at Harvard and former U.S. Ambassador to India; his books include “The Affluent Society” and (most recently) “Economic Development.” The three narratives of his boyhood in Canada, which “Harper’s” is presenting this summer, will be part of his next book, “The Scotch,” to be published by Houghton Mifflin in August.

Some of the celebrants were in the bar; others were struggling to approach it or shouting to those inside to pass out the bottles. A number of fights were already in progress in the crowd outside; from within came the joyful shrieks and loud crashes indicating that hostilities there were much more advanced. Pipers around the edge of the struggling mass were offering a competitive combination of pibrochs, marches, and laments to inspire the combatants to greater feats of violence. We got by as quickly as the traffic and our alarmed mare would allow.

The sound of the pipes did not recede and fade as we drove away; on the contrary, it grew in volume as the whisky was passed out and the pipers warmed to their work. And at intervals over the spiel of the pipes came the high demoniac shriek which for a thousand years on ten thousand battlefields has struck terror to the hearts of the brave. It is the cry of uncontrollable joy of a drunken Highlander as he sees the chance for personal immolation.

Born Saved—or Damned

Some two and a half terrestrial miles from the McIntyre House (I do not believe the spiritual distance was ever charted) lay the Canterbury of our community, the village of Wallacetown. Here the settlers built their churches and when, later on, the railroad had nurtured the much larger village of Dutton to the north, they remained faithful to their ancient associations. Dutton held some eight or nine hundred souls and the Scotch did not feel at home in its metropolitan atmosphere.

Wallacetown had a very small Catholic church, a somewhat larger Methodist congregation, a remarkable Baptist congregation nearby, and a very large body of Presbyterians. The latter gathered for worship in a big red-brick edifice on the Currie Road just north of town.

The Presbyterians had Sunday School, morning services which were attended by the entire family, evening services from which the elders were excused and at which religion was somewhat subordinate to the preliminary rituals of mating, a weekly choir practice, and a Wednesday night prayer meeting which, however, was patronized only by the exceptionally pessimistic. The Presbyterians were, in other words, a full-scale religious enterprise, and their affairs were of interest even to those who did not belong. We did not belong but we wondered with the Presbyterians whether God frowned on Angus McWilliam who spat

tobacco copiously down the furnace register during his devotions.

All of the Scotch believed in God. But for most this was less the result of piety than of tradition and prudence. By quite a few, prudence was not deemed to require regular church attendance, and others had found in the Covenanted Baptist Church of Canada a very satisfactory compromise among cost and convenience and caution.

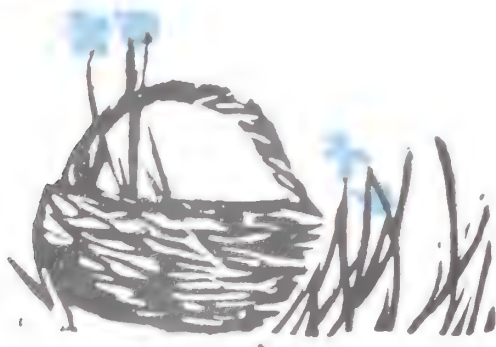
This congregation, known to the community as the Old School or Hardshell Baptists, met in a plain rectangular red-brick structure about a mile east of Wallacetown on the Back Street. It stood on a little hill with a small burial ground on one side and the usual horse sheds behind. This was the church we attended.

How this creed got into rural Canada I do not know. But there was no doubt as to its hold on the affections of the rural Scotch or the reasons. It was completely accommodated to their culture. The church contained nothing, literally nothing, but square oaken pews and a plain wooden pulpit. Church doctrine forbade a choir or an organ—in fact music of any kind. The singing of Psalms was not allowed and, as accomplished by the Scotch, involved no violation of the ban. The collection of money in church was also strictly forbidden. Money was the week-day faith. To keep it out of church was to show that Sunday was sacred to a different deity.

Nor was much money needed. Central to the creed of the church was an uncompromising predestinarianism. A man was born saved or he was born damned. Accordingly, pleas, persuasion, and warnings were redundant. It was a further tenet of the faith that a good preacher was inspired by his Maker. As a further result, it was impious and also very poor economics to pay him for gifts that he received gratis from God. So he lived on what members of his congregation in moments of similar inspiration were moved to give. It was understood, though, that the less inspired might require occasional prodding.

Buddhists, Hindus, sun and fire worshipers, and practitioners of voodoo and self-mortification also had their future fully predetermined—presumably all had been born damned. So no money need be spent on missionary work. A Sunday School was redundant because youths were either already in the fold or they never would be. And—as perhaps the most inspired source of saving—there was no need for a weekly sermon. Things having already been arranged, it was unnecessary to apply constant pressure to reform the sinners or to keep the saved from backsliding. No harm

would be done if a preacher came once a month and preached four times as long. This was the custom, and it meant that one man could handle four congregations. However, it was understood that in practice no single sermon should much exceed an hour, and the annual deficit was made up, at least in part, by what was called May Meeting.



May Meeting came during the second weekend in May. Along the northern shore of Lake Erie, this is a splendid time. One can sit on the new grass and feel fully the returning warmth of the sun. It is the season of hepaticas and violets and jack-in-the-pulpits. One's eyes feast on the color again after the black, gray, and dull white of the winter. During May Meeting, there were services on Saturday morning and again on Saturday afternoon. Then on Sunday morning there was a devotional doubleheader—a sermon began at ten and ended at eleven and was followed immediately by another which lasted until a little after twelve. There was another service on Sunday afternoon and a final session on Monday morning which, however, was less well attended than the rest. By then many of the Scotch felt that God would wish to see them back at work. Those who attended faithfully had by the end of the Meeting six full hours of sermons to their credit.

Nothing in these devotions would have interested a visiting Mencken. If hell-and-damnation religion were at one pole, this would be at the other. The proceedings opened with the Psalm. The congregation then sat down in the oaken pews and looked at the minister. The minister looked at the congregation and told it of its fate. The congregation heard him out in silence.

At some time during the weekend a number of the more committed members of the congregation accompanied Elder Slauson to the Thames River, some seven miles to the north, for baptismal ceremonies. (Lake Erie was much closer but at this season it was still forbiddingly cold and had awkward waves.) In most years, only one or two

candidates, usually women of rather mature years, presented themselves, and the purpose of the sacrament was something of a puzzle. Given rigid prearrangement, one's prospects in the next world could not be improved, or for that matter usefully altered, even by total immersion. Whatever the nature of sin as seen by our church, it was certainly not soluble in river water. Our family never attended.

The sermons, which we did attend, caused me acute pain. To this day, I never sit down to listen to a speech or a lecture without making a mental calculation as to when it will be over. That was the question that was in one's mind when Elder Slauson began those terrible sermons, and one knew that for all practical purposes they never would be. Once when I was eight or nine, my father gave me a dollar watch. According to local lore, such watches did not last long. For many months I kept mine in the box and carried it only once a month to church. This was not vanity. The sermon was a form of punishment beyond anything that hell had to offer. But it was heaven itself to look at the watch and learn that two or sometimes even three minutes had passed.

Above a certain age, it was partial compensation that May Meeting for the Scotch was also a considerable social event. Some ten miles to the north around Glencoe and Ekfrid, to the northwest around Lobo and Duart, were the other congregations on Elder Slauson's circuit. All were members, more or less distant, of our own clans. For May Meeting, they would drive over to our church.

The two large and related springtime tasks in households tributary to our church were housecleaning and getting ready for the May Meeting. Before the automobile became common, a clutch of distant relatives would show up on Saturday after the services and remain through Sunday. No one ever announced his arrival in advance, and it was a matter of pride to be prepared for all who might come. Ours was a small clan, rather loosely knit, and we rarely had overnight guests or more than a dozen, young and old, for Sunday dinner. The Grahams, a large and clannish clan, might have as many as forty for two days. Considerations of economy were not allowed to interfere with this hospitality even among the most penurious of the Scotch. A good man stood at his door and made everyone welcome. And the excellence of the magnificent spreads—roast chicken, stuffing, gravy, homemade bread and butter, pickles, preserves, and multiple choices of pie—depended not on a man's money but on

the skill and energy of his wife. These last he could give with a lavish hand.

Between the Presbyterians and the Old School Baptists, there was a certain measure of rivalry. Numbers, prestige, and general prominence were on the side of the Presbyterians. Our church, however, included a considerable number of the loftier clans, and we gained a certain esteem from the extreme austerity of our doctrines. Like the Christian martyrs, we were thought, not inaccurately, to suffer for our beliefs. We also benefited from missing the devastating schism which rent the Presbyterians in the mid-'twenties.

This was the row over church union. The union of the Protestant churches was a project that had appealed to good churchmen in Canada for a good many years. During World War I, men of all faiths had marched together under one God to shoot down the barbarous, although admittedly also Christian, hordes of Germany and Austria-Hungary. If men could be so united for God's work in wartime, surely they could join together in peace. Or so the argument ran.

When an Election Gets Dirty

This union did not, of course, include the Catholics. The regular Baptists declined. The Old School Baptists were not asked; our liturgy could not be readily assimilated and neither, possibly, could our pews. In the end, it came

down to the Methodists, the Congregationalists, and the Presbyterians. The first two voted themselves into the United Church of Canada *en bloc*, and the Presbyterians, having made a strong move in that direction, were then assailed by doubts. They agreed to allow each congregation to vote on the matter itself. If those favoring union lost, they could, of course, follow their conscience into a neighboring United Church. Were those opposing union the losers, they could worship with some Presbyterian congregation that had won its election. But the church and the church property went with the majority. Thus, what might have been a rather complex decision turning on difficult doctrinal points became, in the main, a quite comprehensible row over real estate. At stake in our community was the big red-brick church on the Currie Road.

The fairness of elections frequently turns on the importance of the issues. If nothing much is at stake, men will be honest. In this instance, a great deal was at stake, and so it was a fairly dirty election.

Efforts were made to influence the preacher. At first, he leaned to union. Pressure was brought to bear by the large number who were opposed. He then leaned back. This infuriated the unionists, who proceeded to spread the story that he had swung back only because he had observed that most pastors were for union, which meant that the mediocre ones would have difficulty finding employment in the new church. The con-



tinuing Presbyterians publicly complimented him on accepting divine guidance.

Simony reared its head. Big Jack Crawford (I disguise names here as with the McTavishes following) had three massive daughters who were neither beautiful nor musical but who yearned, as did all maidens of their age and marital hopes, to sing in the choir. Big Jack was opposed to union—as he had been opposed to every innovation since the cream separator—and Mary Crawford, his wife, had voiced the general belief of quite a few Presbyterians when she said that “If God had intended us to worship with the Methodists, He would have had us do it in the first place.” But the unionists got to Jack’s daughters and offered them places in the choir. The girls worked on Jack; he knew that his life would be hideous if he did not yield. Too late the continuing Presbyterians learned what was happening and came through with counter promises. The Crawfords all voted for union.

The case of Annie McTavish was more regrettable. Her husband, Malcolm, had died some years before. A gentle soul and a faithful member of the kirk, he had been treated badly by his wife. As often happens, she assuaged her conscience by an excess of affection after his death. She told often and publicly of how she looked forward to lying by Malcolm’s side beneath the modest McTavish headstone. She was then in her late seventies.

Annie’s children were in favor of union. She was said to be leaning that way. But as the balloting week approached, a delegation of non-concurring Presbyterians, as they were generally termed throughout the Dominion, called on Annie and warned her that, as a member of a union congregation, she could not rest beside her husband in Presbyterian soil. Annie indignantly denounced these tactics and promptly proclaimed her intention of voting for the union. Deep in her heart she had always abhorred the thought of keeping company with Malcolm’s moldering bones.

Uneasy About God

Although, in the end, union was decisively defeated, the schism mirrored rather accurately the religious tendencies of the Scotch. As I have noted, no question of doctrine was raised. Save as a source of political pressure on the preacher, God did not enter the dispute. But the church was very much at issue.

The Scotch thought well of their churches both as institutions and as pieces of real property.

They enjoyed the feeling of membership that came from appearing with their offspring at their accustomed place each Sabbath morning. They felt a trifle more akin to those clansmen who were members of their own congregations than to others. They attached rather more credence to the intelligence on markets, crop prospects, the weather outlook, or the last speech by Sir Wilfred Laurier or Mr. William Lyon Mackenzie King that they gathered after church than anything they picked up on a purely secular occasion.

In contrast with this feeling of comfortable affection inspired by the church, the Scotch were a trifle uneasy about God. He was never mentioned, save by the profane, in ordinary conversation. Farming in southern Ontario was more than normally subject to the weather. The weather to a singular degree, is of heavenly manufacture. Yet none of our neighbors would have dreamed of appealing to God for dry weather for the bean harvest. Every once in a while a well-meaning minister, perhaps a visitor from town who was standing in for a regular divine, would take note of the damage being done by a prolonged dry spell and ask for rain. His audience to the extent that they were listening, would attribute the request to a lack of farm experience. Certainly they did not expect it to do any good.

A few Scotch were obliged by the custom of their clan to say grace at mealtimes or at family reunions. This was done in haste, with poorly concealed embarrassment, and, in the case of my father, when he was called, without any knowledge whatever of the words. The intonation which was as standardized as the Anglican Book of Common Prayer, went as follows:

Lord for these blesssssss sss
Ssss sss sss sss sss ss.
Ssss sss sss sss ssssss
Ssss sss ssist sake. Amen.

It was assumed that God could render it intelligible in English if he wished.

Some will say that something of spiritual importance was missing. Perhaps. But as matters are regarded from heaven, the proper vantage point, there must be some merit in people who look after themselves, do not request the impossible, and keep to an absolute minimum the number of purely ritualistic and ceremonial petitions.

Next month, concluding this series, Professor Galbraith will sketch the seasonal timetable for husbandry, and offer some reflections on our contemporary Cult of the Wilderness.

Why Gaston Defferre?

by Jean Daniel

Out of the maze of French politics the down-to-earth Mayor of Marseilles has emerged to challenge that "heaven-sent man" for the Presidency of France.

Will General de Gaulle ask for a renewal of his presidential mandate two years from now? This question has been dividing French political circles for some time. Opinions vary, depending on which side one is on, as to the chances of the leading rival for the office: Gaston Defferre, fifty-three years old, Mayor of the City of Marseilles, Socialist Senator of the Bouches-du-Rhône Department, several times a Minister in the governments of the Fourth Republic. The consensus, however, is that if de Gaulle runs, Defferre hasn't a chance; but if de Gaulle withdraws, Defferre is the least impossible candidate.

Gaston Defferre himself doesn't agree with this analysis. He claims that his deepest wish is that the President will run. To be beaten by de Gaulle, he says, is no disgrace. Furthermore, he is persuaded that he has a chance, particularly if the General's candidacy eliminates all other candidates of the Right. And recently he has come to feel that his victory over de Gaulle is not an impossibility. In a time when France no longer has need for a superman or a "savior," Defferre feels that he reflects much more than the General does the everyday aspirations of the French people.

"For years now," he says, "I have refused to

take a ministerial post in order to dedicate myself to a task that my friends considered secondary—the mayoralty of Marseilles. And now it is precisely because I have succeeded as Mayor that they have asked me to be a candidate for the Presidency of the Republic."

To show what he stands for, Defferre travels all over France. When he reads speeches written for him by a group of "technocrats," law professors, and Kennedy-type intellectuals, he is not at ease. Neither is his audience. But when the Mayor of Marseilles talks about city planning, schools, hospitals, and roads; or when, with a very down-to-earth realism, he sizes up the virtues of nationalization and the problems of civil servants and trade unionists; when he appeals to students, unfairly treated workers, and poorly paid technicians to protest that money which should go to them is being squandered in building a nuclear striking force, then Gaston Defferre finds words that hit home and hold his audience. He is not a rabble-rouser; he explains rather than propounds. But there is something in his restrained voice, with its uninflected monotone and its quiet insistence which gives an impression of strength.

One day while he was speaking at a meeting where his listeners were mainly working people, I heard a man say to his neighbor that it was just as well that freedom of speech was not allowed on French television* because Gaston Defferre could never shine there. His neighbor replied, "Gaston would never be a star like the

* Both of the French networks are state-controlled.

great Charles, but in a debate, like the one in the United States between Kennedy and Nixon, he would have nothing to fear." This is true. Defferre knows how to answer and how to counter-attack. Alone, he lacks what the theatre calls "presence," but in a duel, with the stimulation of an adversary, he is a sharp antagonist. His physical appearance is attractive, and his prominent forehead and receding hairline, his oval face and long neck remind one a bit of a younger Lyndon Johnson. But his charm has nothing Southern about it. He is not expansive; he makes few gestures, and his Marseillaise accent is discreetly veiled by a rapid and rather poorly articulated delivery. He doesn't have the verbal playfulness one associates with the Mediterranean; he prefers action to words. This variety of Southerner, unknown abroad, is the Protestant type. In France the word "Protestant" has somewhat the same connotation that "Catholic" has in the U. S.—a minority once persecuted, now very solid and powerful, characterized by sober behavior, puritanism, and dynamism. It is quite fitting that the man his followers would like to make a French Kennedy should be a Protestant.

A Kennedy Parallel?

If Gaston Defferre has already begun campaigning in the provinces two years before the elections, it is not because the French have anything corresponding to American primaries. Such elections are inconceivable because there are not just two great political parties in France, but a dozen. Besides, Defferre was formally designated as a candidate for the Presidency on February 2, 1964, by the Socialist party, SFIO, to which he has belonged for thirty years. Nevertheless, in attempting to muster the forces of the Left and Center Left around his candidacy, Defferre is proceeding somewhat as if there actually were primary elections. It's like reading a chapter from Theodore White's book on Kennedy, *The Making of the President*. (This book, incidentally, had an astounding impact on young French political circles. And a word coined by François Mauriac, the celebrated writer dedicated to de Gaulle, made a big hit: he called the young people around Gaston Defferre the "Kennedillons.") Defferre's arrival in a province is expertly organized; he is thoroughly briefed beforehand on the public and private problems of important local officials so that he can meet with them on an informed basis. Though this highly organized procedure is foreign to him and he doesn't always appreciate it, Def-

ferre adds a natural touch and a restrained informality which relaxes the performance.

At every meeting Defferre reiterates his favorite themes: "De Gaulle is without doubt a historic personage but he uses more and more tortuous means to achieve noble objectives; today France needs practical men; men concerned with local problems—with the fact that in such and such a village they don't have electricity or a water system; with the fact that there are not enough houses or schools to meet an ever-growing population; France needs men who have concrete plans for the future."

Planning for the twenty years ahead—this is the policy of "Horizon 80," the slogan which corresponds to the "New Frontier," and which refers to a fifteen-year, long-range program, from 1966 to 1980, of political, economic, and social planning for France and Europe. For the mystique of French greatness, Defferre says France must substitute knowledge of the future—*la prospective*—"the shape of things to come." He adds, in private interviews, that he is less visionary than de Gaulle, less intelligent than Mendès-France. He makes coy and skillful use of this modesty, pointing out that, after all, he has been asked to run and that he didn't seek the office. "It must be understood that if France wants to become a workshop she needs a foreman endowed with character rather than an unpredictable genius." He makes a strength of his weaknesses, an asset of his faults. He has been most successful thus far with small groups, where he will permit himself the luxury of replying to an embarrassing question with a frank, "I hadn't thought of that before"; or, "I hadn't considered that, but on that point you are right; I must correct my point of view." He is straightforward and wants everyone to know it.

It is true that Defferre had not thought of being a candidate and that, when others thought of it for him, he took time before accepting. The mayoralty of Marseilles, an office he has held for eleven years, absorbs him fully. There is certainly plenty to be done in this immense city, the second largest in France. In 1953 Marseilles, with an

Jean Daniel, one of France's best-known political reporters, was formerly editor of "L'Express" and writes now for "The New Republic" and "Le Monde." Some of his most important articles were those he sent to "L'Express" from North Africa during the Algerian war, and his interviews with President Kennedy and Premier Castro on the Cuban missiles crisis. He is a French native of Algeria. This article was translated for "Harper's" by Virginia Hughes.

area as large as Paris, had not had any new building for seventy years. In ten years Gaston Defferre completely modernized and industrialized the city and its surroundings. In addition to his duties as Mayor, Defferre is the publisher of the leading newspaper in Marseilles, *Le Provençal*, the successor of a Resistance newspaper, *L'Espoir*, which Defferre helped put out during the war.

Even his severest political adversaries recognize his administrative qualities, and the most spectacular example in this regard concerns the 100,000 French who fled the new Arab Republic of Algeria to establish themselves in Marseilles. As a partisan of Algerian independence, which allied him momentarily with de Gaulle, Gaston Defferre was detested by these dispossessed "*piéds noirs*" or "*petits blancs*," as they were called. Today, the majority of these refugees, having been relocated, housed, compensated, and re-employed, have nothing but praise for the Mayor of Marseilles. His adversaries' favorite criticism is that he rules his city by grace of a "Mafia" composed of Corsicans, Maltese, Sicilians, and North Africans. Marseilles is a particularly cosmopolitan city, and legend—or history—has it that behind-the-scene feudal lords have always clandestinely pulled the strings of power. Aside from the fact that these slanders have never been verified, it is well known that this alleged Mafia is itself divided and, above all, it is an established fact that Gaston Defferre is one of the most honest men in French political life.

Waking the Political Animal

However, for the past ten years the French people have been losing interest in politics with dismaying rapidity. Except perhaps during the six months of the Mendès-France government, and during the first three months following the accession of General de Gaulle to power, the French have been totally uninterested in public life. They no longer feel concerned. At the same time, increasing prosperity has encouraged people to indulge material whims and seek life's pleasures. Disgusted with the Fourth Republic, whose Parliamentary Assembly tumbled ministers nearly every three months, after a brief upset the French eagerly put their country's future into the hands of General de Gaulle, who was waiting for just that. The convulsion that followed the Algerian war did give the illusion of an awakening of conscience, but since the governments of the Left were unable to fulfill their mission of arranging

a peace, and since it was a General of the Right who eventually imposed that peace, political consciousness, in general, were both disorganized and demoralized. The main events of the Algerian crisis—the military putschs, the terrorism, and the demonstrations—never involved more than a tiny minority, nearly all of them on the Far Right. When the war ended, the French, lulled into a sort of lethargy by the "heaven-sent man," were no longer interested in anything except the most local matters, the most technical and material things; this was what the candidates discovered in the last election campaigns.

For professional politicians, the conclusions to be drawn were very clear. First of all, it was urgent to repoliticalize the people of France. And it was necessary to do it at once; two years was not too much time. Today, the presidential elections are only eighteen months away. The requisites of this repoliticalizing were, on the one hand, total condemnation of the Fourth Republic and, on the other hand, denunciation of the Gaullian lethargy. "History," writes Gaston Defferre, "abounds with examples of the most celebrated heads of state replaced by administrators who have less brilliance and who do not crush democracy by their personality but who, with modesty and determination, sometimes accomplish great reforms."

The successor of General de Gaulle must, then, be a man who will take into account the positive contributions of Gaullism (ministerial stability, the presidential constitution, and the authority of the State) and who at the same time will rid the General's regime of its mystical trappings. To accomplish this, he must take up the themes of Gaullist policy one by one and prove that impressive words give the illusion of efficiency; he has to make use of the victims, if not of the Gaullist regime, at least of the times: i.e., the majority of the workers and peasants whom prosperity benefits very little; the students of the vastly overcrowded schools and colleges; the young people attracted to science, electronics, and space science who consider de Gaulle a man of the past; and finally foreigners, especially the Europeans and Americans whom de Gaulle continues to exasperate.

Where to find a man who could accomplish this with authority—a candidate who could embody aspirations so complete and so contradictory? He could not be a man of the Right, for though the Rightist French don't like de Gaulle, they vote for him out of sheer conservatism. On the Left, the Herculean task was to find a reorganizer. Aside from the Communist party, which is as

monolithic and hard-grained as in Stalin's day, every French political party has splintered during the past several years, but on the Left it has been especially confusing. In the Socialist party, SFIO, its Left wing created a new party (the PSU) in which three hostile forces are now tearing each other to pieces. However, the Socialist party represents a tradition firmly rooted in France; it plays a sort of arbiter's role in political life. The candidate to succeed the General, then, had to be a Socialist. But who? The man in the forefront was obviously Guy Mollet, Secretary-General of the SFIO, former President of the Cabinet, who was said to have the full support of the party.

But Guy Mollet is also the Premier who in 1956 knuckled under to Algeria in the face of a demonstration by radical "*piéds noirs*"; who agreed to "cover" for the military when they intercepted an airplane of the King of Morocco which flew Ben Bella from Rabat to Tunisia; and who took the initiative in the famous expedition of Suez and Sinai. It was said that Guy Mollet would alienate the Left non-Socialists and the trade unions and provoke the all-out hostility of the Communists.

Then Mollet, without realizing it, made a decision which eased everything; in the spring of 1963 he declared solemnly that he would not, under any circumstances, be a candidate. This was his way of repudiating the Gaullist regime, of not accepting the presidential constitution, and of leading a movement for return to a parliamentary regime. Furthermore, though this wasn't known until much later, Guy Mollet was assured of the support of the Communists in this venture.

This is one of those sudden shifts which foreigners have some difficulty in understanding. Guy Mollet had been for many years the *bête noire* of the Communist party. He was denounced as a protagonist of the Atlantic Pact, of a pro-German Europe, Suez, colonialism, etc., etc. Then, in 1962, in the fight against de Gaulle, Mollet accepted electoral and tactical alliances with the Communists. As far as the latter were concerned, a pact with the all-powerful Secretary-General—with Guy Mollet personally—was expedient in

order to nibble away at the Socialist party. There then followed Mollet's trip to Moscow, the Soviet-American agreements on the banning of nuclear tests; and now, in establishing cordial relations with the Communists, Guy Mollet goes so far as to assert that he favors the political *entente* between the United States and Russia against Franco-Chinese collusion.

Since the end of 1962, the young French Kennedyists have felt that they have discovered the ideal man in Gaston Defferre. They gather on his estate on the hills overlooking Marseilles, the "Roucas Blanc," a magnificent house, which the Mayor of the second city of France usually leaves only for City Hall or for his boat. Gaston Defferre is proud of his talents as a sailor. His only luxury, he says, is his yacht *Palynodie*, whose plans he helped draw up with Olin Stephens, the American naval architect. He has won many regattas, and last year he was French champion in Class II for the Mediterranean. The navigator is important in Defferre's personality. The first Marseillais whom I met when I returned to Marseilles this year told me, with feeling, that his liking for Defferre was based on his memories of experiences at sea: during a storm which lasted fourteen hours he had seen Defferre alone at the helm, without a sign of discouragement.

"I realized then," my informant said—he was a technician, a former hero of the Resistance—"that Gaston was a man." Defferre had declined the attentions of the young technocrats; he felt much more at home in City Hall or in his boat than in electoral meetings. His wife, a Dutch woman, was reserved in public, and they say she wasn't happy at the prospect of upsetting a quiet, agreeable life for two long years of campaigning.

These high officials and young technocrats find Defferre, if not the strongest personality, at least the one best-fitted to the role they intend to make him play. He meets all the requirements I have just listed. Defferre was a European Socialist, an advocate of the European Defense Community which foresaw a common European army, and a fierce defender of the Atlantic Alliance. While Guy Mollet engulfed himself in Algerian errors, Defferre as Minister of Over-

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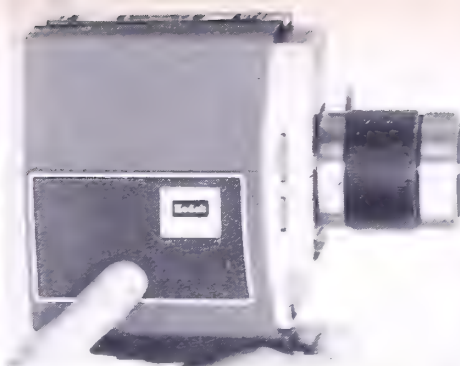


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what French politician except Mendès-France
st of his fr

Threatened more than anyone else by the gang
of Secret Army terrorists who fought the enemies
of French Algeria, Defferre showed spectacular
courage. And yet during this time he refused to
abuses of the Gaullist regime. He was said to be
saries and the most rebellious of his partisans.
This situation, and this zigzag itinerary, with its
shared by millions of Frenchmen since 1958. This
is what makes him the "ideal" candidate: he ex-
presses everyone's complexity.

As a matter of fact, Gaston Defferre's present
is a sort of
steadfast tribute to General de Gaulle. Take as
an example the problem of French relations with
the United States. The Gaullist mystique of
and Defferre has discovered that it corresponds
to such a profound European reality—that he
He has

now. He wishes to make Americans understand
stand the
sic. On the whole, however, he is

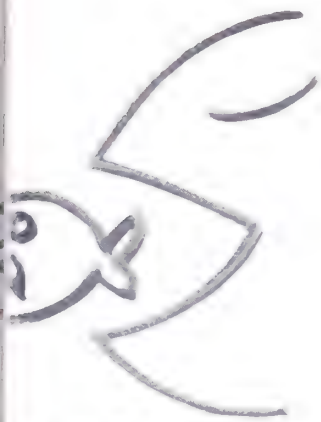
full of compassion of all the middle classes—trade
technicians whom the Gaullist regime only used

Defferre clearly wants to be a reorganizer. His
chief worry is that he may outdistance his party,
the SFIO (which one sometimes forgets stands
for "The French Section of the Workers' Inter-
national": in other words, the party from its in-
ception was "revolutionary"). So as not to offend,
he avoids locking himself into a program that is
specifically socialist, in the traditional sense of
the word. On the questions of nationalization
and of "secularity," for example—two themes on
which the SFIO feels honor-bound to commit it-
self with vehemence—Defferre is treading a very
cautious and very evasive path. He is, of course,
criticized for this by the doctrinaires in his own
party, by his rivals (the friends of Mr. Guy
Mollet), and by the active groups of the Left and
the Extreme Left.

To these criticisms Defferre replies that since
he is a candidate he is out to win. The search for
a compromise is, he feels, a duty. On the other
hand, he probably feels that the Socialist party
has changed a good deal since the time when its
objective was to unite the workers with the
Communist party. At the convention which de-
cided on the candidacy of Gaston Defferre, certain
things did in fact surprise foreign observers, who
know the French Socialist party only by the role
it played in certain recent governments, and not
by its origins and its history. At the beginning
and end of the meeting all the members, including
Guy Mollet, Gaston Defferre, Robert Lacoste,
Max Lejeune, and Jules Moch, stood up and sang
the "Internationale." Red flags decorated the walls
and tables. All of these prosperous and beribboned
gentlemen addressed each other as comrade. Cruel
as this comparison may be, I cannot help thinking
of Mexico, where I recently visited and where the
revolutionary jargon had seemed to me a fraud,
half-comic, half-tragic. The memory of Jaurès,
Guesde, and Léon Blum, those heroes of French
socialism, is a hindrance to the present heirs, who
have to deal with the problems of France today.
Under these circumstances, it is very true that
the majority of the SFIO, in trying to modernize
itself, tends to become reformist and laborite.
When Defferre proclaims, "The hope of socialism,"
is Europe, and the hope of Europe is socialism,"
it is of Harold Wilson, Willy Brandt, and Pietro
Nenni that he is thinking.

But if Defferre is deliberately vague in explain-
ing his politics, if he refuses to define in detail a
genuine "program," it is above all a matter of
strategy. His purpose is precisely not to oppose
the bold evolution which is taking shape in French
Christianity and which is leading the Catholic
unions, for example, toward a progressive policy.

When you're only No.2, you try harder. Or else.



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There's no rest for us.

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And since we're not the big fish, you won't feel like a sardine when you come to our counter.

We're not jammed with customers.

is can't afford to relax.

Nor does he want to upset the enemies of General de Gaulle who are to the Right of the Socialist party. His reasoning is that if he succeeds in rallying a party of the Right around his candidacy, the Left will follow, and the Communists will have no choice but to vote for him on the second ballot.

The Communists and the trade unionists who are affiliated with them have already taken a stand against Gaston Defferre, and this is exactly what he wants. Support, or even a benevolent neutrality on the part of the Communists would compromise him. With the presidential elections being decided on the second ballot, Defferre hopes that a Communist candidate will run against him on the first ballot and that, on the second ballot, this candidate will be forced to retire in his favor because no other candidate of the Left will offer himself.

This is a tactic in which the Mayor of Marseilles feels comfortable. In his own municipal council he was able to remain in power thanks only to an anti-Communist coalition which went from the Socialists to the Extreme Right by way of the Gaullists. Nevertheless, it is a tactic which has its disadvantages.

In the first place, it is still possible that Guy Mollet, who is far from being put out of commission (he wasn't at all happy at being supplanted in the party which he had controlled up to now) may try to establish a "unity of action" with the Communists, thereby forcing Defferre to take some positions which will alienate the moderates.

Secondly, the changes brought about by the General's foreign policy have to be taken into account. Decolonization, cooperation with the underdeveloped world, national independence, autonomy in relations with the United States have been till now the favorite themes of the French Left. De Gaulle, however, has not only been talking about these problems, he has begun to do something about them. The fact is, though, that de Gaulle is only an extraordinary accident in the French Right; when he leaves, the men of the Right will return to their old ways. But for these reasons Defferre cannot permit himself to be less to the Left than de Gaulle on a single point lest the tone of his speeches raise questions, not to say anxiety, in many places. On the subject of national defense, opposition to a French nuclear striking force could certainly gain voters for a candidate. But Gaston Defferre has not yet answered the essential question: Should a new French government decide to abandon the building of a French atomic force, how will the physical conversion of present factories be accomplished?

However that may be, the great question re-

mains: no one is sure whether de Gaulle will run. The General has good reason to declare that now the real "Mr. X" is himself. At a press conference held some time before his operation in April, he even specified that he did *not* wish to say what he would be doing in two years. Those who feel that de Gaulle won't run say that the General has too lofty a conception of himself to dispute his authority with a rival candidate. Nobody can imagine him engaging in a debate with Gaston Defferre or anyone else. Those who, on the contrary, feel that de Gaulle will run declare that the President of the French Republic intends to follow to their conclusion his recently announced long-range plans in regard to China, Latin America, and Europe. Finally, others do not rule out the possibility of a last-minute understanding between de Gaulle and Defferre to assure a certain continuity to the "politics of the grand design"; this is how they interpret the extreme courtesy that Gaston Defferre has shown toward the General in the course of the campaign. One suspects that this courtesy may diminish as D day approaches—already Defferre has become restive under the limitations imposed on him by the General's decision that there will be no campaigning on the air until the election date is set. In any case, it is an odd theory.

Pompey Versus Caesar?

Meanwhile, the wave of the offensive against Gaullist power is mounting from the second city of France toward the first. The organization of this offensive becomes more defined each day. The people of Marseilles are on the attack. From the ancient history of this great Mediterranean port there comes a piquant analogy:

At the apex of their power, which had grown from the time the Phoenicians of Asia Minor had established themselves in Marseilles as commercial bankers, the Marseillais sealed their doom when they made the mistake of choosing Pompey against Caesar. This was a mistake for which they paid double—the destruction of their city when the legions of the Roman dictator sacked it, and the loss of their independence in the first century before Christ. This historic fact is especially amusing to recall as the friends of Gaston Defferre call for war against the Caesarism of de Gaulle. The Marseillais reply that it is true that their Gaston is not Pompey, but if he does not conquer Caesar he will save Marseilles. If he is not President of the Republic, he will still be Mayor of Marseilles.

Overweight children and teens often learn to eat excessive amounts of food at the family table

BEING FAT AND FLABBY not only may be unhealthy but also is looked upon, in this country, as very unfashionable. Overweight boys tend to be subject to as much scorn and teasing by their peers as are chubby girls, even though girls may often react more emotionally to the problem.

Losing excess weight usually is very difficult. It is ways wise to have the advice and help of a physician in running a weight control program. But parents who are truly interested in the healthful development of their children will make every effort they can to teach their children early in life to eat right—both in terms of providing essential nutrients and correct amounts of food to avoid adding extra and unnecessary pounds.

In most cases, overweight results from consuming more food, or calories, than the body needs. Some studies suggest there may be a relationship between obesity and physical inactivity. Parents should encourage otherwise healthy children to engage in a reasonable amount of physical exercise, and wise parents will set an example by doing the same thing.

PLAN FOOD INTAKE CAREFULLY

Children are taught fairly early in life to select foods valuable in terms of providing essential nutrients (protein, minerals, vitamins, etc.), it may be easier to help them control caloric intake, and it may be possible to avoid some of the confusion about whether certain foods are "fattening" or not. There is far too much folklore and not enough sound information in many weight control programs. Too many people depend upon the lures of "quick cure" artists who sell almost-magic programs and pills for losing weight without effort.

A weight control program is likely to succeed more readily if it is part of a plan for developing lifetime eating patterns. Unless the physician advises otherwise, a sensible program can be based on the Daily Food Guide which nutritionists have developed. The Guide fits the entire family. The person concerned about weight control can make selections from the same foods as other members of the family, but quantities will have to be adjusted to the calorie level desired.

THE GUIDE CAN HELP WEIGHT WATCHERS

By selecting foods as recommended in the Daily Food Guide, yet being certain that total caloric intake is balanced with daily energy needs, or is lower if weight reduction is the goal, the person concerned with weight control does not have to be treated as an "odd" member of the family. See instructions below for obtaining a complete copy of the Daily Food Guide, but here is an example of how the Guide suggests food selection to provide for a balanced diet:

Milk and Other Dairy Foods: Children and teen-agers should drink 3-4 glasses of milk daily, while 2 glasses are recommended daily for adults. (Equivalent amounts of

milk in other dairy foods such as cheese and ice cream fit the pattern too.)

An 8-ounce glass of milk provides about 150 calories. We refer to milk's calories as "armored calories" because, unlike "empty calories," milk provides several important nutrients. Milk is the best food source of calcium (which is recommended in the diet of adults as well as for growing children and teen-agers). Milk also supplies riboflavin (which is vital in the body's metabolism) and high quality protein which provides amino acids needed for body tissue development and repair. Milk also furnishes other vitamins and minerals.

Whole milk includes about 3.5% fat, and fat is necessary in the diet for such purposes as supplying essential fatty acids and for the transport of vitamins A and D. For a moderately active adult man, two 8-ounce glasses of milk provide 10-15% of his recommended daily caloric allowance. For a moderately active adult woman two 8-ounce glasses of milk provide about 14-20% of her calories. For teen-age boys 4 glasses of milk supply 18-22% of calories; for teen-age girls 25-30% of calories. These same quantities of milk, for each age group, also supply about 25% of the man's daily protein allowance, 31% for the adult woman, 35-44% for teen-age boys, and 45-50% for teen-age girls.

Milk is especially helpful in weight control diets because it does provide several essential nutrients at a comparatively low cost in calories. In those cases where physicians recommend extensive reduction in daily caloric intake, low-fat or skim milk may be used instead of whole milk.

The Daily Food Guide recommends food selections from three other groups to round out the sources of essential nutrients. These are: (1) Meats, Fish, Poultry, Eggs, Dried Peas and Beans, Nuts; (2) Fruits and Vegetables; (3) Breads and Cereals. Additional foods may be selected from outside these groups to provide the total caloric intake required by the individual.

Families who use the Daily Food Guide in meal planning and who help the young understand what food can, and cannot, do for them will find it easier to develop in the young those eating habits which are more likely to provide the essential nutrients and calories in sufficient amounts to maintain proper body weight. Food consumption is an important part of weight control. Teaching children to eat right can help.

For complete information on the Daily Food Guide, write: Daily Food Guide, American Dairy Association, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60606.

a message from dairy farmer member



american dairy association



WASHINGTON INSIGHT

by Joseph Kraft

Interview with Governor Scranton

"Harper's" Washington Correspondent recently talked in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, with Governor William Scranton, whose potential as a Republican Presidential candidate—though he has not campaigned—rates high.

MR. KRAFT: Governor, you have said that no man was fully qualified to be President. Could you elaborate on that? Why do you think no one is qualified to be President?

GOVERNOR SCRANTON: I said that in response to a question as to whether I thought I was qualified to be President. What I meant is, there is so much you have to know, so many things you have to keep track of, so much experience you have to have that no one is qualified to do it perfectly. In this sense, you might say that no one is perfectly qualified to be Prime Minister of Great Britain or President of France. But this doesn't mean you ought to throw away the job. Someone has got to do it.

KRAFT: Do you think you could do the job?

SCRANTON: Yes, I do.

KRAFT: What are the qualities that seem to you most important for the Presidency?

SCRANTON: Integrity, courage—that's very important—and the capacity to make decisions. Then there's a quality you might call temperance—though that's not really the right word. I mean—and you need it in all these major administrative jobs—the

ability to resist those rush decisions when someone comes to your desk and says these are the facts, and this is what you have to do, and you do it. Those are usually bad decisions. There is a need, amid all the pressures of the Presidency, to handle one's self and one's work so that there is adequate time to think out answers to deep policy questions, to reflect on what you are doing. That is the characteristic of all great men. But it is very difficult to achieve, particularly in that job.

KRAFT: Governor, you have talked a lot about the split in the Democratic party, and called it the party of deadlock. But isn't there just as sharp a split in the Republican party, particularly on foreign policy?

SCRANTON: No, I don't think so. All Republicans favor a strong foreign policy, and especially a firm stand against Communists. They may express this feeling in different ways. And some of them may sound extreme, such as the demand that we get out of the United Nations. But basically all they're saying is that we have to take a tougher stand against the Communists. But the Democrats are split wide apart, and not only on civil rights and states' rights, but on foreign policy too. There's a split between those favoring a strong position, and the so-called liberal wing. One of the most interesting things, it seems to me, is what happened during the Cuban missile crisis in the fall of 1962. Not one of the liberal Democrat candidates running for the Senate

at that time took the position President Kennedy took. So the so-called liberals, Joe Clark in Pennsylvania and Birch Bayh in Indiana, didn't want to do any at all.

KRAFT: Would it be fair to conclude from what you say about the parties that a reshuffling of party loyalties along clearer lines of demarcation seems to be shaping up?

SCRANTON: Well, a reshuffling of party loyalties is very easy to talk about. And it's very easy to write articles about. But it's not easy to do. Most people vote out of habit and along lines of family tradition. And then on the local level at the courthouse level and the precinct level, you develop strong commitments to one party or another, mainly for personal reasons. At the courthouse level, the South is much more committed to the Democratic party. So while I think a good deal may be talked and written about change of party allegiances, I don't think it will happen for a long time.

KRAFT: You have talked extensively of the need to shift emphasis from the federal government to the state governments. But how about the cities? And why do the Republicans do so poorly in the cities?

SCRANTON: In answer to the first part of your question, I have emphasized state governments because, as Governor, that happens to be a special responsibility. But I believe there ought to be more reliance on the local units of government, including cities. As to Republicans in the cities, in part it is a question of habit. The immigrant groups and minorities grew up with the Democratic party. Also Republicans have not done much to publicize the work they've done on urban problems. So, many people think they don't care about urban problems. You take Governor Rockefeller's middle-income housing program in New York. That's absolutely unique. But not many people know about it. It's a question of education.

No Crash on Poverty

KRAFT: Let's talk about some of those urban questions. First, civil rights. I take it you believe that the most acute problem we have is

SCRANTON: On the domestic side, yes. That and unemployment.

KRAFT: You have suggested that

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among the various approaches to the civil-rights problem, the one that seems most promising to you is education. Why is that?

SCRANTON: When I stress education, I am thinking of a crash program. I think that things have become so bad that we have to do something on an all-out basis. Now, there are three areas we all know are crucial for the welfare of the Negro: jobs, housing, and education. We all talk about them all the time, but let's look at them.

We can't have a crash program on employment. We just don't know how to create forty thousand new jobs overnight in Detroit, or in New York, or in Pittsburgh. We just can't do it. And housing, maybe you could build thousands of new homes for Negroes all over the country, and scatter them throughout the white districts. But you know the kind of resentment that is created when even one Negro moves into a fully white neighborhood. So I think a crash program on housing would arouse violent resentments, and do more harm than good.

That leaves education. We have the schools already. Some of them may be overcrowded, but no one uses them evenings or in the summer. And we have the teachers. They have evenings, and vacation times too. What we would make available through the schools is three kinds of training. There would be technical training, and vocational training, and then, for those who never received it, there would be elementary education.

Now, I haven't researched this program. We're working on it in Pennsylvania. But I have a pretty good idea what such training would do. The people who took technical training would be able to find jobs at once. Almost all of them. Most of those who took vocational training would be able to find jobs within a year or so. And those who took elementary training, they would probably not be able to find jobs. But at least they would have a sense of hope, something to live for. They wouldn't feel so frustrated, so looked down upon. And they could communicate their hope, and spread the word of this useful program to other communities.

I want to emphasize that this would be a crash program. It would be in-

efficient and wasteful, and we would make mistakes. But we have to do something. It's absolutely necessary.

KRAFT: Let's talk about another big urban problem—poverty, or unemployment. In your approach to unemployment, you have emphasized pinpointing specific locations. Why?

SCRANTON: First, let me say that when I emphasize pinpointing, I do it against the background of a prosperous economy—the kind of economic picture we have now. Of course, if you have a depression, then you have to have a massive effort across-the-board. But given general prosperity, then I favor the pinpoint approach, because the situation in every area is different and it has to be studied individually, and remedied on an individual basis. For example, here are two areas in Pennsylvania. One is Johnstown. The trouble there is that the town lies in a deep ravine, and there is little room for expansion. Now we're building access routes and industrial sites outside the city so that new industry can locate near the town and use the labor and services that are already there. Another town is Erie. Its unemployment has occurred primarily because out-of-town corporations have purchased local industries and closed down the plants and decreased employment there. The



Governor William Scranton

people are doing a good job of getting new industry. They have no terrain problems and plenty of good industrial sites. I just give those examples to show that the problem is different in every town.

KRAFT: Do you feel that the President's poverty program, and the Appalachian program are in line with the pinpoint approach?

SCRANTON: No, they're not. But it

is true that there are some common denominators in poverty and the President's program compared with them. In Appalachia, for instance, the whole area needs schools and the whole area needs schools. The federal government wants to put them in, that's fine. It's the same thing with the Job Corps. It meets the problem of a certain group that we have neglected across the country. But it's not going to solve poverty.

Billions Poured

KRAFT: You mentioned the need to sustain the general economy as a background to the attack on poverty. At the same time you have expressed fear that there may be a danger of inflation. How do you square that fear with the view of the President's Council of Economic Advisers that inflation is not likely because the economy is operating below capacity?

SCRANTON: Well, I'm no economist. I'm not even an expert on the economy, and I don't want to pick a quarrel with the Council of Economic Advisers. But when they speak of capacity, they're speaking of a theoretical figure—not necessarily what actually happens. What concerns me is that the economy is not booming, and the government is still pouring out billions, and on top of that we've just had this massive tax cut. Those are conditions you can create inflation. And I think unless the government curtails some of its spending, there is a potential danger. The trouble is that all this intense stimulation has happened once, almost overnight.

As I say, I am no expert. I have looked at what has happened in Japan, and I have been very impressed. Ever since they recovered from the war, they've had a program of a gradual tax cut every year. That way they help the economy in small doses—not in one massive job. I think we have something to learn from them.

KRAFT: Does that mean that you favor a flexible tax system with broad discretion for the President to make adjustments along the line once recommended by Kennedy?

SCRANTON: This may surprise you, because of all the things they conservatives believe. But I favor



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fiscal policy that works in harmony with the general economy—not a policy of doing nothing for years and then trying to do everything all at once.

What de Gaulle Wants

KRAFT: Let's turn now to foreign policy. Many people are saying that there has been a pluralization of power, a change from the time when the world was dominated by Russia and the United States. Do you believe that?

SCRANTON: I suppose you might say there's been a spreading of power. You have the Sino-Soviet split on their side, and some signs of independence in Eastern Europe. On our side there are tensions in the Atlantic alliance. I am very concerned about that. And then you have the rise of all the new countries in Asia and in Africa. If they can develop strong and stable governments, they may have a real future.

KRAFT: You expressed concern about the state of the Atlantic alliance. Do you think there are things the United States did that we should not have done? Or things we didn't do that we should have done? I mean that, of course, chiefly as regards General de Gaulle.

SCRANTON: Well, it has never been clear to me exactly what General de Gaulle wants. We read all these different accounts and speeches, and it still is not clear. If all he wants is to sit on our right side, you might say, the way the British do, then that seems all right. Two British correspondents have been through here recently, and they asked me if I thought Britain ought to have a favored position with the United States; I said, Not exclusively. But if de Gaulle wants to proliferate military command, that's a different thing. I remember being in Germany with some other Congressmen just after the Berlin Wall went up on the night of August 12-13 [1961]. There were all those reports about things we might have done, but didn't do. I asked General Clay why it was, whether there was no plan or no agreement among the allies or what. He said all those things were some of the reasons. And then he told us how the chain of command ran from an officer in Berlin to an officer in Heidelberg

and then on to NATO in Paris, and then back to the Pentagon and then to the President. That is too many people to make a decision, and I don't think we want to spread the command process further.

I also think there have been some cases where we haven't been too sensitive as to what our allies wanted. The test ban and the wheat deal with Russia, for instance. When we begin to ignore them, that makes it certain that our allies are going to want to deal with Cuba.

KRAFT: Does that mean you think that the test-ban agreement was a bad idea?

SCRANTON: No. I supported it when it was negotiated, and I support it still. When you have that kind of an opportunity, you take it. But you shouldn't think it is going to change the whole shape of the world. Things have been tough in the past. They'll still be tough in the future.

Trade with Russia

KRAFT: How about trade with Russia? Are you opposed to that?

SCRANTON: Well, I think it is useful to bear in mind that the trade possibilities are limited. I remember going over the list back in 1959-60, after the Camp David meeting, when I was in the State Department. The Russians can sell relatively few products. We don't need most of them. So there isn't much that they have to sell to us. As I remember, back in 1959 it came down almost entirely to crab meat, vodka, and caviar.

KRAFT: Do you think it still makes sense to follow a German policy based on the principle of German unification?

SCRANTON: Yes, and for one main reason. Most East Germans want unification. It may seem naïve to you, but what people want seems very important to me. We should help people achieve what they want. And the Germans want freedom and unification.

KRAFT: Do you favor European unity as a means of containing a unified Germany?

SCRANTON: I favor German reunification, period. I also favor European unity. We've been backing that for a long time—ever since the Coal and Steel Community in 1949, I think. I know there are

people who say a unified Europe will compete with us, and hurt us—that's only temporary. In the long run we want Western Europe.

KRAFT: In speaking of South Vietnam, Governor, you have said you didn't feel you could commit ourselves precisely without more exact and up-to-date information. But could you give us a general feeling of your philosophy? How much importance do you attach to South Vietnam? What are you calculating the war?

SCRANTON: I feel very strongly about the importance of South Vietnam. I was terribly disturbed by the neutralization of Laos. That was the most unfortunate. It meant a big step in the deterioration of our position in Asia. It meant a step toward surrounding India. It opened the door to South Vietnam. I'm very concerned about South Vietnam. I'd be in favor of stepped up efforts to support South Vietnam. I don't think we ought to extend the war outside South Vietnam until we achieve a stabilization of the situation inside South Vietnam, and the stiffening of its military position. Of course, that's all qualified on the basis of my limited knowledge. I'm not in a position to recommend specific courses of action.

"Let's Be Honest"

KRAFT: Governor, there has been a good deal of confusion with regard to your position on Cuba. Would you try to make that clear?

SCRANTON: I have tried to make it as clear as I can about Cuba. I think we should make a real effort with our allies, and with the Latin American countries to organize a quarantine of Cuba. If that didn't work, then we ought to impose a blockade. I think that is a vague term, and, of course, you would let through foodstuffs and medical supplies. But the point is that we need to take stringent measures.

I am deeply concerned about Cuba as a center for the emanation of subversive activities, not only in Latin America, but now in the East and even Africa. Whether the blockade would work, I don't know. Neither does anybody else. Let's be honest. But I think we have tried things that are more effective than what we're presently doing.

The Gods: Their Exits and their Entrances

by Paul Pickrel

gods, we are told, are immortal. Indeed, their immortality is usually regarded as their chief qualification for holding the job. And yet it takes every extensive acquaintance with human history to know that collective man has outlasted whole packs of troupes of divinities, as it takes every profound capacity for introspection to realize that in the individual life many gods must die in order that a single man may live.

The death of a god, the birth of a new one—these are the great moments of change in history or in the individual life. When an old way of apprehending the world grows stale, wears out, collapses under the weight of its own geographic elaboration, or a new way comes into being. The priestly class changes guard; men look to new answers to the questions that perplex them, as in our own time the statesmen, businessmen, and clergymen were thought to hold the answers recently as the first world war had been replaced by physicists, psychiatrists, and computers.

Two of the most striking novels to appear in recent weeks are concerned with those moments when the gods die, one quite literally, the other somewhat more metaphorically. The first is *Julian* by Gore Vidal (Little, Brown, \$6.95), a fictional autobiography of the late Roman emperor Julian to history as Julian the Apostate.

He owes this title to the fact that though he was brought up a Christian and was a member of the imperial family of Constantine the Great, he played a crucial role in establishing Christianity as the official imperial religion, he sought to cut Christianity to a place as one among many new Eastern religions and to restore the worship of the

ancient gods of the Hellenic world in his vast dominions.

Julian is a very long novel, the first Vidal has published in a decade, and it must have been written over a considerable period of time, for it raises a suspicion that the conception of the book in the author's mind changed in the course of the writing. The early part is clever, written with a condescending vivacity of tone such as a witty old rationalist like Anatole France might have used. But as the novel progresses, that tone is inadequate to Julian as Vidal imagines him. To be sure, throughout the book there is a good deal of fun to be had with the spectacle of a slave religion turning into a state church: the unseemly scramble for power and wealth by the early bishops (the commissars perhaps of the new power system) and the bitter in-fighting over articles of belief (Julian's life coincided with the heyday of the Arian Controversy, a doctrinal struggle that for nearly two thousand years has entertained the more cynical historians of Christianity).

But the Julian who emerges in the latter and better part of the book is anything but a rationalist or a cynic. Though he loved philosophy, he could not hear of a mystery cult without rushing off to be initiated, he could not hear of an oracle without rushing off to consult it, he could pass no ancient site of sacrifice without slaughtering a quantity of bulls that must have seemed embarrassingly close to vulgar display to the more provincial deities. In his attempt to restore ancient piety he created a religious eclecticism that was at bottom a blood-drenched muddle.

Jung somewhere has a remark to the effect that monotheism represents a higher organization of the psyche

than polytheism, and the mature Julian, as Vidal portrays him, has a dangerously disorganized mind. He is capable of brilliant action as a general and statesman, he can talk brilliantly too, but he must be close to schizophrenia. In the archaic age, as portrayed in such a book as *The King Must Die* by Mary Renault, the sense that every wood and every stream had its own divinity made the world a holy place, where a man, if he stepped lightly enough and reverently enough, could know joy, but Julian's polytheism chokes life. Everything is an omen; when the gods speak in every aspect of every event their cackling becomes sinister, insane.

At the end of his life (he was killed in his early thirties), Julian began to come out of his schizoid excitement; though he is supposed never to have uttered the famous words that Swinburne rendered, "Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean," they were an accurate enough index to his mood: the gods he had loved and attempted to restore to their ancient greatness had deserted him, and he died in the terrible wrung-out state of mind that follows schizophrenia, the depression of meaninglessness.

Julian is more fictionalized history than historical novel; it begins too early in the emperor's life and wavers too much in tone to achieve thematic unity. It isn't quite up to the greatness of its possibilities. But it is entertaining throughout, and the last part of the book, with its account of Julian's religious mania and recovery or release from it, is impressive.

Manners of Man by

The gods that die in *The Reign of Justin* by Louis Auchincloss (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.95) are somewhat more

metaphorical than those that die in *Julian*, but their demise is no less final.

This is the story of Dr. Frank Prescott, the founder and for nearly fifty years the rector of a fashionable private Episcopal school for boys. He calls his school Justin Martyr, both to honor the memory of the early Christian apologist who attempted to reconcile Christianity and Hellenism and to indicate his own educational aims.

Dr. Prescott is the son of a man he never knew, a young man from an old Boston family who lost his life in the Civil War, and the son's impulse to found a school springs from his attachment to the idealism of the Civil War generation and his desire to keep it alive in the vulgar money-grubbing decades that followed the war. His life ends in failure when he realizes that, instead of stemming the tide of American materialism, he has become an ornament to it; that instead of turning out leaders of church and state who would be ready to lay down their lives for the public good as his father had done, he has educated Wall Street lawyers and stockbrokers for whom his passionate convictions are a dignified but essentially irrelevant façade; that instead of raising up a band of men who embody the reconciled ideals of Christianity and Hellenism, he has taught Mammon the deportment of a gentleman.

The Rector of Justin is an extremely fine novel. It is almost certainly the best work of fiction ever written about an American preparatory school (such books are usually the work of disaffected masters interested in little more than giving old grudges the dignity of print), and it is among the best novels about American education, because it deals with the subject at a morally significant level. It also gives the fullest scope of Auchincloss's talents of any book he has so far written. He is always more at ease in portraying men than women, and in this novel there are few important female characters. He is always more skillful in portraying characters than in engaging characters in action, and here he has organized his book so that the reader moves around and around the main character, looking at him from a variety of points of view, with the result that the book has movement,

even drama, while it remains essentially a portrait. His love of period detail is less obtrusive here than it has sometimes been, and his ear for the moral pitch of human relationships has never been more acute.

Triple Debut

That wily old dean of American publishers Alfred A. Knopf apparently enjoys showing the youngsters from time to time that he still has a trick or two up his sleeve, and he has just pulled one off by publishing three books by the Canadian writer Margaret Laurence on the same day. Heretofore Mrs. Laurence has been known very slightly in this country, if at all, as the author of a history of the emergence of Ghana as an independent nation, but now, thanks to her publisher's showmanship and her own substantial talent, all that is likely to change.

Of the three books just published the least successful is a collection of short stories called *The Tomorrow-Tamer* (\$4.95). The stories are set in an unspecified new African nation and concern the first tentative efforts of Africans to move out of their tribal pieties and embrace the new gods that come to them from the West in bewildering combination—Christ, freedom, and technology.

These stories look like sound and enlightened reporting, but some of them are weak fiction, because the gap between the Africans and the Westerners is too great, the ironies are too obvious. The story about a fundamentalist missionary who finds Africa too complicated for him is a set piece, for instance; the reader expects to see him seduced by Miss Sadie Thompson before he clears out. The enterprising young African who attempts to get his respectable family to put on a show of primitive savagery to ensnare a rich young Englishman of anthropological tastes is funny enough, but it is *Charlie's Aunt* in blackface.

The best of the stories—the most moving and the least contrived—confine themselves to the African point of view. It is impossible to assess the accuracy of Mrs. Laurence's attempt to penetrate and portray the minds of these "emerging" people, the young Africans who go to work on construction crews or enlist in westernized

armies, but the stories bear the mark of an imaginative tact that is certainly genuine.

Such tact is in truth Mrs. Laurence's greatest gift, and it makes her travel book—*New Wind in a Dry Land* (\$5.95)—a fine performance. This is an account of her stay in what was then (1952) the British Protectorate of Somaliland (it is now part of an independent nation of Somalia). She went there because her husband, a civil engineer, took on the job of building a series of large reservoirs which the British government hoped would catch enough of the infrequent rainfall of the desert to tide nomads over their long dry seasons. She lived in the construction camp and got to know the Somali landscape and its people, and she spent enough time in the larger population centers to become acquainted with the British colonial officers as well as some of the international misfits who always seem to end up in such places.

With no necessity of fitting them into a plot, Mrs. Laurence is freer than she is in her stories simply to enjoy the characters she presents, and the Somalis certainly emerge from this book as a most engaging people. They are Mohammedans, save for the most part closely bound tribes, proudly sensuous, unsentimental, with a culture rich in poetry and keenly alive to physical beauty, contemptuous of the Westerner's apparent indifference to sexuality. ("You *Ingrese*," one Somali said in his eloquent pidgin English, "are not so highly acknowledgments as us of these considerations.")

Above all else, the Somalis, according to Mrs. Laurence's account, have that profound sense of submission which their religion teaches and the reality of desert life reinforces. This is the central faith of their lives, and it is precisely what they must give up if they are to emerge into the modern world. Their machine will last long in the hands of men who think that it runs by the will of Allah, but to learn that their machine operates on human responsibility is to suspect that a man uses the same fuel. Bright young Somali muezzins might be well advised to get hold of a paperback Freud.

The third of Mrs. Laurence's books to be published recently is a novel, *The Stone Angel* (\$4.95). This

THE NEW BOOKS

Only one of the books to be set in the author's native Canada, and only one in which the imaginative outweighs the reportorial. The chief character, and the narrator, in *The Stone Angel* is a woman ninety named Hagar Shipley. Memories about the very old, always quoting Muriel Spark's comic masterpiece *Memento Mori*, are usually dreadful, but *The Stone Angel* is a good book, because Mrs. Laurence avoids sentimentality and condescension; Hagar Shipley is still passionately involved in the puzzle of her nature.

Of course, much of the novel consists of her memories: as the pretty, beautiful daughter of a canny Scots merchant in a rough frontier town in western Canada; as a headstrong young woman who insists on marrying beneath her and forever alienates her father; as the mother of two sons, one who never touched her affections and turned out a timidly respectable man, the other who won a heart and wasted his life, and so on. But much of the story takes place in the present, and here again Mrs. Laurence's imaginative tact is strikingly at work, for surely this is what it feels like to be old.

The central problem of Hagar Shipley's life as she looks back upon it and as she still struggles to live is why, in a world that offers so many occasions of joy, she has known little. She decides that her trouble is pride, that she was always too busy putting a respectable face on things to rejoice in them for what they were. And yet the reader realizes that even that is too simple an answer to the question that bothers her; for what she calls her pride—her strength of will, her passion—is also the force that has kept her going for ninety years: what has prevented her from living fully is what has enabled her to live at all.

In this book Mrs. Laurence achieves universality that her other books do not attempt. The stone angel of her title refers literally to the showily pompous monument that Hagar Shipley's father imported to stand over the grave of his young wife in the raw new cemetery in western Canada. Symbolically, it represents (perhaps) the stultifying power of pretense, the pride that in both father and daughter turns the heart's desire

Whether the purpose is to soak up the scenery, raid the art galleries, or marry impoverished but titled Europeans, a million Americans invade Europe every year. "Americans Abroad" recaptures the humor, romance, and sheer pleasure that are the trademarks of European travel. They're all here—from Abigail Adams to Iowa Indians breakfasting with Disraeli to Dorothea Dix to jumping "Jim Crow." If you have ever been to Europe, plan to go, or merely dream of a future European adventure, this book is must reading. 212 pages \$5.95



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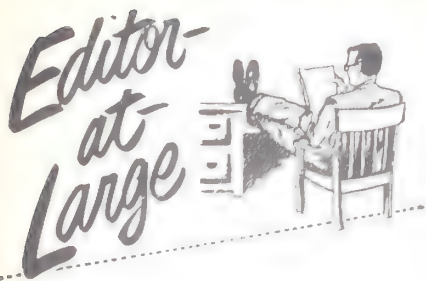
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I am often struck by the difference between an editor's initial report on a manuscript and the final publishers' flap copy on the same book. Funny how some books grow on you, especially when you have them under contract.

There is an occasional book in which both descriptions correspond neatly. Here, for example, are a few lines from the (heretofore) confidential reader's report on a book-to-be by Blanche Brown:

A proposal for a different kind of travel book (a very lively Art Guide to Europe, but I had not seen one). The author is an extremely popular lecturer at the Metropolitan Museum and an art historian who has the ability to popularize a subject without insulting it, and who writes with a kind of infectious enthusiasm that is much to be desired. She is, I think, the best of the first-time travel writers in Europe who knows almost nothing about art and for those more seriously interested in art who would like to know more about the cities he is going to; and she plans to do it not as a catalogue but as a description of each city as an art experience in itself. Attached are her outline for the book, an essay on Rome which was published in Harper's three or four years ago, and . . .

That was in 1958. Now the book, *Five Cities*, is ready and the flap starts off: "This is a book for people who love art or would like to and who have been to Europe or are about to go or would like to."

"An 'art city' to me," continues Mrs. Brown, "is a city that is itself to some degree a work of art." So is her book.

L.L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Five Cities. An Art Guide to Athens, Rome, Florence, Paris, London (\$6.95) by Blanche Brown is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022. Copies are available at your local bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 633 Canal Street, New Orleans, Louisiana.

THE NEW BOOKS

to stone. But the monument outlasts all that it commemorates; it is an angel too.

Learning and Zeal

The most difficult kind of book to review is the collection of essays on more or less the same subject by several writers, and the second most difficult is the collection of essays on various subjects by the same writer. The reason for the difficulty in both cases is similar; their lack of focus, their inevitable scatteration of point of view or topic, usually seduces the reviewer into a timid effort at a kind of critical democracy—he ends up (like a country newspaper) mentioning everybody and everything involved without saying anything of the slightest interest about any of it, except perhaps for those who have the pleasure of seeing their names in print.

The result is that both kinds of books tend to get short shrift. Publishers are rather reluctant to bring them out unless they have a chance for use in the classroom or the author or editor is worth some pampering to keep him in the stable, and a wily writer who ought to publish a collection of terse and sinewy essays will sometimes instead turn out a series of padded and flaccid books.

Yet many of these collections deserve notice, and a couple are about to receive it here. The first is *The Radical Tradition: Twelve Essays on Politics, Education, and Literature* (Pantheon, \$4.95), by the British economic historian R. H. Tawney, who died in 1962 and who is best known for his book *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*.

This book is primarily of historical interest, because it vividly illustrates the kind of precise scholarship, the passionate devotion to the public good (through a careful preservation of constitutional procedures combined with a fundamental reform of their social objectives), and the sometimes stirring eloquence that went into British Left-wing politics in its great intellectual age. Such qualities are already familiar from the work of the Webbs and the Coles and many others, of course, but they always come as something of a surprise to the American reader, because our own Left has never had behind it anything like

that formidable combination of ing and zeal.

But sometimes too, a kind of simplemindedness peeps through scholarly complexities. The case of war, Tawney tells us without qualification, is personal gain; education informs us, is the "great unevils" when capitalism is dead, he pronounces, bureaucracy will not inherit. In his long final essay on culture and social history, he shows that he was steeped in Elizabethan literature but had no general ideas about its relation to social history.

Many of the issues discussed in these essays are still alive, but how they seem remote. Their world is the world of the late-Victorian workingman, scrubbed and earnestly doggedly discussing John Stuart Mill under gasjets in a gothic public house two generations before the voice of the Beatle was heard in the air.

Virtue D.

The second collection—*Insight and Responsibility*, by the American (and adoption) psychiatrist Erik H. Erikson (W. W. Norton, \$5)—is considerably more relevant to what the no-stylish preachers call "our condition." It is also a fine example of why such books are often passed over by reviewers—the essays are highly valuable, frequently better in detail than in general, and any effort to speak of them as a whole will be not only inaccurate but also open to the charge of making the book seem more superficial than it is. And that, in this case, is particularly unfortunate, for Erikson is one of our very best psychiatric writers—his book *Childhood and Society* is a masterpiece.

But to make a stab at it: the unifying theme in this collection is the search for a contemporary definition of the word virtue. The word comes of course from the Latin word for man (*vir*), and, as Erikson points out, in any time and place, its definition has reflected the culture's definition of manliness: in Roman times, skill in arms and statecraft; in Christian times, something more spiritual. So the problem is: what makes a man manly today?

In our society and in our understanding of human nature, Erikson thinks, virtue is not a constant like everything else, it is dynamic and

THE NEW BOOKS

mental; it lies in having, at various stages of life, the feelings appropriate to each stage—in childhood, in youth fidelity, in age: the right gods at the right—the self, the other, the whole.

behind this shifting lies a confusion of sorts. Erikson sees his own session of psychiatry and, if I him correctly, all human activity deserves to be called virtuous as g a built-in prejudice in favor maintenance of life. Manliness tue lies in having the right feel-at the right time, and the right-of those feelings lies in their to maintain life, starting with individual life and ending with great chain of being.

e wishes that Erikson had ded these ideas more fully and natically; they are certainly suggestive even as they lie scat-over the landscape of the many subjects he discusses.

Three on America

en John Steinbeck published *Is with Charlie*, it seemed un-that any American writer of ished reputation could produce k of less specific gravity about ative country, but in *Around t America* (Farrar, Straus, —a title that suggests some of insufficiently subliminal ad-sing for the AAA—Erskine vell makes Steinbeck's book look a combination of the best qual-of Baedeker, Tocqueville, and es Montagu Doughty.

is is an incredibly trivial per-ance. Readers should mark their with a pencil because there is ay of telling from the content er they have read a particular ge before, and I think that the hapter is an exact repetition of rst, but maybe it only seemed way. Caldwell is chiefly inter-in the various cars he hired on ip (he always calls them rental , and the great virtue of rented l) cars—apart, of course, from clean ashtrays—is that they are where much the same. It is not unately a virtue correspond-great in a book.

young American writer John les is a considerably more alert ler. His new book, *Double*

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SCRIBNERS

Vision (Macmillan, \$4.95), is chiefly about England, France, the Arab Middle East (particularly Jordan), and the islands of the Aegean, but it is also about America, for, like so many of his countrymen before him, Knowles is always concerned to see what other countries can teach him about his own. Hence his title.

In a way the central part of the book, mostly about Lebanon and Jordan, is the weakest. A young Frenchman told Knowles before he went there that he would be bored. And he was. And that doesn't make much of a story. In this part, the best passages are descriptive—accounts of visits to the ancient city of Petra and to the desert where *Lawrence of Arabia* was being filmed.

The account of the islands, especially Delos and Athos, is excellent, though there seems to be a principle that no one can fail who writes about the Greek islands.

So the best sections are probably the earliest, which are rather quiet and meditative, on how an American reacts to the tolerance and intolerance of the British, on why the great love affair between Americans and France petered out to indifference. Here Knowles is informed, thoughtful, observant, with a gift for reflecting on the symbolic incident without making it bear an impossible burden of meaning, the ability to weave together the specific or dramatic and the general or reflective that marks the good travel writer.

Mrs. Laurence's feat of writing a novel from the point of view of a character ninety years old may seem remarkable, but we come last to a book written by a writer who is himself ninety—*An America that Was*, by Albert Britt (Barre, \$4.95). The author was born and brought up in the traditional agricultural society of the Middle West, closer in time to the Civil War than we now are to the Korean War, closer in its tools and ways of doing things to the Middle Ages than to modern industrialized farming. His life has spanned what is probably the greatest technological change ever witnessed by a single generation. And in *An America that Was* he tells how they did things—what they ate, what the houses they lived in were like, how they worked, what they studied in school and how

they had a good time. He does not lament that it has vanished; he rejoices that so much of the back-breaking labor has gone. His tone is ironic, amused, only rarely elegiac.

What is most remarkable about the book is how little the author feels dislocated by all the change that he has lived through. Obviously he does

not feel left behind, and obviously hasn't been. His book is a charming testament to a long-gone way of life but it is also a sturdy witness to human resilience. Here is a man, thinks, who embodies Erikson's notion of virtue: in childhood he was in youth fidelity, in age integrity: right gods at the right time.

Murder-fancier Recommends

by John Dickson Carr

Mr. Carr is the author of numberless detective novels and of "The Life of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle." He has been president both of the Mystery Writers of America and of the London Detection Club.

I come to praise mystery novels, not to bury them. Though this magazine has not hitherto reviewed tales of crime and sudden death, it has been suggested that I compile a half-yearly list of ten: not the ten "best," which were a pronouncement more suited to the Recording Angel, but of ten books which a hardened old murder-fancier can heartily recommend.

And it has not been easy; I, who damn near died, salute you. If there have been several outstanding books, there have been others of such singular incompetence that they would have defeated anyone who was not wading through them professionally. The worst offenders here, as usual, were women. Women can write some of the very best mysteries—Mesdames Christie, Marsh, Allingham, for instance. They can also write the very worst; no names need be mentioned. Provided the heroine gets her man, these ladies seem unconcerned with the quality of the mystery, even when they trouble to provide a mystery at all.

In order to compile a list of ten recommended books for the first six months of 1964, I have been forced to include one published as a "straight" novel (whatever that may mean; there is nothing straight about it), and two which appeared at the end of 1963. But this seems fair

enough. The stories are of all types—ranging from the many-clued murder-puzzle to mystery-adventure or mystery-espionage—and form a satisfactory mixed bag.

The Night of the Generals, by Hans Hellmut Kirst (Harper & Row, \$4.95), is a striking, unusual tale of force which may be read at several levels. Beginning as a detective story, it develops as a powerful satire on the German military and the German mind. In Warsaw, during the Nazi occupation of 1942, a prostitute is murdered with the most brutal Ripper overtones. Evidence indicates that the murder must have been committed by one of three German generals. But which one?

There is Corps Commander General von Seydlitz-Gabler, of the Prussian line: an overgrown schoolboy without essential brains or ability to match his imposing looks, but wily, cautious, and influential. There is the bland, ironical Major-General Kahlenberge. There is the commander of an elite division, Lieutenant-General Tanz: an inhuman combination of all the qualities that Nazis think they ought to have, and a terrifying embodiment of war in itself.

Round these three, with their vivid groups of friends and/or enemies, the story centers as its action shifts to Paris in 1944. There, shortly before the attempt to blow up Hitler with a bomb in a briefcase, another prostitute dies at the Ripper's hand. By this time we have learned the identity of the principal psychopath, but it does not lessen interest in

MURDER-FANCIER RECOMMENDS

ation as *The Night of the Gen-*
sweeps to a hair-raising finale
rlin, 1956, after a third prosti-
murder in Dresden.

few sympathetic characters
ermitted to survive; the prin-
psychopath is cornered; but
psychopaths survive too, and
is more than a suggestion that
old New Order remains un-
ed more than a decade after
nd of the war. It is blood,
er, and irony all the way. You
not miss it.

Religion in the Desert

ther you must not miss is *And*
the Eighth Day, by Ellery Queen
lom House, \$3.95). Rather
than twenty years ago—the
is April 1943—Ellery, driving
from an (abortive) patriotic
on to Hollywood, gets lost in
esert and encounters a lost reli-
community which might have
ed from Biblical times.

re, under the guidance of a
called The Teacher, in a land
greed or violence seems un-
able, both robbery and murder
to shake the temple. *And On*
ighth Day is more than a skill-
etective novel, reverent and
ifully written; it has something
; it explores the nature of good
ll as the nature of evil. Ellery
uthor and Ellery the detective
never been better.

ough *The Neon Haystack*, by
s Michael Ullman (Simon and
ter, \$3.50) may be a first novel,
ds like the work of an old pro.
e haystack of the title, an un-
Midwestern city, Steve Kol-
an engineer returned from a
Arabia, institutes what seems
eless search for a human needle.
's younger brother, on a busi-
isit to the city, has got out of
i on Clay Street—a sinister
borhood, ruled by the Syndicate,
of hoods, B-girls, and dubious
cters in dubious bars—and
Ed Kolchak has vanished off the
of the earth.

e police can't find him, or say
can't; Steve's arrival in quest
s brother stirs all hell flying
its corners. And yet, for all its
eed, *The Neon Haystack* never
es irritatingly tough. If an ex-
ced reader can solve the prob-

lems for himself, it is because this
is an aboveboard detective novel
with all the clues fairly displayed. It
won the Inner Sanctum Prize Con-
test for 1963, and deserved to win.
Well plotted, well told, highly recom-
mended.

In *The Mirror Crack'd*, by Agatha
Christie (Dodd, Mead, \$3.75), we
are provided with another tantaliz-
ing puzzle from the Queen of Crime.
Marina Gregg, a film star no longer
young but still attractive, buys a
country house near the village of St.
Mary Mead. And Marina Gregg
should have known better. At that
same country house, twenty years
ago in a previous story by Miss
Christie, somebody has dropped a
body in the library; besides, at St.
Mary Mead lives Miss Jane Marple,
the detecting spinster with whose
adventures we are familiar. When a
guest at a charity reception is given
a poisoned cocktail, it seems evident
that the poison was meant for Ma-
rina Gregg herself.

A fine brouhaha ensues, with sus-
pects by the dozen and suspicious
circumstances by the yard. To one
reader at least, Miss Marple is no
proper substitute for Hercule Poirot;
but the redoubtable Jane, though
frail and advanced in years, is un-
deniably sharp; and clues are gen-
erously supplied. Once more the
author draws a shrewd, accurate pic-
ture of life in present-day England
among people who are (a) not of
the nobility, (b) not particularly
angry about anything, or (c) not
pushing for room at the top, but
simply human beings like ourselves.
Everybody except the victim is safe
with Agatha Christie.

There are those who may argue
that *Nerve*, by Dick Francis (Harper
& Row, \$3.95), with its background
of English steeplechase racing be-
tween autumn and the Grand Na-
tional in March, is not a mystery at
all. But it is very much a mystery.
One well-known jockey commits sui-
cide publicly in the parade ring at
a race meeting. Another, losing his
job, suffers so violent a nervous
breakdown that he spends some time
in a mental home. Still a third, sev-
eral times made late by what seem
to be tragic accidents, gains a repu-
tation for unreliability which can
mean the end of his professional
career. It is as though some fatal-

No one,
black or
white,
has yet
faced up
to the
hard
truths
revealed
in this
controversial
book—or
proposed
such tough-
minded
remedies

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By
CHARLES
SILBERMAN

Louis Kronenberger

launches a highly diverting
(and literate) assault
on some of our
most uncivilized
American ways

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garity, The Writer at Large, Re-
flections and Complaints of Late
Middle Age, Whatever Became of
Personal Ethics?)

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KNOFF

ity—what? who?—were conspiring against jockeys to kill or ruin them.

The narrator, young Rob Finn, scion of a musical family who is determined to succeed as a jockey, finds the same fate overtaking him after his initial triumphs. Horses which ought to win (different horses, from different owners or trainers) seem unaccountably struck with paralysis as soon as Finn is in the saddle. The whisper goes round that he has lost his nerve, which can mean the end of him. But Finn, refusing to accept accident or coincidence, scents human malice and follows it. After a last wickedly ingenious attempt to prevent him from riding a big race, he traps the culprit and finds vengeance. The author, himself formerly a jockey, could not write a dull word if he tried. The betting is that almost anyone will enjoy *Nerve*.

No Place for Anyone

If you have not already made the acquaintance of Captain José Da Silva, liaison officer between the Brazilian Police and Interpol, the oversight should be remedied in *The Shrunken Head*, by Robert L. Fish (Simon and Schuster, \$3.50). The engaging Da Silva and his friend Wilson, from the American Embassy in Rio, are drawn into one of the better mystery adventures. An American explorer, John Bailey, has disappeared into the jungles of the upper Amazon. The explorer's head, literally shrunken after a fashion more extreme than that used by most psychiatrists, is sent as a present to the Brazilian Foreign Office.

Dispatched by the Foreign Minister on a mission to discover what is happening, Da Silva and Wilson are followed by the beautiful Elena, the Foreign Minister's secretary, whom Da Silva has tried to discourage on the grounds that the Amazon jungle is no place for a woman. It is no place for anybody. Elaborate dirty work is being planned by a vicious character called The Knife; all too soon the investigators understand its nature, through fast action scenes culminating in an explosion of violence lighted by the flames of burning gasoline, and with a neatly ironic touch at the end. Score it Grade A-plus.

Anyone looking for a straightfor-

ward puzzle, in which patient police work and a little inspiration combine to solve a crime more ingenious than it appears on the surface, could do worse than read *Frame-Up*, by Andrew Garve (Harper & Row, \$3.50).

An elderly and well-to-do painter is murdered in a London suburb. There are three suspects, all of whom have apparently very strong alibis. The Scotland Yard chief inspector assigned to the job at first flounders into dead ends, being only human. By the time he realizes which of the alibis was faked, and how it must have been faked, we have spun through a smooth story of believable characters to a lively end.

The characters in *Will Anyone Who Saw the Accident . . .*, by Jeffrey Ashford (Harper & Row, \$3.50), are also human and credible in every respect, and the solution more ingenious than we suspect. The son of a solicitor in an English provincial town, given too-casual treatment by his girl at a fairly uninhibited party, gets very drunk, leaves the party, and is apparently guilty of a hit-and-run killing as he drives home. The boy's father—himself an uninhibited character with an intriguing mistress—becomes involved in a pull-devil battle with the police to protect his son. Motives interweave toward near-disaster and a finale which (for one reader, at least) was a complete surprise. The book is not a world-beater, but it is very good, and Jeffrey Ashford a writer to be watched.

The story of espionage, again so popular since James Bond has been progressing through blondes and card games to plots against earth's serenity, will be found in *Death's Foot Forward*, by George B. Mair (Random House, \$3.95). "George B. Mair," in real life a practicing doctor and by his turns of phrase a Scot, sends his own secret agent, Dr. David Grant—half-English, half-American, we are told—on a tricky mission into Russia. Grant, with more lives than James Bond or any cat, and a lovely ballerina for a mistress, smuggles himself into the Kremlin to kill a Soviet scientist and steal specimens of a new "bug" for bacteriological warfare. He meets a worthy antagonist in Lieutenant-General Sokolnikov, of Soviet Security.

Death's Foot Forward has nesses. Dr. Grant kills as fr Bond himself, and sometimes necessarily; he wears a death-ring equipped with a "mystical poison unknown to science," the rules of the Detection Club; and there are patches of different writing. But let's take what we can get. The background is the action swift, and many details are almost convincing. Those who make Dr. Grant's acquaintance will not be sorry to meet him again.

Tradition Fades

Another story of secret agent: *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold* by John Le Carré (Coward-McCann, \$4.50), has evoked such hysterical praise as to become a runaway seller. I include it here because it deserves to be included. It is an excellent story, almost as well told as they say it is. And yet, though I admired it, I did not like it.

The tendency today is toward heroes (or protagonists, if you will) so unglamorous or so downright heroic that we wonder what they are doing there. This is well enough if it is a fashion; *stet*. But one tradition ought not to be flouted: that of those of us who were brought up on the adventures of John Bull, Richard Hannay and Valentin Williams's Okewood brothers in World War I, the hero must triumph over his enemies as surely as Jack the giant kills Jack, we have reached the whole point of the story.

Over *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold* there hangs, from the beginning, an atmosphere of doom. Any veteran reader will know that the protagonist is doomed; he can't win. "This is what espionage is really like," the author seems to be saying, or perhaps, "This is what life is like when you found you."

Very well; let the correction be accepted. We should be grateful to so able a writer as John Le Carré and for so compelling a tale of struggle at the Berlin Wall. But let the dice be not too heavily loaded against a poor-devil hero; let the audience themselves be permitted to deliver a knockout punch, as once or twice a blue moon of undercover affairs we know that they really do.

MUSIC *in the round*

by Discus

A Symphony with a Name— and Other Diversions

London Symphony; Fourth of July; and two Concertinos—somewhat out of fashion, but interesting to hear.

It is rather curious that the first of Ralph Vaughan Williams's symphonies have names, but one of the last six (and the *Antarctica* Symphony, No. 7, had to be named, as it was derived from a score about Scott in the Antarctic; the score, by the way, says "Antarctica" and not "Antarctica"). Naming symphonies names is today very much out of fashion, though of Shostakovich's glories is the *Leningrad*. Before the first world war, however, composers were reticent. It was not considered against the prevailing aesthetic to name music or descriptive music. Strauss's long series of symphonic poems all had names, of course, as did Liszt's. And in the symphonic literature there was a distinguished programmatic tradition in Beethoven's *Pastoral*, Schubert's *Rhenish*, and Mendelssohn's *Armation*. (Mozart's *Linz* and Haydn's *Prague* symphonies, it might be pointed out, got their names because of anything inherent in music itself but because of circumstances devolving upon where and how they were composed. But Haydn's *Farewell* does have a program, and so do a few other Haydn symphonies.)

In his first three symphonies Vaughan Williams celebrated the sea, the city, and the country. The *Sea* Symphony, for chorus and orchestra, words by Walt Whitman, was

composed in 1910 and joined such scores as Delius's *Sea Drift* and Debussy's *La Mer* as evocations of the oceans. The *London* Symphony of 1914 is what its name implies: a tribute to the great city. (Delius had composed his *Paris* eleven years previously. Not much has been written about the influence of Delius on Vaughan Williams, but surely there is a connection.) The *Pastoral* Symphony of 1922 takes care of rural England. But after that, Vaughan Williams followed the trend, and did not supply any names to his symphonies, except, of course, the *Antarctica*. It is said that No. 4 in F minor is an anti-war symphony, and the composer vaguely hinted as much, but that is as far as he went.

In Bloomsbury Square

It is No. 2, the *London*, that comes to us in a new recording by Sir John Barbirolli and the Hallé Orchestra (Vanguard 134, mono; 134 SD, stereo—in the low-priced Everyman series at \$1.98 and \$2.98, a wonderful bargain). A few decades ago, performances in America of this work were not uncommon, but lately it seems to have dropped from our repertoire.

In the *London* Symphony, the last thing in Vaughan Williams's mind was to write a purely descriptive piece (the kind of piece, say, that Gershwin later was to do in *An American in Paris*). The symphony is much more evocative and impressionistic than descriptive. Here and there the composer has introduced street cries, and toward the end there are the chimies of Big Ben, but these

effects are introduced with great discretion and subtlety. In any case, part, Vaughan Williams did not quote material. He invented it. What comes out is a big, broad work, one with heart and compassion. And the magical slow movement ("Bloomsbury Square on a November afternoon," once said Vaughan Williams about it) is a deep, moving conception.

In its way, the *London* Symphony is a masterpiece. With its modal tunes and general post-romantic approach, it is a little outside of the direction of much of today's music, and the younger generation tends to dismiss it. The younger generation is making a big mistake in so doing. For this is not routine post-Mahler, post-Brahms writing. It is a very original piece of music, and a very beautiful one. In addition, it receives a brilliant performance on this Vanguard disc. Barbirolli is an expert in the music of Vaughan Williams, the Hallé Orchestra is a superior ensemble, and Vanguard has supplied exceptionally faithful sound. At half the price of standard recordings, yet!

Businessmen-composers

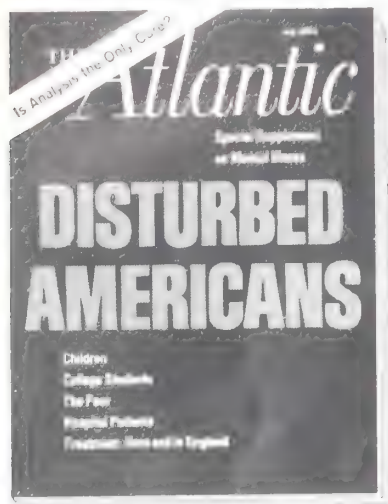
A disc that has given this corner considerable amusement and enjoyment is devoted to Walter Piston's *Concertino for Piano and Chamber Orchestra*, Charles Ives's *Fourth of July*, and John Alden Carpenter's *Concertino for Piano and Orchestra*. Marjorie Mitchell is the pianist, and William Strickland leads the Göteborg Symphony (Composers Recordings Inc. CRI 180, mono only).

Two pieces by businessmen-composers are here. The name of Charles Ives is, of course, familiar. He was the great eccentric of American music, our first great nationalist, and one of the great innovators. He also was a part-time composer, taking time off from his insurance business to write. The *Fourth of July* is a typically weird, marvelous, dissonant, polytonal mélange that dresses old American tunes in strange costume. The piece is a chip off the Ives block and a fascinating one.

Whereas businessman Ives was unknown to the general public until just before his death in 1954, businessman Carpenter was a headliner. John Alden Carpenter (1876-1951) joined

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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

his family's business (mill, railway, and shipping supplies) and ran it most of his life. He also composed a good deal of music that attracted considerable attention at the time. During the 1920s, pieces like his *Adventures in a Perambulator*, *Skyscrapers*, and *Krazy Kat* made him accepted as an authentic American voice. In recent years, though, he has been forgotten, and it is hard to think of a New York performance of any Carpenter work during the last two decades.

He was not an important composer. Facility he did have, and humor, and good workmanship. Which is more than many musicians of his generation had. But the trouble with Carpenter was that he uneasily straddled the borderline between light and serious music, not making the best of either world. There is too much banality, too much opportunism, in his work.

But, heard in retrospect, the *Concertino* is a nostalgic period piece recalling the world of F.P.A., Don Marquis, and Samuel Hoffenstein. Even the title is a bit of a joke, for this "concertino" runs twenty-five minutes, which makes it a full-fledged concerto. What was in his mind when Carpenter named the composition in 1917 was the nature of the musical material, which is deliberately unconcerto-like. This slick piece is fluffy, jazzy, full of the ragtime formulae of the day. In many ways it anticipates Gershwin's *Concerto in F*, even in some thematic matter. Important? No; but the *Concertino* is a rather adorable piece of musical journalism with its own built-in nostalgia.

Elegant

The third of the trio on this disc, the *Piston Concertino*, is really a concertino: short, pointed, elegant, beautifully written. The only trouble is that it just doesn't say much. Its clean patterns and indisputable logic, however, may attract many listeners. The pianist in the *Piston* and Carpenter works is awfully good. Marjorie Mitchell is not a big name, but this American girl has unusual flexibility, spirited rhythm, and stylistic finish. She has been recorded previously, and never has she been represented by anything but a flawless example of piano playing.

JAZZ notes

by Eric Larrabee

Bach A

The Swingle Singers, no doubt hilarated by the success of their record (noted here last November), have decided to try it again. This time the jacket copy is a little more informative than last, and I was enlightened to discover that I hadn't been far off in guessing at a connection with another French scat-singing group, the Double Six. Ward Swingle himself (age thirty-seven, born in Alabama) turns out to have been a member of the Double Six from 1958 to 1963.

The difference, of course, is that the Swingle Singers sing, and swing. I was wrong, reviewing their earlier record, in supposing that it was now so commonplace that people would be able to relax and enjoy without getting up on a high horse (to paraphrase Stephen Leacock) riding off in all directions. There is no shocked indignation, to be sure, but its place has been taken by disparaging brush-off. Only Edvard Tatnall Canby, in his WNYC radio program, took the Swingle Singers seriously enough to compliment them on musicianship of a high order.

Canby's minimum insistence that what the Swingle Singers do articulating the inner voices, pressing the dynamics, and simultaneously propelling the total effect forward—is forbiddingly difficult jazz up the rhythm is something to do for fun, but it can only be done if it is here by the fully proficient; it is not the extremity of amateurs or the relaxation of professionals.

If there is a contrast between the two records, the second is perhaps a little more defiant, almost to the point of self-parody, as though they were saying, "Okay, if you really want to hear baroque music swung, just listen to this!" Jazz critics, aside from pointing out that this isn't really jazz, have suggested that eventually it tires slightly of the formalized sound—"pa-pa-da," "boop-boop-e-doop," etc. I suppose so, but if this be boredom, I should be so bored more often.

The Swingle Singers Going Baroque
Philips PHS 600-126, PHM 200-126

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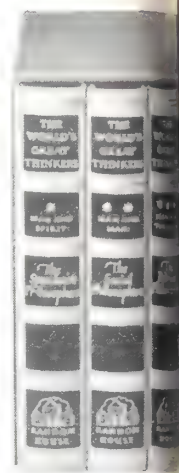
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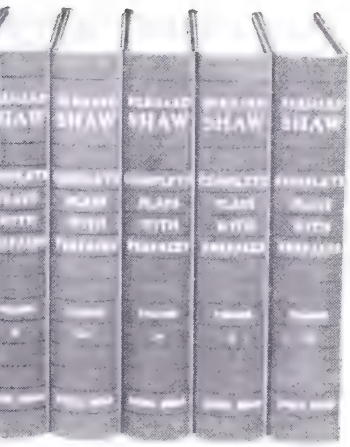
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LETTERS

Unions and the Intellectuals

I have read Herbert Harris' article ["Why Labor Lost the Intellectuals," June] with interest and general approval. . . . Most labor leaders in their era of comparative triumph have thought it necessary for tactical reasons to divorce themselves sharply from socialism, at least from socialism with a capital S. In the tough days of organizing, I was in considerable demand as a speaker at strike meetings and the like, sometimes when there was a good chance of going to jail. Later it seemed wise to most of the officials not to use so prominent a Socialist. The higher authorities in one union overruled an invitation to me to speak before one of the locals which had made me an honorary member in the earlier days.

It happened some years ago before the civil-rights issue had become so acute, but the subject on which I was to speak had to do with race relations.

NORMAN THOMAS
New York, N. Y.

Herbert Harris is rightfully rueful over the reasons "Why Labor Lost the Intellectuals" but incorrectly suggests the two were ever married to each other. They have lived together, yes, but out of wedlock and only on occasion and only in a few unions. They still do this.

There has long been a traffic in personnel between labor and government. Progressive national administrations attract intellectuals from old to new challenges. . . . Surely the Rutenbergs, Ellingers, Hays, Henles, or Paganos leave the government, this is a loss but it also . . . testifies to the fact that the unions are a viable part of national policy.

"great wartime innovations" came from labor's side. . . .
We. . . . Solomon Barkin, and

most of the others who started first in government. They will, of course, be sorely missed by the organizations they once served. However, as intellectuals, there is still a market for their ideas. University labor institutes, which proliferated during the period of their migration, will pay them to think, freed from the daily chores of membership-grievance handling. This does not negate Harris' point that unions might do well to track the corporations and government in using the intellectuals more in their policy-planning staff. Perhaps they will when the intellectuals can make a more positive showing that they have the bold social inventions which can be utilized in the hard, pragmatic world of day-to-day unionism.

FRED H. SCHMIDT
Research Specialist
University of California
Institute of Industrial Relations
Los Angeles, Calif.

. . . Mr. Harris cites, in his checklist of intellectual émigrés from the labor unions, the case of Solomon Barkin, who is now employed by the government in Europe. Mr. Barkin has a deservedly splendid reputation, based on his many years as director of research and as a brain truster for the Textile Workers Union. But Mr. Barkin would be among the first to acknowledge that he could produce no truly effective formula to help that union organize the people of the Southern textile mills, in the face of the complex economics, the legislative and police repression, the fear and the apathy which the Textile Workers Union has encountered. That union, and others, have not neglected to study the relationship of the organization to the environment, as Mr. Harris implied. The trouble was with the facts, not the study. . . .

HENRY C. FLEISHER
Silver Spring, Md.

Scots vs. Scotch

Hoot Mon! How my hair curls when I read "The Scotch in Canada" [Part I, by John Kenneth Galbraith, June]. Was there that much whisky in the Provinces? I am from a family of Canadians (Nova Scotia) of Scottish descent, and as a child was warned not to use the word "Scotch" except in reference to a formidable drink—never in referring to gallant members of the Clan. When Dr. Galbraith hears what the Scots have to say about this one, I'll wager he'll run for the Scotch.

SEDGWICK W. FRASER
La Jolla, Calif.

Dr. Galbraith pointed out in his article that the term "Scottish" was never used by the Scottish people when he was writing about (those in Ontario). For some perverse reason, they preferred to call themselves Scotch.


THE EDITOR

Psychiatry's Psychology

Indirectly, as a psychiatrist's wife, I've experienced most everything Dr. Carl Binger said about other people's attitudes and beliefs toward psychiatrists in his unpretentious, humorous article, "The Psychiatrist in the Looking Glass" [June]. . . . It may inspire psychiatrists to reevaluate themselves as physicians and their difficult—and what seems to me impossible—profession.

SUE CEMODUROV
Billings, Mont.

What Dr. Binger presents us with is a double-faced mirror in which both psychiatrists and nonpsychiatrists may observe enlightened reflections of themselves and each other. It should do much to change images of both Narcissus and Satan that characteristically seem to stare back



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at professionals in this muddled field, who have, in the public eye, become so hopelessly admired and maligned.

LEWIS R. WOLBERG, M.D.
New York, N. Y.

Spending for Peace

We thank Julius Duscha for calling public attention to the corruption and waste that often afflict government spending on defense. But his article "The Disarmament Blues" [Part III, Arms and the Big Money Men, May], which describes fears that a depression would follow disarmament, is unduly pessimistic.

May the women add a note of optimism? Building schools, playgrounds, hospitals (or any other spending, public or private) creates almost twice as many jobs as the same amount of spending on defense contracts and would put to work a larger proportion of the unskilled workers, including Negroes and inexperienced teen-agers who make up so many of the unemployed. Furthermore, defense spending steals from the civilian sector (which is 90 per cent of the economy) most of our scientists, engineers, and technicians. . . .

OL We agree with President Johnson: any lessening in international tensions that permits significant arms actions consistent with national unity will increase our ability to see our rate of economic growth."

DAGMAR WILSON
Women Strike for Peace
Washington, D. C.

Victims in Deutschland

I don't know why Gertrude Samuels wrote "The Jews in Germany Today" [May]. She neither knows the German Jews . . . nor the Germans. . . . As a Jewish refugee from Nazism who recently spent fifteen months in Germany, . . . I find it most serious that she repeatedly accuses the Jews who are willing to live in Germany of immorality. The fact that they will have to live in the contempt of the Jewish community outside of Germany is a threat to people who have lived through the years of persecution! . . .

OL . . . fails to understand the indomitable spirit of those who would Germany not be a

cause they are masochists but because, in view of their background, that is where they can make the greatest contribution. (Why does she point out that it is not solely the Jews' task to reform Germany? Nobody ever said that it was.) . . .

Why did Miss Samuels only meet Jews surrounded by anti-Semitism, and why did we—my husband and I and our three children—manage not to meet any, and to make friends in all walks of life? (Lest I be accused of gullibility, let me point out that I am sure there must be anti-Semitism in Germany; in view of the past this goes without saying; we were able to see it in France, especially in Austria, and even in the U. S. and Canada without difficulty.) . . .

In Germany the barbaric madness of a few was coupled with the traditionally "great" German virtue of obedience to authority and with traditional German efficiency at a time of unprecedented mechanization. But I wonder whether any member of the many supposedly civilized nations which so greatly restricted Jewish immigration . . . should dare throw stones so indiscriminately and self-righteously.

WILMA IGGERS
Loyola University
Chicago, Ill.



Locked Doors in Academe

It was with bittersweet feelings of envy and pleasure that I read Judson Jerome's "Twenty Bookes, Clad in Blak or Reed" [June]. Pleasure, because I share many of his undergraduate frustrations at books not read and facile insipidities well-

learned; envy, because I cannot share the joys of teaching the literature I love.

I am a paraplegic, thirty-one years of age, with a B.A. in English and a M.S. in journalism, plus a Jr. College Teaching Credential from the State of California. In theory, I am legally qualified to teach at any of California's seventy-seven junior colleges. In practice, I have applied to nearly all of them, and been turned down. The "reasons" have been varied as the imaginations of the administrators involved but, without paranoid projection, they all boil down to a reluctance to entrust a man in a wheelchair with the instruction of a college-level class.

Had I ever been limited in my activities as a student by the restrictions imposed by my disability, this massive failure would not weigh so heavily upon me. I was fortunate in this respect; both my degrees were granted with honors, and I participated in student publications over a span of ten semesters, in addition to student government and forensics (twelve certificates in intercollegiate competition). . . .

I was told recently . . . that I must go for my Ph.D. in English, if I wish to be employable. That means the expense and effort of three more years before I add another sheepskin to the collection. I have been married four years now, and my wife has had to support me all that time. Dare I ask her to do it for another three years (minimum)? . . . And if I do go for the doctorate, what will I gain? If I am qualified now, yet cannot get a job, will another added degree change anything? You see, I, Jerome, there are problems worse than yours.

THOMAS J. CUMMINS, M.A.
Oakland, Cal.

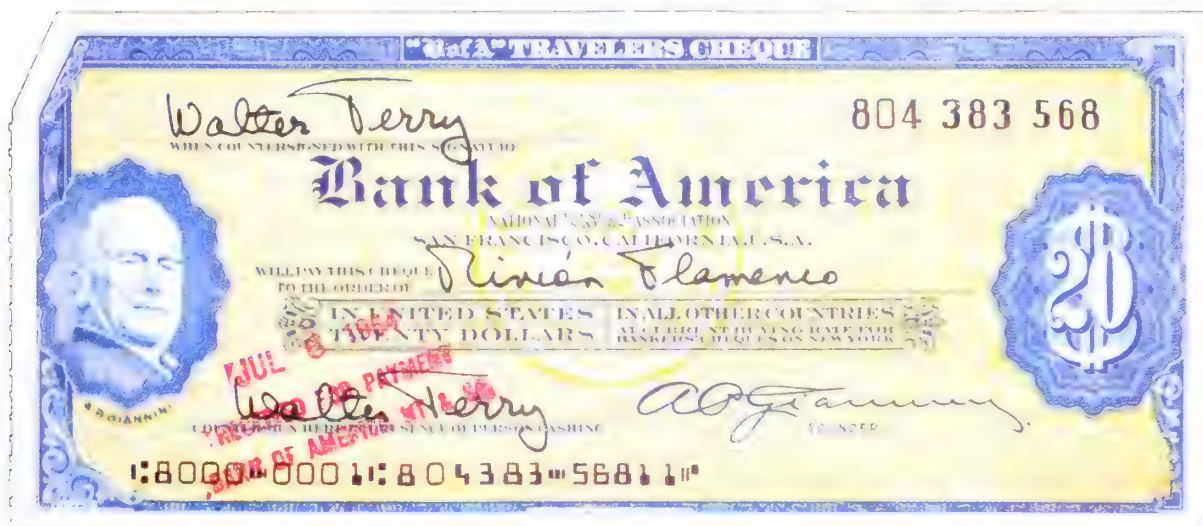
Crackdown on Crime

I take exception to James V. Bennett's "A Cool Look at 'The Crime Crisis,'" in your Crime and Punishment supplement [April], claiming our criminal laws are the most severe in the world. I suggest that the law of Yemen, one of our United Nations to be examined. Not too long ago they were lopping off the left hand of a thief caught and second offenders lopped their heads. . . . I don't say that



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nowhere does the charm of Colonial Spain live on as it does in Peru's capital, Lima. The home of the first university in the new world, it also offers some of the best dining and antique-hunting on the continent.

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LETTERS

onment is the answer but soon become discouraged protecting the public when the same old the same habitual violators, their responsibility to watch. . . . community that spends thousands of dollars bringing a burglar to the justice often finds the offender in the neighborhood before the covers have recovered. A lax jury, a lack of parole and control panel, and public apathy may be s. . . .

JOSEPH S. RYCHETNIK
Police reporter
Anchorage Daily Times
Anchorage, Alaska

Medical Footnotes

The author of "What Doctors Can Do to Cut the Cost of Medical Care" [Dodore M. Sanders, M.D., *Easy*, May] has flunked any test of accuracy with respect to his comments about prescription drugs.

He has described the marketing of products which are a "different arrangement of molecules or a combination of several old drugs" as an economic waste. He appears to be unaware that "molecular manipulation" is a costly and fundamental process which has brought about amazing therapy benefits in the middle of this century which some called "miracles." . . .

A combination of drugs frequently enables patients, in effect, to be able to purchase two prescriptions for the price of one. His statement that generics are always cheaper if ordered is incorrect. Drugs are sometimes cheaper if so ordered. But there is no mention of the fact that a brand name provides an opportunity to distinguish quality. Knowledge of the identity of a drug is part of drug therapy; the other part is knowing its source. Furthermore, many of the most effective pharmaceuticals are discovered through the large investment of a given firm patented by it. Thus the "saving" in a prescription not identifying the drug's source could mean that the medication is being distributed illegally. . . .

Our article states that prescription drugs are advertised to physicians before selection of their generic names. This is not correct. All label-

ing material for all new prescription drugs is approved word-by-word by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration before drugs are marketed and advertised. And federal law requires not only that the generic name of the drug be established prior to this approval, but that it appear at least half as large and prominently as any brand name.

The author's statement that generic names are selected by the AMA is sometimes correct—but never all the truth. For again, law empowers the U.S. Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare to make the final selection or any change he deems necessary at any time.

AUSTIN SMITH, M.D.
Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Assoc.
Washington, D. C.

DR. SANDERS REPLIES:

The legal safeguards Dr. Smith cites were bitterly opposed by the organizations he represents by means of the same specious arguments he presents here. Since space does not permit detailed rebuttal, I refer interested readers to recent issues of "The Medical Letter," a nonprofit publication on Drugs and Therapeutics which frequently discusses the alleged merits of "molecular manipulation" and drug combinations. The increased powers given the Food and Drug Administration as a result of the Kefauver investigation and the thalidomide tragedy unfortunately do not go nearly far enough in rescuing the consumer from the high cost of drugs.

Ancient Legacy

It is humbling to think that at Stonehenge some men existed who could not have dreamed of us as we are today but who loved us enough to wish to leave a message to us and for our guidance ["The Secret of Stonehenge," Gerald S. Hawkins, June]. The priestly scientists of that time must have realized the uncertainty of the future and the ephemeral nature of records. Thus they put their observations into as enduring a form as they could. . . . Their message apparently did not bring us to where we are today. Still, I for one thank them for their gift.

AMERICUS MITCHELL
Washington, D. C.

Hopes and Dreams

About a hundred years ago, the Swiss philosopher Amiel wrote: "Tell me what you feel in your room when the full moon is shining in upon you and your lamp is dying out, and I will tell you how old you are, and I shall know if you are happy."

We wonder if anyone ever accepted his offer — and if so, what dreams of love and sorrow and adventure he heard.

We hear of people's dreams every day — in letters that tell about their hopes for the future. And if there's one thing we've learned from them, it is that the best things in life, the things most people want, far from being free are likely to cost a good deal of money: a house by the sea, a trip abroad, a business venture, college for the children, comfort in retirement.

If you have dreams that money can buy but not quite enough money to buy them, perhaps we can help by suggesting how your surplus funds may be put to work to earn more funds. Write to us, in confidence, telling us what you feel in your room when the full moon is shining in upon you, and we'll do our best to suggest how to invest sensibly. Address —

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A Crisis of Casualness in Latin America

by John Paton Davies, Jr.

The guest in the Easy Chair this month is a former U.S. Foreign Service Officer and veteran observer of communist tactics in China, Chinese, and Latin-American. He is now a manufacturer of fine furniture in Lima, Peru, and his book, "Foreign and Other Affairs: A View from the Radical Center" was published in July by W. W. Norton.

Hugo Blanco is sometimes called the Peruvian Castro. But he has thus far been considerably less successful than the Bearded One. After a year of commanding a scraggly guerrilla outfit in the jungle piedmont of the Andes, the twenty-eight-year-old Blanco was captured, alone and sick, in May 1963. Instead of being shot on sight, or after a quick trial, he was put in jail.

Ten years earlier Castro, too, was put in jail for insurrection. He would still be there, with four more years to serve, had not the Batista dictatorship indulged him with an amnesty. This act of grace released Fidel for his excursion into the Sierra Maestra, and for all that ensued—including a nuclear showdown between the United States and the Soviet Union, and the Alliance for Progress.

It should cause no surprise if Blanco is also given a reprieve, notwithstanding his alleged implication in murders and bank robberies. Meanwhile, he has been doing not so badly. In prison he has been permitted to receive delegations of activists, whom he has exhorted to further the revolutionary struggle.

These sessions were limited to Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. But Blanco considered this unduly restrictive. So, in December 1963, it was reported that he asked for improved reception facilities. The Minister, we were told, "manifested that he would study the possibility that visits would not be restricted."

An easygoing attitude toward subversion is not rare in the Good Neighborhood. We tend to think members of the opposition are strung up on lampposts, lined up against a wall and shot, or thrown into dungeons where they are tortured and allowed to rot. Such is, of course, the case in Castro's Cuba. But generally speaking, in Free Latin America, the trend is currently toward toleration of dissent—at least on the Far Left.

This indulgent attitude is due, in part, to the fact that the old order is breaking up. There is consequently an uncertainty about, if not outright rejection of, the old absolute values. Particularly is this so in the case of the youth. Conversely, there is receptivity to innovations, especially to the "progressiveness" of Marxism.

Then, Washington has been beating a tom-tom about democratic practices. That means letting opposition exist, accepting diversity. But in most Latin circumstances, diversity is not creatively contained within the bounds of consensus. It therefore tends to fly off in all directions. Without an educated majority or traditions of moderation, freedom of assembly, expression, and agitation often end up in license.

These conditions abet the custom of casual public administration. This nonchalance has, of course, its charms. But it is a poor defense against the subtle persistence of communist tactics. It means less total efficiency in the long process of national development, which who to think will eventually prove fundamental immunization against communism. Meanwhile, however, the Communists try to sabotage the developmental process through subversion and outright terrorism. Part of the communist success in sabotage is due to nothing more than governmental casualness.

Together with an easygoing attitude toward Marxist subversion and terrorism, there is in most of the countries a volatile nationalism. They have been made aware of this by the recent outbursts of chauvinism in Panama.

To be sure, the spark that ignited the explosion was adolescent Americanism abetted by parental and official permissiveness. But the compensating uproar that followed was in the classic pattern of "emerging" countries which over nearly half a century, suffering an inferiority complex from "unequal treaties" with or domination by great power. What happened in Panama in January 1964 was no different from the passionate demonstrations and violence—including communist incitements—that took place in the 1920s when Chinese in Peking, Shanghai, and other

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protested against foreign concessions and extraterritorial rights.

Panama was an extreme Latin-American example of nationalism expressed in negative terms, in anti-Americanism. But such emotionalism is not absent in other Latin-American countries. Their sympathies have been with Panama. And anti-American chauvinism can readily flare up in almost any of them.

This hostility to the Yanqui is often damaging to the nation indulging in it and usually stunts its growth. Certainly, Panama did itself economic harm by feuding with the United States. Nor have Argentina and Brazil helped their sick economies by threats to American oil and mining investments.

But anti-Americanism and economic nationalism—however self-defeating—are natural, even psychologically necessary, phenomena in Latin America. They are exhilarating for understandably envious, frustrated people seeking a foreign scapegoat for their ills and dilemmas. In such circumstances, the more responsive the politicians to the "will of the people," the more truly representative the government, the more likely it is at least to placate anti-gringoism and even inflame it for political advantage.

To appreciate this situation, we have only to recollect anti-British prejudices out of our own past and how, as recently as the 1920s in Chicago, they were with less reason absurdly but effectively exploited for personal political gain.

Anti-Yanquismo and indulgence of communist subversion are natural partners. The Communists, of course, identify themselves with extreme nationalism, assume the role of ardent patriots, and penetrate nationalist movements in order to influence and eventually to control them. And supernationalists often find the Communists useful partners, sometimes discreetly welcoming their support at the polls. This interaction is more malignant than prevalent than the plain garden variety of rabble-rousing and deranged organization.

The demagoguery and disorder thus fostered are the elemental enemies of national growth in wealth and well-being. Our forebears understood this when the United States was an under-

developed country—at least Hamilton, Madison, and Jay did. To them, the maintenance of order was the first requirement for getting anywhere. If a government could not maintain public order, it was idle to talk about constitutionalism or the exercise of self-government.

Order, imposed if necessary, but nevertheless order, is the necessary stable foundation for the intricate edifice of economic development and democracy. On quaking earth you cannot build anything more significant than a jumble of jackstraws.

Yet for some time now we have been insisting in Latin America on a formula which would have horrified our Federalist fathers. It is the reverse of their priorities. Stability and economic development—we now insist—result from constitutional and representative government, from democracy. But when a society is in turbulent transition, as is the case in most Latin-American countries, when a consensus has not been achieved or cohesion imposed, then a representative government, naturally, represents contradictions and disorder.

Bolivia is an example. Its government has been lauded by Washington as a model for the rest of South America, assumably because it was popularly elected and has enacted a series of "reforms." As a "representative government," it reflects the conflicts and disorder of the primitive social revolution through which Bolivia is passing. Consequently, it hardly governs. It cannot even make its writ run throughout the land. For it is regularly defied by the miners' union which has its own armed militia. The government at La Paz has been kept going by handouts of American aid, subsidizing representative ineptitude and disarray.

Venezuela is another seeming triumph of democracy placed before order. Betancourt got away with it chiefly because Venezuela is one of the richest countries south of the Rio Grande, with an assured dollar income from its oil and iron and the highest per capita income in the area. Furthermore, Betancourt was an unusual type in public affairs. He was not a demagogue, nor a dilettante, nor a drone, nor a drunkard. He was politically literate, principled, and tough. He was also patient and clever

enough to keep the armed forces in line, on his side.

But he was dangerously lenient dealing with the Communists. He—or the military—may yet be undoing of his successor.

For if there is a breakdown in representative constitutional government in Latin America, the alternatives seem to be the Communists or a junta. We are against both. As we have generally tried to make rough as we dared for military governments. Certainly, in this department on grounds of political morality, Washington has been more ostentatiously disapproving of the Peruvian, Dominican, and Honduran than of the Council of Ministers in Moscow.

This American abominable of juntas is not a very useful instrument. Military take-overs are, in the Latin nature of things, a traditional and familiar phenomenon. And when they are often deplored, they are often welcomed. On balance, the experience of the average man in most Latin-American countries has been no worse with military than with civilian governments.

Military regimes develop out of internal reaction against disintegration and toward self-preservation, an impulse toward imposed order and authoritarian rule. In a society sliding into chaos, the armed forces are a disciplined institution, habituated to the preservation of the state. The powerful civilian elements are disposed to accept or actively collaborate in the establishment of military rule. Washington's tilting at juncos is therefore pretty quixotic, except as a domestic political gesture. But charge against natural features of the Latin landscape can have no productive end, and is sometimes actually damaging.

In theory, the surest, least modest course of modernization in Latin-American countries would be through enlightened authoritarian rule. For societies in racking transition, the prerequisite for development is a government strong enough to impose order and maintain it. Only stern administration can restrain the extravagant demands of the reaction of the so-called rising expectations, and foster the necessarily

COMPETENT

She's a top-notch secretary at General Motors. Her job calls for intelligence, tact, good humor and, most of all, plenty of initiative.

Her skills reflect the variety of talents possessed by the women who work for GM. They are also employed as lab technicians and librarians, designers and dietitians, supervisors and scientists, statisticians and stylists, test-drivers and trained nurses—to say nothing of a wide variety of manufacturing occupations.

Women play an important part in GM progress. They have in the past and they will in the future. In fact, more than 80,000 of GM's 640,000 employees are women—as are more than half of the individual shareholders. Clearly, women are very essential people at General Motors . . . a company that counts *people* as its most important asset.

GENERAL MOTORS IS PEOPLE . . .

Making Better Things For You



CRIME DE MENTHE

DE KUYPER

de kuyper

CORDIALS

The best
Creme
de
Menthe
in
the
World

Poured over crushed ice
or simply in a
glass—de Kuyper Creme
de Menthe adds a nice
touch to any drink.

There are 2 delicious de Kuyper
flavors—made in the U.S.A.
to original Dutch formulas.

THE EASY CHAIR

accumulation of wealth, education and skills that constitute a government. Rigorous civilian government with the steady support of the forces might accomplish the alternative is rule by one or of the new military, educated colleges in politics and economics.

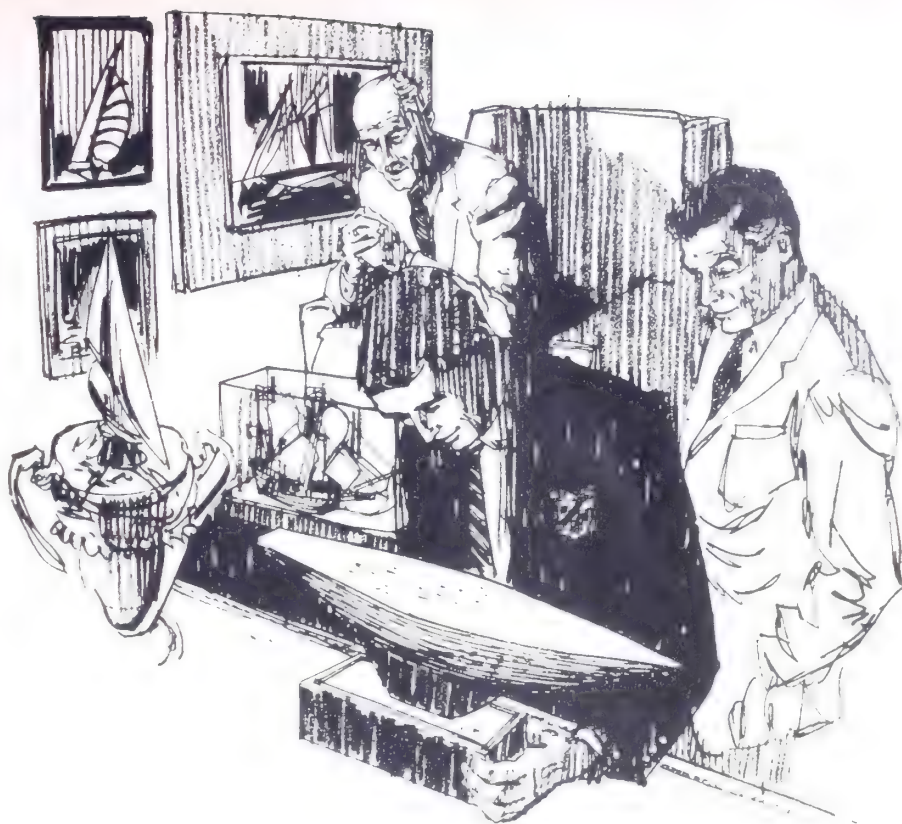
But all of this is, of course, theoretical. Human affairs work out by tidy prearrangement. Governments are not made to they come into existence out of is usually a quite untidy inter of forces. Furthermore, at a time span to attain what is regarded as a developed status more advanced Latin-American tries, such as Mexico and Argentina is about one generation. For backward ones, such as Bolivia, Ecuador, it is at least two or three. It is difficult to imagine any minded, austere government, maintainable at all, lasting even a generation.

So we are in for a fairly long course of events in the Good Neighborhood. A few nations may avoid wrenching setbacks. But most will probably undergo disorder even periods of chaos.

The Alliance for Progress, if it will make little difference to the future. Those nations prepared willing to cooperate with us for their own benefit will do so, if we reciprocate, *Alianza* or no *Alianza*. For those which will not, the future will not change matters. The lateral concept of an alliance is a thing we put in Latin mouth. A significant relationship is bilateral between the United States, which provides the aid, and the beneficiary.

To the extent that our financial and technical aid is sought and accepted, we can be helpful in Latin America. To the extent that we can quietly persuade our good neighbors to avoid the rabid folly of extreme nationalism and to welcome and protect foreign investments, we can further contribute to a healthy growth process.

But beyond this, there is really not a great deal we can do. Latin America will have to find its own solutions and no-solutions. For it is not possible in international than interpersonal matters to work out solutions for people's lives for them. Why



Stocks and Bonds...and Sailing Boats

Sailboats that capture trophies for one generation rarely win for the next. They become obsolete because of new marine designs, new materials and engineering advancements.

The same thing can happen to some of the securities in an invested fund. Once-prosperous corporations decline and are replaced by new companies using advanced technology to produce new, improved products.

As managers of investments, an important part of our job is keeping abreast of these continuing economic changes. The other part, even more important, is the alert translation of these studies into resourceful investment decisions for each of our clients.

The close, personal attention that we devote to each of the invested funds in our care comes naturally to us. As an independent Trust Company without conflicting activities, our only business is looking after the financial interests of our clients.

In many situations, we act as Trustee and Co-Trustee. Too, we frequently act less formally under the simpler terms of an Investment Management Agreement.

Perhaps an **I.M.** (Investment Management) Account with this Trust Company would be of help to you.

**FIDUCIARY
TRUST COMPANY**
OF NEW YORK

INVESTMENT MANAGERS • ONE WALL STREET



A Clear Case of "Gobble and Git"

by
Julian P. Van Winkle
Senior Proprietor

Old Fitzgerald
Distillery

Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



One of our Kentucky countrymen, visiting in Washington, was invited by his Congressman to attend one of those frequent (and often frenzied) cocktail parties which seem so much a part of the national scene.

Our man was accustomed to the leisurely type of Kentucky hospitality where the enjoyment of food, drink and quiet conversation occupy the greater share of a sociable evening.

Back home he recalled his experience. "We were out in ten minutes," he reported. "It was giggle-gabble-guzzle-gobble, git."

Never a guest at such an event, I have no way of knowing how much good made-in-America Bourbon is "guzzled" at official Washington parties.

A sizeable share I would assume, judging from our administrators' sworn endeavor to encourage American industry, staunch the outward flow of gold, lick unemployment and contain foreign competition.

At such functions, with foreign emissaries present—English, Scotch, Canadian, Russian, etc.—it is no more than international courtesy to provide their native potables. But Americans, for the most part I would hope, might take patriotic pride in drinking strictly American.

Outside of Washington, American professional and businessmen, many facing serious problems of foreign competition, gather by the thousands in conferences, conventions, etc.

The friendly glass in Hospitality Suites and at the pre-banquet Cocktail Hour is the order of the evening.

Here again, the company executive responsible for arrangements may "strike a blow for Freedom" by specifying that his guests be given full opportunity to enjoy the one whiskey indigenous to our American soil.

And because our hand-made Bourbon is the acknowledged favorite among so many top-notch business and professional people his wisest and safest choice might well be full-flavored **OLD FITZGERALD**.

*Kentucky Straight Bourbon
Bottled-in-Bond 100 Proof*

THE EASY CHAIR

seem to understand this about people, we often forget it about countries.

What would most upset us would be "another Cuba." And that may well happen. One or more Latin-American countries may "go communist." And someone, probably in the State Department, would then be accused of "losing a loyal ally."

It is impossible to predict where and how a communist take-over might occur. It might happen quite legally through the democratic process of elections—say in Chile. Or the Communists might triumph, say in Bolivia, through a military victory. Again, Cuban terrorism and intrigue might contribute decisively to a communist take-over in a Caribbean country. Finally, there is the risk that—as the economic and political situation in many of these countries deteriorates—their governments will succumb to demagogic opportunism. They will try to use the Communists but will, instead, be captured by them. Brazil was moving rapidly in this direction—until the military threw out Goulart.

In one Latin-American country—Paraguay—communism is not an active problem. General Stroessner simply has not tolerated any kind of subversion. Unmoved by American denunciations of him as a "dictator," he has slowly developed his country with penetration roads, improved river transport, and homesteading of the newly opened areas. Paraguay suffers from its landlocked position and its almost exclusive dependence on agricultural production. But it has no serious peasant problem and thus avoids one of the strongest issues exploited by the Communists.

What would "another Cuba" elsewhere in the hemisphere mean? For the country thus afflicted it would mean, almost surely, economic collapse. There is no reason to expect that any other Latin communist regime could manage its affairs better than the Cuban Castro and the Argentine Guevara have mangled the economy of the Pearl of the Antilles. Soon after the victory of a people's revolution, a new regime would be pleading for external aid. Because of the dependable incompetence of the communist economic system, assistance would have to be on a continuing basis.

These would be glum tidings for

Moscow or Peking. And it is improbable that either would subsidize a new communist on the Cuban scale. The Soviet Union already has, through its mortgage on Castro, strategic lodgment in the Western Hemisphere. The Kremlin hardly wants to double its outlay even for a second strategic position—especially at the risk of a confrontation with the United States.

And much as the Chinese value like a foothold in the Western Hemisphere, they can scarcely afford to maintain a Latin satellite at Cuban rate.

Both Moscow and Peking want rate advantages in Latin America. But any new Marxist dictatorship would want to produce spectacular accomplishments without delay. It made a shambles out of the economy, because of ignorance, ideological superstitions and undisciplined temperaments, it would seek from patron donations which would probably be more than either the Russians or the Chinese would be willing to cough up.

Resentment against Moscow and Peking would naturally ensue. Latin-American Communists, nearly all Communists today, are nationalist Communists. And as they do not feel—as others feel—the monolithic, polarized, Stalinist period—bound to and dependent on one center of authority.

So they would be free to move around. They would not have to keep their lives in their hands, as Tito did, and make a defiant, frightened break. Nor would they have to live on the hysterical, holier-than-thou performance of the Chinese a few years ago. They could, after their revolutionary fever returned to something like normal, explore possibilities on the other side of the socialist camp, as China has been doing with Britain, the United States and others.

Who knows? "Another Cuba" one were to appear, might end like Yugoslavia or Poland. It might apply for aid to the Alliance for Progress—which, having failed to prevent a communist take-over, might then try for a communist turn in the direction of independence. Moscow and Peking—or even Havana—which might by then be a new center of communist authority.

Come home with us to Paris

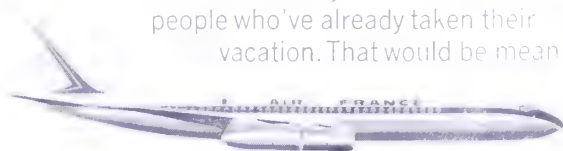
Enjoy "The City of Light" and a fabulous "Jet-Away Holiday in the Sun!"



ved up all your vacation days till
w, eh? Well, Air France has
ved up some fabulous vacation
as just for you. We call them "Jet-
ay Sun Holidays." They enable
u to fly, cruise, motor, walk, to
d through the sunniest spots in
rope, Africa, the Mediterranean,
virtually anywhere in the world.
remarkable savings. (A 9-day stay
a first-class hotel in the beautiful
inary Islands, for example, costs

just \$99 plus air-sea fare.) Each tour
begins or ends in the city—Paris.
Air France handles all the details...
while you have all the fun. Itineraries
are completely flexible, so you
needn't feel tied to a group.
Naturally your flights will
be aboard sleek, swift
Air France Boeing 707
Jetliners where each meal
is a masterpiece—and the
service is regal. There are

no lower jet fares, either. What more
could you ask for? Why not ask
your Travel Agent for all the details.
And try not to discuss Air France's
1964 "Jet-Away Sun Holidays" with
people who've already taken their
vacation. That would be mean.



AIR FRANCE
THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE

Ford-built quality interiors take hot dogs
and mustard—with relish.



Longer-lasting upholstery and carpeting is another
Ford-built means better built.

Fingers don't faze the rugged beauty of today's
interiors.

Other-like new vinyls have a 20% thicker face over
fiber backing. Developed by Ford Motor Company
they resist sun, tearing and soiling better and clean
easily in the industry.

Ford Motor Company is so particular about vinyls it makes
its own. Its plant is the third largest in the world.

The vinyls are so superior, top furniture

Or take the fabrics. Even in the least expensive Ford-built
car, seats have a 100% nylon face.

Carpeting, too, is amazingly long-wearing. For example,
in the Comet Caliente, you get

weave you'd be proud to have

Wherever you

Ford-built means better built
for farm implements.



Ford-built means better built



MUSTANG • LINCOLN • MERCURY • FORD
COMET • MERCURY • LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

This 2 handicap golfer also happens to blend the world's finest Scotch.



...the history of John Walker & Sons.

Why his whisky stands apart. Experts will tell you the sumptuous character of ... produced in Scotland. And Mr. Thom-

son's educated nose knows them all their characteristics, their personalities, and how they'll "marry" with others.

For Black Label, he uses more than 40 of the expensive "single malts." To this blend of flavorful Highland malts, George Thomson adds just the exact amount of aged Scotch grain whisky necessary to complete the unique formula that is Johnnie Walker Black Label.

Are you paying a premium for it? If you're paying for "the best," you ought to be getting all the smooth richness and true Scotch character of Johnnie Walker Black Label.

The superiority of it is recognized throughout the world by people who know Scotch whisky. It's in such demand in the United Kingdom that it's a ration there. But the current quota allows you to get a reasonable share.

Ask for Black Label tonight. Its smooth, satisfying flavor could change your taste for fine Scotch.



After Hours



The Lonesome Pine Foundation

by Philip J. Davis

Davis is professor of applied dynamics in Brown University. He has been a "steady contributor" of foundation money over the years, and the characters of Lonesome are a "figment."

whole affair happened so rapidly that it doesn't seem to have happened at all. It was on a Tuesday in that I read the article that led to Maine, and it was on a Tuesday night, slightly more than four weeks later, that I threw in the towel and beelined from Bangor to Burlington of Vermont.

The article—it appeared in one of the leading magazines—told of the success of the American foundations; they had become so neutral, so objective that they were as unimportant as a sigh in a forest, so bound up in supporting mediocrity that they could do better to turn their funds over to the U. S. Treasury and let the government dispense largess *pro bono* after its own fashion. When I read, further, that executive directors of foundations were resigning in scores, I got on the phone and called up my friend Arthur Andrews, who had a number of ins with the foundations.

"Arthur," I said, "I'd like to be executive director of a foundation. I've got some ideas I'd like to try."

Arthur fixed it up, and the next morning I was in Bangor for an in-

terview with the trustees of the Lonesome Pine Foundation. The trustees turned out to be a Mr. H. H. Coddle, who owned a newspaper in town; Mr. Shingle, who was a lawyer for one of the big lumber companies; a strange lady by the name of Miss Flinch, who had some remote connection with the man who established the foundation; and the President of one of the Maine universities, whose name was lost to me in the rumble of the introductions.

The university man asked me whether I'd had experience with foundations, and I admitted (which was not false) that I had had experience over the past ten years. Mr. Coddle asked me whether I had thought through a policy for awards, and I answered (which again represented my deep convictions) that I had always felt the awards should be granted in a manner consistent with the principles of distribution as yet to be formulated. The newspaperman nodded vigorous assent. I later found out he interpreted my remark as a severe criticism of the man who had just vacated the position of executive director. The strange lady asked me if I was familiar with the desires of the man who had established the foundation. What was there to know, I thought to myself. His name was Zachariah Smith, and he'd run up a fortune making and selling pine-needle sachet pillows. I thought the slogan, "Fir Yew I Pine and Balsam, Too,"

embroidered on each little pillow was his invention, but I wasn't sure. So I answered, "Yes," and this wound up the interview. The trustees moved into executive session, and five minutes later, I headed up the Lonesome Pine Foundation.

The foundation occupied a suite of two rooms in downtown Bangor. There was myself and Louisa, the secretary, and between us we had two desks, one phone, one typewriter, and three or four filing cabinets. But in the Lonesome Pine National Bank on the corner was \$1,250,000 per annum waiting for me to give away. Old Zach Smith had a few sidelines in addition to pine needles.

My first official act as executive director was to get rid of the filing cabinets. "No more filing," I said to Louisa, and she took kindly to that suggestion. My second act was to consult the back of the envelope where, in Lincolnian fashion, I had jotted down my plans for the new Lonesome Pine Foundation. On the basis of these, Louisa and I got out a brochure.

THE LONESOME PINE FOUNDATION (NEW STYLE)

1. The Lonesome Pine Foundation welcomes applications for projects that relate to the struggle of individuals as they attempt to thread their way through masses of other individuals. Do you feel cowed and dejected by what

"...are doing? Do you seem to be swimming against a sea of red tape? Have you ever felt that with a few thousand dollars and a bit of push you might be able to cut loose, that you might be able to institute something good and something worthwhile? If you have ever felt this way, we'd like to hear from you. Tell us what your ideas are. You supply the push. We supply the money.

2. Theoretical projects will not be accepted. Feasibility studies will not be accepted. Projects will be accepted only if they give fair promise of someone "going out and doing something" and of learning something in the act. The prospects of success of the project are irrelevant.

3. This office does not keep records. Grantees will be expected not to submit progress reports. Grantees are expected not to communicate with this office except, possibly, to apply for renewal. Grantees are expected not to reveal the source of their funds nor to make reference to this foundation during the course of their project. Grantees are not expected to report success or failure. In the case of renewals, this office will institute its own procedures of evaluation.

4. Each grantee will be supplied free of charge with 10,000 Zach Smith Pine Needle Sachets which he will be required to distribute during the course of his project.

Though the fourth point meant that our brochure ran over to two pages, we had to include it—by the terms of the will. We had a quarter of a million copies of this brochure run off.

"You don't expect me to type up a quarter of a million names, do you?" asked Louisa the day the printers called up and said that the brochure was stacked in their warehouse. But I was ready for the next stage. I sent Louisa to New York to shop around for names.

"Try AAA Addressograph Service and Modern Mailings first. Buy a quarter of a million names. But don't buy a quarter of a million names on one list like the list of stockholders of the American Tel and Tel or the list of the Metropolitan Life. I want the names spread around a bit. Get a bunch of smaller lists. We've got to apply sound sampling techniques."

Louisa did her job. She came back to Bangor with arrangements to run off Association of American Cost Accountants, the Church-affili-

ated Men's Clubs of Terre Haute, Indiana, the National Senior Bowling Masters, Association of Municipal Zoo Keepers, Amateur Astronomical League, the whole AAFTR list (I never did find out what this one was), Upper Manhattan Ladies Cotillion, the East Texas Thanatopsis Society, the Little League of Grandfathers-to-Be, the Association of Western Massachusetts Bell Ringers and Carilloneurs, the whole subscription list of the *Greenwich Village Chronicle*, and enough additional outfits to make up an even 250,000 names.

The printers in Bangor shipped the brochures to an envelope stuffer in Bayonne, New Jersey. Our address man in New York ran off the envelopes. And we sat back and waited. Louisa took a week off and baked raisin cookies while I signed up for a conducted windjammer cruise of the outer Maine islands.

One month later I was back in Bangor to give out the money. The Lonesome Pine Foundation rented the largest box that the Bangor Post Office offered, but the overflow filled three large cardboard cartons that the mailmen got from the supermarket next door. There were the annual renewals of old grants, and there were applications made in innocence of the new regime. But of crucial importance to me were applications made in response to my brochure. There were about seven hundred of these.

Louisa and I clearly had our work cut out, and we allotted several weeks to it. First things first, I wrote letters to the renewees, cutting them off without a sou. "This hurts the Lonesome Pine Foundation more than it does you," I said somewhere in my letter to these worthies, "for it takes away from us a solid source of expenditure while restoring to you the option of developing vigorous internal funding."

The solid sources of expenditure did not take it lying down. I got a long distance call from the Chairman of the Board of the East Oneonta, New York, Free Bookmobile. "What's up, Doc?" he inquired cheerfully, "We're counting on your grant to help our stepped-up program." In the course of our half-hour conversation, it emerged that Foundation money was spent largely in providing light bulbs, shoveling snow, and

other important services. "It was a mighty hard winter last year," he was saying as I squeezed the receiver slowly and through his words that I was on the other phone.

I figured this call for a little breeze, and I had Louisa's phone company to disconnect the instrument.

Having thus disposed of the style grants, we had the table set for the real work—the expenditure grants. What would be my criteria? How would I separate wheat from the chaff, the sane from the thieves, the pseudo- from the bona fide crackpots? I determined to let my conscience be my guide in the following way. I was a social and economic and a human animal, a human animal. I, too, was an individual anxious to thread my way through a mass of other individuals. I would consult the voice of my own experience. When in doubt I would use the voice of a referee. My plan was to find or twenty projects and back them to the hilt; I would not spread my sources over hundreds of projects. I would go for brevity, the grand gesture.

After a solid week of work I included several consultations with Louisa and a phone call to the drugstore to one of our fel-

Poser

(Twenty-five minutes is allotted for solving the problem. In case of need, find the answer on page 9)

A long division example worked out on a piece of paper which, unfortunately, got lost. The only legible number remaining was the 8 as shown below. The numbers which could not be seen are shown by X's.

Can you supply the missing numbers?

$$\begin{array}{r}
 \text{X X 8 X} \\
 \text{X X) X X X X X X} \\
 \underline{\text{X X X}} \\
 \text{X X} \\
 \underline{\text{X X}} \\
 \text{X X}
 \end{array}$$

prepares his own flambé aboard a happy ship of the Holland-America Line.



Sailing First Class to Europe?

Steward Joe van der Horst about "Gezelligheid."

Joe van der Horst, of the s.s. Amsterdam, is an expert on First

Class. "First Class aboard the s.s. Amsterdam is very good," he says. "We try to make it the best. Our meals are truly magnificent. I know—I've been serving them for years. And I don't think any ships offer more comfort and

what I think is best about Holland-America First Class is our gezelligheid." What does it translate?

Gezelligheid is a special Dutch word for a special Dutch feeling. Gezelligheid means warmth, affection, friendliness. It means enjoyment, pleasure, relaxation. It's not an easy word to translate—but it's the right word for Holland-America's "happy" ships.

"Happy" is a nautical term for a ship's atmosphere. It's the ship's atmosphere.

It's the feeling that pervades everything and affects everyone—from the Captain to the crew to the passengers.

On a "happy" ship, First Class is just as elegant. But it's more relaxing, too. There is more informality, more parties, more festivities than you might enjoy on a month-long holiday. There is more warmth, more pleasure, more—well, gezelligheid.

This is the difference in Holland-America First Class. We believe it's important. If you'd like to know how important, ask people who have traveled on a ship that isn't "happy."

Choose Holland-America, and you'll enjoy all the comfort, luxury, and splendor you expect. But we think you'll remember Holland-America best for all the fun you had aboard.

Ask your travel agent about accommodations—First Class, One Class or Tour-

ist Class aboard the s.s. Rotterdam, Nieuw Amsterdam, Statendam or other happy ships—sailing to Southampton, Le Havre, Rotterdam, Cobh, Galway or Bremerhaven. And mail this coupon right now for very interesting literature about ships, Europe, and you.

SAIL A HAPPY SHIP

Holland-America Line

Pier 40-North River, New York 10014

Please send me a batch of brochures including "True or False about Holland-America First Class"

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Travel Agent _____

2018



Spiral bowl • Diameter 7 inches • \$25

Crystal bowl that brightens
everything from candy to carnations

STEUBEN GLASS

FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET • NEW YORK 22, N. Y.



Life Insurance—and how to plan for the future

Mutual Benefit Life has an unusual method of projecting your future financial needs.

We call it the "Analagraph." With remarkable thoroughness and accuracy, our electronic computer predicts in simple graphic terms how much money will be needed to meet your family's future living expenses, to pay for your children's education, and to provide a comfortable retirement income.

The "Analagraph" service, along with our famous "Seven Significant Benefits," reflects a philosophy of policyholder service and protection that has made Mutual Benefit Life one of the largest, most highly regarded insurance companies in the world.

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY NEWARK, NEW JERSEY SINCE 1845

AFTER HOURS

dations in New York, I drew up card of grants for the year. I below the descriptions of some of projects and the amounts, but I suppressed the names and address of the individuals concerned.

The American Society of Consumers was awarded \$110,000 support a traveling exhibit that depicts the deleterious aspects of automated households. With money a trailer would be bought work arranged for, and salaries.

Blockbuster Bane, a nonprofit organization, was given a grant to provide legal fees to help a community prevent the construction of a superhighway through it. At \$20,000 a mile, this grant came to \$45,000.

The Diogenes Society was awarded \$4,000 to look for an honest man. money was to cover both salary and equipment. (I tried to press it onto the applicant, but he was a parent, and stated that he abhorred crash programs.)

The sum of \$25,000 went to turn the water fountains in a Midwestern city of moderate size. The applicant wrote that his city has a number of very beautiful fountains that are perpetually dry. His attempts to have them turned on always led to "can't fight City Hall." He put in a grant to fight City Hall in this several related questions.

The Carrie Nation League Women Consumers received \$35,000 for a publicity campaign in favor of a sensible and uniform system of weights and measures to be employed by packers. The project called for demonstrations, and the applicant wrote that since they expected a number of lawsuits to result, they would reapply next year for a grant to cover the damages.

The sum of \$470,000 was awarded to *The Fig Leaf Foundation* in support of various social and economic lost causes. In spite of the vagueness of the formulation and the unusual size of the request, the application appeared to be basically sound, and was allowed.

These six grants accounted for \$689,000. The sum of \$516,000 went to seven applicants to support, among other things, an impecunious candidate for Congress running on an independent ticket (he lost), a college scholarship fund whose awards were to be made solely on the basis

Are you sure you should name Cousin George as executor of your Will?



Can Cousin George really be the man for the job? Can he be on hand exactly where and when he's needed? Can he handle all the responsibilities facing you?

Let's see. As executor of your Will, he'll have responsibilities like protecting your assets... compiling an inventory... appraising the value of each asset... documenting the assets... settling bills and taxes... meeting cash needs... applying the soundest tax policies... making the wisest investments.

Now you know why so many people name us as executor. And as trustee.

Your plans are safeguarded by investment analysts, tax specialists and other experts. These are men who offer round-the-clock, on-the-spot talents you can't expect any *individual* executor to have.

We suggest that you and your lawyer talk with us about this important matter of naming the right executor.

And Cousin George seconds the motion.

THE FIRST & OLD COLONY

The First National Bank of Boston and Old Colony Trust Company

MICHIKO

Michiko Komatsu will tell you how to make a wish come true in Japan. Just tie an *omikuj* fortune paper to the "message tree." There is similar sorcery in the way this lovely Japan Air Lines hostess anticipates your every wish even before you ask. She makes you feel serenely at home in the classic Japanese atmosphere found aboard your DC-8 Jet Courier. In traditional kimono she serves you with a personal warmth you have never before experienced.

Enhance your next journey en route to Japan, the Orient, or on around the world to Europe with the magic of Michiko. You can even add sunny Hawaii at no extra fare—another "plus" when you fly Japan Air Lines, *the calm beauty of Japan at almost the speed of sound.*



JAPAN AIR LINES

Choose from daily DC-8 Jet flights to Tokyo via Hawaii from Los Angeles or San Francisco. See your travel agent for reservations

AFTER HOURS

scholastic merit (no financial statements necessary), and experiments in low-cost public transportation in a suburban area using private cars, large station wagons, other unconventional vehicles, and some volunteer help.

High on the list for the following year's expenditures was a project to reeducate clerks and executives to the realization that the man of flesh and blood standing before them has priority over the telephone. An elaborate program of retreading was outlined, and included a telephone campaign.

To these moneys must be added the sum of \$45,000 to pay for my salary, Louisa's salary, rent, printing and mailing, insurance, travel, retirement, depreciation, and hidden expenditures such as the sachet pillows we'd have to distribute. This made a grand total of \$1,250,000. The till would be empty.

So much, then, for the project. We prepared the letters of congratulation and the checks. Louisa called up Zach Smith's somewhat estranged family—still in the pine-needle sachet business—and ordered about 200,000. We arranged to get them out to award winners, and this wound up the bulk of our business for the summer. The Fourth of July had not even come yet.

I looked forward to a quiet month on the Maine waters in and around Blue Hill, with perhaps a trip to the annual convention of Executive Directors of American Foundations in late July. In August, we would close up shop altogether for vacation, and in September—though I didn't see quite clearly what all the arrangements would have to be—I would leave for my semi-annual site visits. These would be crucial for evaluations in the event of project renewals. One of the above projects was located near a well-known West Coast watering spot, and so the site visits would not be totally burdensome. If my schedule for the next half-year appears somewhat less than rigorous, it must be remembered that leisure for thought and stocktaking is simply one side of a coin on whose opposite is engraved the risk and responsibilities of foundation directing.

The coin was spun sufficiently often, and after a streak of luck, the

opposite side appeared without warning. One sunny afternoon Louisa and I were examining the folders for the Canadian Rockies door flew open, and the strange trustee stalked in.

"Dear, dear Miss Flinch. You brings you to Bangor on a summer afternoon?"

"Where's my money?"

"What money, Miss Flinch? A little slipup perhaps?"

"What money, you damn fool. I know what money. When I got from Europe, I found this fool form letter. Internal funding, in. Don't you know that I'm the p recipient, according to the p sions?"

"I'm sorry this oversi . . ."

But Miss Flinch had already slammed the door. In the silence ensued, I heard the cicadas sin outside in the courtyard.

"What's with Miss Flinch?" asked Louisa.

"By the Charter of the Foundation she gets \$20,000 per annum, after year. She should have been number one grantee."

"Just like that?" I asked.

"Just like that."

"You goofed," I said to Louisa.

"I admit it."

"Is there any money left in the till?"

"Nuh, uh. You and your big idea."

"Well, don't take it to heart," said, "I've got hidden resources. It'll take a couple three days for I shift some checks hither and y."

"Are you going to make a finag?"

"Not at all. Tell me, Louisa. Do you think that in some obscure way, Miss Flinch represents man's struggle to self-assertion, a spot of brightness on a bethreaded landscape?"

"She might have, thirty years ago."

The coda had already been reached but I didn't know it. The drums rolled and the trumpet flourishes sounded, but I was busy rectifying my own mind what would turn out to be unrectifiable. A half-hour passed and Flinch returned. She had rounded up two of the other trustees.

"What is going on here?"

Coddle. "Why is there no phone connection here?"

"Why does a distinguished trustee and the first grantee by charter receive a nasty form letter?" Shingle.

AFTER HOURS

"no check," added Miss Flinch.
 "no check," reiterated Shingle.
 "Gentlemen, gentlemen, it's all a
 mistake. Perfectly trivial.
 Come a week, and Miss Flinch
 will have . . ."

"dear sir, do you imply that
 the foundation is without funds?"
 "The foundation has spent all its
 money in grants. That is the proper
 way of looking at it."

"And to whom," probed Coddle,
 "has the foundation's money gone?"
 "I don't know."

"I don't know?"
 "I don't keep records. But they are
 for worthy projects. I think Zacha-
 riah Smith himself would have been
 proud of them."

"I don't keep records? You don't
 know where the money has gone?"
 "Dear sir. First you insult a lady
 in a callous form letter, then you
 ask her inheritance, and then
 you keep no records. Are you an
 idiot?"

"Not at all. My plan, all along,
 was to . . ."

"Then," said Mr. Shingle, drawing
 himself up, "I suggest you reformu-
 late your plans. You are no longer
 a student. Clear out by tomorrow, and
 please leave us our poor
 foundation."

"Well, Shingle, and Coddle left in
 a huff, and in the silence, Louisa and
 I again heard the song of the
 birds."

"It was my fault," she sighed, "I
 have remembered the silly
 plan. But in the excitement of the
 new methods . . ."

"Not at all. You heard how they
 used my methods."

"You have such éclat," said Louisa.
 "While I'm not sure what she
 means by this, I loved her for it."

"I saw a shirt and a pair of socks
 in my car and headed for Vermont.
 I established in the small town of
 Hollow, I presented my cred-
 entials in the country bank as
 president and executive director of The
 Leaf Fund."

"Hollow, I presented my cred-
 entials in the country bank as
 president and executive director of The
 Leaf Fund."

"Though some wind has been taken
 from my institutional sails, I'm pre-
 pared for another go at it, and as
 soon as Louisa arrives, I plan to write
 a brochure. I have plans for a
 stage arrangement should this
 stage fail, but I'm really not
 going to divulge them."

"Happy is he who has been able to
 learn the causes of things."

Virgil

The quest for facts which are close
 to "the causes of things" is a difficult
 and essential part
 of our research effort.

Such a quest remains an art. It requires
 individuals who possess a nicely
 balanced blend of iron drive
 and delicate touch. These are the
 imaginative and perceptive men
 Virgil identifies. We would like to have
 some of them working with us.

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Report from New York hospitals:

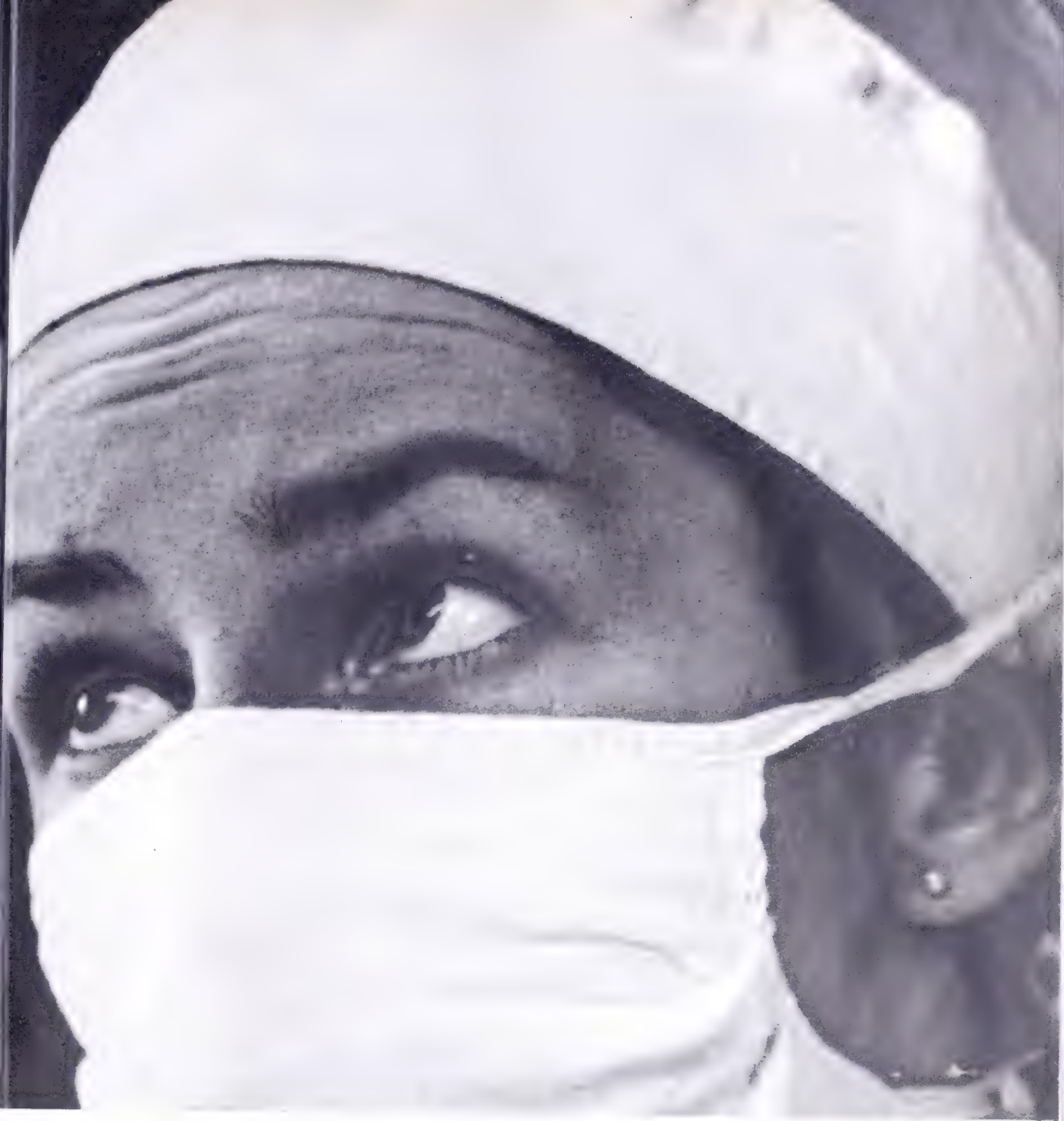
IBM computer helps locate rare blood to save lives

IT'S MIDNIGHT in an operating room of a New York City hospital. Surgeons are racing the clock to save a life that's ebbing away.

The hospital's last pint of rare A negative blood is being exhausted. Where in all of Greater New York can a donor be found to give more?

IBM computer joins the search

Until recently, such emergencies set off a frantic hunt. Phone calls were made to many hospitals and blood banks to locate donors of rare blood types. After appeals were made over television and radio. Often, it took too much time.



An IBM computer helps find donors of rare blood for hospitals in the New York area.

...just one call will be necessary. The New York Blood Center will receive the call, and type out the request to its new IBM computer.

Within seconds, the computer races through its "memory file" of hundreds of donors of rare blood in the New York area. It can quickly locate a donor of the negative blood who lives near the hospital. He can soon be in the operating room, and a patient's life saved.

Monitoring a city's blood supply

The Blood Center's IBM computer will perform many other jobs. It will even keep track of every available pint

of blood on hand at each of 150 different locations. It will answer demands for 1000 pints of blood each day. It will handle all record-keeping involved.

Is a certain type of blood running low at a certain hospital? The computer will automatically warn the Blood Center.

Is a pint of blood reaching the 21-day limit? The computer will signal the date it could be better used as plasma. It will also keep records to indicate when donors can give blood again.

This one IBM computer can keep constant track of 300,000 pints of blood in the Greater New York area—from donor, to laboratory, to refrigerated

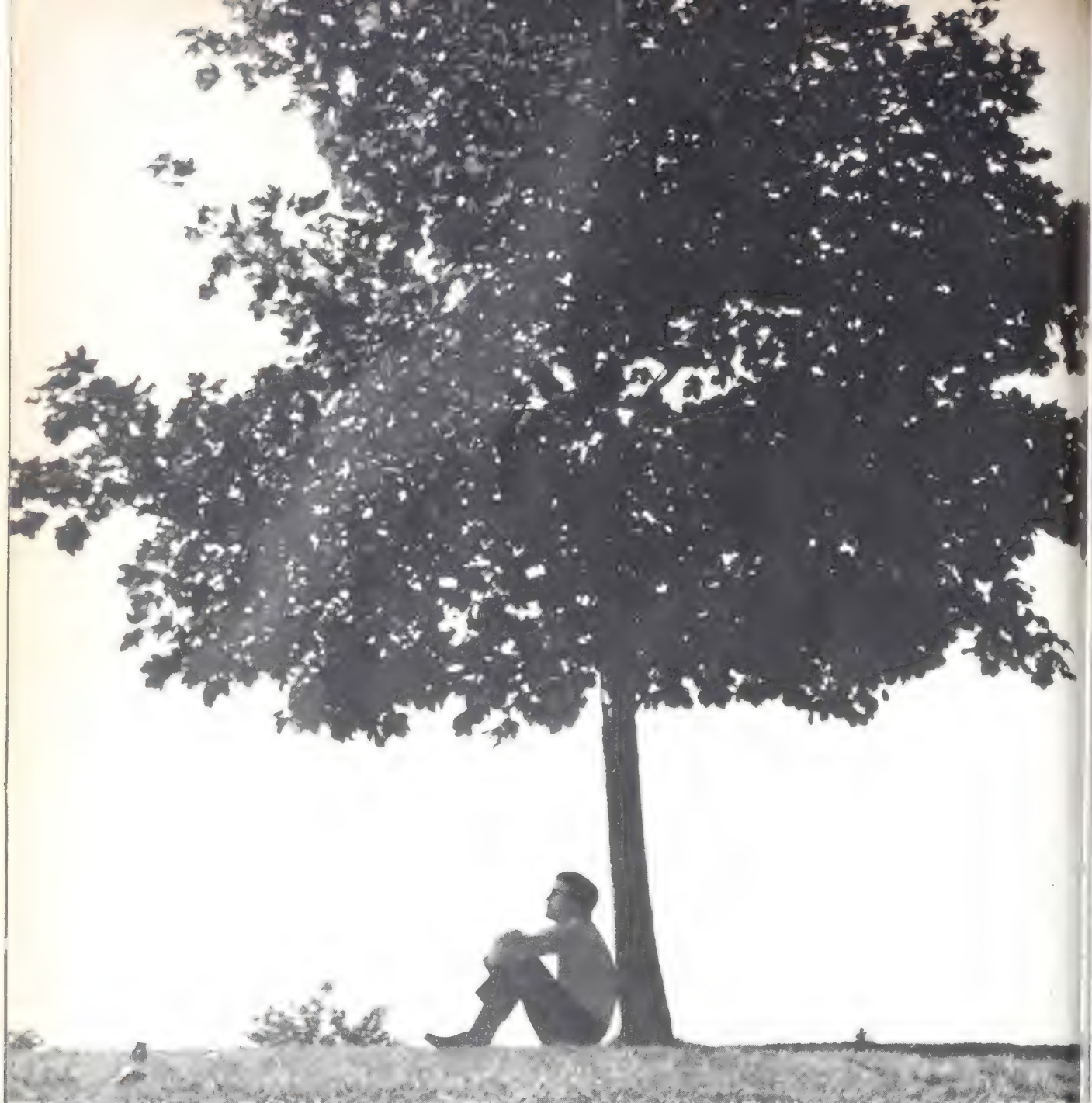
vault, and to patients in 150 hospitals.

Computers don't think. They simply store information and sort facts to help thinking men solve problems. But they do their work at fantastic speed—speed that may someday save the life of someone you know.

Through blood donations, Americans give of themselves to help save lives.

New developments like New York's Blood Center make your donation of blood more meaningful than ever.

IBM®



Yes, even you will be retired one day

What then? What will you use to replace earning power? What will you use to guarantee yourself a decent, comfortable living? Good business sense should tell you to use the time of your greatest earning power to safeguard your later years.

Life Insurance guarantees an income in the years when earning power has stopped. It insures the future for you while it protects your family today.

Just as the needs of men vary, so do the policies that protect men. Life Insurance is an important business decision.

It calls for wise, informed guidance. Your Aetna Life representative is ready to advise you. He represents the Life Insurance Company that businessmen prefer. More business group insured with Aetna than with any other company time on your side. Consult with him today.

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE
THE CHOICE OF BUSINESSMEN LETS YOU CHOOSE WITH CONFIDENCE

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE CO., Hartford, Conn. ■ Affiliates: Aetna Casualty and Surety Co., Standard Fire Insurance Co., The Excelsior Life Co.

Harper's

magazine

The Italian Character

By Luigi Barzini

It is always theatrical, often charming, usually deceptive—and deeply ingrained with suspicion and pessimism. Its effects on the nation are deplorable—but for the individual it serves as an agreeable shield against a harsh world.

The surface of Italian life, often gay and playful, sometimes bleak and tragic, has many characteristics of a show. It is, first of all, almost always entertaining, moving, unreservedly picturesque, self-explanatory, animated, and engaging, as all good shows are. Second, its effects are skillfully, if not always consciously, contrived to convey a certain message to, and arouse particular emotions in, the bystanders.

Watch an Italian mother fondle her baby. If she is alone, she is tender and solicitous like any other mother, in a matter-of-fact way. As soon as somebody enters the room, she will immediately enact a tasteful impersonation of Mother Love. Her face will suddenly shine, tears of affection will fill her eyes, she will crush the infant to her breast, sing to him, and make up poetic pet names. An Italian will often utter grave and sincere words (dictated by wrath,

jealousy, the defense of his interests and dignity, or passionate love) and, at the same time, look out of the corner of his eye to check the impression he is making on his public. The old bearded fishermen who sit on the sea wall smoking their clay pipes look ready to be photographed in color for a travel poster. The forsaken appearance of a Sicilian village square, with its immense baroque church, the lounging unemployed men, the cadaverous donkeys, are a concrete dramatization of doom and hopelessness. The chrome-and-glass geometry of a northern industrial town is an equally concrete dramatization of efficient modernity.

The first purpose of the show is to make life acceptable. Life in the raw can be meaningless and frightening. Italians feel uncomfortable when surrounded by nature. They have for centuries cut down ancient woods and solitary majestic trees. They long ago invented ways to force vegetation to obey their will: they pruned bushes into sculptured forms; they created gardens which were as similar to green cities as possible. Gabriele d'Annunzio, the poet who was perhaps more Italian than any other Italian, spent the last years of his life passionately uprooting trees and bushes in his beautiful garden on Lake Garda to put in their place stone

pillars, stone walls, marble arches, and allegoric statuary. He even transported and installed among the flower beds the iron prow of a first world war torpedo boat.

Dull and insignificant moments in life must be made agreeable with suitable decorations and rituals. Ugly things must be hidden, unpleasant and tragic facts swept under the carpet whenever possible. Everything must be made to sparkle—a simple meal, an ordinary transaction, a dreary speech, a cowardly capitulation must be embellished and ennobled with euphemisms, adornments, and pathos. These practices were not (as many think) developed by people who find life rewarding and exhilarating, but by a pessimistic, realistic, resigned, and frightened people. They believe man's ills cannot be cured but only assuaged, catastrophes cannot be averted but only mitigated. They prefer to glide elegantly over the surface of life and leave the depths unplumbed.

This eternal search for shallow distractions, this dressing up of reality could become cloying and revolting if they were not accompanied by *garbo*. *Garbo* is an Italian word which cannot be translated exactly. It is, for instance, the careful circumspection with which one slowly changes political allegiance when things are on the verge of becoming dangerous; the tact with which unpleasant news must be gently announced; the grace with which the tailor cuts a coat to flatter the lines of the body; the sympathetic caution with which agonizing love affairs are finished off; the ability with which a *prefetto* gradually restores order in a rebellious province without provoking resentments. Without *garbo* a rousing patriotic speech would become rhetorical, a flamboyant declaration of love sickening, an elaborately adorned building loathsome, a florid musical composition unbearable. *Garbo* keeps everything within the boundaries of credibility and taste.

*

Polite lies and flattery can be utilitarian on occasion but, most of the time, must be honestly classified among the devices designed to make life agreeable. They are the lubricants that make human relations run more smoothly. Flattery somehow makes the wariest of men feel bigger, more confident, almost magnanimous. It is so common in Italy as to go practically unnoticed. Everybody is constantly being vaguely praised by everybody else. A decrepit man is always told he looks years younger; an old hag that she is beautiful, more beautiful this year than

last. Almost imperceptibly, flattery is in the eagerness with which your orders are obeyed, or the obsequiousness with which your advice is sought in matters in which you have no particular experience. It is in the use of academic or other titles; people affix them to your name, as if to prove that you so visibly deserve such honors that it is impossible you have not been awarded them. A middle-class man is called *dottore* in his youth and becomes a *commendatore*, or "knight commander," when over forty. Ordinary letters are addressed to the "most, egregious," "illustrious," "celebrated," "eminent," "renowned" Signore, or simply to *N.H.*, the abbreviation for *Nobil Uomo*. Tailors praise your build. Dentists exclaim: "You have the teeth of an ancient Roman!" The doctor remarks that he has rarely encountered an influenza as baffling as yours. The antique dealer, the jeweler, the waiter, the butcher, everybody will exclaim that your taste is exquisite, that it is a pleasure to serve you, that they would not sell what you are buying to anybody and certainly not at the ridiculous price you are asked.

Naturally nobody takes seriously the implicit flattery contained in everyday greetings. A friend of mine was saluted in Naples (the capital of hyperbolic and meaningless flattery) with the simple and courteous formula: "Sir, consider me the last button on the livery of your last lackey." What could be more tasteful? My friend, not being a Neapolitan, was taken aback. He did not know what to say. He mumbled incoherent monosyllables. The correct answer to that one, of course, is: "Sir, the last button on the livery of my last lackey is of diamonds."

Most polite lies, like flattery, are too transparent really to further the liar's interest. When the shoemaker convincingly says, one hand on his heart, "Of course, sir, you will have your new shoes on Thursday, without fail. Do not worry!" he is aware that he cannot fulfill his promise. The shoes will not be ready on time. But he is lying not for himself. He is lying for you. He wants you to feel at peace until Thursday, at least, warmed by the hope that your shoes will arrive.

Such transparent deceptions give a man the

Luigi Barzini, Italy's leading journalist and a Liberal party member of parliament from Milan, contributes to "Corriere della Sera" and "Epoca" as well as to English and American magazines. Trained at Columbia School of Journalism, he was a cub reporter in New York in 1929. This article is adapted from his next book, "The Italians," to be published soon by Atheneum.

most precious of all Italian sensations, that of being a unique specimen of humanity. Nobody in Italy ever confesses to being "an average man"; everybody persuades himself he is one of the gods' favored sons. This sensation can be bolstered up in many ways. Take the matter of theatre tickets. To pay the full price is equivalent to admitting that one is nobody. It is not surprising that Italian theatres are half-filled with non-paying customers and the other half with customers who pay a reduced price. Similarly, nobody pays the full price for railway tickets. All kinds of people travel free; most of the others enjoy vast discounts; only a few *grands seigneurs*, foreigners, or ingenuous Italians pay the full fare. This naturally creates complicated problems of accounting. It has been calculated that, if everybody paid, all fares could be halved.

*

The show, however, is not always purely disinterested. It is often acted out also for the promotion of the actor's interests and those of his family, friends, and protégés. Alastair Reid, at a meeting of literary men gathered at Formentor, in 1962, to award two prizes to unknown writers, admired this particular technique. "The Italians held forth," he wrote, "with such persuasive eloquence that no one could bear to impose on them the time limit of seven minutes that had been agreed on. (On one occasion, Vittorini stopped dramatically in mid-phrase to observe that he had outrun his time. 'Go on, go on!' cried the bedazzled throng, and he did for a good ten minutes more.) Their every appearance was a performance, their every utterance a stylist's delight." (The Italians that year managed to have one of the prizes awarded to one of their candidates, a struggling young woman writer, a protégé of Moravia.)

Sometimes the show is put up by a whole city, which wants to appear either prosperous or miserable, as the occasion requires. Rome was made to appear more modern, wealthy, and powerful with the addition of whole cardboard buildings, built like film sets, on the occasion of Hitler's visit, in 1938. Hitler was notoriously impressed.

Sometimes the show is put up by the whole country. After the war, Italian officials rushed to New York, some to describe the hunger, ruin, and hopeless desperation of Italy, in order to get free grants of grain,

cotton, coal, oil, and other raw materials from the American government, while others rushed to New York to describe an entirely different picture—the new hope, the upsurge of energies, the fervid initiatives, the faith in the future of their countrymen, in order to get ordinary loans. Sometimes the same men were entrusted with both missions. When passing from one office to another, or from a party with government officials to another party with private bankers, they quickly changed facial expressions and tone of voice. They never lied. Both pictures were true.

Such devices are not always animated by the ignoble desire to deceive and bedazzle observers. Often, to put up a show becomes the only pathetic way to revolt against destiny. For some reason it has always been extremely difficult for Italians, individually and nationally, to amass wealth. What are they to do? They stage an almost perfect imitation of the real thing. The art of appearing rich has been cultivated in Italy as nowhere else. Little provincial towns, capitals of tiny principalities in past centuries, like Lucca, Modena, Parma, Mantova, Ferrara, boast immense princely palaces, castles, vast churches, and stately opera houses, all disproportionate, sometimes ridiculously so, to the size of the principality, its means, and its population. There were in Naples penniless aristocratic families who could not afford carriages; they only owned the doors, with their coats of arms splendidly painted on them, which they attached to hired coaches on the rare days when they needed to parade in public. There were, here and there, decayed families who saved every lira, living in but a few rooms of their *palazzi* and eating boiled potatoes with the servants in the kitchen, in order to throw a big ball on one day of the year. There are still today gentlemen buried

in obscure country villages, where they manage what estates they have left, who emerge once a year, to go to Monte Carlo, Paris, or Biarritz for a few days, where they stay in the most celebrated hotels, dine with bejeweled ladies, entertain fabulously wealthy guests, are entertained in turn, tip lavishly, and then go back to their hiding places for another year of skimping.

One must bear this in mind even today, when Italy has reached, for the first time in history, an unwonted opulence. Italians wear good clothes, drive shining cars, and fill expensive restaurants. New companies erect stately steel-and-glass buildings for



their head offices. Some of these people (not all, of course) own little more than the clothes on their back, the part of their car they have already paid for, and the money with which to buy their expensive meals. Some of the companies dedicate a large part of their financial resources to the construction and the decoration of their resplendent new offices. Sociologists have recorded that the first expenditures made by the illiterate non-skilled workers in the South, when they get their first steady job in centuries, are strictly dedicated to superfluous and gaudy purchases: wrist watches, radios, television sets, and fancy clothes. Apparently the things they want above all are the show of prosperity and the reassurance they can read in the eyes of their envious neighbors. Only later do they improve their houses, buy some furniture, blankets, sheets, pots and pans. The last thing they spend money on is better food. Better food is invisible.

Illusion in a Gondola

The suspicion that what surrounds one in Italy may be a show can be disturbing. It perplexes Italian adolescents, who have had a sheltered education, when they grow up. The pleasure foreigners feel at first is embittered, when they prolong their stay, by doubt and diffidence. Foreign diplomats in Rome disconsolately say: "Italy is the opposite of Russia. In Moscow nothing is known yet everything is clear. In Rome everything is public, there are no secrets, everybody talks, things are at times flamboyantly enacted, yet one understands nothing." Nevertheless, appearances in Italy are not always illusory. Is the young man less in love with his young lady if he courts her in a dramatic way? Is the man who watches the public's reaction from the corner of his eye less dominated by wrath, jealousy, or love? Not necessarily, of course, not always.

Take a very common example, the embarrassment of a pretty foreign girl who meets her Italian lover in a gondola under the moon. The man softly murmurs reassuring and entreating words into her ears. Meanwhile his hands seem animated by a life of their own. They caress, attract her near him, tickle her hair at the nape, and boldly slip under her dress. His cheeks brush hers. He becomes more ardent, voluptuous, and commanding. He is difficult to resist. What can she make of the performances? What is he, really? He may be an honest lover like any other, perhaps a little more skillful. He may be, at the opposite end of the scale, an accomplished performer, a complete

impostor. He himself often does not know where truth ends and invention begins. Whatever his feelings, his performance is almost always delightful, moving, and tactful. Only rarely it may be irritating. The poor girl can only give in within reason, play her own role, keep her head, and enjoy the show.

Everything (including the monuments and churches) must be interpreted in a similar fashion. Take Saint Peter's. It is undoubtedly an impressive place of worship. All of the greatest artists since the Renaissance labored to make it so. Michelangelo was one of its architects. All the paraphernalia and personnel necessary for ritual communication with the deity are abundantly available. Grandiose ceremonies are staged periodically, according to a very ancient liturgy, dedicated to the revealed mysteries and holy traditions of the Roman Catholic Church. Hundreds of unbelievers are converted yearly within its walls. Thousands of believers are confirmed daily in their faith and comforted. But, when one compares it to other churches, one finds it perhaps too ornate, mundane, rhetorical, and vast to conciliate the intimate emotions usually connected with religious fervor.

One can pray there only with some difficulty. One is distracted by the colors of the rare marbles, the complicated architecture, the miniature perfection of the sculptures, the gesticulation of the statues, the celestial music, the coming and going of herds of indifferent sightseers. One begins to understand, at a certain point, that it is not only a great basilica, a place of worship, the seat of the Holy Roman Church, but also the dramatic representation of all this. One discovers that it is designed not merely to inspire religious emotions but also to impress the onlooker with the power, the majesty, the wealth, and the solidity of the Church and, therefore, the glory of God himself. If you then happen to come across one of the secret storehouses where the necessary decorations and machines for the various ceremonies are kept, you cannot escape an irreverent conclusion: Saint Peter's is also God's own holy playhouse.

*

The search for the secondary level of everything Italian becomes a game, at a certain point. Is the hungry beggar in the street real or a good imitation? How much is Signor A, the celebrated contemporary politician, a real statesman, and how much, instead, the skillful impersonation of one?

D'Annunzio, for instance, lived like a Renais-

ance prince, was a voluptuary surrounded by borzois, a gaudy clutter of antiques, brocades, rare Oriental perfumes, and flamboyant but inexpensive jewelry; dressed like a London clubman; preferably slept with duchesses, world-famous actresses, and mad Russian ladies; wrote exquisitely wrought prose and poetry; rode to hounds. His politics were of the Extreme Right. In reality, he was a penniless provincial character of genius, the son of a small merchant from Pescara.



Alberto Moravia, on the other hand, wears turtleneck sweaters and

habby clothes; often writes the awkward language spoken by uncultured people, freely employing words children are punished for pronouncing; publicly escorts unemployed starlets, unknown lady poets just out of school, and the daughters of metal workers and bricklayers. His politics are of the Extreme Left. In reality he is the son of a wealthy bourgeois family, decently brought up according to the rigid standards of the first decades of this century (there are pictures of him in Little Lord Fauntleroy and sailor suits), who could easily live on the income of his properties, inherited from his father, who was a hard-working construction engineer.

Both men are extraordinary writers, both typical representatives of their respective generations. Both tried to become spokesmen for a class and a kind of life which was not theirs. The perfection of these performances is such that it is usually almost impossible to determine at first sight how close the real and fictitious characters are to each other. An exact valuation often takes some time.

In other parts of the world, substance always takes precedence and its external aspect is considered useful but secondary. Here in Italy, on the other hand, the show is as important as, many times more important than, reality. This is perhaps due to the fact that the climate has allowed Italians to live mostly outside their houses, in the streets and *piazze*; they judge men and events less by what they read or learn, and far more by what they see, hear, touch, and smell.

This reliance on symbols and spectacles must be clearly grasped if one wants to understand Italy. It is the fundamental trait of the national character. It is, incidentally, one of the reasons why the Italians have always excelled in all activities in which the appearance is predominant—architecture, decoration, landscape gardening, the

figurative arts, pageantry, fireworks, ceremonies, opera, and now industrial design, stage jewelry, fashions, and the cinema. Italian medieval armor was the most beautiful in Europe: it was highly decorated, elegantly shaped, well-designed, but too light and thin to be used in combat. In actual combat the Italians preferred German armor, which was ugly but practical. It was safer.

Inevitably Italians are tempted to applaud more those performances which stray farthest from reality, those which make do with the scant-

iest of materials, those which do not even pretend to imitate existing models and still manage to be convincing or entertaining. Take imitation marble. Since the earliest days local craftsmen have been unique in their ability to counterfeit the real thing. Half the marble one sees in churches or patrician *palazzi* is in fact but smooth plaster deceptively painted. It is not necessarily always cheaper than the real thing; at times it can be infinitely more expensive and inconvenient. Of all the imitation marbles, Italians appreciate more those which really imitate nothing at all, but create a combination of colors which never existed in nature. What is specially prized is the daring of their makers, their Promethean challenge to God.

The word for such dexterity is *virtuosismo*. The greatest of all, Nicolò Paganini, often finished playing his most complicated sonatas after breaking all the strings of his violin except one. Down the centuries, Italian *virtuosi* have been famous for having produced floods of *trompe-l'oeil*, *trompe* the mind, and *trompe* the heart. Many see through the deception and yet applaud the adroitness of the performer. It takes a great man to do such things. Anybody can make an omelette with eggs. Only a genius can make one without. *Virtuosismo* is not necessarily an empty display of ability. It often has a practical value.

Take warfare during the Renaissance. As it was practiced abroad, it consisted of the earnest and bloody clash of vast armies. He who killed more enemies carried the day. In Italy it was an elegant and practically bloodless pantomime. Highly paid *condottieri*, at the head of picturesque but small companies of armed men, staged the outward appearance of armed conflict, decorating the stage with beautiful props, flags, colored tents, caparisoned horses, plumes; the action was accompanied by suitable martial music, rolls

of drums, and blood-chilling cries. They convincingly maneuvered their few men back and forth, pursued each other across vast provinces, conquered each other's fortresses. Victory was decided by secret negotiations and the offer of bribes. It was, after all, a very civilized and entertaining way of waging war.

The Sex that Rules

One fundamental point which escapes most foreigners must be understood and remembered. Most Italians still obey a double standard. There is one code valid within the family circle, with relatives, intimate friends, and close associates, and there is another code regulating life outside. Within, they are generally reliable, honest, obedient, disciplined, brave, and capable of self-sacrifices. They practice what virtues other men usually dedicate to the welfare of their country at large; the Italians' family loyalty is their true patriotism. In the outside world, amidst the chaos of society, they often feel compelled to employ the wiles of underground fighters in enemy-occupied territory. All official and legal authority is considered hostile by them until proved friendly or harmless; if it cannot be ignored, it should be neutralized or deceived if need be.

The Italian male, the head or heir of the family, is justly famous the world over for his manliness. He jealously defends his independence. No woman subdues him to her will. Watch him promenade down the *corso* of any small town at sunset, or on Sunday morning after mass. How cocky he looks—visibly the master of creation.

And what is woman? She was obviously placed on earth to amuse and comfort him. Whenever she starts giving herself airs, she must immediately be taught a lesson. "A woman," says an old Italian proverb, "is like an egg. The more she is beaten, the better she becomes."

All this, of course, is mostly nonsense. It is the official cant which inexperienced travelers describe in their diaries. Do Italian men believe it? Many do. Most of them, however, harbor secret doubts. A moment comes when every one of them is struck by the fact that most of the women he has had affairs with are somebody's wives and that it is not, therefore, materially possible for all the husbands in Italy to stray from marital fidelity while none of the wives do so.

Italy is, in reality, a crypto-matriarchy. Things could not be otherwise. Everybody's status, security, and welfare depends on power. The first source of power is the family. The strength of the

family is determined by many factors—wealth, connections, prestige, luck—but, above all, by its inner cohesion and ramifications. These are in the hands of women everywhere in the world and in Italy in a special way. Women engineer appropriate and convenient marriages, keep track of distant relations, and see to it, at all times, that everybody does the suitable thing, suitable, that is, not for him and his happiness, but for the family as a whole.

The fact that woman is the predominant character of Italian life, even if not the most conspicuous, can be read in many small signs. Almost as many popular songs are dedicated every year to *La Mamma* as to voluptuous hussies or romantic beauties. "*Mamma mia!*" is the most common exclamation. What other people call for their mother in time of stress or danger? Do the Germans say, "*Mutter,*" the French "*Maman,*" the English "*Mother of mine,*" when faced by a disappointment or an emergency? Wounded Italian soldiers in frontline dressing stations moan, "*Mamma, mamma, mamma,*" almost inaudibly, like hurt children. "*Mamma,*" say men condemned to death as they wait for the firing squad to fire. The next most common exclamation is "*Madonna,*" which is a supernatural equivalent, as *La Madonna* is the universal symbol of suffering and self-sacrificing womanhood.

No Divorce on the Books

In Italy modern life is eroding the splendid solidity of the family. The change could clearly have serious consequences. If the family weakens, will anarchy reign supreme? Or will Italians finally develop a suitable respect for public authorities and institutions? The family seems no longer what it used to be, everywhere, but especially in the industrial centers of the north, where the transformation of society is being spurred on by industrialization and the gradual spread of affluence. Northern Italians often live in tiny flats, separated from relatives by vast wastelands of masonry and congested streets. Relatives see each other at ever-longer intervals and some of them inevitably get lost and forgotten. Young people want to have their own independent lives and friends, and to live apart from authoritarian parents. Some of the more old-fashioned rites are gradually disappearing, or are performed with little smiles of condescension and irony.

Divorce is beginning to be adopted as an upper-class custom. Of course there is still no divorce on the law books, and there never will be. Not

only is the Church against it, but the people themselves rightly consider it a barbarous and ruinous institution. After all, as everybody knows, the principal purpose of married life is not the impossible satisfaction of adolescent love dreams, but the foundation of a new family and the reinforcement of existing ones. It is naturally desirable that husband and wife be happy in each other's company, but it is not indispensable.

Now, however, many people want brutally to get divorces at all costs, so as to be able to marry again. As a result, *ersatz* divorces of sorts have been devised by ingenious lawyers. After the war, for instance, by legal subterfuges, many marriages were dissolved in countries which had reciprocal treaties with Italy making court sentences in one country also legal, in certain cases, in the other. Few Italian tribunals dared to accept the validity of the foreign decrees, but other methods are being explored. These divorces are naturally easier for unknown and obscure people, who do not provoke scandal. Film stars, well-known politicians, and popular singers have to go without. But when there is no way out, when no chicanery is possible, more and more people now take the law into their own hands and set up house with new partners, without the benefit of the municipal authorities and the clergy.

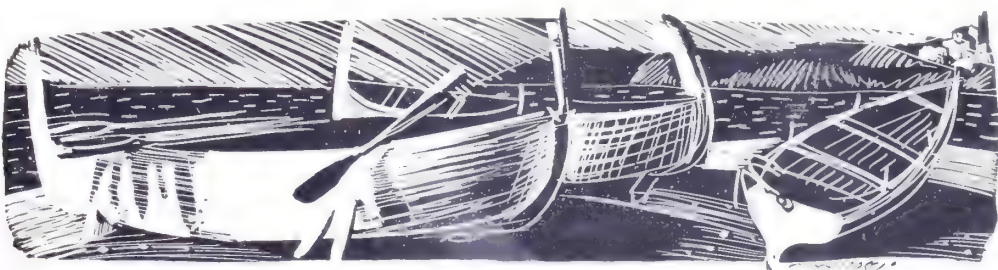
This, of course, has happened before. It has always happened. But there is a difference. The illegal couples are no longer left alone, like lepers, to live a solitary and almost clandestine life. They are accepted, invited everywhere, looked upon with compassion, encouraged as the innocent victims of a cruel and medieval legislation. The lady is usually called by the name of her lover, out of courtesy. By means of legal tricks of various sorts, their children are also illegally given the man's family name. Such liaisons are now almost entirely respectable, so respectable and solid, in fact, that many of these unmarried ladies and gentlemen begin to have love affairs on the side.

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As in the past on many occasions, the Italians now seem eager, even anxious, to adopt many for-

eign fashions. Family discipline is visibly relaxing. Does all this really mean that Italy is changing? Behind each family's closed doors, a silent and tenacious struggle is going on to preserve the substance of the old ways. The struggle is going on within the very heart of each individual Italian. The outcome will be a pleasing show of liberal broadmindedness, but the spirit of the old ways will survive somehow. An Italian will still choose to stand by his family, in a crisis, against the *carabinieri*, the police, the courts, public opinion, and even, at times, his own conscience, because the family has for so long been the only reliable vessel on a sea of troubles. Things may change, to be sure, but they are changing very slowly, or not at all—as in shabby old provincial hotels in Italy where only the façade and the entrance hall are being renovated while the rest is left intact.

Reassuring signs of the family's undimmed power in the most modern and affluent milieus are still abundant. Take the seven brothers C. of Genoa. Together they own shipping lines, olive-oil refining plants, various other industries, enterprises, and organizations worth several billion lire. To preserve the family solidarity, by common agreement, each of them owns nothing more than the clothes on his back and those on the backs of his wife and sons, plus the furniture in his house. Everything else is common property. Even the cars belong to a pool and are summoned by telephone when necessary. The brothers consider the patriarchal arrangement the best possible in order to carry on complex, vast, and privately owned enterprises with the least friction. Or take younger brothers in great Sicilian households. In Sicily, the power of the older families still largely depends on the prestige of an inherited title and the income from inherited land. Italian law does not recognize titles and imposes an equal distribution of a large part of the inheritance among all the children. To avoid seeing the common property divided among too many rivulets and vanish within one or two generations, there are younger brothers who, like lay monks, do not marry, or, when they marry, refrain from be-



getting children, so that the family fortunes will go on undiminished to the next generation.

Italians are not, as foreigners believe, individualists. They loyally serve in their own organizations, which are very rarely the official ones. This was recognized, among few others, by Antonio Gramsci, the acute and erudite hunchback who founded the Italian Communist party in 1921. He left many notes, jotted down in cryptic form while hopelessly ill in Fascist jails. This is one, in part:

Are the Italians really individualists? Is it really individualism that makes the ordinary people ignore politics today and made them ignore the interests of the nation as a whole in the past? Is this the reason that made them repeat: "Let France come or let Spain [it is all the same], as long as we eat?" . . . Rather than joining political parties and trades unions, Italians prefer joining organizations of a different type, like cliques, gangs, *camorras*, *mafias*. This tendency can be observed both among the lower and the higher classes.

Gramsci, of course, innocently believed all this to be the fatal result of capitalism. We know better. Italians carry on in the same old way in any form of economic organization. In fact, the more economic activities the State controls, the more people rely on friends and accomplices for their protection and to safeguard their power and property. Nothing is as clique-ridden in Italy as a nationalized industry. Gramsci himself did not live to see his own small and heroic party turned, after the last war, into just another vast mutual-aid association *all'italiana*, directed only vaguely by ideological orthodoxy but mostly by agile opportunism.

More "Dolce" Than Ever

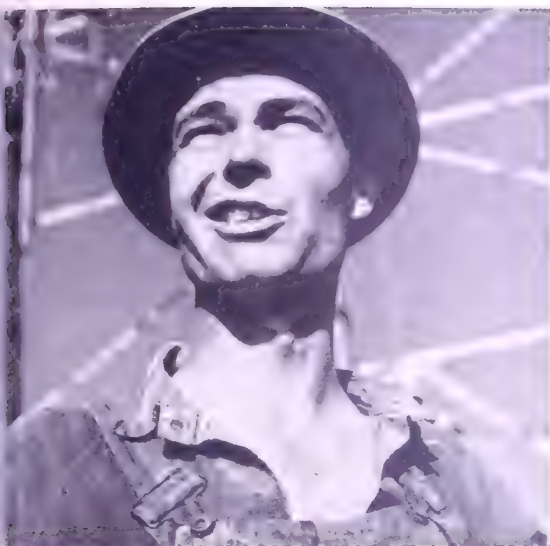
Foreign visitors are fascinated by the "charm of Italy." Italian life is gay, effervescent, intoxicating. The *dolce vita* looks now more *dolce* than it ever was. Very few travelers see the ugliness underneath, the humiliation, the suffering. The illusion Italy creates is a relief. The Italian way of life down the centuries attracted people who wanted to take a holiday from their national virtues. In the heart of every man there is one small corner which is Italian, that part which finds regimentation irksome, the dangers of war frightening, strict morality stifling, that part which loves frivolous and entertaining art, admires larger-than-life-size solitary heroes, and dreams of an impossible liberation from the strictures of a tidy life.

The consolations which Italy afforded at all

times have become infinitely more precious today than they ever were. The Western world is deeply unhappy. It is coming to doubt the utility and sanctity of some of its traditional virtues. The art of living, this disreputable art developed by the Italians to defeat regimentation, is now becoming an invaluable guide for survival for many people. *La dolce vita* is spreading to countries which despised it and feared it. Taxpayers are trying to avoid their sacred duty everywhere. The little pleasures of life have acquired a new importance, food, wines, a day in the sun, a pretty girl, the defeat of a rival, good music. Naturally more and more people flock to Italy every year. Most of them do not exactly know why. In reality they are drawn to the place where the new perplexing problems of the contemporary world are familiar monsters, problems with which the natives learned to live long ago. The Italians have invented ancient ruses to defeat boredom and discipline, to forget disgrace and misfortune, to lull man's *Angst*, and to comfort him in his solitude. In a minor way, Italy has perhaps become once again a teacher of nations.

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The Italian way of life cannot be considered a success except by temporary visitors. It solves no problems. It makes them worse. It would be a success of sorts if at least it made Italians happy. It does not. Its effects are costly, flimsy, and short-range. It makes all laws and institutions function defectively. It is the illusion of a solution, lotus-eating, the resigned acceptance of the very evils man has tried to defeat, the art of decorating, ennobling them, and living with them. The unsolved problems pile up and inevitably produce catastrophes at regular intervals. The Italians always see the next one approaching with a clear eye, but, like sleepers in a nightmare, cannot do anything to ward it off. They can only play their amusing games, try to secure their families against the storm, and delude themselves for a time. They console themselves with the thought that, when the smoke clears, Italy can rise again like Phoenix from its ashes. Has she not always done so? The tenacity and the eagerness with which the individual pursues his private interests and defends himself from society, his mistrust of noble ideals and motives, the splendid show, the all-pervading indulgence for man's foibles make Italian life pleasant and bearable in spite of poverty, tyranny, and injustice. They also waste the efforts and the sacrifices of the best Italians and make poverty, tyranny, and injustice very difficult to defeat.



The Oil Patch

Roughnecks and Operators on a Forgotten Frontier

by Chandler Davidson

It has been three years since I last climbed up the derrick floor of a Gulf Coast rotary rig, and the passage of time has already begun working on me. Sometimes I am even seduced into believing that my days in the oil patch constituted a good life. As a matter of fact, they did not. The oil fields are an anomaly in the twentieth century, a carry-over from the frenzied, rapacious vitalism of an earlier era; and like most jobs on a frontier enterprise, that of an oil-field worker is difficult and dangerous. Yet there are occasional moments of beauty, of great fear and great courage, which surpass the more mundane ecstasies of Norman Rockwell's America. Without them, the oil industry would be an ugly business indeed.

The private world of an oil man holds many surprises for me as a "weevil," or beginner. Approaching a location for the first time, skidding along a muddy board road which snaked through an East Texas pine thicket, I was struck by the primitive aspect of the operation: a rickety, greasy derrick stabbing up into the sky over the tops of the pines; the welter of strange and clumsy tools, most of them hand-operated, for performing the myriad mechanical chores; the mud lying shin-deep on the ground, caked indiscriminately upon machines, vehicles, clothing, and men's faces, oozing over boot tops, and invading the last bastion of a workingman's privacy, the interstices of his toes.

A few days later, however, I was struck by something even more surprising. I discovered that everyone in the oil field occupies a niche in a rigid social hierarchy. But it's not like the Army; there are no insignia to memorize, for no one wears chevrons on a rig. One of the few oil-field status symbols is the "combat-scarred" steel helmet. No roughneck will wear one which is not thoroughly dented (preferably in dangerous circumstances), besmirched with mud and grease, and dappled with a few drops of blood, usually one's own. I have seen cub geologists who showed up at a rig in shiny new hard hats given a very rough time by the workers. A weevil will secretly batter a new helmet with a hammer and apply a little grease to it before it is worn, in a desperate and usually unsuccessful attempt to escape disdain.

The mantle of authority is hard-won, and you detect it less by symbols than by the tone of a man's voice and the glint in his eye. But there is a chain of command, nonetheless, and the weevil learns it quickly.

At the top of the hierarchy is the tool pusher, a hard-bitten old veteran of blowouts and wrenched limbs and doghouse poker games and oil-field slumps. He "runs the rig" and is responsible for it only to the operator. At bottom are the minor functionaries—roustabouts, service-company technicians, salesmen. At this level, status is not necessarily determined by income. The roustabout who is poorly paid and the successful salesman who makes \$600 and up are both on the bottom rung. The salesman may ingratiate himself with the tool pusher by showering him with expensive kickbacks, such as out-of-season hunting trips or a vacation across the Mexican border, but he is still a *salesman*, in the pejorative oil-field sense of the word.

With some trepidation I shall also place the geologists in this category. That venerable pro-

fession will reject such a classification as libelous; but the truth is that they are looked down upon by every other group in the industry . . . even though their necessity is hardly disputed. Perhaps it is their overweening bumptiousness, their air of a man with a college diploma among the unlettered and unwashed, that account for the geologists' role as the butt of many an oil-field joke, practical and otherwise. It takes an uncommon tenacity and intelligence to live down a formal education along the Gulf Coast.

Mud-logging and Doodlebugging

It was my lot to perch upon the bottom rung of the enterprise. I was a member of a profession known as mud-logging. Working in a trailer at the foot of the derrick, equipped with a number of instruments of a quasi-scientific character—most of which were usually broken down, blown out, or clogged with mud—I had the duty of detecting the presence of high-pressure gas below the surface before it had time to cause trouble. I have never seen any statistics on its effectiveness, but I would imagine that the art of mud-logging is to oil exploration somewhat as homeopathy is to medicine. The whirl of motors, the zigzag of graph needles, the blinking of lights in a mud-logging trailer seem more designed to allay the anxieties of an oil operator than to prevent a blowout. Which is not to denigrate the profession, necessarily. Mental therapy, as every good doctor knows, is no less therapy for being tinged with a certain charlatanry.

A mud-logger's forte lies in keeping graphs, bells, and blinking lights operating at all costs, as well as in explaining the significance of blips, blinks, and blots to the always-skeptical tool pusher, and in inventing convincing excuses toward the end of the job when his log is compared with the more accurate electric log, which is run after drilling has stopped. It is a tribute to the profession's forensic skills that mud-logging is still extant and seems to be increasing in popularity.

For all its dubious aspects, however, mud-logging occupies a more legitimate scientific standing than the fine old art of doodlebugging, or well-witching. Doodlebuggers are men nourished upon dreams of great and sudden wealth, and bolstered in their quest by an absolute faith in the occult. Although there must be a few cynical hucksters in their midst and perhaps even a streak of the huckster in each of them, my experience has been that in general the doodlebugger

believes himself endowed with Merlin's skill.

There are still a few of them who rely solely upon the power of a forked rod to detect an oil reservoir ten thousand feet beneath them. But such a simple device tends to tax the credence even the more naive members of the ever-shrinking circle of operators who occasionally place their trust in a well-witcher. So in the last several years, the trend has been toward complicated gadgets of one sort or another, usually little steel boxes full of gears and pulleys. This was the type of contraption which Harvey, an acquaintance of mine in the south Texas fields, carried with him on his solitary jaunts into the desert. Harvey was a thin gentleman, a widower in his sixties, who always wore a tie while in his professional capacity—unheard of in the oil patch—and who expatiated politely and endlessly on the virtues of his little box. So confident was his manner and so impressive was his knowledge of the surrounding country's superficial geology and (more important) its lease arrangements, that he occasionally snared an operator. He refused, of course, like any self-respecting doodlebugger, to submit to the test which skeptics demand. He would not search out and mark a "good" site, and then repeat the performance blindfolded before spectators. He just couldn't quite get the feel of things, he explained, with his eyes closed.

Oil-witching has come on hard days. Seismograph crews—which still retain the epithet "doodlebuggers" in the oil country—have methodically ground their more colorful competitors under heel. And more is the shame.

On the rung next to the bottom of the hierarchy stands the roughneck, who is the subject of a widespread misunderstanding. Roughnecks and roustabouts are often lumped together as one species. The latter are actually common laborers who help move a rig onto location and off again. A roughneck, if he is competent, is a highly skilled workman whose dexterity and quick work are much more essential than his armor (which consists of a hard hat, or steel helmet) in protecting life and limb. He is an indefatigable worker, when work has to be done, and an indefatigable loafer when there is a lull. If a Texan he is addicted to poker; and to *bourrée*, if he is a Louisiana Cajun. He has been known to cook a

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eat practically any type of beast which strays into location, and to drink concoctions with a higher alkalinity than drilling mud. You only have to know a roughneck in the flesh to understand why there are no Paul Bunyans or Pecos Bills to stalk the legendary domains of the Gulf Coast oil country; they would be superfluous.

The Dead and the Fingerless

Above all else, the roughneck is a practical joker, and he will perpetrate upon his fellow workers any kind of trick imaginable. The only limit is upon the degree of violence involved. If it prevents the victim from coming to work the next day, it is extreme.

A rig is a practical joker's paradise. A few rigs, for example, are still supplied with power by boilers located several yards from the derrick, and connected to it by a confusing maze of steam pipes, many of which are not often employed. Once in my weevil days I made the mistake of sitting on such a pipe, after carefully testing it with my hand to ensure that it wasn't in use. After a couple of minutes had gone by, a searing heat on my posterior propelled me skyward. Reflexively, as on all such occasions of suspected foul play, I glanced at the derrick floor, where the roughnecks were clustered together, faces distorted in laughter. They were sorry, they explained later; but they had had to use that steam line all of a sudden, and they just hadn't noticed I was sitting on it until it was too late.

In normal drilling operations, three roughnecks work on the derrick floor—a raised platform fifteen feet above the ground—and another, the derrick man, works on the "monkey board" eighty feet above them. When a "trip" is in progress—when the drill pipe is being pulled out of the hole to change the bit—the four roughnecks form a highly coordinated team. If any of them makes a mistake, it can cost a life or inflict an ugly injury. And mistakes are common. Even the casual observer cannot but notice the large number of workers with one, two, or even five fingers missing. One tool pusher I used to know worked for years with only one arm. Conveniently, the dead and the hopelessly maimed are not around to bear witness.

There are many reasons for this high accident rate: the absence of any oil-field labor unions or enforced safety measures, the Rube Goldberg mechanics of the rotary rig, with its confusing array of hooks, winches, chains, tongs, and open ears. Too, a drilling crew works against the

clock. An hour of drill time may cost the operator hundreds of dollars, and a few hours saved in the course of a week makes a big difference financially. Finally, the roughnecks work in the open. Rain and snow can make a derrick floor treacherous. A sandstorm will wrap the rig in a gritty, blinding gauze.

During a trip, the same actions are performed hundreds of times as stand after stand of pipe comes out of the ground, gleaming with rich, brown drilling mud. The traveling block plummets down from the top of the derrick, and a roughneck fastens the pipe elevators around the pipe. Then the engines groan, the derrick shudders, and the block starts up again, pulling the thousands of feet of pipe with it. There is a continual din on the floor—the clash of tongs against steel, the roar of the rotary table spinning the joints loose, the derrick rattling under the strain of its load.

The derrick man has a job still more demanding than that of the floor hands, though less frenetic. High above them, he has a breathtaking view of the countryside. The noise below hardly reaches him. It is so quiet he can hear the sheaves spin in the derrick crown as the block comes past him on its way down. As each stand of pipe comes out of the hole, he falls forward in space, only the balls of his feet remaining on the monkey board. A harness across his chest, secured to the derrick, supports him at a forty-five-degree angle. As the traveling block moves upward past him, he tosses a rope around the pipe, knocks the elevators loose, and wrestles the stand into a rack.

His most dangerous moments are immediately before the trip. Many derrick men court death by riding the pipe elevators up to the level of the monkey board, and hopping onto it across the void. Occasionally, one slips.

Roughneck's Nightmare

In the case of a sudden blowout, the derrick man is in an unenviable position. He may not have time to climb down the ladder before the derrick is engulfed in flames. Hence the rig is usually equipped with a safety device called a "geronimo," consisting of a cable attached at one end to the ground and at the other to the monkey board. In an emergency, the derrick man slides down it. I have often wondered whether, if the choice had to be made, a derrick man would deliver himself up voluntarily to the flames, or go zooming off into space on the geronimo. Either alternative seems fraught with peril.



STANDARD OIL CO. (N. J.)

The mud begins to fly as a crew prepares to "make a trip" on an offshore drilling operation. The driller watches the roughnecks shore the pipe tongs into position.

The social rung above roughnecks is occupied by the driller. There is one driller for each of the eight-hour shifts, and he hires his own crew. As he operates all the power mechanisms on the floor, ineptitude can make trip work even more than normally hazardous. The roughneck's nightmare is having to hire out to a bad driller in time of slump. His chances of being maimed or killed spiral upwards, but to criticize his boss would lead to the oil-patch equivalent of a terminal interview ("Hit the road, Hoss, if you goddam well don't like it"). In slump time, there are always plenty of unemployed to take his place.

But there is also the driller who can tell with preternatural accuracy what kind of formation he is drilling in thousands of feet below. He handles the derrick machinery with as much love as a human can bestow on a grease-spattered behemoth. With such a man at the controls, the performance of an able crew of roughnecks during a trip evokes a genuine aesthetic pleasure in the beholder.

The driller who is ambitious enough may become a tool pusher. He is then on top, but there are no laurels there for him to rest upon. Each day he must prove himself anew, and the risk is always great that he will fall from the heights. A good pusher may draw over a thousand dollars

a month, and have a chance to invest in his company's stock. He will reap kickbacks from dozens of salesmen. Like the sea captain, he is one of the few near-absolute monarchs left. If he feels the urge, he will tell a paid-by-the-hour consultant geologist to go to hell. No one bats an eye if he decides to work his way through a case of complimentary Scotch or invite a lady from a neighboring hamlet out for a night of revelry in the tool pusher's shack. Even the operator, who drops by the well in his airplane or Cadillac, shows him a certain deference.

He pays for his seigniorial privileges with ulcers. Mistakes at his level are not good form in oil-field etiquette. In fact, they are forbidden. Again like the sea skipper, he is held responsible for anything that happens within his domain. If the drill bit cuts into a high-pressure gas zone which the geologist assured him didn't exist, and the well goes wild, it is the pusher's fault. According to oil-field canon, the blame for the loss of several lives and millions of dollars falls squarely upon him. Such a burden has ruined more than one pusher's insides.

Rarely, the company will let him remain after a blowout. If he is extra tough, he keeps his anxiety bottled and continues as before. Otherwise, the memory of his past misfortune untempers the

feel in his nerves, and every drilling operation becomes an ordeal. The most trivial decision entails agonizing deliberation, and his tensions spread to his fellow workers. It is a harrowing way to end a career. I once worked with such a man on a drilling barge on the Louisiana delta. He had just come from a job in Oklahoma which had blown out. Hardly ever sleeping, he spent his days and nights pacing the barge. Occasionally he would drop by my trailer as if for reassurance, his eyes bloodshot, his face taut and bereft of humor. I would be surprised to learn that he was still in the business.

Besides an oil rig's dramatis personae proper, there is the operator, whose money—or credit—gets the hole dug. He, as well as the roughneck or pusher, occasionally carves for himself a place in oil-patch legend. If he does, he is likely to be one of those indomitable old bastards who have made and lost a half-dozen fortunes in oil, the skinflint to whom money is only a means of financing another operation. A newly brought-in well, reeking with the pungent, electrifying odor of crude oil in the drilling mud, will constitute for him all the beauty that life holds.

One operator I met in Laredo was well past eighty, but he always insisted on being at the well whenever an important pay sand was expected. He rode in a chauffeur-driven limousine, leading a caravan which included one car full of geologists and another containing his son, the "acting president" of the company, and his three button-down-collared grandsons, the vice presidents. There was no doubt, however, who really called the plays. Once at the rig, he would sit silently for long hours in the heat of the day on the running board of the limousine, staring at the derrick. He could have been an old Shakespearean director emeritus, watching a group of upstart actors with the jaundiced eye of a man who had seen theatrical history. When decisions were to be made, he consulted briefly with a geologist or the pusher, and then grunted a few orders which sent underlings flying. Such grand entrepreneurial style is obsolescent even in the oil patch. The younger generation has retreated out of the heat and dust into the confines of opulent offices, where their thoughts turn languorously to the stock market and the next issue of *Playboy*.

Nighttime on the Rig

Despite the rigors of digging for oil, there are compensations not to be found in a factory. Perhaps the greatest of these is the variety of

tasks which fall to each man. A roughneck may be able to repair the mud pump or blow down a liner, or dismantle the power plant. He is handy at pipe fitting, painting, and all things mechanical. In short, he has not yet become an appendage to a machine, although he is often its victim.

There is also relative freedom on the job. If you work the morning tour (pronounced, for some inexplicable reason, "tower"), which begins at midnight, the darkness offers special privileges when the drilling is slow and there are no pressing chores. The crew stays up on the derrick floor to swap yarns and consume pot upon pot of corrosive black coffee brewed on the steam boilers. Or the driller lets them ferret out a sleeping spot safely hidden from the nocturnal wanderings of the tool pusher. Or a game of poker breaks out in the little portable sheet-iron shed for changing clothes, called the doghouse.

So many a night passes in the oil patch, the hours measured by the westward wheeling of stars and the consumption of fresh pots of coffee, and finally, by the fading darkness in the east. If the roughnecks have been sleeping, they awaken with the dawn and have covered themselves with sweat and dust, testimony of a hard night's labor, by the time the pusher arises and comes up on the floor for his morning coffee.

But one night, between gulps of coffee and a hand of poker, the earth may literally explode beneath the rig and swallow it up. This is a blowout, or wild well. It is caused by high-pressure gas overcoming the weight of the drilling mud and blowing it out of the hole. The first clear sign that the crew has a tiger by the tail is an ominous coughing sound at the mouth of the casing from which the mud empties back into the pits. The spectacle of the earth belching its long-accumulated fury out of the hole is awesome. There is a deep, resonant groan as huge quantities of mud are ejected onto the derrick floor. While the gas continues to work its way up, the mud shoots skyward in higher and higher columns, covering the crew. When the earth begins to rumble beneath them, there is no hope of shutting the well in. They jump from the floor and run for the open field, unless they have waited too long.

Sometimes, miraculously, a wild well doesn't catch fire immediately, which is a boon for the drilling crew. But it presents an especially dangerous situation for the wild-well fighters, as there is always the possibility that it will ignite while they are on location. I once watched "Red" Adair, the famous wild-well expert, walk up to a rig which had blown out but had not yet caught fire.

Everyone watching knew that a single pebble blown out of the hole could strike the derrick and spark a holocaust. Adair's *sang-froid* as he walked about on the derrick floor, wearing sports clothes and armed only with cotton earplugs, belied the tension of the moment.

Not nearly as spectacular as a blowout, but more lucrative, is what is known in the business as "whipstocking," or slant drilling. The long, thin string of drill pipe is quite supple, and can be intentionally forced off center and its direction controlled, often for legitimate purposes.

But the ingenuity of oil operators is not always easily trammelled by the niceties of law, and deviant drilling is often put to devious purposes. After all, why buy a lease on the property adjacent to the plot you've just drilled a dry hole in, when a slight twist of the drill stem will suffice to find out whether the oil is any blacker on the other side of the fault—and, incidentally, on the other side of the fence? Or again, if the fellow down the road has brought in a well, why spend time looking for a new one? Provided that you can ascertain the depth of his pay sand (which may involve plots and counterplots that would make the CIA envious), it is much simpler to bend your drill pipe across the property line and indulge in a little covert profit-sharing.

Unfortunately, the derrick of a slant well is as vertical as that of any other, and assuming that a few public officials can be bought off—a rather safe assumption along the Gulf—the detection of illegal operations is difficult. After the Texas slant-well scandals, the question of who has been getting paid for whose oil may be mooted for many years to come.*

The Wildcat Fails

There is not much room in the oil patch for sentiment. It brings no profit; and nobody has time to indulge in it anyhow. But an oil-field worker is bound to feel a certain sadness occasionally when "TD"—total depth—is reached, and the orders are given to tear down. If it has been a good job, and the crew has gotten along well together, the location takes on a personal quality, and you hate to leave it behind for a less congenial job or, worse, for no job at all.

But such considerations are minor in comparison with the feelings of the owner of the property,

During these scandals in 1962, it was discovered that two of the crooked wells were being drilled under property leased to the Christian Women's Board of Missions.

especially if he is a dirt farmer who has spent a lifetime coaxing a living from fifty acres of stubborn soil. A wildcat operation on his property is occasion for an excruciating hope and dread. I have met such men all too often, straying up to the rig in feigned disinterest and talking about the weather and the rise in prices and next year's automobile styles, until their courage is sufficiently bolstered to blurt out: "How's she comin'?"

I remember particularly a Cajun rice farmer near Thibadeaux, Louisiana, whose English-molded in the archaic accent of Creole French—was as quaint as his dilapidated Ford pickup. The rig had been set up almost in the backyard of his farmhouse, and often in the dawn twilight I would look up from my work to see his ancient mother-in-law, who had recently immigrated from Holland, trudge out to the chicken house in wooden shoes, ankle-length dress, and a *bonnet*—a character from the Brothers Grimm. Often too I would catch a glimpse of the farmer standing in his yard, thumbs hooked under the shoulder straps of his overalls, gazing at the derrick.

He came to the trailer once near the end of the job, and I offered him a cup of coffee. "How do it look?" he asked. "Well," I said, "this is a wildcat, you know—a long shot. They don't often come in."

The final electric log was run a few nights later, confirming that it was a dry hole. The operator looked at the log report and puffed on his cigar. "Let's call it quits," he said. That was midnight. By 4:00 A.M. the hole had been cemented, and by sunup huge semi-trailer flatbeds had rolled onto the location to haul the rig away. The roughnecks and roustabouts had begun tearing down. I was folding an electric cable when I realized that the farmer was standing near me, watching. I nodded to him.

"They done finished?" he asked.

"Yep. I'm afraid so."

He was silent for a while. "Damn 'em," he said. "They come in here and mess up my land, keep me and the wife awake at night with all them noises and motors. They ain't got no right to do that to a man." I continued to coil up the cable, slowly and with exaggerated care. When I looked up again, he had gone.

I knew his kind. "It's a dry hole, Mother," he would tell his wife. And they would get on with the chores, numb with disappointment and rage. They would bear those particular scars which are the oil field's common legacy, from which only the very lucky and the very rich escape. I fell into the former category, and I doubt that I will return to the law of averages by going back.

The Man to Watch at the Democratic Convention

by Helen Fuller

an unusually candid report on the making of Presidents—and Vice Presidents—and the great game of backstage politics as played by Lawrence of Pennsylvania, an all-time champ.

The big prize at the coming Democratic convention in Atlantic City will be the Vice Presidential nomination, and the man who will pick the winner—Lyndon B. Johnson—may or may not have already made up his mind on the subject. Whenever he does so, however, he will get help in making his choice the convention's pick from a virtuoso in the art—David L. Lawrence of Pennsylvania.

I have made it a practice—in years of reporting Democratic Conventions—to keep a close watch on this stocky, dignified, agile Irishman who can usually be found where the action is. Now seventy-five, Lawrence is a special kind of big-city boss." He has been Mayor of Pittsburgh, Governor of Pennsylvania, and a power in the national Democratic party for four decades. This year he will be, for the twelfth time, a delegate to a national convention and a member of the select inner circle that steers such gatherings. His results have been historic—including such events as the nomination of Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1932. Three times, as in the current session, a dramatic issue has been the Vice Presidency, alternating in the choice in 1940 of Henry A. Wallace; his replacement four years later by

Harry Truman; and the selection of Estes Kefauver in 1956.

Lawrence was a key strategist at those conventions as well as the 1952 session which picked Stevenson and in the making of the Kennedy-Johnson ticket in 1960.

Like most effective political pros, Lawrence is not given to bragging or gossiping about his behind-the-scenes activities. A few weeks ago, however, he agreed to talk to me frankly about his part in the decisions of past conventions. The report that follows is based on these conversations.

Lawrence first experienced a convention in 1912, when as a page boy of twenty-three he attended the Baltimore convention that nominated Woodrow Wilson. At that time, he was serving his political apprenticeship in the office of William J. Brennen, a labor lawyer. Brennen was also chairman of the Pittsburgh Democratic party, and in this capacity he taught Lawrence the A B Cs of ward politics, particularly the duty of absolute loyalty to the party organization. Lawrence also aped Brennen's Beau Brummell style and, until he was thirty-two, heeded bachelor Brennen's admonition that a man could not "wive and thrive" in the same year.

After serving a few months in the World War I Army, Lawrence opened up his own insurance business. In 1920 he became Democratic Chairman of Allegheny County (Pittsburgh). The title sounded grand, but the organization he presided over was, in fact, weak and without headquarters or funds.

Pennsylvania had not given a Democrat a majority in a Presidential election since the Civil War, but the state's delegation, with its large bloc of votes, had status at national nominating conventions. As a delegate, Lawrence listened, learned, and made friends with delegates from powerful states, including in 1920 Franklin Roosevelt and Alfred E. Smith. Four years later, in Madison Square Garden, he worked at both the bottom and the top. In a fierce fight over a plank in the platform denouncing the then-rampant Ku Klux Klan by name, Emma Guffey Miller, Pennsylvania's perennial Democratic National Committeewoman, delivered an eloquent supporting speech which Heywood Broun called "the intellectual treat of the convention." Moments before delivering the speech, she had dictated it to Lawrence as he sat at a typewriter in the basement of the Garden.

At the same convention Lawrence first made it to the top. The Democratic leader of Philadelphia, Charles P. Donnelly, was one of the select group from all over the country who constituted the Al Smith Strategy Board. An hour after the convention adjourned each day, these leaders met to decide what to do at the next session. FDR, in his wheelchair, presided.

The Smith group had fought vigorously for the anti-KKK plank. When they lost, Mr. Donnelly decided to go home to Philadelphia. "I'd like Davey to sit in in my place," he told the Strategy Board. And Lawrence was in.

He was again one of the Smith inner circle in 1928 at Houston, and in the campaign that followed he worked for the first time with Eleanor Roosevelt, who was a volunteer at Smith headquarters in New York. That year Franklin Roosevelt had been persuaded to run for Governor to help carry New York for the national Democratic ticket. Smith lost the Presidency to Herbert Hoover, but Roosevelt won the Governorship.

"That's when I first figured Roosevelt was our man for 1932," Lawrence recalls.

How FDR Was Nominated

The Pennsylvania Democratic party was strongly Catholic and most of its leaders were emotionally committed to supporting Smith again. The state's top-ranking Democrat, National Committeeman Joseph F. Guffey, was firmly against switching to Roosevelt for still another reason. He suspected Roosevelt of partiality to Guffey's chief rival within the local Democratic party, Vance McCormick, a Harrisburg newspaper pub-

lisher and an old friend of FDR from the Wilson Administration.

However, soon after Roosevelt became Governor of New York, McCormick took offense at one of Roosevelt's announced policies and wrote a bitter editorial attacking him.

"A political colleague of mine clipped the editorial and sent it to Guffey," Lawrence remembers. "The next morning Guffey phoned me in great excitement. He had something important to show me, he said. Over lunch at the Pittsburgh Club he read me McCormick's editorial. 'You should write Roosevelt and send this to him,' told Guffey. That afternoon he mailed the editorial to Roosevelt. Roosevelt replied immediately, saying how wrong McCormick was. 'Joe, the first time you are up Albany way pop in and see me, the letter ended.' Lawrence and Guffey called on Roosevelt in Albany.

"Guffey came back convinced he had no cause for worry about any other politician in the state taking over the Roosevelt movement. Or about Roosevelt's remembering who his friends were."

Guffey and Lawrence went home and began lining up delegates pledged to Roosevelt. They filed his name as a candidate in Harrisburg on Roosevelt's birthday, January 30, 1932. An overwhelming number of Roosevelt delegates were elected and State Democratic Committee members pledged to Smith were replaced.

"When we came to the convention, Pennsylvania had the largest number of votes for Roosevelt of any state—more than New York. We were very proud of that fact, and exploited it fully after Roosevelt was in the White House," Lawrence cheerfully admitted.

It was a tense convention that assembled in Chicago. At the last minute Al Smith had entered the race, and factional feeling was bitter. The night before the convention opened, leaders of Roosevelt from all the states met in James Farley's rooms at the Congress Hotel. Roosevelt, it was plain, could command a majority of the delegates' votes but not the two-thirds required under the 1932 rules. Smith still had some support and William Randolph Hearst, who was backing John Nance Garner, had tied up the huge California delegation as well as Texas for himself.

"This was the first time I met Huey Long," Lawrence recalls. "I was seated in the front

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room. Suddenly I heard a stentorian voice blurt out from the rear. I looked back and there was a reddish-haired, wild-eyed individual demanding that we abolish the two-thirds rule. The idea was ridiculous, Long said. It was defeating the will of the people. Majority rule prevailed everywhere in America. It should prevail here, and we were cowardly if we did not go into the convention and change the rule."

Long's argument so shook the meeting that finally Farley and Louis Howe went out to telephone the Governor. FDR sent back word that he would not take the nomination if it meant changing the rules to get it. The two-thirds rule was antiquated and should be changed later on, the Governor agreed, but now the party had to live with it.

On the first ballot, as his supporters had anticipated, Roosevelt polled only a majority.

"On the second, we threw in some of our additional strength, including some Pennsylvania votes we were able to change, and we pulled the total, but not enough."

Finally, about seven in the morning, after meeting all night, the convention wearily recessed. The Roosevelt leaders reconvened at once in Howe's hotel suite.

"Jim Farley led our forces, but Louis Howe was the real power behind the throne. Poor Louie is exhausted," Lawrence remembers. "I can still see him, lying on the bed while Mrs. Howe fanned a big fan over him to relieve his asthma."

The Negotiable Office

To acquire the needed votes, the most negotiable matter, obviously, was the Vice Presidency. Farley was afraid of offering it to Garner because Texas had gone against Al Smith in '28. He feared Catholic voters throughout the country might resent Garner. Lawrence was strongly for Garner, because his was the biggest bloc of votes at the convention, aside from Roosevelt's. Guffey agreed and, after a long discussion, the rest of the group came around to this view.

Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi, one of the senior leaders for Roosevelt, was assigned to call Garner's manager, Sam Rayburn, to open negotiations on the Vice Presidency.

"Pat briefly outlined our proposition to Rayburn over the telephone," Lawrence reports. "He picked up the receiver and said, 'That gentleman is very receptive'—meaning that Sam was going to work with us."

It also meant that on the third ballot Roosevelt

would receive the elusive two-thirds vote, and the nomination.

In 1940 Roosevelt wanted Henry A. Wallace as his running mate in place of Garner. Senator Guffey agreed with him. Lawrence, however, favored his friend, Governor Paul McNutt of Indiana. When the Pennsylvania delegation arrived in Chicago for the convention, Roosevelt's right-hand man, Harry Hopkins, sent for Lawrence. Lawrence described their session in the Blackstone Hotel:

"If you fellows persist in this McNutt drive you're liable to find you don't have a candidate for President,' Hopkins began. 'The President has a right to pick his own candidate.' Then he got the President on the phone. Roosevelt conveyed the same idea. 'I'd like you to go along on this thing,' he told me. 'Davey, you don't understand this farm situation. We need the farm vote. Wallace is the one fellow who can get the farm states.' That impressed me—I didn't know anything about the farm states."

McNutt agreed to bow out but when he went to the platform to make his withdrawal statement, the delegates howled him down and refused to let him speak. Lawrence was dismayed when he realized that the entire nation was listening on the radio while the delegates thus protested having an unwanted candidate for Vice President forced upon them. He left the hall and in the corridor outside, by chance, met Frank Hague, New Jersey Democratic boss, standing at a soft-drink bar. As Lawrence recalls it, their talk went like this:

"Hey, what are you looking so blue about?" Hague yelled. 'Don't you hear what's going on in there? The public is hearing all this,' I answered. Hague just smiled. 'Don't worry about that,' he said. 'The important thing for you and me is what one person hears. I want that fellow in the White House to hear me when I announce—New Jersey casts its thirty-two votes for Wallace.'"

The President, of course, prevailed. A few weeks later Guffey called Lawrence to tell him Roosevelt wanted him to campaign with Wallace. "I know you don't care much about him," Guffey said, "but will you campaign with him down through the western counties of Pennsylvania?" Lawrence dutifully met Wallace in Erie.

"We drove south, stopping for outdoor rallies along the way where I introduced Henry as a great man. Riding along between towns to make conversation I remarked, 'Well, Henry, I guess we'll do all right in Iowa this year,' remembering what Roosevelt had said about Wallace's potency

Joseph S. Clark, District Attorney Richardson Prentiss, and other powerful Pennsylvania Democrats, as the Presidential nominee. But Jim Finnegan, the Democratic Chairman of Philadelphia, was dedicated to drafting Stevenson, and was working with Professor Walter Johnson of the University of Chicago, who had organized an amateur "draft Stevenson" crusade.

"I had indicated that I was for Stevenson, without making any firm commitment. My political partner in western Pennsylvania, Commissioner Lawrence, had expressed no choice of candidate," Lawrence said.

On the eve of the convention in Chicago, the Pennsylvania delegation met in the Blackstone Hotel suite of Philadelphia Democratic leader James P. Clark, a strong Stevenson supporter.

"He was walking the floor demanding that we make Stevenson out," Lawrence said. After hours of discussion, Clark insisted on a formal caucus of the delegation.

"As National Committeeman, I was first on the floor. I voted for Stevenson. When the meeting was over, Finnegan said to me, 'Well, now you're in this. Professor Johnson's having a meeting across the street at the Stevens. Will you come over with me?' I said, 'Sure.' If you ever saw a campaign organization, there it was. The first thing the group wanted to do was to elect me as floor leader for Stevenson. I explained why that was the last thing they should do—the opposition would tag me as a city boss and say the bosses were trying to dominate the convention. Finally I was able to talk them out of it and talk them to Senator Frank Myers, on the basis that he was the whip of the Senate with wide acquaintance over the country, and therefore able to do for Stevenson a tremendous amount of good among the Congressmen and Senators who were delegates. It worked out beautifully and I was very happy to be in on it.

"I first met Stevenson after he was nominated. When he came up on the platform to address the convention, he came over to shake hands with me and thank me for the confidence I had displayed in him."

Stevenson's renomination in 1956 was a foregone conclusion. But the Vice Presidency was hotly contested. Party pros were dismayed by Stevenson's decision to throw the Vice Presidency open rather than make a choice himself. Senator Kefauver seemed to be the popular favorite, but Senator Kennedy, who had placed Stevenson's name in nomination, was personally more acceptable to the nominee. Lawrence, however, was pledged to Kefauver. This had come about during

the state Presidential primaries when Lawrence was campaigning for Stevenson.

"Stevenson was doing reasonably well—Kefauver not as well as he would have liked," Lawrence recalled. "One day I spoke to Kefauver's campaign manager, Howard McGrath, about the situation. 'We're almost out of money,' I said, 'and I'm sure you people *are* out of money. I think we ought to compromise. We'd be happy to support Kefauver for Vice President if we can discontinue these primary fights.' Out of that came Pennsylvania's commitment.

"I'd known Senator Kennedy and been fond of him since he first came to Pennsylvania to make speeches for our Young Democrats. We were indebted to him and felt he would make a colorful Vice Presidential candidate. But we'd given our word to Kefauver and wouldn't break it."

Lawrence's steadfastness was virtually unique among the big-city Catholic bosses; the others unanimously swung their delegations to Kennedy, who came within thirty-eight votes of a majority at one time. Michigan, however, held firm for Kefauver as did Pennsylvania. Had any large number of the delegates from those states broken away, Kennedy would have been nominated for Vice President in 1956 and would have come to the 1960 convention as a once defeated and probably less attractive candidate for President.

First-ballot Magic

The Pennsylvania delegation came to the 1960 Democratic Convention uncommitted. Lawrence, who was now Governor, hoped it might be possible to nominate Stevenson a third time. He did not believe Kennedy could carry Pennsylvania—an important consideration to him as Governor.

"I figured that Kennedy would be a strong candidate in the industrial areas, but weak in the Protestant upstate area. I told that to him on two occasions, and I told his father that when he secretly came to see me at Harrisburg. I told Kennedy that I would do anything to help elect him if he was nominated, and that it was just a question of real practical politics of nominating a candidate who would win."

Lawrence was returning from a trip to Israel when the primary returns from West Virginia came in, suggesting that he might have underestimated Kennedy. "When my plane reached Rome, I was met there by an AP man asking my opinion of what had happened. All I said was, 'It certainly has enhanced his chances.' Senator Mike Monroney (leader of the 1960 Stevenson draft)

had phoned me in Israel to ask that we hold the line for Stevenson a little longer. So, I made no further statement until the convention."

After talking to leaders as they arrived in Los Angeles, Lawrence was convinced that it was futile to continue campaigning for Stevenson. He would not, it turned out, even have the support of his own Illinois delegation.

"I met with Bob Kennedy and the late President on Saturday afternoon before the convention opened. I told them, off the record, that on Monday morning, I would inform the Pennsylvania caucus that I was going to support Kennedy."

That night Lawrence called on Stevenson at the Beverly Hills Hotel to explain his decision. They talked until morning. Lawrence's declaration led Pennsylvania to line up almost solidly for Kennedy. That support was crucial. Though Kennedy might have been nominated without it, he would not have won on the first ballot. Pennsylvania's place in the roll call came when Kennedy's first-ballot chances were on the brink.

Lawrence also played a part in the choice of Lyndon Johnson as Vice President. Before the convention opened, Lawrence called together a number of leaders to talk about the Vice Presidency. The group included Mayor Richard Daley of Chicago and Jacob Arvey, Illinois National Committeeman; Dave Wilentz, National Committeeman from New Jersey; Mayor Robert Wagner of New York; Carmine DeSapio, National Committeeman from New York; John Bailey, National Committeeman from Connecticut; Representative William Green, the late Democratic leader in Philadelphia; his associate, Jim Clark; and Matt McCloskey, treasurer of the Democratic National Committee.

"The almost immediate reaction of the group was that Lyndon Johnson would add more to the ticket than any of the others then mentioned," Lawrence said. "We reckoned that if he brought nothing else, Johnson would bring Texas into the Democratic column and that none of the other candidates would bring Kennedy the vote of any state he would not win without them."

Lawrence reported this view to John and Robert Kennedy before Kennedy's nomination. "The morning after his nomination, Senator Kennedy phoned to ask me to stop by his suite, which was directly below mine in the Biltmore. When I went down, he took me into the bathroom—the only spot not already crowded with visitors. 'Do you have the same opinion of Johnson as you had Saturday afternoon?' Kennedy asked me. 'Exactly,' I said. 'I wanted to know

before I go down to meet him,' he explained.

"Later Kennedy called me again. 'Well,' he said, 'I've seen Senator Johnson and he's agreed to run. It's been suggested that you make the nominating speech.'"

Sentiments and Vote

Lawrence belittles the speculation by "experts"—in 1960 and more recently—about Johnson's weakness in the Northern states that were strong for Kennedy:

"The leaders of those states were for Johnson for Vice President in 1960 because they thought he would strengthen the ticket. I've talked to most of them since Mr. Johnson became President and they all feel now as they did then."

Few men are better able than Lawrence to assess the sentiment of key Democrats from the states richest in electoral votes. He was one of President Kennedy's trusted political scouts in this territory and his relationship with President Johnson is perhaps even closer.

Lawrence did not run for reelection to the Pennsylvania Governorship in 1962 when Scranton defeated Dilworth. Since 1962 he has operated out of a handsome suite in the Executive Office Building next door to the White House. President Kennedy appointed him chairman of his Committee on Equal Opportunity in Housing, a job which permits him also to keep in close touch with his political pals in the major states.

In the first week Lyndon Johnson was President, he invited Dave Lawrence over for a talk. Shortly afterward, Lawrence was on his way to Chicago and points in between. Today the telephones in his Washington office are seldom still and the calls are not always about housing.

This spring much of Lawrence's attention was focused on feuding in the Pennsylvania Democratic party over the choice of a nominee for the U. S. Senate. That feud is still on. But as an elder in the party with no further personal ambitions for public office and as an unofficial envoy from the President, Lawrence is uniquely qualified to negotiate at least a partial peace between the reform element, led by Senator Joseph S. Clark, and the regular machine organization in Philadelphia.

To keep his record as a minor prophet unbroken, Lawrence, at the convention, must again hold the Pennsylvania delegation together for the winning candidate for Vice President. And this time—as in the past—his maneuvers will provide some useful clues to the outcome.

Harlem Is Nowhere

by Ralph Ellison

The Negro ghetto of the North, enclosed by a society which inspires despair less through the institutional cruelty of the Deep South than through a more subtle indifference and hostility, is the subject of this previously unpublished essay by Ralph Ellison. It was written in 1948, and will be included in a collection of his essays, "Shadow and Act," to be brought out by Random House in October. Reading of "the ruin that is Harlem . . . the scene and symbol of the Negro's perpetual alienation in the land of his birth," one senses how little has changed in the everyday life of the ghetto in the past sixteen years. Ellison's essay helps explain, and in hindsight justifies, the impatience of the American Negro in 1964.—THE EDITORS

To live in Harlem is to dwell in the very bowels of the city; it is to pass a labyrinthine existence among streets that explode monotonously skyward with the spires and crosses of churches and litter under foot with garbage and decay. Harlem is a ruin—many of its ordinary aspects (its crimes, its casual violence, its crumbling buildings with littered areaways, ill-smelling halls, and vermin-invaded rooms) are indistinguishable from the distorted images that appear in dreams, and which, like muggers haunting a lonely hall, live in the waking mind with hidden and threatening significance. Yet this is no dream but the reality of well over four hundred thousand Americans; a reality which for many defines and colors the world. Overcrowded and exploited politically and economically, Harlem is the scene and symbol of the Negro's perpetual alienation in the land of his birth.

But much has been written about the social and economic aspects of Harlem; I am here interested in its psychological character—a character that rises from the impact between urban slum conditions and folk sensibilities. Historically, American Negroes are caught in a vast process of change that has swept them from slavery to the condition of industrial man in a space of time so telescoped (a bare eighty-five years) that it is possible literally for them to step from feudalism into the vortex of industrialism simply by moving across the Mason-Dixon Line.

This abruptness of change and the resulting clash of cultural factors within Negro personality account for some of the extreme contrasts found in Harlem, for both its negative and its positive characteristics. For if Harlem is the scene of the folk-Negro's death agony, it is also the setting of his transcendence. Here it is possible for talented youths to leap through the development of decades in a brief twenty years, while beside them white-haired adults crawl in the feudal darkness of their childhood. Here a former cotton picker develops the sensitive hands of a surgeon, and men whose grandparents still believe in magic prepare optimistically to become atomic scientists. Here the grandchildren of those who possessed no written literature examine their lives through the eyes of Freud and Marx, Kierkegaard and Kafka, Malraux and Sartre. It explains the nature of a world so fluid and shifting that often within the mind the real and the unreal merge, and the marvelous beckons from behind the same sordid reality that denies its existence.

Hence the most surreal fantasies are acted out upon the streets of Harlem; a man ducks in and out of traffic shouting and throwing imaginary grenades that actually exploded during World War I; a boy participates in the rape-robbery of his mother; a man beating his wife in a park uses boxing "science" and observes Marquess of Queensberry rules (no rabbit punching, no blows beneath the belt); two men hold a third while a



Photographs by Roy DeCarava

lesbian slashes him to death with a razor blade; boy gangsters wielding homemade pistols (which in the South of their origin are but toy symbols of adolescent yearning for manhood) shoot down their young rivals. Life becomes a masquerade, exotic costumes are worn every day. Those who cannot afford to hire a horse wear riding habits; others who could not afford a hunting trip or who seldom attend sporting events carry shooting sticks.

For this is a world in which the major energy of the imagination goes not into creating works of art, but to overcome the frustrations of social discrimination. Not quite citizens and yet Americans, full of the tensions of modern man, but regarded as primitives, Negro Americans are in desperate search for an identity. Rejecting the second-class status assigned them, they feel alienated and their whole lives have become a search for answers to the questions: Who am I. What am I. Why am I, and Where? Significantly, in Harlem the reply to the greeting, "How are you?" is very often, "Oh, man, I'm *nowhere*"—a phrase revealing an attitude so common that it has been reduced to a gesture, a seemingly trivial word. Indeed, Negroes are not unaware that the conditions of their lives demand new definitions of

terms like *primitive* and *modern*, *ethical* and *unethical*, *moral* and *immoral*, *patriotism* and *traitorism*, *tragedy* and *comedy*, *sanity* and *insanity*.

But for a long time now—despite songs like the "Blow Top Blues" and the eruption of expressions like *frantic*, *buggy*, and *mad* into Harlem's popular speech, doubtless a word-magic against the states they name—calm in face of the unreality of Negro life becomes increasingly difficult. And while some seek relief in strange hysterical forms of religion, in alcohol and drug others learn to analyze the causes for their predicament and join with others to correct them.

In relation to their Southern background, the cultural history of Negroes in the North recalls the legend of some tragic people out of mythology, a people which aspired to escape from its own unhappy homeland to the apparent peak of a distant mountain; but which, in migrating, made some fatal error of judgment and fell into a great chasm of mazelike passages that promised ever to lead to the mountain but ended ever again at a wall. Not that a Negro is worse off in the North than in the South, but that in the North he surrenders and does not replace certain important supports to his personality. He leaves a relatively static social order in which, having experienced its brutality for hundreds of years, he indeed, having been formed within it and by it, he has developed those techniques of survival which Faulkner refers to as "endurance," and a ease of movement within explosive situations which makes Hemingway's definition of courage—"grace under pressure," appear mere swag. He surrenders the protection of his peasant cynicism—his refusal to hope for the fulfillment of hopeless hopes—and his sense of being "at home in the world" gained from confronting and accepting (for day-to-day living, at least) the scene absurdity of his predicament. Further, he leaves a still authoritative religion which gives his life a semblance of metaphysical wholeness; a family structure which is relatively stable; and a body of folklore—tested in life-and-death terms against his daily experience with nature and Southern white man—that serves him as a guide to action.

Mr. Ellison was born in Oklahoma City, attended public school there, and went to Tuskegee Institute. He studied musical composition and is a jazz trumpeter, but in the 1930s in New York, he turned to writing. His stories and articles have been widely published, and he is best known for "Invisible Man," a novel about "one Negro's effort to find his place in the world."





These are the supports of Southern Negro rationality (and, to an extent, of the internal peace of the United States); humble, but of inestimable psychological value,* they allow Southern Negroes to maintain their almost mystical hope for a future of full democracy—a hope accompanied by an irrepressible belief in some Mecca of equality, located in the North and identified by the magic place names New York, Chicago, Detroit. A belief sustained (as all myth is sustained by ritual) by identifying themselves ritually with the successes of Negro celebrities, by reciting their exploits and enumerating their dollars, and by recounting the swiftness with which they spiral from humble birth to headline fame. And doubtless the blasting of this dream is as damaging to Negro personality as the slum scenes of filth, disorder, and crumbling masonry in which it flies apart.

When Negroes are barred from participating in the main institutional life of society, they lose far more than economic privileges or the satisfaction of saluting the flag with unmixed emotions.

* Their political and economic value is the measure of both the positive and negative characteristics of American democracy.

They lose one of the bulwarks which men place between themselves and the constant threat of chaos. For whatever the assigned function of social institutions, their psychological function is to protect the citizen against the irrational, incalculable forces that hover about the edges of human life like cosmic destruction lurking within an atomic stockpile.

And it is precisely the denial of this support through segregation and discrimination that leaves the most balanced Negro open to anxiety.

Though caught not only in the tensions arising from his own swift history, but in those conflicts created in modern man by a revolutionary world, he cannot participate fully in the therapy which the white American achieves through patriotic ceremonies and by identifying himself with American wealth and power. Instead, he is thrown back upon his own "slum-shocked" institutions.

But these, like his folk personality, are caught in a process of chaotic change. His family disintegrates, his church splinters; his folk wisdom is discarded in the mistaken notion that it in no way applies to urban living; and his formal education (never really his own) provides him with

neither scientific description nor rounded philosophical interpretation of the profound forces that are transforming his total being. Yet even his art is transformed; the lyrical ritual elements of folk jazz—that artistic projection of the only real individuality possible for him in the South, that embodiment of a superior democracy in which each individual cultivated his uniqueness and yet did not clash with his neighbors—have given way to the near-themeless technical virtuosity of bebop, a further triumph of technology over humanism. His speech hardens; his movements are geared to the time clock; his diet changes; his sensibilities quicken; and his intelligence expands. But without institutions to give him direction, and lacking a clear explanation of his predicament—the religious ones being inadequate, and those offered by political and labor leaders obviously incomplete and opportunistic—the individual feels that his world and his personality are out of key. The phrase “I’m nowhere” expresses the feeling borne in upon many Negroes that they have no stable, recognized place in society. One’s identity drifts in a capricious reality in which even the most commonly held assumptions are questionable. One “is” literally, but one is nowhere; one wanders dazed in a ghetto maze,

a “displaced person” of American democracy.

And as though all this were not enough of a strain on a people’s sense of the rational, the conditions under which it lives are seized upon as proof of its inferiority. Thus the frustrations of Negro life (many of them the frustrations of *all* life during this historical moment) permeate the atmosphere of Harlem with a hostility that bombards the individual from so many directions that he is often unable to identify it with any specific object. Some feel it the punishment of some racial or personal guilt and pray to God; others (called “evil Negroes” in Harlem) become enraged with the world. Sometimes it provokes dramatic mass responses.

And why have these explosive matters—which are now a problem of our foreign policy—been ignored? Because there is an argument in progress between black men and white men as to the true nature of American reality. Following their own interests, whites impose interpretations upon Negro experience that are not only false but, in effect, a denial of Negro humanity. Too weak to shout down these interpretations, Negroes live nevertheless as they have to live, and the concrete conditions of their lives are more real than white men’s arguments.

Harper's Magazine, August 1964



Bringing Up Children: The American vs. the British Way

by Eleanor Wintour

Which produces the better end-product is still a fiercely argued question—but American mothers clearly get more fun out of their job.

Contrary to received opinion, English wives in the upper income brackets have in most ways—it seems to me—an easier life than their American counterparts. They can buy every item of domestic machinery American women can buy, though they like to talk as if they couldn't. They can and do obtain domestic help at a price which seems incredibly low to an American (for whom help is practically unobtainable at any price). They can have an evening out with their husbands without having to live on bread and water for a week afterwards to pay for it, leaving behind someone more reliable than the neighbor's child to look after Baby. (The English think American prices are high, but do not always realize that Americans agree with them.) Nevertheless, it is a standard English cliché that American wives have little to do, and that it is the English wife whose nose is perpetually to the grindstone. After twenty years of marriage in England, I tend to agree with this, but I think it is due not so much to the ease with which Americans wash dishes as to the relative ease with which they bring up children.

I am dogmatizing largely from personal experience, of course, and my impressions are limited to the so-called professional classes in both countries. I cannot but note, however, that my American friends find their small children less of a

burden than do my English friends. There are, I think, two possible reasons for this. One is that Americans, on the whole, aim at happy (some of them, unfortunately, prefer the term "well-adjusted") rather than good children. Children tend to cooperate with this aim and the inevitable strains between parent and child are consequently reduced. Secondly, society in general in the U. S. A. is more willing to tolerate the imperfections of children than it is in England. This may be hard on the neighbors, but it certainly makes things simpler for the mother.

These differences are reflected in the opinions which each side of the Atlantic holds about the other's children. In upper-class English circles it is common knowledge that American children are spoiled, whining, bad-mannered little creatures. It is not necessary to have actually met any American children to hold this view—it is something one knows just as one knows that the world is round. Americans do not have such pronounced opinions about English children, since they believe all children are lovable until otherwise proved, and it is difficult to meet English children. You do not, when invited to dinner in English houses, expect to see children under sixteen unless you are a very old friend and make a point of it. (I have many English friends whose children I have never seen since my official visit to the hospital on the occasion of the birth.) Americans have a vague idea that English children are quiet and well-behaved, but when they happen to run into any, as they did on a fairly large scale in 1940, they have difficulty in liking them. They find them unresponsive, unchildlike, and "repressed." Americans adore children who

are friendly, talkative, and "outgoing." If they lack these qualities, they probably ought to see a psychiatrist. The English adore children too, as long as they are quiet, polite, clean, and don't interrupt. Otherwise they have been badly brought up. Both sides begin at birth to achieve these ideals and by the age of seven have usually succeeded.

Initially, the American mother's pleasure in her baby may be marred by the need to give him scientific care and feeding. She has to see that he grows the required amount, sits, teethes, walks, and talks at the right time, and, above all, gets the correct intake of vitamins and proteins. If, for some unaccountable reason, Baby does not do all these things at the time of life laid down by Dr. Gesell of Yale University, she may become frantic with worry and besiege her pediatrician with visits and telephone calls. (The upper-income-class baby is cared for by a specialist until school age, at least, and often beyond.) In any event, she sees her pediatrician regularly since he must prescribe the baby's formula; this is a scientific combination of milk, water, and sugar which goes into the bottle and which no American mother would alter without the doctor's sanction and an examination of the baby by him. It is known in England as the milk mixture, and the mother either leaves it to Nanny to mix, where there is a Nanny, or follows the instructions on the tin. Fortunately, in the postwar years Dr. Benjamin Spock's ringing message, "Relax—you know more than you think you do," has eased these tensions in most American upper-class homes and it is now possible to believe that Baby will live even if he doesn't eat spinach.

Apart from seeing that her child is properly fed and fully immunized, however, the American mother hasn't many responsibilities. She can feed Baby whenever it suits them both; she doesn't have to teach him that she won't come if he cries; backed by Freud and the diaper service, she doesn't have to toilet-train him at the earliest possible moment, and she doesn't have to give him constant fresh air. He sleeps indoors and, when he isn't asleep, he is around the living room or kitchen in company with anyone else who happens to be there. Only when he is old

enough to enjoy it, is he pushed out, wind and weather permitting, by his high-school girl. Owing to the fact that English high-school girls spend their afternoons in high schools playing hockey and sometimes learning domestic science, English babies lack this indispensable item of the American baby's equipment. The American high-school girl rarely plays hockey and believes in practicing domestic science in the field, so she is available for pushing most afternoons. Without her, American upper-class babies might never go out until they could walk, since their mothers shop by telephone or car, and the English practice of leaving a baby outside unattended would lead to arrest in the United States. As a result, the American child from an early age is with adults a great deal more than his English counterpart.

Keeping Baby Outdoors

The pursuit of fresh air keeps the English baby out-of-doors and out of the way, from about four weeks old to such time as the pram is required by the next occupant or the baby shows signs of fight. In either case, his segregation usually lasts throughout the first year of his life. During this period, he will probably have learned that crying is not much good. Initially, his mother may be distressed by his crying and want to do something about it, but any good hospital puts her straight at once. Babies whose mothers come when they cry are spoiled babies. "He's perfectly dry and comfortable, dear," the nurse says, "and he's only doing it to play you up. Once you start picking him up every time he whimpers you'll have no routine at all." To say you don't care if you don't have a routine is like saying you don't care if the earth stops rotating. When will you go to the dentist, how can you have a dinner party, how on earth is Daddy ever to get any peace and quiet if Baby keeps interfering with the adult world? The routineless baby lying about in his carrycot disturbs people. They feel he ought to be somewhere out of sight, preferably in a garden, asleep. The highest praise the proud mother can possibly bestow on her baby is to say, "I wouldn't know I had him." Americans, who like to know they have babies, find this phrase peculiarly baffling.

In addition to keeping her baby quiet, on a routine, and adjusted to the use of a potty, the English mother has to teach him manners. As soon as he can say Mummy, he learns to say "Ta." An adult holds up a desirable object to the infant and says, "Ta—say ta," and very soon the

As the American wife of a Fleet Street editor, Mrs. Wintour has raised four children in England. She has recently "graduated from the playground" and is now a social worker. This article, which stirred up British readers of "20th Century" and "The Observer," introduces Mrs. Wintour to an American audience.

normal child realizes that if he repeats this useful syllable he will get what he wants. He is then well-mannered, although his comprehension of what he is doing is about the same as that of a puppy who has been taught to beg for a biscuit. He also learns "please" and a little later "thank you for having me" and "please may I get down," rather useless phrases necessarily discarded in later life. To omit or alter these phrases gets him into trouble and he soon realizes that it is not sufficient to run shining with joy to his mother and say, "Look what Aunt Jane brought me"—he must say, "Thank you for the present." He cannot say, "May I have the jam?" though he may say, "Jam, please," and get it. He, therefore, tends to curb any spontaneous expressions of pleasure or gratitude and, equipped with the correct passwords, he goes through life, a model of politeness, alienating foreigners by brusquely issuing orders to which he has attached "please," and surprising them by thanking them profusely for selling him butter.

At an age when it is felt they can understand it, probably about four, American mothers are expected to explain to their offspring the difference between "Give me that" and "May I have it?" Children are also indoctrinated into the value of the social lie and learn, like their elders, to pretend they liked the present or the party. Provided the intentions are good, however, nobody minds how the child expresses himself. Indeed, most Americans frankly prefer the child who says, "When can I come again?" to the one who painfully trots out his learned speech of thanks. In any event, at no time will an American have to play his part in the prolonged dialogue of please-thank-you in which an Englishman is involved whenever he buys so much as a bus ticket, so he need not pass his childhood training for it.

Besides being burdened with the necessity of inculcating manners at all times and in all places, the English mother must see to it that her children do not make a noise in public places other than the playground. (This includes flats.) Americans, though they would not tolerate the din made by British motorcyclists in public places, are resigned to the fact that noise is the price of having children and, honestly, do not appear to notice any sounds but unhappy ones. It is quite impossible to describe the relief with which one realizes that, though the children are making a noise in the post office, this is an American post office and no one is paying the slightest attention.

By and large, it is harder for the English mother to produce a socially approved child than it is for the American. The standard is higher

and it has to be reached at an earlier age. English working-class mothers achieve fairly good results, and at least relieve the strain by constantly "correcting" the child—a purely physical operation. The more genteel classes, however, disapprove of striking children, unless they are older boys, when it is permissible to employ someone else to do it. Discipline, therefore, usually takes the form of disapprobation. "We don't have tea with little girls with dirty hands." "Nobody likes noisy little boys." By such methods, Baby, released from the pram, learns that he can be admitted to family life only on adult terms. Like water dripping on a stone, the method is almost bound to succeed in the long run, but not before any intelligent woman is mad with boredom.

A Profession Called Nanny

Americans also disapprove of physical discipline, but with them disciplinary problems arise somewhat sooner since the baby is less confined. There is not very much American adults positively want a toddler to do, but there are many things they want him *not* to do, and he is usually prevented from doing them by distracting his attention. "Diversion" is recognized as a fine art and most American mothers are very adept at it. Once communication has been established, diversion gives way to explaining why. This may end in loud and protracted argument on both sides, which can be exhausting but at least is seldom boring. It is perhaps because the process of child rearing in England is not only difficult, but extremely boring, that the English upper classes have had to invent a special profession of substitute mothers known as Nannies.

Though regularly referred to as "a good, old-fashioned Nanny," it is not known just how old-fashioned Nanny really is. She is certainly not related to Juliet's Nurse. Celia, in *Middlemarch*, has a nurse for her new baby, but she speaks to her like a servant and tells her to "take Baby and walk up and down in the Long Gallery." This does not sound at all like Nanny—nor indeed like a baby with a very well-established routine. As late as 1898, Lord Curzon went out to India happy to have found his infant not a Nanny, but an excellent wet-nurse. In the absence of any authoritative research into her origins, one may merely surmise that Nanny came in with the twentieth-century bottle which enabled mothers to hand over Baby lock, stock, and barrel. She became a part of the Establishment, and to Celia's certainty that "where there was a baby, things could

never be entirely wrong," was added Miss Nancy Mitford's conviction that where there is no Nanny, nothing can ever be right: "I have seen too many children brought up without Nannies to think this at all desirable. In Oxford, the wives of progressive dons did it often as a matter of principle; they would gradually become morons themselves, while the children looked like slum children and behaved like barbarians." Not everybody is as extreme as Miss Mitford, or the lady who said to me: "Oh, Mrs. Wintour, I think you're too wonderful—I hear you bring up your children yourself"; but a remarkable number of people inquire if you have a good Nanny, and seem taken aback to hear that the poor things have no one but you.

Since the war, of course, there has been a shortage of English Nannies, and many members of the affluent society now have to make do with Swiss girls. Very often the Swiss girl, by taking the children to the park, bathing, and putting them to bed, is merely freeing Mummy to peel potatoes. In the United States, Nanny is strictly for the Rolls-Royce class and it costs too much to import a Swiss girl 3,000 miles. Her husband may be making \$20,000 a year, but the American wife is lucky if she has a reliable cleaning woman. By the time her children can walk properly, she dispenses with the high-school girl, except as a sitter at night, and goes to the park herself. She never eats potatoes and gives her husband frozen vegetables, which is bad for him, but saves time. Once the children are off baby foods, they share the evening meal with their parents, and the father will have to come home earlier than he would if he were a member of the English professional class. He may even like doing it. The American mother is thus saved the extra labor of giving the child tea and rushing it off to bed before the father has dinner. The English system, which helps to keep father clear of the little ones, is justified on the grounds that children cannot digest a heavy meal at night and need quantities of sleep. It may continue as late as nine or ten, by which age an American child's doctor would have called in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to save it from deliberate starvation.

At an early age, then, an American child is familiar with the adult world and finds it adaptable and safe, and he responds by feeling very much at ease with it—a state normally considered by the English as being spoiled and cheeky. But though his relations with grownups are simpler than those of his English counterpart, he will by the age of three or four have been asked

to face a problem which English children usually avoid until later. He will have to go to nursery school. (Many English children, especially those with Nannies or Swiss girls, do not go to school until five. Those who do go are largely sent to get them out of the way, and are quite as likely to belong to the working class as to the professional class. Four is the normal minimum age and supervision is strict and constant.) Free nursery schooling is almost impossible to obtain in the United States, and it is the urban and suburban upper-income groups for whom the numerous nursery schools are conducted. Hours are very short and the mother may hardly get the child there before it is time to retrieve him. Initially, she may be expected to stay at the school for most of this period, trying to help her child become used to a situation for which he is simply too young. Parents may take turns staying the first hour and some even go through the embarrassing experience of having to join in the school activities—painting, standing in line for "juice," and taking a "rest" on a mat on the floor while teacher reads a story—all to persuade the child that nursery school is fun.

What Nursery Schools Do

The purpose of this expensive and time-consuming operation is to teach the child to get along with his own kind. Parents, who never expect a three-year-old child to stick an adult conversation out to the bitter end without interruption, sincerely believe that the same child can learn to play happily every morning with a group of other children just as selfish, demanding, and passionately egotistical as himself. This difficult experiment in community life is only carried out in England under careful adult guidance. Unfortunately, most American nursery-school teachers are imbued with a *laissez-faire* philosophy and intervene only to prevent actual injury. There is, in any case, very little they can do to assist a child whose self-confidence is not equal to the ordeal. You may appeal to the better feelings of a group of six-year-olds and ask them to be kind to a frightened weeping newcomer, but I have yet to meet the three-year-old whose better feelings can be relied on for more than two seconds. In the circumstances, a few natural leaders swim, a few natural underdogs sink, and the vast majority flounder on until a year or so later, when, the stresses and strains of infancy over and their mental development sufficiently advanced, they are ready to tackle group life.

At this point, the parents will announce with rapture that John or Jane really loves school now, and this will be attributed to the preceding painful period during which the child was forced (kindly and with the best intentions) to go to school and learn to have a lovely time with other girls and boys.

Latin peoples appear to notice the difference between boys and girls at birth and act accordingly. Americans behave as if all their children were boys until adolescence, when they make an effort to get their girls out of trousers for special occasions. The girls respond to early influence by continuing to wear trousers whenever possible, retaining figures as much like their brothers' as possible, and adopting an attitude of friendly camaraderie toward boys throughout most of their teens. This gives rise to the myth that American teen-age girls are more sophisticated than English ones; the fact is they are simply less conscious of sex differentiation and to this extent may be profoundly less sophisticated.

Why Boys Are Sent Away

The English remain strictly neutral toward the sexes until about the age of eight, though top people seem to lean slightly to the view that children are all girls—the longer a little boy's hair is, the more "upper" he is likely to be. After seven or eight, however, they discover that boys are different from girls, and more dangerous. The first precaution is to remove them from the care of women except for menial tasks such as sewing and laundry. Why English mothers accept this at an age when their sons are still merely children is a mystery which no American can hope to fathom. Possibly the whole process of infant rearing has already proved so arduous that when her infant shows definite intentions of being something rather different from herself, the mother feels incompetent in advance, though adolescence is still some years off. Even Nanny's regime breaks down. Try as he may, the boy's tread is heavier than his sister's, and there is no way to keep a good football player clean. To date, the boy's education will have been carried on by women, and he may have gone to school with his sister. Now the women who have been alternately teaching and mothering him since he was five, are replaced by men, and he acquires a headmaster instead of a headmistress. (Economic considerations delay this process in the state school system but it comes by eleven.) Increasingly, father tends to handle liaison with the school and

conducts research into his next place of learning. This is assuming that the boy remains at home.

The correct upper-class procedure is still to send the boy away, regardless of the quality of preparatory day schools available. The reasons given for this custom vary, but, unless the family lives in the depths of the country, they are rarely educational. City-dwelling parents sometimes say boys need more space and country life. Some boys are sent because they are only children; some because they are not only children and quarrel with their siblings. Some go because they couldn't stand their homes ("He just hung around bored and miserable, now he's another child, happy and busy all day long"); a few because the parents couldn't stand them ("He needed a firm hand and his father just hadn't the time"). Some mothers will admit that they didn't want their sons to go away, but the father insisted. Many more regard it as a law of nature. As one woman told me, "It's terrible when they first go, but, of course, they have to."

The vast majority, however, explain that the child will be miserable at his public school unless he has first been miserable at a prep school. Strangely enough neither this argument nor the others ever apply to girls, many of whom go bravely off to public (private preparatory) school all unprepared for boarding life. Three times a year it is little boys and not little girls who crowd the platforms of London stations and are herded onto school trains. In September, these scenes almost rival the evacuations of 1940—except that parents do not cry and there is no war—and disinterested observers may get the impression that a sizable percentage of the English upper-income groups wish to rid themselves of their sons for the greater part of the year and are prepared to pay heavily to do it. Their sons, waving good-bye to sister, may possibly get the impression that a little boy is a rather nasty form of life.

At regular intervals, schools do something called "breaking up," an English phrase unknown in America, presumably descriptive of the resulting disintegration in the home. The boarding child returns to his parents, and is taken to movies and pantomimes and generally wine and dined, particularly on the last night of his holiday, when the returning prisoner is traditionally taken out for a hearty meal. Throughout the holiday, it is customary for mothers to tell one another that holidays are far too long, that the children get so bored, and that they themselves are utterly exhausted, but thank God the last child goes back on Friday. No amount of

pantomime-going can conceal this atmosphere from a child bright enough to count to ten. It is reinforced by the fact that he cannot enter the local grocer's without someone's remarking that he has broken up, and Mummy must have her hands full. Toward the end of the "break" will be added the cry, "Not back yet? These school holidays!" until an unduly sensitive mother, like myself, feels she ought to hide her child somewhere. Just as the English baby is expected to stay in a pram, so the English child is expected to stay in school.

American children have only brief "recesses" at Christmas and Easter and a long vacation of about three months in the summer. During this period it is customary to ask children if they are enjoying themselves, and it would be considered bad for a child to suggest that his prolonged presence at home was a nuisance. It is believed that little boys need a home life and female care for as long as little girls do, and both sexes are

normally educated together in both private and state school systems without anyone's regarding this as very unusual or progressive. Women teachers are more common than men, and are presumed to maintain order among boys as successfully as among girls. Children are never sent away before their teens except in cases of tragic necessity when there is nowhere else for the child to go.

Americans incline to think that any child brought up as many English upper-income-group children are, ought to grow up hopelessly mal-adjusted, and are surprised when they do not. Equally, the English, vociferating over the spoiled American child, do not deny that many of them become adults with unexceptionable manners and sterling characters. My point is not that one side gets better results than the other, but merely that American mothers have a better time. Maternity is a trying profession anywhere, but particularly in England.

Dying Under Drilling

by Samuel Hazo

Staring at a dentist's upside-down face, I tongue
the sand of pumice from my gums. "Rinse out."
I swill. "Open." I yawn like a baying wolf
at moons of frosted, incandescent bulbs.
More picks and clamps—a twang of snapping floss—
green spray that cools like winds of peppermint.
Beside me on a shelf, a skull—teeth clenched
in gumless glee or fury—hard to tell.
Who was this man? In heaven now, or hell?

When Hamlet stared at Yorick's dug-up grin,
did he consider anything beyond
mortality? Did he presume as I
assume that teeth are singular as souls
and fingerprints, that bodies burned to soot
can still be known as George or Josephine
by one identifying molar? Now,
updated by contraptions, I regress
to years when Mohawks practiced for distress

by letting chieftains hammer good bicuspid
out. In lesser anguish, David ordered
God to crush within their jaws the teeth
of all his enemies. But Mohawk guts
are dust with David's bones. Moldering now
like Hamlet stymied by a skull, I age
toward the buried Yorick I will be,
and, needled numb with darts of Novocain,
I fence with pain before the end of pain.



Mighty Matterhorn

by Larry Eisenberg

When I first received the call from Dr. Bennekoff, I assumed that he had unpleasant news for me. Dr. Bennekoff is the director of one of the finer music schools of the city, and my very talented young daughter is a student at his school. But his request that I visit him was not, he assured me, concerned with my daughter. "Purely a private matter of some importance," he said.

He received me the following day with great excitement, displaying the courtly Old World charm which was a hallmark of his behavior. He shook my hand warmly and ushered me to a frayed chair at the side of his huge scarified desk, a massive mahogany block covered with mementos of his distinguished musical career.

I sat there diffidently, trying to keep my fingers in repose and wondering what sort of musical small talk I might offer him. I cannot play any musical instrument but I'm an ardent listener with some small insights into music that I have painstakingly garnered over the years.

"You're an electronic engineer, are you not?" said Dr. Bennekoff. His scant hair had come up in little wisps, giving him a fey quality that was ill-suited to his great bulk.

"That's correct," I replied, baffled by the irrelevance of the question. "My major concern is medical electronics."

"But you know something of music, too," said Dr. Bennekoff. "And you *have* taught."

He was alluding, I realized, to a conversation we had had some weeks earlier at a parent-teacher circle meeting, during which I had mentioned some of my part-time teaching activities.

"I have taught classes in electronics," I conceded. For one wild moment I had the eerie feeling that he was going to offer me a teaching position at his school, and what was even more bizarre was that I was tempted to accept such an offer. But he punctured this fantasy in short order.

"Are you familiar with computers?" he asked, his excitement becoming almost conspiratorial.

"I did quite a bit of the logical design for one of the early computers," I replied. "But what has that to do with our meeting?"

"Just this," said Dr. Bennekoff. "As you know, we are dreadfully short of room space here. Indeed, we have had to turn away many applicants for courses at the school. And of course I don't have to elaborate on the desperate shortage of good teachers."

I nodded agreement with this classic lament.

"I've given extensive thought to the matter," I said Dr. Bennekoff, "and I think I know the way out. The Board of Directors is busy making plans to evict the people in the adjacent building and erect a new school building there. But all that will take years and inevitably the same search for space will occur. We have to attack the problem more directly and the proper way is through a computer."

I was stunned. "A computer?"

"A small compact computer which teaches music," said Dr. Bennekoff. "To begin with, a computer which can teach the piano."

Although I had been taken aback at first by the suggestion of a computer, my thoughts immediately began to take shape as to how such a computer might work. It would have an eighty-eight-key keyboard but there would be no audible sounds save through headphones. The playing of the notes, the tempo, even the degree of pressure on the keys could all be readily monitored by a computer. And when errors were made, the student would be told, through the appropriate tape,

Mr. Eisenberg, who is a research associate at the Rockefeller Institute, really has a daughter who is a pianist; but this story is fiction.

exactly what accounted for each of his mistakes.

"A computer of this sort," I said aloud, "could demonstrate proper technique to the pupil through programmed rolls, very similar to the player-piano roll."

"I see that my suggestion has caught your imagination," said Dr. Bennekoff. "I'm delighted. But what I really want from you is an examination of the feasibility of such a device. We are prepared to put in for a government grant to foster the construction and testing of this computer. It might revolutionize the entire field of musical education."

"I can say right now that it would be feasible," I said. "I . . ."

Dr. Bennekoff held up his hand in a stop signal. "I want you to consider it, very carefully," he said. "And of course you'll be paid for your time. But be gentle with us." He chuckled nervously at his admonition.

"It will be a contribution from me to the school," I said impetuously and regretted what I had said almost immediately.

I spent several weeks of my off-hours, and some of my working hours too, mulling through in my mind just how such a device should be designed. There should also be, I thought, illustrative films of the greatest pianists of our time, to be flashed before the eye of the student at the appropriate times. I drew up a set of block diagrams illustrating how the new computer would function, and sketched out sample logic circuits which were capable of multiple uses. I plunged more and more deeply into this project, thoroughly convinced of its practicality.

One night as I returned home, bemused by thoughts of how I might save several packages of electronic printed circuit boards and further reduce the cost of the piano-teaching computer, I was pressed into escort service by my wife. She informed me that I had to take my daughter to her piano teacher's home for the lesson that evening.

"Why not at the school?" I muttered.

"It's a makeup lesson," my wife assured me. "And there isn't an available classroom."

I nodded my head vehemently. Of course, I thought. This situation emphasized one of the reasons for the pressing need for my computer. I had my daughter bustling into her coat and gathering up her music and we were off by cross-town bus to Miss Schwarz's apartment.

I enjoyed seeing Miss Schwarz again. She was a fiercely dedicated teacher, trained in Berlin at a time that antedated the Nazis, and she would

accept nothing less than perfection from my daughter. "To me you are not a child, playing well *for a child*," she would say fervently. "To me you are an *artiste*."

The lesson was going reasonably well and I sat in a plush upholstered chair, half-nodding and musing about the computer that might ultimately supplant this impassioned pedagogue. My daughter then launched into the Bach G minor prelude and Miss Schwarz raised her hand and stopped the child.

"The tone is too tiny," she said. "Think of something big, something majestic, something almost beyond the imagination."

"Jack and the Beanstalk?" my daughter said timorously.

"*Grosser Gott!*" cried Miss Schwarz in broken supplication. "I am thinking of the Matterhorn and she says Jack and the Beanstalk."

"May I go to the bathroom for one minute?" my daughter asked shyly.

"Go, my sweetheart," said Miss Schwarz. "Go to the bathroom."

When my daughter had left the room, she leaned toward me confidentially. "I love that child," she said in a stage whisper. "But because to me she is an artist, I sometimes forget that she is nine years old. Jack and the Beanstalk!"

I nodded at her as my daughter returned and took her seat at the piano, launching into the Bach prelude. She played magnificently, the tones swelling with almost organlike sonority from the touch of her little fingers. Miss Schwarz was rapt and when the last notes had died away, she did something she almost never does.

"You were magnificent," she cried. "You took a whole year's leap forward in that one piece."

"Thank you," said my daughter, her face aglow at this unparalleled praise.

"Tell me," said Miss Schwarz, leaning forward intently, her face radiant. "What were you thinking about when you played that piece?"

"I thought of very tall trees," said my daughter.

"*Ach*, tall trees," murmured Miss Schwarz, nodding comprehension.

"With tiny birds," added my daughter.

Miss Schwarz stiffened. "Forget the tiny birds," she muttered.

I thought of the mighty Matterhorn all the way home that evening and awoke in the morning with my brain still awed by its heights. Later that day, I called Dr. Bennekoff to tell him that I was unable to conceive of a computer that could even begin to teach piano.

St. Louis Takes the Cure

a case history for ailing cities

by A. M. Watkins

How a sharp cut in building costs touched off a construction boom and a civic renaissance—and how other communities could use the same recipe.

What are the basic reasons for the sorry condition of our "central" cities all over America? Much has been written about the social and economic blight that results. But as suburbs and outlying shopping centers continue to blossom and our metropolitan cores continue to decay, little is said about the archvillain in this melancholy drama: the astronomical cost of building.

The high cost of building has steadily frustrated plans for new construction and for many urban-renewal programs, and has held back the rehabilitation of countless rundown but still serviceable structures. Even less attention has been directed at the archaic building codes which perpetuate outmoded materials and methods, thus keeping costs high and blocking the introduction of efficient, labor-saving techniques. As a result, the huge \$88-billion-a-year construction industry has become, in the words of *Architectural Forum*, "America's biggest stagnant industry."

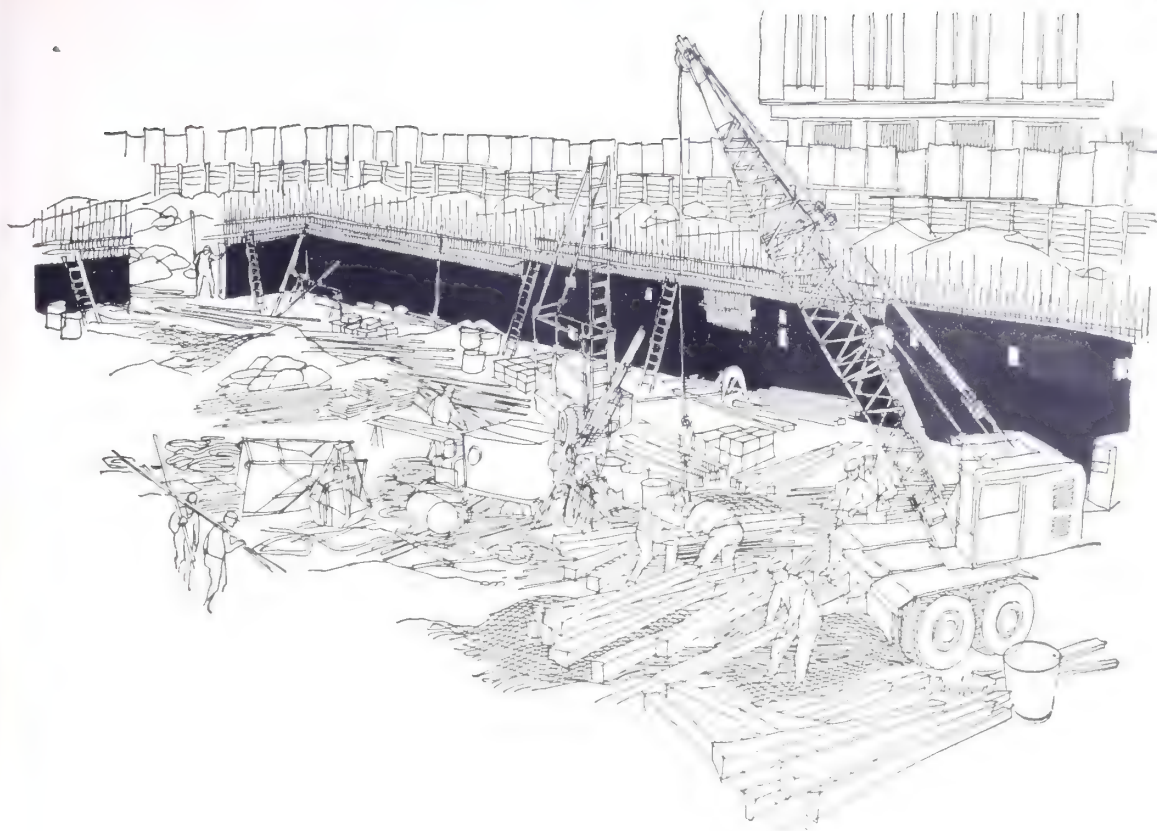
These stifling codes are maintained across the country by a labor-business-politics coalition as old as American craft unionism. One of the few

cities to break this stranglehold is St. Louis. Exciting changes are taking place there in neighborhoods which, with acres of decaying slums and bulldozed vacant lots, have long looked more like bombed-out Warsaw than a Midwestern metropolis.

One of the most locally celebrated of these ruins was "the hole" at Twelfth and Washington Streets where two stories of rusting steel framework moldered in a deep deserted excavation for more than a quarter of a century. It was a depressing spectacle when I visited St. Louis some months ago. Since then, a handsome new motel has risen on this site. It was built by a group of Memphis businessmen who dared undertake this venture only after the city adopted a new building code.

There have, of course, always been companies eager to locate in St. Louis, a city with unusual commercial and cultural attractions. "They would ask for preliminary plans," a prominent architect told me. "But after one look at the cost estimates, they'd throw up their hands in despair. We'd never see them again."

One such incident finally triggered St. Louis's seven-year battle for code reform. In 1954 the Brown Shoe Company planned to put up a large new building. Enthusiasm waned, however, because the local code barred the erection of the kind of economical new building the Brown people



wanted. The company was on the verge of building elsewhere when a group of worried citizens decided to act.

Convinced that a new code was urgently needed, they took their cause to Mayor Ray Tucker who then and since has proved a tower of strength. To formulate a new code he appointed a fourteen-man committee, led by Neal J. Campbell, a peppery fifty-six-year-old consulting engineer. The choice proved admirable, for Campbell is technically knowledgeable, vigorously civic-minded, and immune to local pressures since his industrial engineering practice is concerned largely with construction in other cities.

From the outset, however, the city's Board of Aldermen was stubbornly hostile. They declined to appropriate funds for the difficult, complex job of drafting a new code. Undaunted, Chairman Campbell enlisted a volunteer corps of experts, including architects, engineers, contractors, businessmen, and forward-looking union leaders. Section by section, they hammered out a new code, held 198 public hearings, and produced a massive

440-page tome which swept away a long accretion of costly restrictions.

The old code, for example, had required that nearly all buildings have heavy masonry walls, thus outlawing such economical new techniques as curtain-wall design. Cast-iron or steel—rather than labor-saving copper—pipe was dictated for all plumbing. Expensive rigid metal conduits had to be used for all electrical wiring—even for the innocuous little wires on doorbells and heating-system thermostats.

The new code did away with virtually all such restrictions and allowed leeway for the use of many modern materials and techniques so long as they met sensible safety standards. In 1960—six years after they began their job—the Campbell Committee secured the Building Department's approval of the new code and finally presented it to the Board of Aldermen for adoption.

Now the battle was joined in earnest. Leader of the opposition was Alderman Albert I. Harris, chairman of the Board's Public Safety Committee. For months he bottled up the new code in committee and refused to hold public hearings on it. When a critical editorial accused him of being a tool of the bricklayers' union, he rejoined, "I'm partial to masonry."

Behind the scenes, Harris was supported by building contractors, suppliers, and manufacturers whose products were favored by the old

Mr. Watkins, a free-lance reporter, often writes on building and housing, and his latest book is "The Complete Book of Home Remodeling, Improvement, and Repair." In his research for this article, he was helped by a Beinecke Foundation grant through the Society of Magazine Writers.

code. Allied with them, the electricians', plumbers', and bricklayers' unions rallied their members, friends, and relatives with the battle cry, "Our men will be walking the streets if the new code passes."

A majority of the city's nineteen craft unions, however, favored the new code. So did the League of Women Voters, local CIO leaders, and an impressive group of civic organizations. Staunch support came also from the city's two crusading papers—the *Globe-Democrat* and the *Post-Dispatch*—which both have a tradition of editorial and reportorial zeal. This included scathing cartoons by Bill Mauldin in the *Post-Dispatch* pointing up the idiocy of the old code.

By March 1961, public opinion forced Alderman Harris to release the code from his committee for a vote by the whole Board. While thirty enthusiastic supporters from the Junior Chamber of Commerce picketed City Hall, he made a last-ditch effort to hamstring the new code with crippling amendments. The attempt failed. And on St. Patrick's Day the new code was adopted by a vote of twenty-seven to one. The lone dissenter was Alderman Harris, whose allies deserted him, many out of political realism rather than conviction. There was no question about which side the people of St. Louis were on.

Tonic for Tired Plumbing

Since 1961, construction activity in St. Louis has been at an unprecedented level. In even a short drive around the city, one sees heartening consequences—for instance, two tall new office buildings, of which one is the first such skyscraper structure built in the downtown area in thirty years, and three large new motels. Along the riverfront a junkheap of decrepit buildings has been leveled to make way for an imposing new apartment complex. Even one of the worst slums—the 485-acre Mill Creek area—is showing signs of new life. It was razed in the name of urban renewal some time ago but nothing was built because of exorbitant costs. Now the area is dotted with clusters of new buildings. In all, more than \$1.5 billion worth of new construction and expansion is under way or currently planned in St. Louis.

This renaissance cannot, of course, be wholly attributed to the new code. The city, most observers agree, was ripe for revival. But it took the new code—as architect Hari Van Hoefen told me—"to set off a wave of optimism among investors and builders." Symbolic of this changed

spirit is the 630-foot-high stainless steel Gateway Arch designed by the late Eero Saarinen which is now rising skyward on a downtown site. Overlooking the Mississippi, it dramatizes St. Louis's historic role as gateway to the West.

Thanks to the spurt in building activity, most of St. Louis's 25,000 construction workers, whose unions often bitterly fought the new code, are working full-time. "Our men are busier than ever," spokesmen for both the plumbers and electricians told me. Not even the bricklayers have suffered, for masonry is still needed for other purposes in even the sleekest glass or curtain-wall building.

Striking economies have resulted from the use of the new methods and materials made possible by the modernized code. The old code was similar to those still in force in most American cities. Known as a specification code, it stipulated precisely what materials and methods were permitted. Those not mentioned were outlawed. Since the code was written twenty years ago, when many modern materials and methods were unknown, it virtually froze construction methods to the past.

The new code, in contrast, invites innovation. Essentially a performance code, it merely spells out a series of functional goals: a pipe, for example, must withstand fifty pounds of water pressure per square inch; a floor must hold a load of, say, sixty pounds per square inch; a wall must not quaver in a hurricane whether it is built of steel, aluminum, or plastic.

Thus, in addition, it is no longer necessary to thicken the walls of a low-cost housing project to accommodate four-inch plumbing pipes. The three-inch pipes which are now permitted can be installed in any standard wall or partition. In all, plumbing costs—one of the biggest cost items in construction—have been cut by 10 to 15 per cent. Electrical costs are down a whopping 30 to 40 per cent. In one housing project with four hundred apartments, Charles Zurheide, an electrical engineer on the job, told me that wiring costs were reduced by \$160 per apartment, or over 30 per cent saved in wiring expense alone.* Similarly, in factories the cost of wiring up lathes or drill presses has dropped from \$30 to about \$6 per machine.

Charles Ferris, a top redevelopment official, estimates that the new code has resulted in savings of \$1,000 per unit in housing construction.

* Rundown plumbing and obsolete wiring are two of the most common curses of old houses throughout the country. Once the owner of a private home or apartment house finds it's economically unfeasible to modernize them, the whole building soon goes to seed.

Building costs generally have been reduced by about 15 per cent, on the average, according to Neal Campbell, father of the new code. (This figure might be changed somewhat by recent hefty pay raises won by the pipe fitters and other unions. The same pay increments, however, would have added even more to costs under the make-work requirements of the old code.)

Who Really Pays the Electricians' Bill?

There is scarcely a city in the country that could not profit from St. Louis's example. To name a few, Boston, Providence, Los Angeles, and Pittsburgh all have archaic building codes. Mainly because of outmoded codes, construction costs in such cities are as much as a third more than they should be, according to architect William B. Tabler. Chicago's Mayor Richard J. Daley has been encouraging building officials to modernize the city's code, but the surrounding suburbs are a jungle of conflicting restrictions. Even when a new code has been adopted, there is no guarantee that it will work. In San Francisco, for instance, overzealous building and fire-department chiefs manage to perpetuate the old ways by high-handed, narrow interpretations of safety regulations. Elsewhere strong unions continue to block labor-saving techniques. Cleveland's electricians still insist on costly, archaic knob-and-tube wiring instead of economical modern wiring materials.

Nowhere is the might of the electricians more impregnable than in New York City, where an initial budget of \$700,000 has been provided to draft a new code. The only part of the code that will not be modernized is the section relating to wiring. Chief of the electricians' union is Harry Van Arsdale, who recently won an unprecedented twenty-five-hour week for his men. President of the City's Central Labor Council, Van Arsdale wields formidable political power. Members of his union will not install any prewired electrical fixture or ventilating fan shipped from out-of-town. Even though the work was initially done by union men in union plants, it must be rewired locally.

Though less vocal politically, the unions representing other construction workers manage to take almost as good care of their own. Sheet-metal workers, for example, won't handle prefabricated radiator covers and ventilation louvers unless they were made by members of the local union. Similarly, all stonework used in New York must be finished by local union men in local shops.

Small wonder that labor costs in school construction, for one thing, have soared from 30 to about 60 per cent of total school costs and that overall building costs in New York are the highest in the country, if not in the world. The city's 200,000 construction workers apparently couldn't care less.

No private builder can any longer afford to put up a home or apartment building to rent or sell to the average worker. But the electricians, plumbers, and the rest of the building-trades craftsmen have been luxuriating in the building boom that started at the end of World War II and has been restimulated by the World's Fair.

It is a boom, however, that promises nothing for the family that can't pay \$200 a month or more for tiny cubicles with two and a half rooms—complete with dishwasher and noise problems—on the fashionable Upper East Side. Dozens of fancy luxury apartment houses have gone up, and not a few already display vacancy signs. Scores of new office buildings blot out the sky, to serve as headquarters for opulent corporations to whom money is no object. And the taxpayers' dollars have been lavishly poured out to cover the soaring cost of urban renewal, new public buildings, and the subsidized housing where one out of every fifteen New Yorkers now lives. But most people of modest means make their homes in tenements or move to the suburbs.

Across the country, since 1930, building costs have gone up two and a half times faster than all other consumer prices and, of course, far faster than average wages. Apart from the immediate hardship to the family that cannot afford a decent home, the long-range consequences have been grave. The huge construction industry, America's biggest single business, is a bellwether of the economy. Economist Douglas Darcy of Harvard believes that the decline in the national growth rate and subsequent unemployment from 1956 to 1961 resulted largely from the slowdown in construction in that period. And today, with almost all other economic indicators on the upswing, construction still lags. There is little doubt that sky-high building costs are to blame, for no one who has house-hunted in a city can doubt that the demand exists.

Homes Like Model T?

Widespread code reform is the major practical step that can and should be taken to bring costs down. But in many cities, political pressures from those profiting from the status quo make it im-

(Some short poems....)

by William Stafford

An Argument Against the Empirical Method
Some haystacks don't even have any needle.

The Limbs of the Pin Oak Tree
"Gravity—what's that?"

Star Guides
Any star is enough
if you know what star it is.

Kids
They dance before they learn
there is anything that isn't music.

Comfort
We think it is calm here,
or that the storm is the right size.

possible to obtain public funds even for the initial job of drafting a new code. St. Louis had to do it with volunteers who contributed an estimated half-million dollars' worth of work. Philadelphia underwent a long, grueling, and expensive struggle to pay for the new code which it has recently adopted. And New York will no doubt have to wring several million dollars out of reluctant city fathers to complete a document that will probably be bitterly opposed by entrenched groups of politicians, contractors, and construction unions.

This part of the problem could be resolved by the drafting of a *national* building code, for voluntary adoption by any city or town that wants to change its ways.* At first, this sounds like an invitation to stifling uniformity of design. But in fact a national code could allow ample leeway for local and regional modifications, as well as for varying climate demands. Furthermore, it could produce diversity—as well as undreamed of econ-

* So-called model building codes already exist. They are sponsored by the Building Officials Conference of America, the International Conference of Building Officials, the National Board of Fire Underwriters, and the Southern Building Code Congress. They are a step in the right direction and have been used in whole or in part by several thousand cities. But, by and large, these codes are flawed because they are sponsored by special-interest groups with mixed motives and inadequate staffs. All have serious technical deficiencies.

omies—by permitting us to realize the potentialities of mass production in construction through prefabrication.

This cannot happen so long as there are more than five thousand different and conflicting building codes across the country. But with basically uniform standards it would be possible to mass-produce and assemble on the building site such costly components as plumbing, wiring, and heating equipment. Standard-size floor, wall, and ceiling sections could be prefabricated and fashioned into hundreds of different designs. After all, many hundreds of different structures can be made by a child from a Tinker Toy set which has only eighteen standard parts. And the savings would be spectacular.

The cost of the Model-T Ford tumbled from \$850 to \$350 after Henry Ford introduced the assembly line. Within the past thirty years, mass production has brought the price of an electric refrigerator down from a thousand to a few hundred dollars. Ultimately, I am convinced, mass-production methods could cut building costs by 40 to 50 per cent.

As a way to solve the housing shortage, there is no comparable answer. The Russians, for example, are putting up five-story apartment houses in eighteen days apiece through the use of prefabricated floor, wall, and ceiling panels made of prestressed concrete. In this country we are going to need some sixty million new housing units by the year 2000. We are not going to get them by the obsolete craft methods of the building trades. And in the end, I am convinced, the enormous new market for housing is going to create more rather than fewer jobs in the building trades.

An immediate push could be given this trend by the creation of a National Institute for Building Research. Recently proposed by a committee of the National Academy of Science, such an institute would provide for the construction industry the services now supplied to other industries by the National Bureau of Standards. And it would provide much-needed basic technical standards to protect the consumer from shoddy building.

Helpful as such steps in Washington would be, the initiative still rests with the local community. Pushing through a new building code involves a long, tough, expensive, and often frustrating battle. It calls for an aroused citizenry aided by a crusading press and the enlightened members of the building industry and its unions. St. Louis has demonstrated that such a battle can be won and that the results more than justify the effort.



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cycle is so long (it takes 60 to 80 years to grow Douglas fir to sawlog size) tree farming is fraught with risks. Fire can wipe out thousands of trees in a matter of days, or even hours. Insects and disease also can take a heavy toll. Control of all these forest enemies is very costly.

Because of these risks and costs, tree farming would be impractical under an unrealistic tax climate. Fortunately, this is not generally the case today. In most areas taxes paid by tree farmers, although substantial, still permit individuals and firms to grow timber as a long-term crop.

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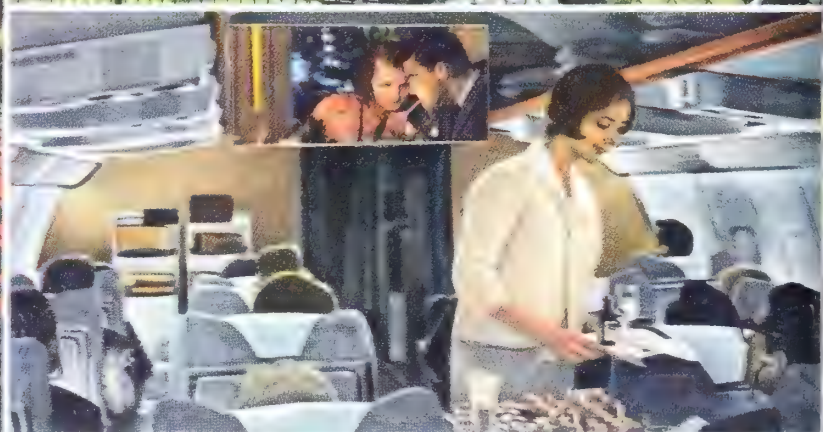
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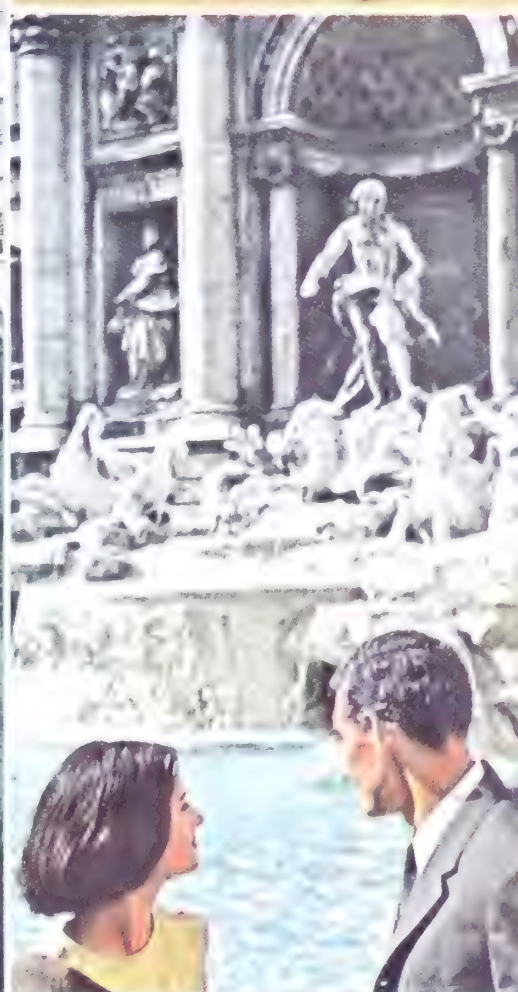
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A Sufficient and Changing Loveliness

The Scotch in Canada, Part III

by John Kenneth Galbraith

Mr. Galbraith grew up in a rural community of Scottish transplants, on the shore of Lake Erie in Ontario. Having written, in previous installments of this narrative about Caste, Love, Money, Drinking, and Praying, he concludes with Seasons and Chores.

Lives are measured off and the passage of time given meaning either by the rotation of the earth on its axis or by its more gradual but much slower movement in orbit around the sun. For urban dwellers, the teeming hordes of southern California, and those who live in the tropics, it is the succession of day and night that is important. But the fortunate people of the planet, though the blessing is not universally recognized, are those who live by the seasons. The seasons have an unpredictability and an individuality which appeal both to the sporting instinct and to the very great need for simple topics of conversation:

"It looks like a late spring."

"Early winter this year."

"Nice autumn."

The seasons also work a great and magical

change in the landscape—there is far more difference between a Vermont farm in the summer and the same farm in the winter than there is between San Diego and São Paulo. This means that the people who live where the seasons are good and strong have no need to travel; they can stay home and let change come to them. This simple truth will one day be recognized and then we will see a great reverse migration from Florida to Maine and New Hampshire and on into Quebec.

Although the climate of southern Ontario is not especially severe, the seasons have a very satisfactory accent, and this was sharpened in my boyhood by the cycle of agricultural operations. Here I must digress to another poorly understood point.

In modern times, especially in the United States, notions of natural beauty have been extensively compromised by the Cult of the Wilderness. The justification for this cult is plausible enough. Men have seen the squalor of the places where people live or travel—the slums; the suburbs that were blighted at birth; the formless sprawl beyond; and the highways made hideous by billboards, and by the evidently insatiable appetite of the American motorist for fried food and the odd notion that nearly all abutting acreage should be devoted to satisfying it. They have

assumed the corollary, which is that beauty is only to be found where people are not. A number of articulate and extremely self-assured prophets—the late Theodore Roosevelt, the late Gifford Pinchot, the late Harold Ickes, the late Richard Neuberger, the late Bernard DeVoto, and the happily highly extant Stewart Udall—have driven home the point in speech and print. The result has been the preservation of a great deal of wilderness that would otherwise have been lost to desecration, and everyone should be grateful.

But in fact, man at his best has done far more for landscape than this implies. The surviving English countryside, hedged, cultivated, trimmed, and green, is lovely; a couple of thousand years ago the unkempt fens and forests and occasional patch of poor tillage could not have been very beautiful. Similarly with France. The Rhine and Moselle would not be interesting without the vineyards, and Iowa with the red barns and green corn must be more agreeable than when it was a monotonous waste of high grass. Northern Vermont with its pastureland, barns, and rich smell of cow manure is much more attractive than southern Vermont, which is much closer to wilderness. Farmers, unlike outdoor advertisers and those who serve the motorists, have no apologies to make to nature.

The agriculture of the Scotch did less for the landscape than most. Yet, in conjunction with the seasons, there was a sufficient and changing loveliness. The fields of ten or twelve acres were a mosaic of endlessly varied design. In the spring, some showed the deep green of the winter wheat. In others, the black wet earth dried gradually to a light brown, and the team plodded over it to prepare for the spring grain and corn. Summer came with the fruit blossoms, the pastel shades of the oats, and, a little later, the strong green of the corn. Then the hayfields were stripped to a greenish brown and the wheat and corn to a yellow and amber. In the autumn, the wheatfields turned green again, and furrows of the fall plowing showed startling black against the first snow. Then the snow covered the whole land. On some days there was no color at all; only the dead gray of the driving storm.

In the common theory of farm management,

Professor Galbraith is the distinguished Harvard economist and former U.S. Ambassador to India, author of "The Affluent Society," "Economic Development," and other works. His next book, from which "Harper's" has presented three sections, will be "The Scotch" to be published by Houghton Mifflin late in August.

farmers seek to maximize their net income. Scotch were certainly not averse to net income but their equal concern was with minimizing gross outlay. They did not care to spend money for personal consumption if it could be avoided. And they did not care to spend it for productive purposes, either, if that could be prevented. The goal of their agriculture was a safe, one-way flow of income, the flow being steadily in their direction.

The basic farm was a hundred acres. This included cropland, rough pasture, and a woodlot. The basic labor force was the farmer, his wife, and his sons. Most of the work on a hundred-acre farm could be performed by one man and a team of horses. A few tasks—haymaking, harvesting, cutting wood, breaking a colt—required two people, and a very small number of tasks, such as threshing, required a crew. Beyond a certain time the Scotch were reluctant to work their wives in the fields. But a young wife could, it was felt, get her hand on those tasks where two people were needed. And as she grew older, sons became available to take her place. If a crew was required, the Scotch "changed work." The neighbors came over and helped, and this labor was repaid in kind. The annual payroll thus remained at nil.

Vulnerable to Weather

Implicit in this economy was an arrangement which, while avoiding peaks and valleys in the need for labor, kept one man reasonably employed the year around on a combination of livestock and field-husbandry jobs. The animals required a good deal of attention through the Canadian winter but could do very well by themselves on the summer pasture. The field crops confined their demands to the summer and these, in turn, had their own well-considered sequence. Oats, the cereal for livestock and for the Scotch themselves when starting the day, were in the ground and growing before the cornland needed to be prepared. Beans came just before or just after the corn. Then came haymaking and then, in measured succession, the wheat, oat, and bean harvest. Equally important were the tasks such as cutting wood, taking grain to the grist mill, putting manure on the land, which were undemanding in time. These filled up the space between the jobs that could not be postponed.

A good farm manager was, perhaps most of all, a man who combined the tasks compelled by season with the more permissive operations of intelligent order. Every once in a while

uld be someone for whom the intellectual problem was simply too great. He would do the wrong things first, the right things last, or would always be hopelessly behind on everything. His neighbors regarded him with pity and sorrow but also with the secret satisfaction in their own superiority. The timetable was, of course, terribly vulnerable to bad weather. A cold, wet spring would delay spring seeding and put this into the time reserved for preparing corn- or beanland. A wet spring could shove haying into the wheat harvest. And so forth. The community set considerable store by equanimity in these matters but a certain number could not attain it. This minority watched the weather nervously and impatiently and complained bitterly when it did not accord with their needs. They invited adverse comment. "Johnny Morrison git on the ground this morning?"

"Yeh, I saw him. Over by the culvert he could've reached the *Lusitania*."

"It's a late spring."

"You got to take it as it comes."

The same intricate combination of crop with small husbandry that minimized the need to pay for outside labor also minimized the need to pay for anything else. In our neighborhood, wheat and beans were sold for cash. Everything else—oats, oat straw, hay, corn, and more occasionally clover and barley—was fed to beef cattle, hogs, sheep, and chickens. The animals turned the feed into salable products or into manure, which largely eliminated the need for commercial fertilizer. (The combination of crops, including the generous supplies of legumes for feed, also sustained the soil.) The horses turned their feed into energy as well, which eliminated the need to purchase gasoline. (The Scotch came eventually to use tractors but with considerable reluctance.) From the red and white grade Shorthorns (which, though kept for beef, were expected to produce some milk for the household), from the white Friesian or red Tamworth hogs, from the chickens of uncertain ancestry, and from the orchards and garden came the principal components of the family ration. However, the Scotch made no fetish of self-sufficiency in personal consumption. Once they had made their own cloth and ground their own wheat. But they had sensibly come to agree that factories and mills could do some things much more efficiently than they. So much town-bought food remained a mark of affluence. No one would think of buying canned fruit, jam, or marmalade at the store. But only the most backward clans considered it a mark of credit to live completely from their land. Adam

Smith was a Scotchman and while none of our neighbors had heard of him, his enunciation of the principle of division of labor was respected within reason.

No Aroma Like It

On our farm the new year began not on January 1—which was a date of purely formal significance with the deepest and dearest part of the winter still to come—but in March with the least permissive of all farm tasks as to timing, namely the tapping of maples. The sun, when it shone, would now have traces of warmth. But the woods still held gray snowbanks and the nights were still cold, for a run of sap must be refreshed by a nightly frost. No agricultural operation has ever been invested with so much glamour as the making of maple syrup and the reason is simple: None ever had such magic.

We tapped about two hundred trees, few enough so that we knew the personality of each. In a hollow on the southeast corner of the woods was a vast gnarled specimen which always had its three buckets full and often running over. I still think of that tree with affection, admiration, and gratitude. On the more exposed westerly side of the wood were almost equally sizable specimens which scarcely produced a thing. We regarded them with dislike and resentment.

Sap in those days was collected in a wooden tub mounted on a sleigh or stoneboat. A circular track wound through the black, silent woods and around it the horses pulled the tub. At each stop we fanned out with pails to collect the sap from the red buckets. If the run was good there might be a pleasant air of urgency about this task, for numerous buckets would be spilling over. The sap was then boiled in a flat rectangular pan, about three feet by six or seven, which sat on a cement arch over a vigorous log fire. Immediately back of the arch, from which the operation could be watched, and with the whole front open to the fire, was the small, shed-roofed sugar shanty. As everyone has heard but only the fortunate know at first hand, there is no aroma on earth like that of boiling sap. In good years it was necessary to boil all night to keep abreast of the run.

Then hour after hour, the white steam billowed off into the black night or, on occasion, rolled into the shanty as a special reward. Neighbors who did not make syrup came across the fields and through the woods to sit and watch the fire and the steam and enjoy the smell. One could take a

dipper, dip out a pint or two of the thickening sap, cool it in a snowbank and drink it all. It combined a heavenly flavor with a remarkable laxative effect.

The flavor of the syrup then produced was far better than what a less fortunate generation now gets from Vermont or Quebec. I learned the reason in what I believe was my first introduction to scientific method. Two brothers named John and Angus McNabb, who lived over near the Thames river, went into production of maple syrup on a commercial basis. They bought covered buckets and an evaporator and a galvanized tank for the sap and set out to make a quality product. It was bland and tasteless and Jim McKillop showed them why.

As the sap dripped into the open buckets, quite a few dried leaves fell in too. And large numbers of brown moths were attracted by the moisture or the sugar or both. So were the field mice. Jim rightly expected that they had something to do with the flavor and, on the night of the experiment, he put a quart or so of water into a sap bucket and added a handful of moths, two dead mice, and several milligrams of mouse droppings which he had got from a mouse's nest. He boiled all of this into a good thick stock and added it to a gallon of the insipid McNabb syrup. There was no question; the flavor was miraculously improved.

Purity, quite possibly, has its place. But there is considerable need for a research project along the lines of Jim McKillop's experiment to ascertain how much of the flavor once associated with our staple foods was the result of soundly conceived contamination.

Escape from Thralldom

The maple season or, at the latest, the time for seeding spring grains, was greatly welcomed by the farmers for another reason. It was the beginning of escape from the thralldom of chores. Livestock were out of doors and eventually on their own pasture. The whole day was free for the tight succession of tasks—preparing, seeding, planting, harvesting—which were considered the serious business of the farm. For while this system of agriculture was designed to keep a man occupied all year, the winter work was considered tedious and a trifle degrading. As cattle, horses, poultry, and, to a lesser extent, sheep came into winter quarters, they required the same increase in personal services as a tourist coming from a camping trip to a hotel. These were the

chores. To confess that one was “only doing chores” was to imply that one had not been really employed.

At first glance, it was rather pleasant work. One went into the half-dark barn at half-past six or seven to hear the cows protesting comfortably at the ending of their night of rest and contemplation. The milking of the one cow, the release of the suckling calves to the rest, and the feeding of cattle and horses took an hour. After breakfast, another three hours were needed to throw down and prepare feed, turn the stock out to water, groom the horses, clean the stables, and nail up the astonishing number of things which, in any twenty-four-hour period, would somehow come loose.

Partly this work was disliked as all personal service is disliked. While animals are less officious than people, they are, in their own way, as quietly demanding and many can convey the same impression that the world was made for them. This naturally breeds resentment. But the more important problem lay in the brevity of the work cycle. Clearly the most unfortunate people are those who must do the same thing over and over again, every minute, or perhaps twenty to thirty minutes. They deserve the shortest hours and the highest pay. The Scotch had no experience with industrial drudgery but they did compare their tasks that had to be done every day with those that were related to the more spacious cycle of the seasons and thus had to be performed only once a year. They much preferred the latter.

All this could be learned from cleaning out a cow stable. One shoveled the accumulation in an unfastidious way; the metal rang against concrete with brisk clang. Presently one could look with satisfaction at a stretch of glistening floor. At even before the fresh bedding was brought in, the enviable peristalsis of the bovine would begin to work its havoc. First from one direction, then from another would come the rhythmic plopping sounds. In an hour or two, one's handiwork would be in an advanced state of destruction. In contrast, one could look down a row of bays from which the grass and Canada thistle had been hoed away, and know it would remain fairly clean for the rest of the summer.

In World War I, passion for the Allied cause burned very low among the Scotch. But here and there a lad joined up in advance of conscription. He then went off to serve in the armies of Douglas Haig where, in all but the most exceptional instances, he was promptly killed. It was invariably said that he went because he was tired of doing chores.

Timid Lawyers and Neglected Clients



by Daniel H. Pollitt

Because the Bar tacitly encourages its members to shun "unrespectable" defendants, many atheists, Communists, Extreme Rightists, and civil-rights demonstrators are finding it hard to get a fair day in court.

During the recent attempts made by civil-rights organizations to encourage Negroes to register for voting in the South, a white student, Robert Zellner, who had been working as a volunteer, was arrested in McComb, Mississippi. He wrote to several lawyers in the state proposing that they take his case. They all refused. By the time he had exhausted his efforts to secure legal representation in Mississippi, he had written to no less than forty different white lawyers, including John Satterfield, the then president of the American Bar Association. The letters came back in a monotonous and negative trickle. Not only did they all decline help; some of them commented that the defendant and "people like him" were doing the state of Mississippi a disservice.

This is only one illustration—a particularly dramatic one—of how the law often fails to provide justice for the unpopular defendant. To put

it bluntly, the legal profession is sometimes reluctant to protect this defendant's rights by giving him adequate counsel. It makes little difference whether he is an accused Communist, an integrationist, a John Bircher, or a political assassin.

The oath recommended by the American Bar Association and adopted by a number of states requires a lawyer seeking admission to the Bar to swear that he "will never reject from any consideration personal to myself the cause of the defenseless or oppressed." But the practice falls far short of this ideal. Local and national Bar Associations sometimes make it as difficult as possible for the individual lawyer to match the words of the oath with deeds.

At the height of McCarthyism, in the early 1950s, Justice William O. Douglas spoke of the fear that strikes a lawyer who is contemplating the defense of a person accused of illegal communist activity: "Lawyers have talked to me about it. Many are worried. Some could not volunteer their services, for if they did they would lose clients and their firms would suffer. Others could not volunteer because if they did they would be dubbed subversive by their community. . . ."

A survey of Pittsburgh lawyers reported in

1962 that 50 per cent of those who had represented unpopular clients suffered adverse publicity and heckling from the press, from other members of the Bar and from friends. Twenty per cent reported that their practices had suffered.

The Lawyers' Committee for Civil Rights Under Law, which includes eight past presidents of the American Bar Association, reported at the 1964 midwinter meeting of the ABA that in many Southern communities Negroes cannot obtain counsel "because a white lawyer involved in civil-rights litigation representing Negroes faces loss of clients, impairment of social status, public criticism, and often threats of physical harm to himself and his family."

In general, a lawyer who defends an accused murderer is under far less pressure from the community than the lawyer who defends a Fifth Amendment pleader, a nudist, an atheist, a homosexual, an integrationist in the South, or a segregationist in the North. He can defend the accused murderer without defending the institution of murder. But how can he represent a defendant charged with contempt of Congress without attacking the power of Congressional inquisition; a defendant charged with the sale of Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* without challenging society's right to impose a literary censorship; a defendant charged with violation of the Smith Act without challenging society's right to impose a political censorship; a defendant "sit-in-er" charged with trespass without attacking the institution of segregation?

In short, in these cases the attorney must defend the client's cause as well as the client, at times against the most respected institutions. When civil-liberties lawyer Joseph L. Rauh, Jr. defended the right of a Congressional committee witness to withhold the names of men who had long ago left the Communist party, he was opposed in the Supreme Court by the House Un-American Activities Committee, the Department of Justice, and the American Bar Association. And all too often, the public and the lawyers—who should know better—choose to believe that

the lawyer who defends the right of free speech for Communists must himself be a Marxist, or that the lawyer in a school-prayer or a Bible-reading case must be an atheist.

A lawyer may try to get around this situation in various ways. He may call his client's beliefs "alien" or "rubbish" or "abhorrent to all of us" and then defend his client's right to proselytize. But it is questionable whether the lawyer who does this is giving representation that is truly "adequate." Or, he may refuse a fee, reasoning that this will focus public attention on the real reason for his undertaking the defense: a desire to ensure every person's right to counsel. Not many lawyers can afford this position, however, and all too often it backfires. People are quick to infer motives of sympathy to a lawyer who takes a case gratis. They may be less likely to do so when he takes the case for profit.

The fact is that there is no way in which the lawyer can be guaranteed immunity from public disapproval when he defends an unpopular client. Therefore, the attorney just starting out, whose only fortune is his good name, listens to the voices within him that whisper caution, and whimpers with fear, and tell him to wait; wait until your prestige is secure, your voice more powerful; wait for the right time, for the right case. But the right case at the right time seldom comes. And while the attorney waits, the right to counsel goes by default.

Thus a Pittsburgh lawyer charged with Communist party membership had his disbarment case postponed for eight months before a fellow lawyer agreed to represent him. And in Baltimore a lawyer charged with violation of the Smith Act had to defend himself when his colleagues refused his appeal for aid. (It was Abraham Lincoln who commented that an attorney who represents himself has a fool for a client, and lawyers are the first to agree.)

Sometimes the lawyer will try to justify his reluctance. During the McCarthy era, Carl Shipley, a prominent Washington, D. C., attorney, told a newspaper interviewer: "I've had a number of people who've been fired from the government (on loyalty grounds) come in to me and ask me to take their cases. They always say the accusations are lies . . . some of them were terrible hardshell cases. But I couldn't take them. They asked me to recommend other lawyers but I wouldn't recommend dead sending them on to another lawyer—for fear he would think I think he's a Communist, or something. I know that's bad, but most lawyers feel the same way."

Mr. Shipley's feelings are understandable, I

Professor Pollitt teaches in the School of Law at the University of North Carolina. He often volunteers in defending "unpopular" clients and—through such organizations as the American Civil Liberties Union and the NAACP—assists in locating lawyers for cases in the South. During the 1950s, he practiced law in Washington and, with Joseph L. Rauh, Jr., represented a number of persons under attack in the various loyalty-security programs.

men members of the legal profession themselves refuse to distinguish between a lawyer's personal conviction and his professional obligation, they must not be surprised when the community at large falls into the same confusion. Only the lawyer with the backing of a strong Bar Association is in a position to demonstrate the responsibilities of his profession to the layman.

Defendants without counsel are particularly numerous today in the South, where there has been a sharp rise in the number of cases involving racial issues. CORE reported that during the Jackson, Mississippi, sit-in litigation, it was "unable to get any local white lawyers to represent defendants and there were not enough local Negro attorneys available to handle the cases." In all of Mississippi there are only four Negro attorneys (one will not involve himself), and they live more than a hundred miles from the Delta counties where many civil-rights arrests have taken place. In southwest Georgia, Negro attorney C. B. King is swamped with more than two thousand cases arising from the voting, bus, employment, and other local protest demonstrations.

Reprisals Down South

The small band of Southern attorneys who do undertake cases involving racial or civil rights litigation, must expect to be thwarted by the community and by fellow lawyers. Louis Lusky* lost many clients when—at the request of the American Civil Liberties Union—he defended Earl Braden, the white "integrationist" charged with violating the Kentucky sedition law. "I don't mean to suggest that people here think I am disloyal," he said. "Their attitude is, rather, that it is peculiar and that it may be better to put their affairs in the hands of a more normal sort of person." The prosecutor, who had made disparaging remarks about Mr. Lusky several times during the trial, lost the case, but in the long run fared much better. The local Bar Association awarded him a plaque for the "efficiency of his advice" and elected him their president unanimously—the first time the office had been filled without opposition.

Reprisals may take more direct forms. A North Carolina lawyer shook his finger at a voting registrar who he felt was testing his client unfairly; the lawyer was charged with assault. James Venable (who also represents the Ku Klux Klan) arrived in Monroe, Louisiana, to defend a

Black Muslim—and was arrested for car theft. Charges were dropped only when he agreed to leave town. The first integrated lawyers' conference in New Orleans was raided by the police, and two local lawyers were arrested. When Clyde Kennard, the first Negro applicant to a white university in Mississippi, was sentenced to seven years' hard labor for allegedly stealing five sacks of chicken feed, the NAACP field director, Medgar Evers, protested to the press—and was charged with contempt of court.

Bar Associations in the South are particularly zealous in their practices. Lawyers in Mississippi, Virginia, North Carolina, and elsewhere have faced disbarment charges, directly or indirectly as a result of their involvement in racial issues. The case of James Gilliland is typical of what can happen to a lawyer who defies community sentiment. A respected lawyer in Warren County, North Carolina, he spoke up in favor of the Supreme Court School Desegregation decision in 1954, and subsequently represented eleven alleged Communists before a local session of the House Un-American Activities Committee. The reaction in this rural community was explosive. Within a week, Gilliland was expelled from the Lions Club where he had held the office of secretary, and from a country club to which he belonged; he was also asked to resign his post as solicitor in the local Recorder's Court. Later that year he was ordered disbarred by the State Bar Association, and was reinstated only after an appeal to the State Supreme Court and a jury trial.

Sporadic "disbarment" proceedings, arrests by state police, judge-inspired "contempt" charges, all contribute to the timidity of the white Southern lawyer and to grave inequalities in justice. Mack Lee Parker, a Negro accused of rape, tried to find a local attorney who would take his case, but none offered their services. He was finally lynched from his Mississippi jail. In contrast, Byron de la Beckwith, the white man charged with the murder of Medgar Evers, had no trouble finding counsel. He appeared in court with not one but three attorneys.

The white lawyer who does defend a Negro often will not insist upon his client's constitutional guarantees, even in cases not connected with civil rights. For instance, he almost never objects to the exclusion of Negroes from juries in many Southern districts. Southern state judges and lawyers polled by the *Yale Law Journal* defended this omission on practical grounds: "If I accept a Negro for jury duty and put him on with eleven white men I would prejudice the white men against me and my client." Apart from trial

* See Lusky's "Justice with a Southern Accent," *Harper's*, March 1964.

strategy, however, the fact remains that the lawyer in the South (like his colleagues in other parts of the country) stands mute before the accepted values of the community.

The organized Bar has the power and prestige to change this situation. But Ralph McGill, publisher of the *Atlanta Constitution*, sadly sums up their attitude on school integration:

To this day, insofar as I can determine, not a single Southern state Bar Association has gone on record with a resolution or declaration of court support which would have provided the people with an alternative to the peddlers of defiance.

Only one city Bar Association in the South [Atlanta's] has made a public statement affirming the validity of court orders as they apply to schools. . . .

Since the 1954 Supreme Court decision, groups of ministers, PTAs, even labor unions, have sought to defend the Court from its critics, but the organized Bar has been conspicuously silent. In Birmingham, after a series of dynamitings and the massacre of young Negro children in Sunday school, fifty-three Alabama attorneys released a [bold] statement:

The law as announced in decisions of the courts is sometimes unpopular. In America the public has the right, protected by our courts, to criticize court decisions. Each of us has, on occasion, felt that a particular case should have been decided differently. But whether we agree or disagree with the result in any case, the Court's decision is the law and must be obeyed.

It took courage to endorse this declaration, innocuous as it may appear to the Northern liberal, and the signers would undoubtedly have been in a much stronger position had the Alabama Bar Association sponsored the document.

Birmingham lawyers who have spoken out on the racial issue have not fared well. Charles Morgan, Jr., possibly the city's most outspoken white attorney, recently moved away, partially because of threats to his family. David Vann and Vernon Patrick severed their connections with Alabama's largest law firm because they felt that their civil-rights activities might be disapproved of or might bring injury to their senior associates.

A Damaging Conformity

Although the failures of the Bar currently appear most striking in the South, the problem is by no means regional. Justice Black sees a tendency in membership procedures "to force the

Bar to become a group of thoroughly orthodox, time-serving, government-fearing individuals. He has cited cases before the Supreme Court where Bar Associations sought to exclude or expel persons from practicing the law for a variety of reasons: because of long-past and repudiated membership in the Communist party (a Mexico case); because of association with a person "generally considered to be a member of the Communist party" (a Texas case); because the lawyer invoked his constitutional right against self-incrimination (a New York case); because the lawyer spoke out at a public meeting against the prosecutor's conduct in a Smith proceeding (a Hawaiian case); because the applicants for reasons of conscience refused to tell the Bar examining committee whether they were members of Communist, Fascist, Republican or any other type of organization (Illinois and California cases); and because the applicants for reasons of religious training, refused to swear they would bear arms in the event of an armed invasion (Illinois and Washington cases).

Some Southern states ensure conformity by asking Bar applicants about membership in the NAACP and activities in interracial affairs. Some Northern and Western states ask applicants what they think of the use of the Fifth Amendment, or of the "pinkish" character of the Americans for Democratic Action, or even of labor-union activities; and a growing number of groups require applicants to answer questions similar to the one in the Hawaiian Bar application form:

If you were to be listed as "communist" in the records of any federal investigative agency, what past actions or organizational affiliations of yours not already listed by you might be used by such investigative agency to substantiate its conclusion?

The Bar Association not only encourages conformity within its own local and state units. It has tried to ensure it throughout the nation. When President Truman vetoed the Internal Security Act as a violation of the Bill of Rights, the American Bar Association immediately demanded that Congress override the veto. The pattern has continued. On issue after issue involving the delicate balance of individual rights and national security, the American Bar Association has allied itself with the state and against the individual. Jefferson Fordham, Dean of Law at the University of Pennsylvania, commented on the New York City Bar Association in 1974:

In the postwar years attention has been drawn so strongly to security matters that

an exaggerated imbalance has been observable. During this time the national organization, on occasion, ranged itself with the Philistines. . . . What the organized Bar needs is not its own witch-hunting department but units dedicated to the guardianship of human rights. A ceremonial interest in the Bill of Rights will not supply the need.

Such problems are not peculiar to our century. History records scores of similar disheartening instances. In 1650, John Lilbourne, seeking counsel in England for charges of treason against the Cromwell Parliament, explained that "no eminent experienced lawyer dare well meddle with my business, no, nor so much as bestow a sit upon me, but he runs a hazard of being done." This "hazard" followed the lawyer across the sea to America. In 1775, John Adams, too with Josiah Quincy undertook the defense of the British soldiers involved in the Boston massacre, wrote that "it is impossible to realize the abuse heaped upon Mr. Quincy and myself . . . we heard our names execrated in the most opprobrious terms whenever we appeared in the streets of Boston."

Today, however, of the professional legal associations in all English-speaking countries, only the American Bar has refused to take up the cudgels for the unpopular minority. Elsewhere, a barrister is as willing to be hired as a cabman; it is his duty to place himself at the disposal of the first person who hails him. Reminding British barristers of the significance of this practice, Lord Hartley Shawcross, Chairman of the General Council of the British Bar, mentioned:

Among laymen on both sides of politics there are some foolish and shortsighted enough to think that a barrister may and should pick and choose the cases in which he is prepared to appear.

It would be well if those people remembered how the present rule—that a barrister must accept a brief on behalf of any client who wishes to retain him—was finally established. It arose in 1792 over the prosecution of Tom Paine for publishing the second part of his *Rights of Man*. The great advocate, Erskine, who accepted the retainer to defend Paine, and was deprived of his office as Attorney General to the Prince of Wales for doing so, said—and said truly—in a famous speech: "From the moment that any advocate can be permitted to say that he will or will not stand between the Crown and the subject arraigned in the Court where he daily sits to practice, from that moment the liberties of England are at an end."

On Law Day and other formal occasions, we tell stories of the profession's great names—

men like Malesherbes, who came from retirement to represent Louis XVI against the Revolutionary government of France and paid for it with his life; Andrew Hamilton, who in 1735 defended the radical newspaper publisher John Peter Zenger and thereby did much to establish freedom of the press; and down through history to outstanding twentieth century figures, from Wendell Willkie and Whitney North Seymour, who defended Communists in the 1930s, to men like Harold Medina and Kenneth Royall, who fought to defend Nazis during the inflammatory period of World War II.

If the Voice Is Stilled

To translate this spirit of Law Day into an everyday reality the lawyer must recognize that the lay person looks to him for comment and advice, and that when his voice is stilled, the vacuum is often filled by the hate and bias of the demagogue. He must work to make the process of law as solid as possible. Prompted by such a belief, the attorneys in Birmingham urged compliance with the Supreme Court decision; Southern law professors recently signed a proclamation explaining the need for judicial supremacy in all areas; the American Bar Association condemned proposed constitutional amendments which would impair the judicial process; and the New York State Bar recommended to local groups specific moves to advance the rights of Negroes. These are all steps in the right direction, but there is a need for strong action on many more fronts. One of these is the organized Bar.

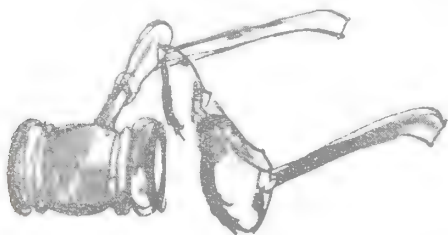
Associations at all levels should make it their business to organize panels of lawyers for the defense of the unpopular or indigent client. This has been done in isolated instances—in Washington when government employees charged under the loyalty-security program could not find counsel; in St. Louis for witnesses subpoenaed by the HUAC; in Denver, Cleveland, Philadelphia, and Connecticut for Communists indicted under the Smith Act; and in Pittsburgh for lawyers facing disbarment on Communist charges. Back in the 1930s a National Lawyers' Committee was formed to offer counsel to persons who complained that the New Deal legislation infringed on their constitutional rights. There is a need for many more such panels today, and they should be formed on a permanent basis and not just to meet temporary emergencies.

If local Bars take no such initiative, other

bodies can stimulate action. Last year, the bi-racial Lawyers' Committee for Civil Rights Under Law was formed at the request of President Kennedy. More recently, seven civil-rights groups formed a "lawyers' corps" whose members will defend civil-rights campaigners in Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana and Florida this summer.

There are many areas in which Bar Associations should reassert their leadership. It is their responsibility to speak up clearly for any lawyer who is attacked for representing the unpopular defendant. I can think of two notable instances where this was done. When the Cleveland Bar provided representation for Communist party officials, an Assistant Attorney General of the United States said in a public address that the association had been "duped." Within a week the President of the Bar had called upon the Attorney General, and the Assistant in question "denied" having made the statement. In another case, during a California hearing of the HUAC, a witness was repeatedly asked if his attorney was a Communist. The State Bar immediately issued a statement condemning the committee's proceedings.

Bar Associations might also offer annual rewards to attorneys in each state, county, and city who best reflect the spirit of John Adams. The only award currently given is for essay writing. State organizations could nominate lawyers for one national award, to be given at the annual American Bar Association meeting. The honor attached to such prizes would encourage lawyers in their work and further educate the public regarding the constitutional "right to counsel."



The law school too has a critical role to play in strengthening the curriculums in criminal law, professional ethics, and legal history. One obvious way of doing this is to establish legal-aid and legal-research bureaus to let the student experience practical cases. Pennsylvania and Northwestern have long had graduate fellowship programs in criminal law and penology, and at Georgetown the graduate fellows actively participate in the defense of criminals. On the fiftieth anniversary of Harvard's Legal Aid Bureau, Justice William Brennan praised such

societies for teaching "that contributing to legal services to an unpopular or unremunerated cause need not be dirty, or nasty, or opprobrious . . . [and that] . . . many fascinating challenging problems fall under the rubric of criminal law."

Within recent months Columbia, Harvard, New York, Georgetown, Howard, and Georgetown Universities have formed chapters of a Law Students' Civil Rights Research Council. During the school months, the student membership works on research projects—state-apportionment problems at Columbia, miscegenation cases at Harvard, "insurrection" statutes at Yale—during the summer vacation, the student volunteers work with local lawyers. Georgetown students, for example, helped prepare protests protesting the mass arrests of student demonstrators in Danville, Virginia.

The Hazard of Being Und

Above all, the law schools can contribute precept and example, that is, by encouraging faculty members to argue an occasional trial appeal on behalf of the unpopular defendant.

Dean Ribble of the University of Virginia School regularly volunteers his services, and his students assist him in preparing briefs. Professor Louis Pollak of Yale frequently represents Negro clients before the Supreme Court. Professor Walter Gellhorn of Columbia has appeared on behalf of an underprivileged felon in the Supreme Court. Where the professor leads the student may sooner or later follow.

Ultimately, however, it is up to the individual lawyer to safeguard his client's rights. If he fails, the Constitution is a dead letter. If he undertakes the defense of all "without consideration personal to himself," the Constitution becomes a living document. Every case—whether on behalf of the unpopular defendant or not—is a leap into the dark. No one can foretell what evidence may turn up, what vagaries of chance may occur, what unlooked-for traits of character this or that client may exhibit under pressure. There is always the hazard of being unprepared. But if the lawyer stays close by the candle and never ventures forth, the circle of safety and freedom will contract. It always does if nobody preserves it by venturing forth and taking risks. The late Mr. Justice Cardozo observed that "there is more to membership in the bar than a license to sign a brief or intone a legal argument."

Blood

A story by Isaac Bashevis Singer.

The cabalists know that the passion for blood and the passion for flesh have the same origin, and that is the reason "Thou shalt not kill" is followed by "Thou shalt not commit adultery."

Reb Falik Ehrlichman was the owner of a large estate not far from the town of Laskev. He was born Reb Falik but because of his honesty in business his neighbors had called him *ehrllichman* for so long that it had become a part of his name. By his first wife Reb Falik had had two children, a son and a daughter who had both died young and without issue. His wife had died too. But in later years he had married again according to the Book of Ecclesiastes: "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand."

Reb Falik's second wife was thirty years younger than he, and his friends had tried to dissuade him from the match. For one thing, Risha had been widowed twice and was considered a man killer. For another, she came of a coarse family and had a bad name. It was said of her that she had beaten her first husband with a stick, and that during the two years her second husband had lain paralyzed she had never called in a doctor. There was other gossip as well. But Reb Falik was not frightened by warnings or whisperings. His first wife, peace be with her, had been ill for a long time before she died of consumption. Risha, corpulent and strong as a man, was a good

housekeeper and knew how to manage a farm. Under her kerchief she had a full head of red hair and eyes as green as gooseberries. Her bosom was high and she had the broad hips of a child-bearer. Though she had not had children by either of her first two husbands, she contended it was their fault. She had a loud voice and, when she laughed, one could hear her from far off. Soon after marrying Reb Falik she began to take charge: she sent away the old bailiff who drank, and hired in his place a young and diligent one; she supervised the sowing, the reaping, the cattle breeding; she kept an eye on the peasants to make sure they did not steal eggs, chickens, honey from the hives. Reb Falik hoped Risha would bear him a son to recite Kaddish after his death, but the years passed without her becoming pregnant. She said he was too old. One day she took him with her to Laskev to the notary public, where he signed all his property over to her.

Reb Falik gradually ceased to attend to the affairs of the estate at all. He was a man of moderate height with a snowy white beard and rosy cheeks flushed with that half-faded redness of winter apples characteristic of affluent and meek old men. He was friendly to rich and poor alike and never shouted at his servants or peasants. Every spring before Passover he sent a load of wheat to Laskev for the poor, and in the fall after the Feast of Tabernacles he supplied the poor-

house with firewood as well as sacks of potatoes, cabbages, and beets. On the estate was a small study house which Reb Falik had built and furnished with a bookcase and Holy Scroll. When there were ten Jews on the estate to provide a quorum, they could pray there. After he had signed over all his possessions to Risha, Reb Falik sat almost all day long in this study house, reciting psalms, or sometimes dozing on the sofa in a side room. His strength began to leave him; his hands trembled; and when he spoke his head shook sidewise. Nearly seventy, completely dependent on Risha, he was, so to speak, already eating the bread of mercy. Formerly, the peasants could come to him for relief when one of their cows or horses wandered into his fields and the bailiff demanded payment for damages. But now that Risha had the upper hand, they had to pay to the last penny.

On the estate there had lived for many years a ritual slaughterer named Reb Dan, an old man who acted as beadle in the study house, and who, together with Reb Falik, studied a chapter of the Mishnah every morning. When Reb Dan died, Risha began to look about for a new slaughterer. Reb Falik ate a piece of chicken every evening for supper; Risha herself liked meat. Asking around, Risha heard that among the Jews in the nearby village of Krowica there was a ritual slaughterer named Reuben whose wife had died giving birth to their first child and who, in addition to being a butcher, owned a small tavern where the peasants drank in the evenings.

One morning Risha ordered one of the peasants to harness the britska in order to take her to Krowica to talk to Reuben. She wanted him to come to the estate from time to time to do their slaughtering. She took along several chickens and a gander in a sack so tight it was a wonder the fowl did not choke.

When she reached Krowica, a villager pointed out Reuben's hut near the smithy. The britska stopped and Risha, followed by the driver carrying the bag of poultry, opened the front door and went in. Reuben was not there but Risha looked out a window into the courtyard behind and saw him standing by a flat ditch. A barefooted woman

handed him a chicken which he slaughtered. Unaware he was being watched from his own house, Reuben was being playful with the woman. Suddenly, he swung the slaughtered chicken as if about to toss it into her face. When she handed him the penny fee, he clasped her wrist and held it. Meanwhile the chicken, its throat slit, fell to the ground where it fluttered about, flapping its wings in its attempt to fly and spattering Reuben's boots with blood. Finally the little rooster gave a last start and then lay still, one glassy eye and its slit neck open to God's heaven. The creature seemed to say, "See, Father in Heaven, what they have done to me. And still they make merry."

2. Reuben, like most butchers, was fat, with a big stomach and a red neck. His throat was short and fleshy. On his cheeks grew bunches of pitch-black hair. His dark eyes held the cold look of those born under the sign of Mars. When he caught sight of Risha, mistress of the large neighboring estate, he became confused, and his face turned even redder. Hurriedly, the woman with him picked up the slaughtered bird and scurried away. Risha went into the courtyard directing the peasant to set the sack with the fowl near Reuben's feet. She could see that he did not stand on his dignity, and she spoke to him lightly, half-jokingly, and he answered her kindly. When she asked if he would slaughter the birds in the sack for her, he answered: "What else should I do? Revive dead ones?" And when she remarked how important it was to her husband that his food be strictly kosher, he said: "Tell him he shouldn't worry. My knife is as smooth as a fiddle!"—and to show her he drew the bluish edge of the blade across the nail of his index finger. The peasant untied the sack and handed Reuben a yellow chicken. He promptly turned back its head, pulled a tuft of down from the center of its throat and slit it. Soon he was ready for the white gander.

"He's a tough one," said Risha. "All the geese were afraid of him."

"He won't be tough much longer," Reuben answered.

"Don't you have any pity?" Risha teased. She had never seen a slaughterer who was so delicate. His hands were thick with short fingers matted with dense black hair.

"Out of pity, one doesn't become a slaughterer," answered Reuben, and then added, "When you scale a fish on the Sabbath, do you think the fish enjoys it?"

Holding the fowl, Reuben looked at Risha and

Mr. Singer, who came to the U.S. from Poland in 1935 and joined the staff of the "Jewish Daily Forward," has written many books of stories and novels, including "The Slave." "Blood" will be in his forthcoming collection, "Short Friday," to be published by Farrar, Straus and Company on November sixth. It was translated from Yiddish by the author and Elizabeth Pollet.

ently, his gaze traveling up and down her body and finally coming to rest on her bosom. Still staring at her, he slaughtered the gander. Its white feathers grew red with blood. It shook its neck menacingly and suddenly went up in the air and flew a few yards. Risha bit her lip.

"They say slaughterers are destined to be born murderers but become slaughterers instead," Risha said.

"If you're so softhearted, why did you bring me the birds?" Reuben asked.

"Why? One has to eat meat."

"If someone has to eat meat, someone has to do the slaughtering."

Risha told the peasant to take away the fowl. Then she paid Reuben, he took her hand and held it for a moment in his. His hand was warm and her body shivered pleasurably. When she asked him if he would be willing to come to the estate to slaughter, he said yes if in addition to paying him she would send a cart for him.

"I won't have any herd of cattle for you," Risha said.

"Why not?" Reuben countered. "I have slaughtered cattle before. In Lublin I slaughtered more one day than I do here in a month," he boasted. Since Risha did not seem to be in any hurry, Reuben asked her to sit down on a box and he himself sat on a log. He told her of his studies in Lublin and explained how he had happened to come to this God-forsaken village where his wife, peace be with her, had died in childbirth for lack of an experienced midwife.

"Why haven't you remarried?" Risha questioned. "There's no shortage of women—widows, divorcees, or young girls."

Reuben told her the matchmakers were trying to find him a wife but the destined one had not yet appeared.

"How will you know the one who is destined for you?" Risha asked.

"My stomach will know. She will grab me right here"—and Reuben snapped his fingers and pointed at his navel. Risha would have stayed longer, except that a girl came in with a duck. Reuben arose. Risha returned to the britska.

On the way home Risha thought about the slaughterer Reuben, his levity and his joking talk. Though she came to the conclusion that he was sick-skinned and that his future wife would not lick honey all her life, still she could not get him out of her mind. That night, retiring to her appropriated bed across the room from her husband's, she tossed and turned sleeplessly. When she finally dozed off, her dreams both frightened and excited her. She got up in the morning full of desire,

wanting to see Reuben as quickly as possible, wondering how she might arrange it, and worried that he might find some woman and leave the village.

Three days later Risha went to Krowica again even though the larder was still full. This time she caught the birds herself, bound their legs, and shoved them into the sack. On the estate was a black rooster with a voice clear as a bell, a bird famous for its size, its red comb, and its crowing. There was also a hen that laid an egg every day and always at the same spot. Risha now caught both of these creatures, murmuring, "Come, children, you will soon taste Reuben's knife," and as she said these words a tremor ran down her spine. She did not order a peasant to drive the britska but, harnessing the horse herself, went off alone. She found Reuben standing at the threshold of his house as if he were waiting impatiently for her, as in fact he was. When a male and female lust after each other, their thoughts meet and each can foresee what the other will do.

Reuben ushered Risha in with all the formality due a guest. He brought her a pitcher of water, offered her liqueur and a slice of honey cake. He did not go into the courtyard but untrussed the fowl indoors. When he took out the black rooster, he exclaimed, "What a fine cavalier!"

"Don't worry. You will soon take care of him," said Risha.

"No one can escape my knife," Reuben answered. He slaughtered the rooster on the spot. The bird did not exhale its spirit immediately but finally, like an eagle struck by a bullet, it slumped to the floor. Then Reuben set the knife down on the whetstone, turned, and came over to Risha. His face was pale with passion and the fire in his dark eyes frightened her. She felt as if he were about to slaughter her. He put his arms around her without a word and pressed her against his body.

"What are you doing? Have you lost your mind?" she asked.

"I like you," Reuben said hoarsely.

"Let me go. Somebody might come in," she warned.

"Nobody will come," Reuben assured her. He put up the chain on the door and pulled Risha into a windowless alcove.

Risha wrangled, pretending to defend herself, and exclaimed, "Woe is me. I'm a married woman. And you—a pious man, a scholar. We'll roast in Gehenna for this . . ." But Reuben paid no attention. He forced Risha down on his bench bed and she, thrice married, had never before felt her desire as great as on that day. Though she

called him murderer, robber, highwayman, and reproached him for bringing shame to an honest woman, yet at the same time she kissed him, fondled him, and responded to his masculine whims. In their play, she asked him to slaughter her. Taking her head, he bent it back and fiddled with his finger across her throat.

When Risha finally arose, she said to Reuben: "You certainly murdered me that time."

"And you, me," he answered.

3. Because Risha wanted Reuben all to herself, she determined to find a way to have him live on the estate. To keep a man just to slaughter a few chickens every week did not make sense and to propose it would arouse her husband's suspicions. After puzzling for a while, Risha found a solution. She began to complain to her husband about how little profit the crops were bringing; how meager the harvests were; and how, if things went on this way, in a few years they would be ruined. Reb Falik tried to comfort his wife, saying that God had not forsaken him hitherto and that one must have faith, to which Risha retorted that faith could not be eaten. She proposed that they stock the pastures with cattle and open a butcher shop in Laskev—that way there would be a double profit both from the dairy and from the meat sold at retail. Reb Falik opposed the plan as impractical and beneath his dignity. He argued that the butchers in Laskev would raise a commotion and that the community would never agree to have him, Reb Falik, become a butcher.

But Risha insisted. She went to Laskev, called a meeting of the community elders, and told them that she intended to open a butcher shop. Her meat would be sold at two cents a pound less than the meat in the other shops. The town was in an uproar. The rabbi warned her he would prohibit the purchase of meat from her shop. The butchers threatened to stab anyone who interfered with their livelihood. But Risha was not daunted. In the first place she had influence with the government, for the King's overseer of the neighborhood had received many fine gifts from her, often visited her estate and went hunting in her woods. Moreover, she soon found allies among the Laskev poor who could not afford to buy much meat at the usual high prices. Many took her side—coachmen, shoemakers, tailors, furriers, potters—and they announced that if the butchers did her any violence, they would retaliate by burning the butcher shops. Risha invited a mob of them to the estate, gave them bottles of homemade beer from her brewery and got them to promise

her their support. Soon afterwards she rented a store in Laskev and employed Wolf Bonder, fearless man known as a horse thief and brawler. Every other day, Wolf Bonder drove to the estate with his horse and buggy to cart meat to the city. Risha hired Reuben to do the slaughtering.

For many months the new business lost money, the rabbi having proscribed Risha's meat. Reb Falik was ashamed to look the townspeople in the face, but Risha had the means and strength to wait for victory. Since her meat was cheap, the number of her customers increased steadily and soon because of competition several butchers were forced to close their shops and one of the two Laskev slaughterers lost his job. Risha was cursed by many.

The new business provided the cover Risha needed to conceal the sins she was committing on Reb Falik's estate. From the beginning it was her custom to be present when Reuben slaughtered. Often she helped him bind an ox or a cow. And her thirst to watch the cutting of throats and the shedding of blood soon became so mixed with carnal desire that she hardly knew where one began and the other ended. As soon as the business became profitable, Risha built a slaughtering shed and gave Reuben an apartment in the main house. She bought him fine clothes and he ate his meals at Reb Falik's table. Reuben grew sleeker and fatter. During the day he seldom slaughtered but wandered about in a silken robe, soft slippers on his feet, a skullcap on his head, watching the peasants working in the fields, the shepherds caring for the cattle. He enjoyed all the pleasures of the outdoors and, in the afternoons, often went swimming in the river.

The aging Reb Falik retired early. Late in the evening Reuben, accompanied by Risha, went to the shed where she stood next to him as he slaughtered and, while the animal was throwing itself about in the anguish of death, she would discuss with him their next act of lust. Sometimes she gave herself to him immediately after the slaughtering. By then all the peasants were in their huts asleep except for one old man, half deaf and nearly blind, who aided them at the shed. Sometimes Reuben lay with her on a pile of straw in the shed, sometimes on the grass just outside and the thoughts of the dead and dying creature near them whetted their enjoyment. Reb Falik disliked Reuben and the new business was repulsive to him but he seldom said a word in opposition. He accepted the annoyance with humility, thinking that he would soon be dead anyway, and what was the point of starting a quarrel? Occasionally, it occurred to him that his wife was

ly familiar with Reuben, but he pushed the decision out of his mind, since he was by nature honest and righteous, a man who gave everyone the benefit of the doubt.

One transgression begets another. One day Reuben, the father of all lust and cunning, tempted Risha to take a hand in the slaughtering. Reuben was alarmed when she first suggested this. True, he was an adulterer, but nevertheless he was a believer as many sinners are. He argued that for their sins they would be whipped, but should they lead other people into iniquity, leading them to eat non-kosher carcasses? No, he forbid, he and Risha should do anything like that. To become a slaughterer it was necessary to study the Shulchan Aruch and the Commentaries. A slaughterer was responsible for any blemish on the knife, no matter how small, and for any sin one of his customers incurred by eating impure meat. But Risha was adamant. What difference did it make? she asked. They would both toss on the bed of needles anyhow. If one committed sins, one should get as much enjoyment as possible out of them. Risha kept rebuking Reuben constantly, alternating threats and promises. She promised him new excitements, presents, money. She swore that, if he would let her slaughter, immediately upon Reb Falik's death she would marry him and sign over all her property so that he could redeem some part of his iniquity through acts of charity.

Finally Reuben gave in. Risha took such pleasure in killing that before long she was doing all the slaughtering herself, with Reuben acting merely as her assistant. She began to cheat, to sell tallow for kosher fat, and she stopped extracting the forbidden sinews in the thighs of the cows. She started a price war with the other Laskev butchers until those who remained became her hired employees. She got the contract to supply meat to the Polish army barracks, and since the officers took bribes, and the soldiers received only the worst meat, she earned vast sums. Risha became so rich that even she did not know how large her fortune was. Her malice grew. Once she slaughtered a horse and sold it as kosher beef. She killed some pigs too, scalding them in boiling water like the pork butchers. She managed never to be caught. She got so much satisfaction from deceiving the community that this soon became as powerful a passion with her as lechery and cruelty.

Like all those who devote themselves entirely to the pleasures of the flesh, Risha and Reuben grew prematurely old. Their bodies became so swollen they could barely meet. Their hearts

floated in fat. Reuben took to drink. He lay all day long on his bed, and when he woke drank liquor from a carafe with a straw. Risha brought him refreshments and they passed their time in idle talk, chattering as do those who have sold their souls for the vanities of this world. They quarreled and kissed, teased and mocked, bemoaned the fact that time was passing and the grave coming nearer. Reb Falik was now sick most of the time but, though it often seemed his end was near, somehow his soul did not forsake his body. Risha toyed with ideas of death and even thought of poisoning Reb Falik. Another time, she said to Reuben, "Do you know, already I am satiated with life! If you want, slaughter me and marry a young woman."

After saying this, she transferred the straw from Reuben's lips to hers and sucked until the carafe was empty.

4. There is a proverb: Heaven and Earth have sworn together that no secret can remain undivulged. The sins of Reuben and Risha could not stay hidden forever. People began to murmur that the two lived too well together. They remarked how old and feeble Reb Falik had become, how much oftener he stayed in bed than on his feet, and they concluded that Reuben and Risha were having an affair. The butchers Risha had forced to close their businesses had been spreading all kinds of calumny about her ever since. Some of the more scholarly housewives found sinews in Risha's meat which, according to the law, should have been removed. The gentile butcher to whom Risha had been accustomed to sell the forbidden flank cuts complained that she had not sold him anything for months. With this evidence, the former butchers went in a body to the rabbi and community leaders and demanded an investigation of Risha's meat. But the council of elders was hesitant to start a quarrel with her. The rabbi quoted the Talmud to the effect that one who suspects the righteous deserves to be lashed, and added that, as long as there were no witnesses to any of Risha's transgressions, it was wrong to shame her, for the one who shames his fellowman loses his portion in the world to come.

The butchers, thus rebuffed by the rabbi, decided to hire a spy and they chose a tough youth named Jechiel. This young man, a ruffian, set out from Laskev one night after dark, stole into the estate, managing to avoid the fierce dogs Risha kept, and took up his position behind the slaughtering shed. Putting his eye to a large crack, he saw Reuben and Risha inside and

watched with astonishment as the old servant led in the hobbled animals, and Risha, using a rope, threw them one by one to the ground. When the old man left, Jechiel was amazed in the torchlight to see Risha catch up a long knife and begin to cut the throats of the cattle one after the other where they lay. The steaming blood gurgled and flowed. While the beasts were bleeding, Risha threw off all her clothes and stretched out naked on a pile of straw. Reuben came to her and they puffed and panted. Their wheezing and the death rattles of the animals made an unearthly noise; contorted shadows fell on the walls; the shed was saturated with the heat of blood. Jechiel was a hoodlum, but even he was terrified because only devils could behave like that. Afraid that fiends would seize him, he fled.

At dawn, Jechiel knocked on the rabbi's shutter. Stammering, he blurted out what he had witnessed. The rabbi roused the beadle and sent him with his wood hammer to knock at the windows of the elders and summon them at once. At first no one believed Jechiel could be telling the truth. They suspected he had been hired by the butchers to bear false witness and they threatened him with beating and excommunication. Jechiel, to prove he was not lying, ran to the Ark of the Holy Scroll which stood in the Judgment Chamber, opened the door, and before those present could stop him swore by the Scroll that his words were true.

His story threw the town into a turmoil. Women ran out into the streets, striking their heads with their fists, crying and wailing. According to the evidence, the townspeople had been eating non-kosher meat for years. The wealthy housewives carried their pottery into the market place and broke it into shards. Some of the sick and several pregnant women fainted. Many of the pious tore their lapels, strewed their heads with ashes, and sat down to mourn. A crowd formed and ran to the butcher shops to punish the men who sold Risha's meat. Refusing to listen to what the butchers said in their own defense, they beat up several of them, threw whatever carcasses were on hand outdoors, and overturned the butcher blocks. Soon voices arose, suggesting they go to Reb Falik's estate, and the mob began to arm itself with bludgeons, rope, knives. The rabbi, fearing bloodshed, came out into the street to stop them, warning that punishment must wait until the sin had been proved intentional and a verdict had been passed. But the mob wouldn't listen. The rabbi decided to go with them, hoping to calm them down on the way. The elders followed. Women trailed after them, pinching

their cheeks and weeping as if at a funeral. Schoolboys dashed alongside.

Wolf Bonder, to whom Risha had given meat and whom she had always paid well to cart meat from the estate to Laskev, remained to her. Seeing how ugly the temper of the crowd was becoming, he went to his stable, saddled a fast horse, and galloped out toward the estate to warn Risha. As it happened, Reuben and Risha had stayed overnight in the shed and were there. Hearing hoofbeats, they got up and ran out and watched with surprise as Wolf Bonder rode up. He explained what had happened and warned them of the mob coming. He advised them to flee, unless they could prove their innocence otherwise the angry men would surely tear them to pieces. He himself was afraid to stay any longer lest before he could get back the mob would turn against him. Mounting his horse, he galloped away at a gallop.

5. Reuben and Risha stood frozen with shock. Reuben's face turned a fiery red, then a dead white. His hands trembled, and he had to clutch at the door behind him to remain on his feet. Risha smiled anxiously and her face turned yellow as if she had jaundice, but it was Risha who moved first. Approaching her lover, she stared into his eyes. "So my love," she said, "the end of a thief is the gallows."

"Let's run away." Reuben was shaking so violently that he could hardly get the words out.

But Risha answered that it was not possible. The estate had only six horses and all of them had been taken early that morning by peasants going to the forest for wood. A yoke of oxen would move so slowly that the rabble could overtake them. Besides, she, Risha, had no intention of abandoning her property and wandering as a beggar. Reuben implored her to flee with him, since life is more precious than all possessions, but Risha remained stubborn. She would not. Finally they went into the main house, where Risha rolled some linen up into a bundle. Reuben, gave him a roast chicken, a loaf of bread, and a pouch with some money. Standing outside she watched as he set out, swaying and wobbling across the wooden bridge that led into the forest. Once in the forest, he would strike the path to the Lublin road. Several times Reuben turned about-face, muttered and waved his hands as if calling her, but Risha stood impassively. She had already learned he was a coward. He was only a hero against a weak chicken and a teth ox.

As soon as Reuben was out of sight, Risha moved toward the fields to call in the peasants. She told them to pick up axes, scythes, shovels, explained to them that a mob was on its way from Laskev, and promised each man a gulden and a pitcher of beer if he would help defend her. Risha herself seized a long knife in one hand and brandished a meat cleaver in the other. Soon the noise of the crowd could be heard in the distance, and before long the mob was visible. Surrounded by her peasant guard, Risha mounted a hill at the entrance to the estate. When those who were coming saw peasants with axes and scythes they slowed down. A few even tried to retreat. Risha's fierce dogs ran among them, snarling, barking, growling.

The rabbi, seeing that the situation could lead only to bloodshed, demanded of his flock that they return home, but the tougher of the men refused to obey him. Risha called out taunting them, "Come on, let's see what you can do! I'll cut your heads off with this knife—the same knife I used on the horses and pigs I made you eat." When a man shouted that no one in Laskev would buy her meat anymore and that she would be excommunicated, Risha shouted back, "I don't need your money. I don't need your God either. I'll convert. Immediately!" And she began to scream in Polish, calling the Jews cursed Christ-killers and crossing herself as if she were already a gentile. Turning to one of the peasants, she said: "What are you waiting for, Maciek? Run and summon the priest. I don't want to belong to this filthy sect anymore." The peasant went and the mob became silent. Everyone knew that converts soon became enemies of Israel and invented all kinds of accusations against their former brethren. They turned away and went home. The Jews were afraid to instigate the anger of the Christians.

Meanwhile Reb Falik sat in his study house and recited the Mishna. Deaf and half-blind, he saw nothing and heard nothing. Suddenly Risha entered, knife in hand, screaming: "Go to your Jews. What do I need a synagogue here for?" When Reb Falik saw her with her head uncovered, a knife in her hand, her face contorted by abuse, he was seized by such anguish that he lost his tongue. In his prayer shawl and phylacteries, he rose to ask her what had happened, but his feet gave way and he collapsed to the floor dead. Risha ordered his body placed in an oxcart, and she sent his corpse to the Jews in Laskev without even linen for a shroud. During the time the Laskev Burial Society cleansed and laid out Reb Falik's body, and while the burial was taking

place and the rabbi speaking the eulogy, Risha prepared for her conversion. She sent men out to look for Reuben, for she wanted to persuade him to follow her example, but her lover had vanished.

Risha was now free to do as she pleased. After her conversion she reopened her shops and sold non-kosher meats to the gentiles of Laskev and to the peasants who came in on market days. She no longer had to hide anything. She could slaughter openly, and in whatever manner she pleased, pigs, oxen, calves, sheep. She hired a gentile slaughterer to replace Reuben and went hunting with him in the forest and shot deer, hares, rabbits. But she no longer took the same pleasure in torturing creatures; slaughtering no longer incited her lust; and she got little satisfaction from lying with the pig butcher. Fishing in the river, sometimes when a fish dangled on her hook or danced in her net, a moment of joy came to her heart embedded in fat, and she would mutter, "Well, fish, you are worse off than I am . . ."

The truth was that she yearned for Reuben. She missed their lascivious talk, his scholarship, his dread of reincarnation, his terror of Gehenna. Now that Reb Falik was in his grave, she had no one to betray, to pity, to mock. She had bought a pew in the Christian church immediately upon conversion and for some months went every Sunday to listen to the priest's sermon. Going and coming, she had her driver take her past the synagogue. Teasing the Jews gave her some satisfaction for a while, but soon this too palled.

With time Risha became so lazy that she no longer went to the slaughtering shed. She left everything in the hands of the pork butcher and did not even care that he was stealing from her. Immediately upon getting up in the morning, she poured herself a glass of liqueur and crept on her heavy feet from room to room talking to herself. She would stop at a mirror and mutter, "Woe, woe, Risha. What has happened to you? If your saintly mother should rise from her grave, one look at you would make her lie down again!" Some mornings she tried to improve her appearance, but her clothes would not hang straight, her hair could not be untangled. Frequently she sang for hours in Yiddish and in Polish. Her voice was harsh and cracked and she invented the songs as she went along, repeating meaningless phrases, uttering sounds that resembled the cackling of fowl, the grunting of pigs, the death rattles of oxen. Falling onto her bed she hiccuped, belched, laughed, cried. At night in her dreams, phantoms tormented her: bulls gored her with

their horns: pigs shoved their snouts into her face and bit her: roosters cut her flesh to ribbons with their spurs. Reb Falik appeared, dressed in his shroud, covered with wounds, waving a bunch of palm leaves, screaming, "I cannot rest in my grave. You have defiled my house."

Then Risha, or Maria Pawlowska as she was now called, would start up in bed, her limbs numb, her body covered with a cold sweat. Reb Falik's ghost would vanish but she could still hear the

Simultaneously she would cross herself and repeat a Hebrew incantation learned in childhood from her mother. She would force her bare feet down to the floor and would begin to stumble through the dark from one room to another. She was far from repenting but something inside her was mourning and filling her with bitterness. Opening the shutters, she would look out at the moonlit night sky full of stars and cry out, "God, come and take me to the land of the living, behind the dark mountains!"

6. *Legend of the Werewolf*
A vicious animal lurking at night and attacking people.

things were recounted about the beast: someone

as and run. It b

and had defiled the butcher blocks in the kitchen

One dark night the butchers of Laskev gathered with axes and knives determined either to kill or to capture the beast. They waited, their eyes growing accustomed to the darkness. In the middle of the night there was a scream, and running toward it they caught sight of the animal making for the outskirts of town. A man shouted that he had been bitten in the shoulder. Frightened, some of the men dropped back, but others continued to give chase. One of the hunters saw it and threw his axe. Apparently the animal was hit, for with a ghastly scream it wobbled and fell.

A horrible howling filled the air. Then the beast began to curse in Polish and Yiddish and to wail in a high-pitched voice like a woman in labor. Convinced that they had wounded a she-devil, the men ran home.

All that night the animal groaned and babbled. It even dragged itself to a house and knocked at the shutters. Then it became silent and the dogs began to bark. When day dawned, the bolder people came out of their houses. They discovered to their amazement that the animal was Risha. She lay dead dressed in a skunk fur coat wet with blood. One felt boot was missing. The hatchet had buried itself in her back. The dogs had already partaken of her entrails. Nearby was the knife she had used to stab one of her pursuers. It was now clear that Risha had become a werewolf. Since the Jews refused to bury her in their cemetery and the Christians were unwilling to give her a plot in theirs, she was taken to the hill on the estate where she had fought off the mob, and a ditch was dug for her there. Her wealth was confiscated by the city.

Some years later a wandering stranger lodged in the parhouse of Laskev became sick. Before his death, he summoned the rabbi and the seven elders of the town and divulged to them that he was Reuben, the slaughterer with whom Risha had sinned. For years he had wandered from town to town, eating no meat, fasting Mondays and Thursdays, wearing a shirt of sackcloth, and repenting his abominations. He had come to Laskev to die because it was here his parents were buried. The rabbi recited the confession with him and Reuben revealed many details of the past which the townspeople had not known.

It was a custom for the Laskev schoolboys, on the thirty-third day of Omer, when they went out carrying bows and arrows and a provision of hard-boiled eggs, to stop there. They danced on

Risha slaughtered
Black horses
Now she's fallen
To evil forces.

A pig for an ox
Sold Risha the witch
Now she's roasting
In sulphur and pitch.

Before the children left, they spat on the grave and recited:

Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live
A witch to live thou shalt not suffer
Suffer a witch to live thou shalt not.

by Joseph Kraft



CHRISTA ARMSTRONG

The Choice for Vice President

natural habitat of party infighting is the national convention which means that a lot of "accommodation" is still on the Democrats' agenda.

to Lyndon Johnson, three presidents in this century began their presidential journey through the death of an incumbent. Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, and Harry Truman were all nominated for the Presidency at the ensuing party conventions. All three also won the ensuing presidential elections. But in one case all three men failed. They did not control the selection of their running mates.

In 1904, Roosevelt wanted as his running mate a reformer from the West—either Albert Beveridge or Representative Robert Roberts Hitt; he accepted Charles Warren Fairbanks, an ally of the Hanna-McCullough machine in Ohio. In 1924, Coolidge wanted as his running mate an independent-minded progressive—Senator William Borah; he accepted the dyed conservative, Charles G. McNary. In 1948, Truman wanted as his running mate a figure of Olympian glamour—preferably Justice William O. Douglas or General George Patton; in the end he accepted the wheelhorse, Alben Barkley.

The story of those three failures has an obvious bearing on the Democratic National Convention opening in Atlantic City on August 24. It illustrates the difficulty that President Johnson faces in trying to tap his own resources as running mate. This difficulty does not derive from mere accidents of history"; to expect the

automatic repetition of what has happened in the past is only a favorite modern form of fetishism. The difficulty, now as in the past, derives from the very nature of the convention system. And it has recently been underlined by the strangely inconclusive fight the President has been waging against the two front-runners for the Vice Presidential nomination.

To be sure, the Presidential office is now stronger politically than ever before. For decades a double process of political nationalization has been at work. The most immediate concerns of the federal government—including the issue of war and peace—have increasingly become a matter of interest to every voter. The most immediate concerns of every voter—questions of jobs, homes, health, and schools—have moved more and more under the care of federal departments, agencies, and commissions. The press, radio, and TV, if they did not start the nationalization process as they like to believe, have accelerated its impact. In consequence, the President has emerged as the focus of universal national attention, a giant towering over all other officials. Merely to be in the White House is to have the political strength of hundreds. To have a good prospect of staying in, as President Johnson undoubtedly does, is to have the strength of thousands.

As much as the Presidency, moreover, the office of Vice President has altered over the years. The Throbbottom tradition, like so many other traditions, barely found its name before it began to lose its force. In the past thirty years, the Vice President has become the Number Two

man in the Cabinet, a member of the National Security Council, a chief legislative liaison man, a chairman over all kinds of interdepartmental committees, a roving diplomatic representative, and an important political campaigner. Richard Nixon has shown that the office can be a springboard to the top of the ticket. With President Kennedy's death still vivid in all minds, and with President Johnson's "massive" heart attack of 1958 not yet forgotten, the choice this year assumes even more importance. Far from being the forgotten office, the Vice Presidency has become peculiarly tied up with the Presidency itself. If nothing else, this condition works against making the choice a matter of visible intraparty struggle carried on over the head of the President.

Still, party infighting does exist, and the national convention is its natural habitat. For the conventions are not, as some seem to suppose, oddly designated collections of free-floating individuals concerned to win a national election by putting up what the majority believes to be the most appealing candidates. On the contrary, conventions are what the sociologists call highly structured organizations. Convention history is made by the interplay of a handful of well-demarcated and tightly knit groups with complex relations to one another.

Their Own Fish to Fry

One group, of course, is the national party leadership, always represented by an incumbent President. The growing nationalization of politics is well illustrated by the increasing influence of the incumbent President on the

national conventions. In the last century, five incumbent Presidents were defeated in bids for renomination; four saw the handwriting on the wall, and did not bother to seek renomination. In this century, no incumbent President has entered the convention lists and not come out a winner.

Apart from the national leadership, however, some unmistakable special interests are also present. There is, in the Democratic National Convention, a labor interest represented by a hundred or so delegates who will take their marching orders from the chief union leaders. There is a minority interest, represented by delegates who will take their cues from the civil-rights leadership. There is always a large bloc of delegates chiefly responsive to Southern Governors. Most important of all, there are the "organization" interests, large blocs of delegates controlled by such big-city organizations as those of Lawrence of Pittsburgh, Unruh in Los Angeles, and Daley in Chicago.

Answer to Poser on Page 24

The numbers in the second and fourth digits of the quotient must be 0's since an additional digit of the dividend had to be brought down. Also since 8 times the two-digit divisor gives a two-digit product, the first and last digits of the quotient must be 9's since they give three-digit products when multiplied by the two-digit divisor. The whole quotient must therefore be 90809. The divisor must be 12 because only that number will give a two-digit product when multiplied by 8 and a three-digit number when multiplied by 9. Multiplying 90809 by 12 will give the dividend and the other illegible numbers can then be obtained by performing the division.

The complete solution is:

$$\begin{array}{r}
 90809 \\
 12 \overline{) 1089708} \\
 \underline{108} \\
 97 \\
 \underline{96} \\
 108 \\
 \underline{108} \\
 00
 \end{array}$$

The special thing about the special interests is that their focus is not exclusively national. To be sure, they don't mind electing a President. But they also have fish of their own to fry. The organizations, for instance, are primarily concerned to assert a local leadership that is always being challenged. Because their concern is not exclusively national, the special interests are not necessarily submissive to the national leadership. And for that reason, they have formidable negative powers. The city organizations, in 1944, headed off the renomination of Vice President Henry A. Wallace. Labor vetoed the Presidential nomination of Alben Barkley, which President Truman sought in 1952 when Adlai Stevenson was chosen. And at any time, the special groups can provoke an embarrassing floor fight.

The special groups are also marked by a highly competitive relation among themselves. If the organizations are mainly concerned to protect local power, it is usually against the challenges of labor, minority interests, or representatives of the national leadership. Each interest, in other words, seeks to gain at the expense of the others. For that reason, every advance by one interest bears the seeds of a chain reaction by others. Thus a convention can develop a dynamic of its own—a self-propelling force that takes it out of the control of would-be managers.

The Hot Second Spot

The Vice Presidential nomination is specially vulnerable to the self-generated dynamic of conventions. It comes at the end of the program—after the stamping and the shouting, and the disappointments implicit in accepting a platform and nominating a candidate. This is the most favorable time for dissident forces to break loose; and it has happened repeatedly in the past. The best-bossed convention in history—the 1920 Republican Convention that nominated Warren G. Harding—saw on the last day an uncontrolled revolt that gave the second spot on the ticket not to the choice of the bosses, Frank Lowden, but to Calvin Coolidge. The only clear, modern example of an incumbent President naming his running mate—Roosevelt's choice of Wallace in

1940—nearly split the Democratic party.* And the continuing existence of all these chancy factors is evident in the skirmishing around the leading political figures with claims to advance for the Vice Presidential nomination this year.

One of these is Robert F. Kennedy. The Attorney General is the primary legatee of the Kennedy family in the government, the Democratic party, and the country at large. Opinion polls show that he leads over other Vice Presidential possibilities by a wide margin—and in almost all states of the union. His one weak sector is the President's stronghold—the South. As campaign director in 1960, he still has the close ties with the city organizations in the states. As the architect of the civil rights program, he has the endorsement of the Negro community as its principal proponent, if not the principal proponent, of the anti-communist program he is dear to organized labor. As head of a major federal department with extensive legislative responsibilities, he has a broad, successful experience of working with the Congress. More than any other political figure save the President, he is familiar with the national security side of the government. After his trips to Africa, Asia, and Latin America, he became known as the leading Administration proponent of a stand favorable to the predominantly neutral regimes of the southern continents. After championing the reform of the intelligence community in the wake of the Bay of Pigs disaster, he guided the deliberations of the executive committee of the National Security Council. As much as anybody else, in other words, he organized for the government the extraordinary triumph achieved in the Cuban Missile Crisis of 1962.

The other figure with an obvious claim to stake is Senator Hubert H. Humphrey of Minnesota. Mr. Humphrey has been the darling of the Liberal-Labor wing of the Democratic party since he entered the Senate in 1949. He has special strength in the Midwest, where the Democrats have been traditionally weak.

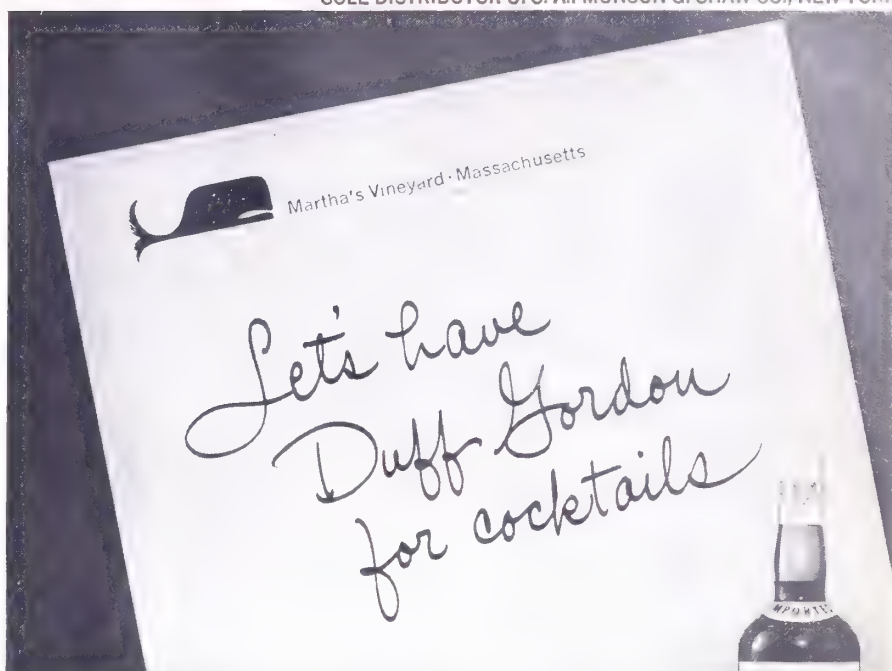
* For another light on this subject, see Helen Fuller's "The Man to Watch at the Democratic Convention," *Jet*, 1962.

eratic Whip, he led the success-
ht in the Senate for the civil-
bill: a mark of standing with
Negro leaders and the Congres-
Establishment. As a member
Foreign Relations Committee,
has been among the foremost pro-
nts of disarmament and of proj-
or a closer harmony between
country and the newer nations
e southern continents. As an
late spokesman on almost any
ut and a furious campaigner,
er Humphrey has no peers in
e end.

For reasons perhaps fully
nd stood only by himself, President
on has not embraced either the
ney General or the Senate Dem-
c Whip. On the contrary, he
ought to start barriers against
As a block to Mr. Kennedy, the
The House has acted to head off
in drives for him in the pri-
ates, to spread rumors of his avail-
y for a Senate seat from New
and to set apart the memorial
onies for John F. Kennedy
the other parts of the conven-
at Atlantic City. With respect
nator Humphrey, the President
careful all through the civil-
s debate to distinguish his own
ion from the Senator's and to
ent Mr. Humphrey from en-
ing the two. The President
ed in particular when Mr. Hum-
y sought to draw the White
se in on the acceptance of the
blican compromise proposals
in the end, made passage of the
rights bill possible.

Trial Boomlets

ost important of all, the President
sought to widen the Vice Presi-
ial field beyond the two obviously
lable candidates—and at their
ense. Many of these potential
inees are men of undoubted per-
l achievement, but it is evident
the White House has had more
half an eye cocked to their com-
ive standing against the Attorney
eral and Senator Humphrey. For
arter, the White House began
noting Sargent Shriver, Director
he Peace Corps; he just happens
be the brother-in-law of the At-
ey General with a competitive
m on the loyalties that run to the
medy family. Next came the turn



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*In the September and October Issues of Harper's
... A Self-portrait by France's Most Brilliant—
and Controversial—Intellectual:*

THE MAKING OF A WRITER

by Jean-Paul Sartre

This philosopher and author, who has had such a remarkable influence on American and European thought ever since World War II, now re-creates the particulars of his strange family life, his personal joy and despair. In two articles adapted from his long-awaited autobiography, *The Words*, he illuminates the process of writing and the sources of his own "existential" beliefs.

Heralded in France as "one of the most solid and original books of our time," Sartre's autobiography explores his thoughts on a wide array of subjects.

about parenthood . . .

"There is no good father, that's the rule. . . . To beget children, nothing better; to *have* them, what iniquity! Had my father lived, he would have lain on me at full length and would have crushed me. As luck had it, he died young."

about God . . .

"Whenever anyone speaks to me about Him today, I say, with the easy amusement of an old beau who meets a former belle, 'Fifty years ago, had it not been for that misunderstanding, that mistake, the accident that separated us, there might have been something between us.'"

about writing

"The fact is this: apart from a few old men who dip their pens in Eau de Cologne and little dandies who write like butchers, all writers have to sweat. That's due to the nature of the Word: one speaks in one's own language, one writes in a foreign language."

WASHINGTON INSIDE

of Defense Secretary Robert McNamara; besides being one of the Attorney General's closest friends, just happens to have a compelling claim on the support that exists for the Attorney General inside the government. Entered then two Democrats—Governor Adlai Stevenson and Senator Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota. And to further widen the field, the President even allowed himself to smile on Governor Pat Brown of California and Mayor John F. Wagner of New York.

But what is the result of all this skirmishing? No one saluted Mr. Shriver's flag went up the mention of Mr. McNamara's resistance from the Midwestern Democratic conference, and from Truman, on the grounds that the defense secretary is an apostate Republican. Bandwagons have already started rolling for Governor Stevenson or Senator McCarthy. If Governor Brown and Mayor Wagner are more than comic relief, a good sign of their political strength is that in the June primaries, the Mayor assured himself of intensified opposition from the organizations of the Bronx and Brooklyn, while the governor failed to put across Alan Stein in the race against Sam Salinger for the Senate nomination.

If There Is a

In short, the result has been inconclusive. If the President has fully shown his hand, neither have the other forces that will figure in the convention. The lining up for the convention—that difficult feat of orchestration—has, so far at least, not been achieved. Nothing that has happened suggests a President ready for a rubber stamp by the convention. Instead, there is already a complex bargaining process. It is a process of adjustment and accommodation, aimed less at producing a first choice than at coming together on an acceptable choice. Probably an acceptable choice will be found, and everyone will then presumably be, not only satisfied, but positively happy. But if the bargaining process breaks down, if there is a fight—well, the best advice is the advice that Wilbur Wood, the baseball writer of the old New York *Sun*, used to give: "Don't bet on fights."

Some New Poetry: From Last August to This

by William Jay Smith

William Jay Smith, *Poet in Residence* at Williams College and author of *Poems 1947-1957* and other books, is recently one of fifteen poets and artists to receive grants from the Ford Foundation to spend a year in residence with a professional theatre company; he will be attached in the fall to the Arena Stage in Washington, D. C.

American poetry of late seems to over the description given of it in a brief poem on the subject by Pulitzer prize-winning poet Louis Simpson in the volume, *At the End of the Open Road* (Wesleyan University Press paperback, \$1.75):

Whatever it is, it must have
stomach that can digest
rober, coal, uranium, moons, poems.
Like the shark, it contains a shoe.
I must swim for miles through the
desert
hearing cries that are almost human.

strong stomach it certainly has,
and one that contains a good many
poes; the cries that it utters are
need human, and it appears to be
immaging through an endless desert.
The dry waste is relieved at moments
bits of color, bursts of turbulence,
and whirlpools of activity. Much is go-
ing on; there are flashes of consider-
able talent, and some real achieve-
ments. One of the latter is Mr.
Simpson's own book. Born in the
West Indies, schooled in the East and
now a resident of the West, he is able
to look at America dispassionately;
and the image he evokes of it, both
urban and rural, spares us nothing of
ugliness while at the same time
never diminishing its sweep and
vision. His style is at times remi-
niscent of the early Spender, as when

in "The Redwoods" the trees say in
conclusion:

O if there is a poet

let him come now! We stand at the
Pacific

like great unmarried girls,

turning in our heads the stars and
clouds,

considering whom to please.

At other moments Mr. Simpson is a gentler and less troubled Hart Crane, a romantic who attempts to define the reality of America, accepting the message of Walt Whitman (one poem, "Pacific Ideas," is a letter to him), but with reservations:

Whitman was wrong about the People,
But right about himself. The land is
within.

At the end of the open road we come
to ourselves.

It is what he calls the "inner part," "the currents that moved from within," that he explores in language rich in imagery but always controlled by wit and regulated by irony. The longest poem in the book, "The Marriage of Pocahontas," based on John Smith's *Generall Historie*, is a successful attempt to give life and meaning to legend.

Over ten years ago the little magazine *Furioso*, striving to deflate the pretensions of aspiring poets, announced to its contributors in a black-bordered statement that Walt Whitman was dead. Mr. Simpson's treatment of the "open road" serves to remind us that he is still very much alive. Whitman, filtered through the Beat poets, is indeed one of the most significant influences now being felt. Mr. Simpson himself is contemptuous of the Beats—he has written a brilliant parody entitled "Squeal" of

Allen Ginsberg's *Howl*—but Ginsberg has become for some poets of stature more than just a figure of fun.

In the Shaving Mirror

Karl Shapiro, winner of a wartime Pulitzer Prize for his *V-Letter and Other Poems*, has paid tribute to Ginsberg and the Beats; and there is no greater tribute than imitation. Mr. Shapiro, in *The Bourgeois Poet* (Random House, clothbound, \$4, paperback \$1.75), also takes to the open road, and, leaving Whitman behind, assumes his place proudly beside the bearded Ginsberg on the Ganges. The dust jacket of *The Bourgeois Poet* informs us that it is Mr. Shapiro's belief that the "two traditional attributes of poetry (rhyme and versification) are non-essential and artificial impediments to the poetic process." Mr. Shapiro thus sets out—in Frost's terms—to play tennis with the net down, but goes even farther; he dispenses with the court as well. Such a game is maddening to watch, and however sympathetic one may be, impossible to criticize.

But this is just as Mr. Shapiro wants it; criticism is out—along with "the old chestnuts Pity and Terror, Form and Content, Good and Evil, Love and Hate." "Phone book of myself, I will call you up," Mr. Shapiro writes, and the reader is here treated to that call—incoherent, disordered, disturbing, infuriating, brilliant—and the phone-book self that is evoked is simply the long list of names, numbers, and addresses that make up the psyche of the bourgeois poet. "Kill the poet in yourself," the poet exclaims, and "Longing for the Primitive I survive as a Modern, barely."

In the second section entitled "The Doctor Poet," Mr. Shapiro quotes Dr. Harry B. Lee: "The creativeness of the artist is a most efficient technique for liquidating guilt and re-establishing the function of pity. . . . This mental organization is a fortunate one for the artist in the man; but it is an unfortunate one for the man in the artist since it afflicts him with his emotional immaturity, exquisitely narcissistic character, maladjustment to life, and recurrent neurotic depressions." It is thus this very mental organization, this very creativeness, that the creator here seeks to destroy, and in so destroying it, becomes the man he is:

Across the iambic pentameter of the Atlantic (the pilot dropped, the station wagon in the hold) we sail to the kingdom of Small. Is it cheaper there? Can I buy a slave?

This is the camera with the built-in lie. This is the lens that defies the truth. There's nothing for it but to write the large bad poem in middle-class magic. Poem condemned to wear black, be quoted in churches, versatile as Greek. Condemned to remain unsung by criminals.

This anti-poem of destruction is the ultimate poem that tries to mean, not be, or rather to reveal itself in the process of meaning:

I'm writing this poem for someone to see when I'm not looking. This is an open book. I want to be careful to startle you gently. The poem is about your looking at it, as one looks at a woman covertly. (I wonder what she's doing in this town; it's a long way from the look in her eyes.) The rings of my big notebook stand open like the rib cage of a barracuda. Careful with your fingers.

The open book reveals the man, and all the afflictions of the artist in him from which he cannot quite escape. Mr. Shapiro's method of, in his words, holding "the shaving mirror to all" is not unlike that of the Pop Art painters who ask us to look at rows of soup cans, bleeding hamburgers, and comic strips seen close-up as if through a magnifying glass. "Lower the standards," he writes, "Let's all play poetry . . . sabotage the stylistic approach. Let weeds grow in the subdivision." But for all Mr. Shapiro's direct assault and his attempt to get at the human situation, this work is oddly literary on

almost every page: poet after poet is evoked and discussed. "They held a celebration for you, Charles, in Iowa. I was asked but I regretted." The Charles in this case is, of course, Charles Baudelaire. Another long paragraph is addressed to Randall Jarrell: "Randall, I like your poetry terribly, yet I'm afraid to say so." The bourgeois poet, however much he lowers his sights, does not escape the "poetry trap" or the "prison of Art." And despite Mr. Shapiro's dismissal of tradition, he must be aware that these versets, without rhyme and without versification and frequently without rhythm, are very much in a tradition—that of the prose poem. Judged as such, they often convey a brilliant confessional power, but just as often they are flat, predictable, and definitely boring.

Pockets of Thought

Another influence besides that of "The Song of Myself" that is making itself felt in recent books of poetry is that of Robert Lowell's *Life Studies*.

Mr. Lowell remarked about his that after he had completed it, he was not entirely sure whether it was an end or a beginning. For many fellow poets, it has been a beginning. John Berryman, in his 77 *Love Songs* (Farrar, Straus, \$3.95) perhaps taken his cue from it, has decided from the earlier Lowell much-praised *Homage to Mr. Bradstreet*. This is not to say that Mr. Berryman's work does not offer something very much his own. His *Dream Songs*, which he tells us in an introductory note, are sections of an introductory version of a poem on which he has been working since 1947. It is a fascinating, cryptic, and often impenetrable mosaic of confession. Beside them, Mr. Shapiro's prose poems seem simple indeed. The speaker in this case keeps shifting, and the reader soon becomes aware that Mr. Berryman has adopted a persona, several personae, to communicate his explorations of the subconscious.

The title of the projected long poem, *The Dream Songs*, is only one of the songs, which are composed



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THE NEW BOOKS

These loosely and crudely rhymed six-line stanzas, have little about them of traditional song, and the dream alternates between daydream and nightmare with nightmare clearly predominating. Mr. Berryman has literally put his signature on this work; he may even have had in mind a pun—in that this is his “John Henry.” There appear to be three characters in this little drama: John, Henry, and Mr. Bones. They merge into the other, or rather are all parts or sides of the same person. It is a kind of mental minstrel show in which Mr. Bones, representing the blackface, the underside of consciousness, dramatically presents the actions and thoughts of Henry (or John Henry), “a human American man,” who, in turn, becomes Huffy Henry, Henry Hankovitch, Henry Pussy-cat, and Henry House. Mr. Berryman makes much of the minstrel show metaphor, playing up all the ironies of the blackface poet-minstrel.

The second of the songs, here entitled “Big Buttons, Cornets: the advance,” is dedicated to the memory of Daddy Rice, the actor Thomas D. Rice, who in the 1820s created and made popular the role of “Jim Crow.” Rice’s costume was picturesquely depicted, wrinkled all over, and ill-fitting with large patches on his knees and gaping holes in his shoes. In his blackface, he “jumped” Jim Crow” on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Bones-Henry here mimics his antics and his strut. Henry in one song is sitting in a plane when “his thought made pockets the plane buckt.” It is the pockets that thought makes with which Mr. Berryman is concerned, or more specifically, the operations that take place in the dark arena of the subconscious:

I am obliged to perform in complete darkness
operations of great delicacy
on my self.

—Mr. Bones, you terrifies me.

Henry is “pried / open for all the world to see.” The scalpel cuts clear through in these operations on the self, and terror is always attendant.

Mr. Berryman’s metaphorical framework is highly original, and it allows him a wide range both public and private. One song is devoted to Eisenhower (the “lay of Ike”); others are tributes to Robert Frost, William



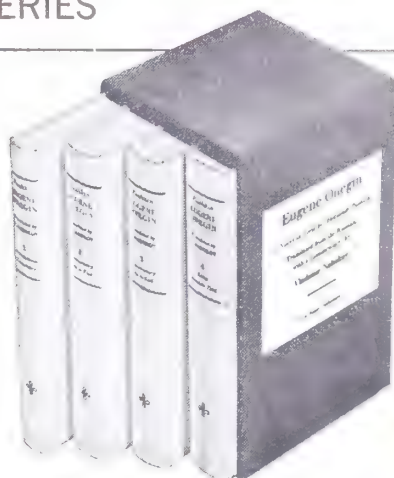
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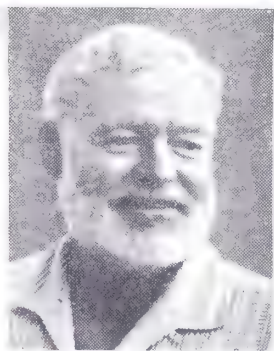
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Robert C. Weaver is probably better known for nearly being a member of President Kennedy's Cabinet than for being one of the people who actually made it. The reasons for his renown can be almost equally divided between his being a Negro and the fact that his prospective post—Secretary for Urban Affairs—was one whose creation alarmed many Americans.

It's a shame that all the emotion swirling around the man, and the job he didn't get, obscured the very real qualities he might have brought into the Cabinet. These qualities are now readily apparent in Mr. Weaver's new book, "The Urban Complex," a highly effective analysis of city life and human values.

Mr. Weaver's knowledge of the scientific aspects of cities and their inhabitants is impressive; he knows all the studies, is familiar with the trends, and is able to present a coherent picture of both the present and the future of the American metropolis. In addition, his singular, detached human-ness enables him always to remember that what he's talking about is people—us and our children.

As Mr. Weaver points out early in "The Urban Complex," our cities must be healthy, viable entities or the country literally cannot survive. Mr. Weaver's fine contribution here is to present, in straightforward, unaffected prose, how we got where we are, and what paths are still open to us.

In the heat and violence of a city summer, it's good to know that there are still Robert Weavers, who can devote loving thought to "The Urban Complex."

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Urban Complex" by Robert C. Weaver (\$4.95) is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. Copies are available at your local bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 1331 E Street N. W., Washington 4, D. C.

THE NEW BOOKS

Faulkner, and Theodore Roethke; still another concerns a convention of the Modern Language Association. More often, Henry is involved with his own private hell. The language of the songs is a curious mixture of baby talk (verbs shift inexplicably from singular to plural and back again and syllables are blurred and swallowed), Beat lingo, droll Negro minstrel dialect bits, and donnish puns and inversions. The influence of Cummings and Pound is obvious. The songs, for all their shifting and overlapping montage effect, have little of the free flow of dreams; they are oddly angular and jagged. The minstrel breakdown, the psychic dance (and Mr. Berryman is aware of the pun on "breakdown") are always desperate; there is no joy. Mr. Berryman is clearly a descendant of Poe rather than of Whitman, and his subject is the unrelieved nightmare of existence.

No Longer Forbidden

Although both Mr. Shapiro's and Mr. Berryman's books are often forthright in their diction and contain a few four-letter words, neither can be said to be in any way erotic. It is well to be reminded, in two recent anthologies, of the fact that modern poets, like those of the past, have not entirely neglected the role of Eros. *Erotic Poetry, The Lyrics, Ballads, Idyls and Epics of Love—Classical to Contemporary*, edited by William Cole (Random House, \$8.95) and *An Uninhibited Treasury of Erotic Poetry*, edited, with a running commentary, by Louis Untermeyer (Dial, \$7.50) bring together some of the greatest poems of past centuries as well as some of the finest of today concerned with the pleasures of love. If eroticism has not yet, as André Malraux would have it, been integrated with life and been made a value in itself, the sensual is no longer a forbidden topic. In the introduction to Mr. Cole's volume, Stephen Spender remarks that a young poet can today "write about nakedness, love-making, sex, as part of experience which is thought about and visualized, in the manner of other experiences, and not with shame, in whispers, or as though it belongs to dimensions of science, free thought, high courage, or low outrageousness."

Many of them in Mr. Cole's collection do just that, but, as Mr. Spender points out, in our victory over the puritans, "censorship has been largely defeated, though self-consciousness has not been altogether avoided." The awkwardness of the modern efforts in these directions springs perhaps from the self-conscious attitude of defiance they engendered them. That attitude is absent in the works of A. D. Hope and Alex Comfort, in which wit is an important element.

Mr. Cole divides his book into categories that range far and wide. The first is "Of Women," the last "By Paths and Oddities." He has included a number of modern poems that have never before been collected, many of them by unknown writers hidden away in the pages of little magazines; and one can only marvel at the magnitude of his labor and its amazing result. Mr. Untermeyer arranges his collection chronologically, with running commentaries on the poets and writers; the collections complement each other nicely. Mr. Untermeyer has also unearthed many unusual items: along with a generous selection from *The Greek Anthology* he includes an unusual piece by Francis Scott Key, "On a Lady's Going into a Shower Bath," that is certainly far removed from "The Star Spangled Banner."

It is interesting that women who are so often the subject of erotic poetry, are usually themselves shy about writing it. When treating the joys of the flesh, they tend to start talking about the birds and the bees in an embarrassing fashion, as for example in Katherine Hoskins' "The Beauty of the Petunia" in Mr. Cole's anthology. Indeed, one can only think that both Mr. Cole and Mr. Untermeyer put some of the feminine pieces in to show the pitfalls of erotic writing, and with tongue in cheek. Only Isabella Gardner, in her "Imboling," is really convincing.

The best poems by women appear in either anthology are the ones by Emily Dickinson and Charlotte. The erotic and the religious are, Mr. Spender says, always closely connected. They come together in the carvings on Indian temples and the drawings on Greek vases; they are extricably intermingled in the pages of St. John of the Cross. While

THE NEW BOOKS

the truly erotic in poetry be-
to the Orient, as in "Black
olds" from the Sanskrit, it
in Western civilization to
line the spiritual. Because love,
its aspects, is everything to
n woman, she is unable to stand
and look at it. (She has been
at times in the past; and it is
unate that neither Mr. Cole nor
Intermeyer has included any-
by either of the French women,
e Labé or Marceline Desbordes-
more, who both wrote marvelous
poems.)

Do young women poets, both rep-
ed in Mr. Cole's anthology,
something of the modern femi-
approach to eroticism. The title
Anne Lawner's first book, *Wed-
Night of a Nun* (Atlantic-Little,
a, \$3.75) indicates that this is
one of her major concerns.
ng the opening stanza of her
andrine," however, one realizes
she has a long way to go:

needed to go south that year.
erage of petals and arms pale with

dy beckoned our departure.
cented tangle we made
ed the city's discus-throw into
ptember.

new bikini kindled an immodest
ing,

on the slow train south
entwined hands made steeples
opical.

nise Levertov, in her new collec-
O Taste and See (New Direc-
paperback, \$1.50) has a remark-
ability to communicate sensations
a hard and clear style; she comes
closer to the real thing in a
like "Eros at Temple Stream."

Inner Magic

ide them both we need only place
k Walcott's *Selected Poems*
rar, Straus, \$4) to see not only
the erotic but what poetry itself
out. Mr. Walcott, whose poems
previously been published in
and, has been hailed by Robert
es as a poet who "handles
ish with a closer understanding
s inner magic than most (if not
of his English-born contempo-
es." Mr. Walcott was born in St.
a, Windward Islands, British
Indies, in 1930. He has a sense
place, of racial tensions, but an

extraordinary objectivity in one so
young. Here is his poem, "Coral":

This coral's shape echoes the hand
It hollowed. Its

Immediate absence is heavy. As pumice,
As your breast in my cupped palm.

Sea-cold, its nipple rasps like sand,
Its pores, like yours, shone with salt
sweat.

Bodies in absence displace their weight
As your smooth body, like none other

Creates an exact absence like this stone
Set on a table with a whitening wrack

Of souvenirs. It dares my hand
To claim what lovers' hands have never
known

The nature of the body of another.

Books in Brief

by Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

The Night Watchman, by Simmone
Jacquemard. Translated by L. D.
Emmet.

Miss Jacquemard, winner of the
1964 Renaudot Prize in France, ap-
pears in her publicity pictures feed-
ing baby birds, rapturously kissing
goat kids on her farm (her husband
is naturalist-author Jacques Brosse),
and looking the most cheerful person
alive. Her little book, however, is
tortured and macabre, though writ-
ten with the intensity and sometimes
the beauty of poetry. It is the story
of a man who had been abandoned
in an orphanage as a small child and
his lifelong effort to escape from his
childhood rage and terror and lone-
liness and from the society he hates.
In the end he finds peace—and one
assumes madness as well—in the si-
lence and darkness of the earth.

When the story starts (as nearly
as one can find a time sequence) he
is excavating with passionate fury
an abandoned well in his backyard;
he kidnaps a local girl to help him,
and her fate is part of the story. It
is told with almost deliberate ob-
scurity, like the underground obscu-
rity in which the protagonist labors,
and very much in the new French
manner. Sometimes it is annoying—
or I found it so—but the descriptions

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in *The New Yorker*. \$3.95

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making book that almost caused its au-
thor's expulsion from the Communist
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impressionism in the theater, modern ar-
chitecture, and iconoclastic youngsters af-
fect an intelligent young Russian writer,
this is the book."—HARRISON E. SALISBURY,
New York Times. \$4.50

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(See forecast on page 98)

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By Nathaniel Burt

EINSTEIN: AN INTIMATE MEMOIR

By Thomas Lee Bucky,
with Joseph P. Blank

BOOKS IN BRIEF

of what he finds in his subterranean caverns, of the silence of the earth, of dawn and evening when he emerges from or goes to work, are superb. I'm still not altogether clear as to all the subtleties of meaning that the author intends to suggest, but it's the kind of book worth going back to to find out.

Holt, Rinehart, Winston, \$3.95

The Fiend, by Margaret Millar.

The serious thesis of *Of Mice and Men*, the responsibility of the strong for the weak, dominates this otherwise melodramatic thriller. The weak one is Charlie Gowan, a man who many years before has been convicted of violently molesting a child. The story opens when he has served his prison term and has for a long time held down a job in a stationery store. The strong one is his brother who has devoted his life to seeing that there is no recurrence of the crime. It is like *Of Mice and Men* in another way. Charlie's violence, like Lennie's with his mice, always starts with an over-protectiveness toward his victim. Well, that's the background. How the story works out, how many others are involved in protective relationships with the charming child around whom it centers, are for the book to reveal. There is a large cast of characters, some of them, like some of the situations, more credible than others; and as I have indicated, a lot of it is pure melodrama which one ceases to believe as soon as the book is closed. But Miss Millar's talent lies in riveting the attention and involving one's emotions while the pages are open. By the author of *Stranger in My Grave*.

Random, \$3.95

The Soul of Kindness, by Elizabeth Taylor.

Miss Taylor, that past mistress of narrative, again writes a story that holds one's interest from first to last. Yet I found it disappointing, as if I'd just finished reading brilliant notes for a novel instead of the finished product. My mind was full of questions. It is the story of a (we are told) devastatingly beautiful and charming girl. She has been spoiled by her doting and widowed mother, and after her marriage she sets about putting everyone's life to rights with a thoughtful, gentle touch. Instead she causes near-

disaster in every case, yet at the end everyone is coming back for more. Except, oddly enough, her mother who suddenly shows a strength which the reader is not prepared for. The real weakness of the book seems to me, lies in the fact that though the heroine is described again and again as exquisitely charming, the reader is not convinced. One can't see why every-people would fall under the spell of what seems a transparently false character.

However, Miss Taylor can write an inelegant sentence, but she has tried and her prose is a delight always; there is a wonderful supporting cast and secondary plot, the London backgrounds are vivid enough to touch and smolder. Viking.

The Trespassers, by Charles M....

The author of *Rachel Cameron* and many other novels has now written a melodrama calculated to raise a hair on your head if you have not already turned your back in disgust. The villain is a Hollywood actor, a psychopath to whom no perversion seems alien—incest, rape, voyeurism and some not-very-nice mixtures of all three. The "hero" and narrator on the other hand is a painter whose sexual adventures involve only the more usual forms of fornication and adultery. The painter's struggle between his art and his appetites is reasonably credible, the best part of the book; the scenes in Britain (where the artist has his studio) and the actor is directing a King Lear movie spectacular) are handsome and beautiful. But the girl caught between these two paragons (the actor, childhood friend of the painter) is simply never portrayed as worth the, well, candle. The writing is swift and sure and the subject matter is shocking enough to have a considerable impact of its own. These people, trespassing on the lives of other's lives, are all so weak and undisciplined in their passions that one escaping through his own will from the web of lust and greed that enshrouds them, is not as the publishers claim, an "examination of the nature of evil." It is merely a description of a Quite another matter.

Putnam

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Non-fiction

**o: Travels of a Naturalist In
out of Africa**, by Archie Carr.
One of the best (and most amusing)
of the many about the flora
fauna of Africa and the devasta-
that threatens both. The author
saveled the continent from top to
n and manages to make of his
tures not only exciting and his
s reading (try the chapter on
t ride with a python) but an
t ant ecological document and
guished literature as well.

Knopf, \$5.95

Minded?

If you are still planning to join
crowds in New York for the
ol's Fair there are a great many
to help plot your course and
ch your path:

**ace of New York: The City as
s and Is**. Prints and contem-
y photographs of the past and
me scenes today photographed
ndreas Feininger. History and
ption by Susan E. Lyman.

ayne Andrews, a distinguished
grapher himself, says: "Mr.
inger is not just another pho-
pher . . . he is also a poet."

is a newly revised edtion of a
of his photographs and Miss
n's text that has served as a
since 1954 when it was first
shed—a ten years of most radi-
ange, here recorded.

Crown, \$5.95

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amous photographer Feininger
, this time working with a lively
of travel books and guides
cularly on New York). They
put together a book as uncon-
nal as it is handsome and use-
istory, atmosphere, statistics,
to see.

Viking, \$10

York: True North, by Gilbert
ein and Sam Falk, photog-
r.

at it's like to live and work
lay in all the corners of New
By an excellent journalist and
ter and a *New York Times*
grapher.

Doubleday, \$7.95

**New York Landmarks: A Study of
Architecturally Notable Structures
in Greater New York**, edited by Alan
Burnham. Published under the aus-
pices of The Municipal Art Society
of New York.

This book won the Carey-Thomas
Award for the best example of cre-
ative publishing in 1963.

Weslyan University Press, \$17.50

**Jewish Landmarks in New York: An
Informal History and Guide**, by
Bernard Postal and Lionel Kopp-
man.

"Essential facts about Jews in
New York City as well as a guide
to all the major sites of Jewish in-
terest."

Hill and Wang, \$5.95 (cloth)
\$2.45 (paper)

**The New York Times Guide to Din-
ing Out in New York**, by Craig Clai-
borne.

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York Times* has put his vast knowl-
edge of New York restaurants into
an alphabetical encyclopedia complete
with famous dishes, prices, and
starred ratings (from none to three).
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gourmet.

Atheneum, \$3.95 (cloth)
\$1.95 (paper)

Earl Wilson's New York.

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word) information on high living
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Street to Way Up Town."

Simon & Schuster, \$4.95

**New York: A Practical Guide to
Hotels, Restaurants, Night Spots,
Shopping, Sight Seeing**, by Arthur
Frommer (in cooperation with the
First National Bank).

This guide really is practical and
compact, for residents and visitors
alike (one valuable section on "New
York With Children"). It also has
bound into it \$40-worth of discount
coupons for attractions in and
around New York such as Rocke-
feller Center tours, Museum of
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Patton, Jr.** by his
nephew Fred Ayer,



Jr. (\$6.00) is considered a "beau-
tifully written memoir . . . the
most authentic portrait of Gen-
eral Patton I have seen in print,"
by Martin Blumenson. "More
than a picture of the general, it
is a privileged view of the man
within his intimate circle of
family and friends. As a result,
the well-known paradoxes of the
Patton character have been
made intelligible."

And Martin Duberman's **In
White America** (cloth \$3.95,
paper \$1.75), the text and sup-
porting documents on which
the moving off-Broadway drama
is based, has received unusual
attention. Among others, *Life*
felt that "*In White America*
moves an audience to tears be-
cause it is not a play but a docu-
mentation of real life. Art does
not reflect life in this case: it is
lite, more eloquent
and provoking than
any drama that pre-
sents the Negro's
case."

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MUSIC *in the round*

by *Discus*

Mozart for Our Time

Nowadays, his performers have to play for the scholar's ears as well as the romantic's heart.

Just as each generation sees something of a shift in musical tastes, so does each generation see a shift in musical interpretation. A quarter of a century ago it was generally accepted that Bruno Walter was pre-eminent as a Mozart conductor. Nobody, it was believed, so achieved the *Innigkeit* of the Mozart symphonies and operas. Walter dealt lovingly and leisurely with his Mozart. He fondly brought out the melodic contours, he dwelt over lyric passages, he manfully brought out the drama of the music. It was all quite personalized. And Walter, in common with all conductors of his day, used a nineteenth-century orchestra to play this eighteenth-century music. Not for him the hairsplitting about Mozartean balances, about the relationship of winds to strings. Walter was a romantic conductor, and he is represented as such by the reissue of his performances of the last six Mozart *Symphonies* with the Columbia Symphony Orchestra (Columbia M3L 291, mono; M3S 691, stereo; both 3 discs).

Today, however, the specialists are raising the question: Is this Mozart? Generally their answer is: No. Their argument is that Mozart used a smaller orchestra than is used today for classic repertoire; that even when Mozart used a bigger orchestra (there were a few in his day; at Mannheim, for instance) he was careful to double his winds in relation to the number of strings. Also (say the specialists) there is a classic tradition in ornament and embellishment that no conductor of Walter's generation could

encompass, if for no other reason than that these are very recent musicological discoveries. It makes quite a harmonic difference (they say) whether the trill starts on the main note, as all romantics played it, or on the upper partial, as Mozart played it.

And so today we are veering around to a conception of Mozart that attempts to duplicate, as much as possible, the sound and the performance practices of Mozart's own day. All this is most praiseworthy. But what happens when we get a Mozart conductor who is all scholarship and no heart? Who knows exactly the Mozartean proportions and knows everything else about Mozart except how to bring him to life? Thus we come back to Bruno Walter. Yes, his conceptions are old-fashioned. Yes, they often sound thick. Yes, the interpretations are romanticized. But, damme, they are beautiful. For Walter may have been lacking in Mozartean scholarship, but not in heart. He had a personal involvement with the music, and he was able to bring out its big line.

The Best of Two Worlds

Two musicians who have been able to make the best of both Mozartean worlds are George Szell, the conductor of the Cleveland Symphony, and the pianist Rudolf Serkin, who have come together for a pair of concerto performances—Mozart's *No. 19 in F* (K. 459) and *No. 20 in D minor* (K. 466) (Columbia ML 5934, mono; MS 6534, stereo). Szell's modernity manifests itself in strict rhythms, in the most precise balances and textures, in an antiromantic approach that nevertheless does not neglect the sentiment of the music. He does not

favor a small orchestra, though does make a reduction in strings. Many consider Szell the greatest living Mozart conductor. As for Serkin, he is a classicist with strong romantic tendencies. A scrupulous musician, he carefully examines every source. He seems to have a good knowledge of current musicological research. But there is nothing musicologically wrong with using the word in its pejorative sense in his interpretation. A romantic despite himself, he has no hesitation in drawing out a tempo, or heavily underlining a phrase. And he has the virtuoso equipment of a romantic pianist, coupled to a big, warm sound. The miracle is that he and the reserved Szell get together so well.

But get together these scrupulous musicians do, and the result is one of the most bracing pairs of Mozart piano concertos on records. Serkin plays with musicianship and excellence. He does not look upon Mozart as a small-scaled composer, and this is a big approach. But it is good taste and does not veer into unbridled egocentricity. As for Szell's strength, intelligence, and taste are virtually unparalleled these days.

Nobody Embellishes

It might be added that performances of Mozart piano concertos pose special problems. It has been the job of contemporary musicologists to rid the scores of a century of romanticizations. That done, it is the job of the pianist (paradoxically) to bring out notes that are not in the notes. "authenticity" demands that the pianist do what Mozart himself did and that is improvise and embellish. Mozart never played his concertos the same way, and most of the old concerto scores that have come out to us have piano parts that are sketches or guidelines upon which the pianist was supposed to embellish. Nobody does anymore; the tradition is gone. The only pianist of our time who made an attempt at embellishment was Wanda Landowska. In her old recording of the *Coronation Concerto* she virtually rebuilt the movement. And one dimly remembers a performance of K. 595 (?) in which she gave in the 1930s with the New York Philharmonic, a performance in which she played notes that

MUSIC IN THE ROUND

nothing in common with the
ed score. Serkin, one of today's
Mozart specialists, does not even
npt any embellishment.

up-to-date example of Mozart
ber playing, altogether modern
s rhythmic and intellectual con-
is the performance of the Lon-
Wind Soloists, directed by Jack
ner, of the great *Serenade in*
at (K. 361) (London CM 9346,
; CS 6346, stereo). This is the so-
ad *Serenade for Thirteen Winds*.
ing work in seven movements, it
all of Mozart's musical gallantry,
ience, and refinement; and the
velous adagio represents Mozart
t is best. The middle section of
movement has a shift to a
or key that is excruciatingly sad.
ther great movement is the finale.
re having heard this enchanting
op, can anybody forget it?

olden times, wind groups would
this score with a good deal of
uto and with a nice, thick im-
ao. The expert British players,
ever, are children of our time.
ir playing is unmarred by eccen-
ty of any kind, and their steady
hm never lets the line sag. A
oly disc of a magnificent score.

The Greatest?

me months ago mention was made
e of a dull *Così fan tutte* record-
in which Karl Böhm conducted
Mozart opera as though it were
solemn a work as the *St. Matthew*
Passion. A somewhat better version
the great Mozart opera has re-
tly come along, directed by Eugen
Jochum with the Berlin Philharmonic
Irmgard Seefried, Nan Merri-
on, Hermann Prey, Ernst Häflinger,
ka Köth, and Dietrich Fischer-
eskau (Deutsche Grammophon
61/3, mono; 138861/3, stereo;
h 3 discs). Jochum brings out
re of the fun and spirit of the
ce, and most of the singing is on
high level, with the exception of
fried's contribution. Her voice is
y a shadow of what it used to be.
identally, it may be insulting in
s day and age to recommend *Così*.
t it has been somewhat swamped
Le Nozze di Figaro, and perhaps
t too many realize its stature. Sir
omas Beecham always maintained
at *Così fan tutte* was the greatest
era Mozart ever composed.

JAZZ notes

by Eric Larrabee

Interim

There is likely to be a dialogue in any reviewer's mind between the voice which speaks for quality and one which speaks for simpler pleasures. The latter says, shamefacedly, "I know it's not much good, but it's so easy to take," while the former insists, "It'll bore people silly but they ought to like it; it's so important."

This, shall I say, dichotomy is compounded in jazz by its two divergent traditions, one of exuberance in self-expression and the other of severity in criticism. The jazz critic is rare, as a result, who never fails in his primary obligation to enjoy and to convey that enjoyment as best he can. At the Newport Jazz Festival some years ago, the late Wilder Hobson (one of the rare ones himself) spoke eloquently for this aspect of the critic's role.

A reviewer's obligation to the less-than-perfect performance has another side, which is the necessity of gauging some kind of level for the general average. Great players end up being great, in any generation, but over the years there are tremendous changes in the standards of overall professional competence. These have steadily been going up, so that we now regard as unremarkable what seemed dazzling a decade ago.

A record like Flanagan and Gray's *Togetherness* tends to be written off because it is not especially original, and first prizes in jazz are still reserved for originality—or for the rhythmic ease and power that make everything *sound* original, Flanagan and Gray play the unusual combination of trombone and guitar, fleshed out with double bass and percussion backing. What makes the combination work is modern recording technique and the modern average level of performance. There is nothing miraculous about it; it is just agreeable. It isn't a milestone of anything and it won't end up in anybody's Basic Jazz Library, but it proves something about the state of the art in the year nineteen and sixty-four.

Togetherness. Bob Flanagan and John Gray. Capitol ST 1957.

househunting?

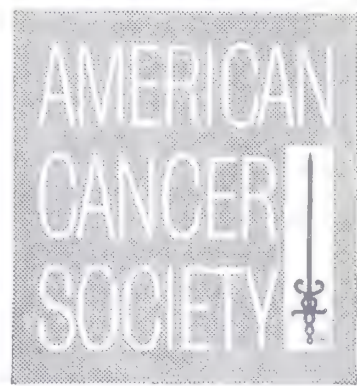
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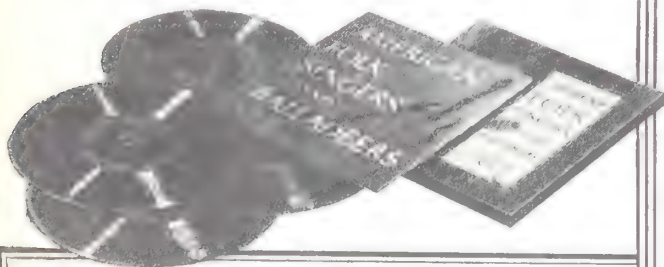
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Nothing
Fod
I'm on My Way

JACK ELLIOTT

Roving Gambler
Diamond Joe

IAN and SYLVIA

When First Unto
This Country
V'là l'bon vent
Katy, Dear
Rambler Gambler
C.C. Rider
Ella Speed
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Young McAfee on
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Below the Gallows
Tree
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Today: The Listener Be Damned DESMOND SMITH

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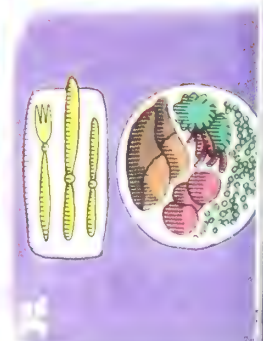
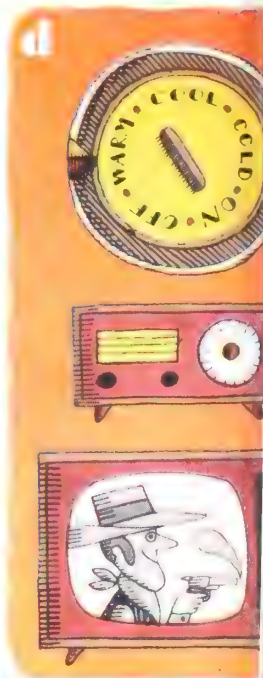
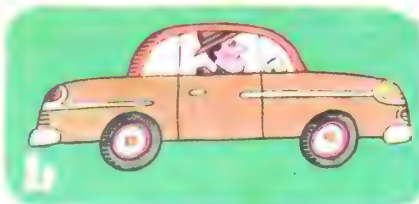
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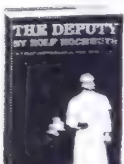
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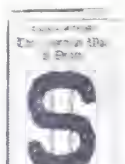
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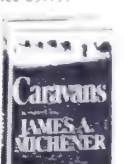
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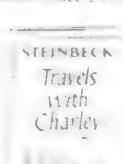
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that are volatile, colorless, highly inflammable liquid, with an aromatic odor, prepared by the reaction of sulfuric acid and ethyl alcohol: it is used as a solvent and a solvent for resins and fats: *diethyl ether*. 5. in *physics*, a hypothetical substance postulated (in older theory) as filling space and serving as the medium for the transmission of light waves and other forms of radiant energy: spelled *aether* (in senses 1, 2, 3).

e-the-re-al (i-thēr'i-əl), *adj.* [*< L. aetherius; Gr. + al*]. 1. of or like the ether, or upper regions; hence, 2. very light; airy; delicate: as, the grace of her dancing. 3. heavenly; celestial. 4. in *chemistry*, of, like, or containing ether. Also spelled *aethereal* (in senses 1, 2, 3).

e-the-re-al-i-ty (i-thēr'i-əl'ə-ti), *n.* *ether* *quality*. **e-the-re-al-ize** (i-thēr'i-əl'iz'), *v.t.* [*ETHEREALIZE + -ize*], to make, or treat as being, *ether*.

Eth-er-ge, Sir George (eth'ēr-ij), 1633?-1691, playwright of the Restoration.

e-ther-i-fy (i-ther'ə-fī', ē'thēr-ə-fī'), *v.t.* [*ETHER + -fy*], to change (an alcohol) into ether.

e-ther-i-za-tion (ē'thēr-ə-zā'shən, ē'thēr-i-zā'shən), *n.* 1. an etherizing; especially, giving ether as an anesthetic. 2. the fact or process of being or becoming ether.

e-ther-ize (ē'thā-riz'), *v.t.* [*ETHERIZED + -ize*], 1. to change into ether; etherify. 2. to inhale ether fumes so as to make unconscious; anesthetize with ether.

eth-ic (eth'ik), *n.* [*Fr. éthique; L. ethica; (technē), ethical (art); see ETHICAL*], ethics or *ethics*. *adj.* *ethical*.

eth-i-cal (eth'i-k'l), *adj.* [*< L. ethicus; Gr. ethikos, moral < ethos, character, custom, moral state; IE. base *swedh-, *swēdh-, essential own character; akin to Goth. swēs, one's having to do with ethics or morality; of or conforming to moral standards*]. 2. conforming to the standards of a given profession: as, it is not *ethical* to judge to hear a case involving his own interest. See *moral*.

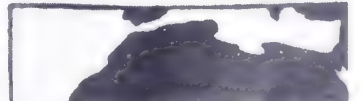
eth-i-cal-ly (eth'i-k'l-i, eth'ik-li), *adv.* 1. in an ethical manner. 2. according to ethics.

eth-i-cize (eth'ə-siz'), *v.t.* [*ETHICIZED + -ize*], to make, or regard as, ethical.

eth-ics (eth'iks), *n.pl.* [*construed as sing.*]. 1. the study of standards of conduct and moral philosophy. 2. a treatise on the subject of morals. 3. the system or code of a particular philosopher, religion, group, profession.

E-thi-op (ē'thi-op'), *n. & adj.* Ethiopian.

E-thi-op-i-a (ē'thi-ō'pi-ə), *n.* 1. an ancient northeastern Africa, south of Egypt. 2. a country in eastern Africa: area, 395,000 sq. mi.; pop., c. 20,000,000.



BRING IT OUT At a technical meeting, an engineer visits a competitor's suite without identifying himself, picks up valuable information. Is this proper? There are many gray areas of ethical conduct, and little has been written on the subject. Recently CHEMICAL ENGINEERING dissected the whole problem. Its series aroused the entire engineering field, focused attention on such moral dilemmas.



LETTERS

A Homey Medical History

In view of my own contribution in the January issue of *Harper's* ["Reducing the Hazards of Birth"] and Sloan Wilson's article, "The American Way of Birth" [July], I would like to suggest that we might have done the topic of labor and delivery enough for the moment, and propose that we turn for a while to the subject of gall-bladder disease. I have tentatively started a paper, using Mr. Wilson's approach, called "The Man in the Gray Flannel Scrub Suit." The opening fragment is as follows:

"I had just returned from an evening at the corner bar when my wife announced in muffled tones that the doctor had informed her she would have to have an operation for the removal of her gall bladder. The muffling of her voice might have been attributable to the fact that she was three-quarters asleep when I stumbled in but the news set my mind to whirling and I sat staring into the darkness wondering at this turn of events.

"It seemed perfectly obvious to me that I would have to pick out the anesthesia that was administered to her as well as the medications given prior to the anesthesia. This is self-evidently the husband's responsibility but in my case there were several additional factors that made it all the more important.

"In the first place, I am somewhat older than my wife and in addition to calling me 'Daddy' she has a tendency to look to me for advice and suggestions.

"In the second place, all three of my previous wives had gall-bladder attacks, which increased my responsibility. In fact, if I remember correctly, my first wife had died following gall-bladder surgery. I am a little vague about the details of this because at the time, I was home writing an article about the great difficulty I had had with the hospital admitting

office when I had taken her there. (This article, subsequently published as "Hospital Heebie-Jeebies" brought forth several letters from readers who had also had conflicts with the hospital admitting office; this also reassured me and brought me to the startled conclusion that there was no idea that was so absurd that some people in America wouldn't agree with it.)

"Finally, making this a common project rather than having her go it alone would give us something to talk about. When anecdotes about her early days in the Bronx and my funny stories about the war (it was really an hilarious time) flagged to a self-conscious halt, we could always discuss what form of pain relief I had chosen for her surgery.

"Before arranging the appointment with the doctor when I would tell him my decision in this matter, however, I set out for the corner bar where the best advice on these subjects can always be obtained. . . ."

ALLAN C. BARNES, M.D.
Gynecologist-Obstetrician-in-Chief
The Johns Hopkins Hospital
Baltimore, Md.

Reds and Rights

As a follow-up to my article, "The Strange Twilight of Harry Bridges" [March], I thought your readers would like to know the outcome of Bridges' stand on Section 504 of the Landrum-Griffin Act, which makes it an offense for a Communist to hold office in a labor union. Maintaining that in a democracy a union's members must have complete freedom of choice in an election, Bridges stood alone among major labor leaders in refusing to write the required anti-communist clause into his union's constitution. A test of his position was made in the Justice Department's prosecution of Archie Brown, a dock worker who holds one of thirty-five minor positions in an ILWU local. He

was convicted by a grand jury in the United States District Court in San Francisco.

On June 19 the U.S. Court of Appeals reversed the conviction on grounds that Section 504 of the Landrum-Griffin Act is unconstitutional. In the majority opinion, Judge Charles M. Merrill wrote that "in its imposition of criminal sanctions (Section 504) must be held to conflict with the First and Fifth Amendments of the U.S. Constitution and upon this basis to be void." It seems to me that the Court merely reasserted a cardinal principle of democracy which was overlooked by Congress in 1959 and violated by every major labor union with the exception of the ILWU.

BURTON H. WELLS
Chevy Chase, Md.

Boston's Jobless

Edward T. Chase's article on "The Job-finding Machine: How to Crack It Up" [July] was very interesting. On all sides we hear that all that is needed is technical training.

Well, my son just got out of the Army with three years' training in electronics, an industry which abounds around Boston. The local employment service, technical branch, said the market for that kind of employment was even tighter than for common labor, and that they had a lot of graduate engineers on their list of jobless. So, now what?

G. L. WILLIAMS
Milton, Mass.

Bonnie Clansman

I wish to highly commend the article "The Scotch in Canada" by James Kenneth Galbraith [Part I, July]. As an old Canadian of Scottish stock reared in Ontario, I can vouch for the article's authenticity, information, and nostalgic appeal.

WILLIAM J. SCOTT
West Lafayette, Ind.

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LETTERS

Come now, Professor Galbraith, suppose you told that "Well, it's a cow" story to John Steinbeck and he put it in *The Grapes of Wrath*!

JERRY B. R.
North Hollywood,

PROF. GALBRAITH REPLIES:

In the preface to my book *Scotch*, although alas not in *Harvard*, I warned that "Here and there we have contributed . . . one of the tales of the community." This one, as I imagine it was also in Steinbeck's California. I used to improve the story of a memoirist's rebuff and supposed that most readers would detect the apocrypha.

Better Schools Special Child

It is regrettable that the other cogent article by Charles E. Smith, "Give Slum Children a Chance" [May], should contain the gross misstatement that "Chicago appropriates 20 per cent *less* per pupil in Negro schools than in white middle-class schools." . . .

The book allotment for the several years in Chicago elementary schools has been \$4.30 per year for *every* child in grades one through eight. . . . In addition, the fixed fee of \$1 per child is now allocated for library books in each and every elementary school. Each elementary school receives a flat grant of \$2 per pupil for supplies. *Every* Chicago teacher receives the salary to which he or she is entitled on the basis of education and length of service.

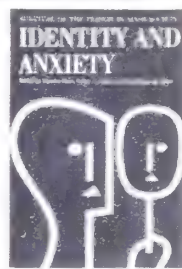
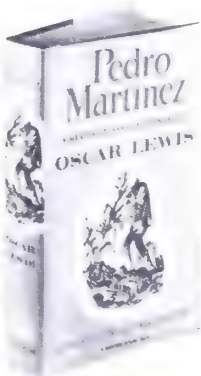
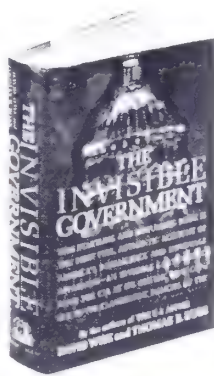
Actually expenditures on the "slum" schools in Chicago tend to be significantly larger than for the schools in the city. All so-called "transiency schools," many of them in predominantly Negro areas, receive extra appropriations—above and beyond those based upon their enrollment—for books and supplies.

The majority of the over a hundred after-school classes for pupils needing additional help in reading, conducted this spring, are located in these same areas; as are the after-school reading clubs, speech clinics, and libraries. These schools also receive—as they do—more than their per capita share of the services of teacher-nurses, social therapists, psychologists, and a



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for Hazardous Journey. Small wages, bitter cold, long months of complete darkness, constant danger, safe return doubtful. Honor and recognition in case of success. — ERNEST SHACKLETON.

That small advertisement, which appeared in London newspapers in 1900, brought what Shackleton called an "overwhelming" response from men eager to accompany him and Robert F. Scott on a perilous Antarctic expedition.

We can't help wondering what sort of response such an ad would get today. Are there still thousands of men of adventurous spirit who ask only a memorable experience and a chance for glory? Or are we all interested only in prudently pursuing safety and comfort?

Safety and comfort are pretty limited aims for living. But they're not bad goals for an investment program — though they're not the only ones, we hasten to say. Any time you're ready to invest your surplus cash for any aim you cherish, our Research Department will help you devise an investment program — leaving you free to contemplate the possible rewards of adventuring.



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LETTERS

ance officers. Special funds are also appropriated to underwrite the cost of lunchrooms and field trips so much needed by their pupils. . . .

JEROME R. REICH, Principal
William Shakespeare School
Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Silberman's article bears out what we in White Plains, N. Y., learned when interested citizens, educators, and local PTA groups organized the Winbrook Study Center to make up for the deficiencies in the home and school life of our own culturally deprived children.

By using the facilities of a community day nursery in the basement of a public housing development, we insured a "captive audience," no night transportation worries, and rent-free space. For two hours a night, five nights a week, following the school calendar, elementary school children are supplied with reference facilities, tutors, and study supervision free of charge. The tutors were enlisted from volunteer working and retired teachers and nearby college students. Good coverage of this pilot project by the local paper brought contributions of money and books and we have one of the best reference libraries in the city, plus a lending library. . . .

Like Mr. Silberman, we felt that the mothers of the attending children should be brought into the program and though this proved to be our greatest stumbling block because of both shyness and the fact that so many of them work in the evening, they developed their own schedule to help monitor the Study Center. The junior and senior high-school study centers that the city Board of Education runs found that they were getting double the attendance, and the evening adult education classes increased. Study became the "thing to do."

For all of us working with this group of children, the results were very tangible: an initially sullen, detached, poor student who, through special individual attention, can now keep up with his work and has become a cheerful assistant with the smaller children; reports from principals and teachers of marked improvement in the classroom; a lessening of behavior problems that had resulted from frustration.

Because basic study habits had

never been established, the group divided into first through grades in one room and through sixth in another. The other group was drilled each night prepared "homework" to teach story attention, muscular control, neatness. The session closed story period.

Our project was not motivated by do-gooding; it was pure self-interest. Our children would not get the attention in school that they need to have and their class level would continue to be pulled down until less fortunate children receive help. . . . Ultimately, a program like ours should come under professional educational supervision. It is very expensive for the good that it produces. Nine hundred dollars was raised to begin this Study Center and a budget for next year of \$1,000 includes plans to expand into other neighborhoods. . . .

For a more detailed description of the Study Center's organization, write to:

Mrs. Ralph Wagner,
c/o White Plains PTA Council,
Homeside Lane,
White Plains, N. Y.

MARY LOUISE WAGNER
Addis Ababa, Ethiopia

Builders in Conflict

The predictions by Russell Lyne ["What's to Become of Architecture? Easy Chair, June] seem soundly based and we appreciate his demand for aesthetics and recognition of the architect's traditional role in creating beauty. We disagree that committee decisions are all-powerful and that bad. Committees in our profession are basically of a staff nature; control continues to be vested in the person . . . either the chief of the firm in the case of a large firm or the architect whose name appears on the plans. . . .

Mr. Lynes creates the impression that there is one standard of good design by which architecture is judged. The standard is there within our own profession though no agreement about the actual design's compliance with the standard. This is good, as the alternative would be monotony.

RALPH J. EPSTEIN
A. Epstein and Son
Chicago



Puerto Rican children build a castle out of cartons that brought U.S. products to Puerto Rico. Photograph by Michel Alexis.

The Commonwealth of Puerto Rico now buys more the U. S. mainland than Spain, Portugal, Ireland, Austria, Denmark, Finland, Sweden and Norway combined

PHOTOGRAPH was taken near Juan. It makes two points. First—the world over—love to play games. And second, people in Puerto Rico buy quite a variety of products from the U.S. mainland (note the names on the cartons). For person, Puerto Rico is our customer—by far. Each person in the Commonwealth buys almost *twice* as much from the U.S. as each person in Canada. In 1967, the people of Puerto Rico spent *one billion dollars' worth of products* from the U.S. mainland.

was spread throughout the states. The South received \$288 million. The Midwestern states, \$255 million. East Coast states supplied \$256 million worth of goods. California, Washington and Oregon made sales of \$93 million to the Puerto Rican market.

Why Puerto Rico buys so much

Look around the Commonwealth and you'll see why Puerto Rico buys so many things from the U.S. mainland. You'll see new shopping centers, highways, homes and apartments.

The Commonwealth is flourishing as a result of "Operation Bootstrap." Puerto

Rico's famous self-help program.

This program has been a spectacular success. Almost 1000 factories have started operation in the Commonwealth during the past decade. And new plants are opening at the astonishing rate of *three a week*.

Chances are, prospering Puerto Rico would be a good place to make your products, too.

Manufacturers: Write for illustrated progress report on productivity, profits and special incentives. The address: Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. CH-666, 666 Fifth Ave., N.Y. N.Y. 10010.

LETTERS

Skirting the Statuesque

Bless you for printing Marya Mannes' diatribe against the unkind, astigmatic clothing manufacturers and buyers who so coldly neglect dress needs of the "over 16s" ["Juno in Limbo: The Trauma of Size 16," July]. Being an inch taller than Marya myself and (so they tell me) quite decently proportioned, I sink into a near-depression every time I go shopping for clothes. One supercilious saleswoman frankly tells me that "It just isn't stylish to be a size 18 or 20." And who says so? Only the weaklings, the craven cowards who dread a good-sized woman in the first place and fear to match her image in designs. Did we choose to grow above the average? We did not!

Yet, any number of half-sizes can be found. Why isn't it just as despicable to be fat and short?

A FAITHFUL "HARPERITE"
San Francisco, Calif.

Marya Mannes lowers her stature by more than a hemline with her insipid struggle with humor on the Size 16 Trauma. I'm thirty-six, wear a size 7, and find most of the styles well designed for my nine-year-old daughter. Surely there is more to the state of the world than this!

BETTY LOWRY
Washington, D.C.

I have a small store on the beach near Aberdeen, Washington. It's a Finnish settlement and we have big women. They work in the cranberry fields and crab fishery canneries. I have arguments every time a salesman comes in about slacks for these working women. I order 18-20s for women and get back "missies." What's wrong with these factories? Don't they realize there are big women who like to dress nicely too? . . .

ALICE GILLIAM
Grayland, Wash.

I am surprised that Miss Mannes has not realized that special group sizings have become sophisticated and extremely sensitive to fashion changes. Styling leadership remains with the misses and junior markets, largely because of the exaggerated youth cult which Miss Mannes mentions but, and this is a large but, it is possible for those of us who are in-

volved in other sizings to fashion trend almost instantly and to present comparably attractive clothes with almost no delay.

Let no one think it has been to develop this rapid reaction is unquestionably a tendency to depend on the safe and little-changed styles that can suit these markets year after year. As a result, I can tell Miss Mannes that it is commonplace for us to scrutinize new trends in the smaller-sizings and to have them completely adapted. The amount of risk involved in this is fast vanishing. It is always easy to persuade a medium-sized junior maker to extend his size range in this or that style, but it has been done quite regularly with success.

Miss Mannes' own size is no problem at all. She could fit ideally into tall 16 or 18, and in our Tall department all our dresses, etc. are available in (if not junior) styles—or I have gone into a size 38 in a larger-size range in which many of the styles are exactly the same as she would find in the fashion shows before *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* go to press.

I join with Miss Mannes in condemning the "junior miss syndrome" and its sociological concomitants, the absurd worship of youth and adolescent fullness. They are lovely things, but have their undeniable place as a promise of what may develop into maturity and responsibility.

RAPHAEL MALSIN
Lane Bryant
New York, N.Y.

Neither age nor dimension has much to do with the charm of a woman's figure. Most women have fine figures in spite of the horrible scars and fullness of their youth. I speak as a longtime nudist.

NAME WITHHELD

To the Far, Far

I read with great interest the article "The Cheerful Mongolians" by Roy Maclean, July]. We were the ones to start travel to Mongolia. We have seven groups of Americans going this year.

GABRIEL R.
Cosmos Travel Bureau
New York, N.Y.



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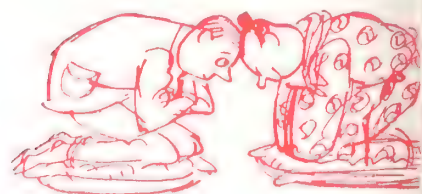
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The Japanese Intellectuals: Cliques, Soft Edges, and the Dread of Power

by John Fischer

This spring I had the happy fortune to spend six weeks in Japan, talking with writers, editors, businessmen, professors, monks, and politicians. The most surprising discovery for me—in a country full of astonishments—was the Japanese intellectual. He is a special breed, who has no counterpart in America or (so far as I know) anywhere else. The way his mind works is hard for a Westerner to understand; yet it is important for us to try, since his thinking will have a lot to do with the unrolling history of Asia, and therefore with our own future. On such brief acquaintance-ship I can't pretend to understand him fully, and doubt whether I would if I spent six years there. The most I can offer is a few clues to his behavior—submitting them with an uneasy feeling that some may be misleading because of my inability to interpret them correctly.

Japanese intellectuals form a distinct caste, occupying its own niche in what is still a remarkably hierarchical and rigid society. Whether he is a professor, a priest, or a political essayist, each member of the caste is in some degree a *sensei*—that is, a kind of teacher-sage, whose special calling is to give moral guidance to the rest of the population. He expects, and usually gets, a public deference which would dazzle an American teacher or writer.

Within itself the intellectual class is divided into a number of tight little cliques. Most of them are political

groups, but some consist merely of the contributors to a particular magazine, the disciples of a venerated professor, or the adherents of some aesthetic or philosophic school. Every intellectual belongs to such a clique, usually for life. It is possible for him to shift from one group to another, but this is so painful psychologically—and so dangerous to his career—that it rarely happens.

Such clannishness is of course a fundamental trait in the Japanese character. It can be traced back to the very beginnings of the culture, and shapes the lives not only of intellectuals but of everybody. As a friend of mine who teaches at Kyoto University explained it, "No Japanese is truly comfortable except when he feels himself part of a large, socially approved group. The intolerable fear of standing alone is deeply ingrained in all of us." * This characteristic, I was told repeatedly, accounts for many peculiarly Japanese phenomena, ranging from street demonstrations to the Soka Gakkai. Hundreds of thousands of people will march, waving banners and chanting, in support of almost any cause from "Peace" to "Don't Close Down Inefficient Coal Mines"—not necessarily out of any passionate devotion to The Cause, but simply for the momentary pleasure of feeling caught up in a big, warm,

close, and excited crowd. As the Soka Gakkai, a new offshoot of an ancient Buddhist sect, has flourished spectacularly since the war primarily because it offers emotional aid and mutual aid to millions of migrants to the big cities—who were cut off from their traditional group loyalties when they left the farm and villages.

One partial explanation of this national togetherness instinct is the turbulent and bloody history of the islands. For centuries no Japanese was ever safe from either the spear or the sword unless he enjoyed the protection of one of the great feudal clans; and in the incessant wars among these clans, the leadership of the weaker side sometimes was destroyed almost literally—last woman and child—as, for example, when the Genji overthrew the House of Heike in the twelfth century.

In modern times the role of the clan has been taken over by other institutions—the corporation, the union, political parties, even criminal gangs—but the bonds of loyal-

* The Japanese language has no word for "privacy," and to the inhabitants of such a crowded land the concept itself often seems hard to grasp.

John Fischer, editor in chief of *Harper's*, returns to the *Easy Chair* to report on one part of his three-month trip to the Middle East. Mr. Fischer's new book—*Stupidity Problem, and Other Hiccups*—will be published by Harper & Row in September. It is based in part on his *Easy Chair* articles

same. A business firm can employ only under extreme needs; and, by the same code, one who switches to another is thought guilty of a desertion. Similarly, promotion cannot move around, as ours in many institutions. Ordinary university hires its faculty only from the ranks of its graduates, and once on the staff expected to remain until death.

Discipline of the Group

Result of all this is a conformity of intellectuals which has no parallel in any country I know. No one is far out of line with the members of his group.

For example, I attended a conference in Kurashiki (a pleasant city in Western Honshu) with twenty American writers, teachers, and businessmen and a small number of Japanese in the fields. Its purpose was simply to exchange ideas on current intellectual trends in an informal and unofficial government people of either side had anything to do with the matter. One of the Japanese invited a brilliant young spokesman for a socialist organization. He declined to accept—but in the end the discipline of his group forced him to decline. The other members knew that the clique had already opposed to America and all its branches, root and branch. If one were to take part in a discussion with Americans, that might be at the American point of view, at least worth listening to before that the ideology of the group might be open to question. The young writer had defied this discipline, he would have been punished only by the disapproval of his peers (a sanction most Japanese find terrible) but quite possibly an indefinite ban from the group's discussions.

In this fashion, a faculty member who had come from sharp disagreement with his colleagues (especially his superior) lest he jeopardize his chances of promotion. In committee meetings everybody will talk all-but-in an effort to reach unanimity. A dissenting opinion cannot

not be avoided in any other way, the committee will issue no report at all—or will present its recommendations in language ambiguous enough to accommodate all views.

The latter isn't as hard as it sounds, for the Japanese language itself is notably vague. A graduate student who sometimes interpreted for me tried to explain this one day while we were boating on the Inland Sea with a party of Japanese friends. Pointing to a particularly lovely cluster of mist-veiled islands—apparently floating between sea and sky, exactly like the islands in a Sesshu painting—he remarked, "That shows you why it is so hard for me to translate from Japanese into English. We have lived for so long in this landscape that we have developed a speech to fit it—subtle, dim, and with soft edges. It is wonderful for expressing nuances and implications, but not much use for sharp, clear definitions. It is a language for poets, not logicians."

Maybe so. But I noticed that Japanese often avoid a concrete statement, even in English, if they feel it might sound disconcerting. For instance, when you try to telephone a businessman at his office, his secretary is likely to tell you—in heartbreakingly sympathetic tones:

"Well, I am afraid he is a little bit not here."

The Worm of Fear

As a consequence, it is difficult to find out what a Japanese intellectual really thinks on any subject. Almost invariably he reads English, which is a compulsory subject in all high schools and most colleges, but he probably speaks it with a good deal of hesitation. Many Japanese concepts, he believes, simply cannot be expressed in another tongue. Moreover, the famous Japanese politeness inhibits him from saying anything which might conceivably give offense. At the Kurashiki conference much of the first two days was taken up by Japanese speakers explaining, with elaborate circumlocution, that if they seemed to disagree with their American colleagues on a few trifling questions, this should not be taken as a discourtesy. After a few dull sessions in the Rare Old Bar (*sic*) of the International Hotel, they discovered that

American sensibilities were not so easily bruised; then they began to speak with more candor.

But seldom completely so. For another strain in the Japanese character seems to be an aversion to getting pinned down. Hardly anybody likes to take the responsibility for a firmly stated personal view, expressed in public and alone. Again, the explanation lies at least partly in Japanese history. For centuries power shifted often and unpredictably; and the men who held it at any given moment were likely to be both ruthless and long-memoried. Thus if you expressed an opinion which pleased today's feudal lord, it might cost you your head tomorrow. Far wiser to be silent; if that isn't possible, be vague; and best of all, speak only as an anonymous member of the largest possible group.

The foregoing is perhaps an overstatement—but I am fairly certain that a little worm of fear does lie in the back of the mind of many a Japanese intellectual. They remember what happened before the war to professors who advanced theories—for example, on the role of the Emperor—which displeased the ruling military clique, and what happened later to men who had supported too openly and enthusiastically the wartime scheme of conquest. (I met one economist who had served as budget director for the puppet government of Manchuria, set up by the Japanese army. He had been captured by the Russians, turned over to the Chinese Communists, and released only this spring after eighteen years' imprisonment as a war criminal.) Even today an intellectual's life can be a risky one. Not long ago *Chuo Koron*, a magazine somewhat like *Harper's*, published a short story which certain right-wing extremists regarded as disrespectful to the Imperial family. One of these offended superpatriots went to the publisher's home to punish him. Mr. Hoji Shimanaka, the publisher, happened to be away at the time—so the assassin stabbed the two women of the household, killing the maid and leaving Mrs. Shimanaka for dead. She recovered, and her husband's firm still publishes one of the most forthright magazines in Japan. But the incident made me wonder just how much intellectual courage one could expect from Ameri-



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wers and publishers, if our criticism took such a pointed

An Explanation for Everything

ur of power helps shape the of the Japanese intellectual is government. Typically, he it.

ghout the country's history, ulers—the shoguns and feus—have almost invariably nnical and oppressive. Natu- y were hated; in the Japanese there is no neutral word ver”—all of its approximate ts carry connotations of apacity, and distrust.* (Per- tly for that reason, the Em- ho seldom exercised actual y, nearly always has been a figure.) Consequently, the ial almost instinctively feels opposed to the men who wield nd even to the concept itself. ently this means he is a

After all, the Communist alist parties have been fight- government longer and more usly than anybody else. Be- arxism offers a simple, tidily l explanation for everything the causes of poverty to the of history—which appeals to the Japanese academic lis university training has im to deal in theories (mostly a) more than facts; he at he thinks in abstract, not ic, terms. So the fact that arxian predictions have not ue—and that its dogma is ntradicted by the realities all him—does not bother him in t. If Marxism says that the e masses are being impover- y industrialism, that must nd never mind the obvious at general living standards

one of the most ruthless of the rds, Tokugawa Ieyasu, is now d as a semi-deity, and his shrine is the most elaborate building . For he conquered all his rivals, the country in the sixteenth after generations of civil war; Tokugawa dynasty of shoguns founded gave Japan 250 years anded peace. No other major I believe, has enjoyed so long without war, either internal or

have risen faster in Japan during the last fifteen years than anywhere else in the world, that unemployment has been replaced by a labor shortage, and that the proletariat now rides on rubber tires.*

Nor are his Marxian views shaken by his own prosperity. The intellectual is likely to be quite well off by Japanese standards. If he teaches in a university, he gets a relatively good salary, which he can double or treble by outside writing. Japan, with the highest literacy rate in the world, is a voracious consumer of newspapers, magazines, and books, and its publishers pay excellent rates to their word-suppliers. (At least one writer, Jugo Kuroiwa, paid taxes last year on an income above \$60,000, and I know of two others who earned more than \$50,000—considerably better than the incomes of the highest-paid Japanese film stars and directors.) Moreover, although he may address an audience of millions of newspaper and magazine readers every month, the intellectual often describes himself as a lonely, unheard voice, blocked off from any possibility of influencing public opinion or policy. A contradiction? Not to him. For the role assigned him by Marxist theory is one of alienation—he is *supposed* to be suppressed, ignored, cut off from the main current of corrupt capitalist life; so he believes it.

Often he believes a good many other things that, to a Western mind, would seem to be incompatible. He probably is staunchly anti-American, because the United States is capitalist, powerful, and friendly to the present Japanese government. Yet he is a passionate defender of some measures introduced by the American occupation—land reform, for example, and those clauses in the new constitution which limit the roles of the Emperor and of the armed forces. (And in his dealings with individual Americans he will be un-

* One professor, who did graduate work in America, told me that he tries hard to inject a fair amount of factual analysis into his lectures and articles, but that his audiences disapprove. "They don't come to me for information," he said. "From a *sensei* they expect guidance—to be told how to feel and think. The last thing they want is to be given the facts, and then asked to think for themselves."

About Japan

FOR Americans who are interested in contemporary Japanese thinking, two English-language publications may be especially useful. One is the *Journal of Social and Political Ideas in Japan*, published three times a year by the nonpartisan Center for Japanese Social and Political Studies, Kuwano Building, 2-26 Yoyogi, Shibuya-ku, Tokyo. The other is the *Japan Quarterly*, the Asahi Shimbun Publishing Company, Yuraku-cho, Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo. Both are informative and well-edited.

failingly gracious and considerate.) He campaigns for the removal of all American bases and troops, but he is equally opposed to the building of a Japanese defense establishment. His country needs none, he insists, because she is in no danger of attack from anybody. In the next breath, he may denounce the United States as an imperialist warmonger, the most dangerous enemy of Japan, and of all mankind. China, on the other hand, he sees as "peace-loving"—a conviction untouched by the Red Chinese invasion of India or the belligerent oratory of Mao. The one point on which he agrees with many Japanese businessmen is that their country ought to recognize Red China and build up trade with the mainland as fast as possible. The businessman thinks he can make a lot of money there; the intellectual wants to help a "Socialist" country. Both of them are likely to think of China, quite sentimentally, as an elder sister—the source of much of Japan's culture—and to feel that a prolonged separation is unnatural. Many of them profess to feel guilty about Japanese pillage and rapine in China during the war, and to be eager now to make amends by aiding Red China's economic development.

The intellectual usually has few contacts with anybody outside his own clique, and none at all with government officials or industrialists. (One of the participants in the Kurashiki meeting told me that he thought its chief value was in opening up a dialogue among the Japanese who were there. "We just aren't in the habit of talking to each other," he



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THE EASY CHAIR

said.) Moreover, until recent rency restrictions made it almost possible for him to travel abroad, less he could get some kind of grant or scholarship. Under such circumstances, it is hardly surprising that his thinking may be (to gently) a bit parochial.*

Answers of Their

The foregoing, like most generalizations, is too sweeping. It is a probably accurate description, I think, of many (perhaps a majority) of the intellectual class; but the exceptions are notable, and growing.

For one thing, the conflict between Russia and Red China has coalesced and splintered the Japanese Marxist Communist party supporters. The Chinese; the much larger Soviet party tends to be pro-Soviet, though a tug-of-war among several factions makes the socialists look wavering and uncertain. The small Social Democratic party is trying to develop an outlook similar to that of the Western European Social and Social Democratic movements. And an increasing number of former Marxists seem to be withdrawing away from politics altogether.

At the same time, social studies long stunted in Japanese universities—are beginning to come alive. A few years ago, for example, virtually all economics was taught in a strictly Marxian interpretation. Now a few professors are beginning to teach "Modern Economics"—a Western post-Keynesian economic thought. ("Modern" is a powerful attractive term in Japan, as the Communists suffered a tactical defeat when they let it be captured by their opponents.) Japanese scholars abroad to study—about 1,250 go to the United States alone—bringing back a little fresh air to the claustrophobic academic world. They have to introduce it cautiously, however; a professor of politics who did graduate work in the United States remarked that for at least two years after his return he would have to lean over backward to avoid

Dr. Herbert Passin of Columbia University, a leading scholar of Japanese culture, suggests that these are parallel to those of the French left intellectuals, and may have similar origins.

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THE EASY CHAIR

ing pro-American. Otherwise leagues would accuse him of brainwashed.) And a few ecc and social scientists at last veloping some contact with ment and business. For insta Kazuo Noda, associate prof industrial relations at Kikk versity, is serving as a mana consultant to several compa far, his case is a rarity, but likely to remain so for long.

Then, too, our Ambassador Edwin O. Reischauer, and his tionally able staff are g building a bridge to the int community. He is admirably e for the job, since he is hi scholar—a leading historian Far East—who speaks fluen nese and married a Japane The best measure of his su perhaps the fury with which the wing press denounces “the Rei line” and “the Embassy’s ca iga of intellectual infiltration.”

Finally, I suspect that ny Japan's best minds are only w be ginning to recover from the s min impact of the war, the defeat, d th cataclysmic overturn of all the tr ditional values. They were, so t speak, paralyzed by shock; d no surprisingly they often took spe ate refuge in the only sys m thought—Marxism—which p res to offer (as Dr. Yasumasa “him put it) “ready-made answers “man of the problems they wanted o n derstand.” But these minds, i seem to me, are too good to stay s ief indefinitely with ready-made s which patently do not fit the v around them—and are foreign to boot. Before long they wi g to tailor some answers of the These will be strictly Japanes, signed to serve their own ri interest; and in many cases, h fore, they may prove discour to Americans. Sharp argumen foreseeable over, among other the future of Okinawa, the exp in 1970 of the present arran for U.S. bases in Japan, and r ships with Red China.

All the more reason, therefo we should try to grasp as best the directions in which their th are moving. For neither coun again afford the kind of mut comprehension which led to Harbor and Hiroshima.

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After Hours



A Base in Maine Called Blotner

by William S. Ellis

A former newspaperman in Tulsa, Harrisburg, Beirut, and elsewhere, Mr. Ellis is now a free lance who concentrates on New England.

When winter comes to Maine, and the snowdrifts reach ten, sometimes fifteen feet, Sam Blotner turns his thoughts to Florida. And so it was on a bitterly cold day in February 1963: Sam was sitting in the office of his mobile trailer sales company, in the Bangor suburb of Veazie, running his hands through his thinning red hair and wondering if it wasn't about time for him to make his twenty-second trip to Miami. It had been snowing for several days and the voice of the blustery wind was as loud as he had ever heard it.

Since few people shop for trailers in such weather, Sam was mildly surprised to see a car stop in front of the office. Now men with an interest in house trailers tend to have a certain look about them. They are either elderly, shod with shoes made of canvas and possessed of the incredible neatness of retired railroad conductors, or else they are middle-aged career Army men with fallen chests and pockets bulging with Zippo lighters and great clumps of keys. Sam could tell right away that the driver of the car was neither type.

"He came in, introduced himself, and told me he was a government at-

torney," Sam recalled. "He had a telegram in his hand, and it was in code. But, poor fellow, he had a hard time making out what it said."

It developed that Sam had something the government wanted to buy. That was a switch because Sam has been buying things from the government since the end of World War II. He has bought tanks and armored personnel carriers, staff cars and buildings—all surplus and all obtained at a fraction of the original cost. And then, in December 1962, Sam went all out and bought a surplus missile base. For just \$7,600 he got twenty-eight acres of land, several barracks, an officers' quarters, garages, extensive sanitation and electrical facilities, three elevators leading to massive concrete-encased, air-conditioned missile storage vaults thirty-five feet under the ground, a mess hall, and radar pads. Also, there was an outdoor basketball court, but that didn't mean much to Sam because while he vaguely resembles Bob Cousy, he has the athletic prowess of, say, Kate Smith.

At first the government rejected Sam's bid of \$7,600, although it was the highest one submitted. "They told me they wanted at least \$10,000," he said. "So I told them that if they wanted \$10,000 they should have told me before I submitted my bid, but they didn't. Know how I settled on

the figure of \$7,600? I'm paid so I thought of the year our country was founded—1776—and took from that. Of course I couldn't make them \$17.76 or even \$1,776, so I made it \$7,600."

What Sam bought was one of the Nike-Ajax missile sites surrounding the Loring Air Force Base in northern Maine. It consisted of two parcels: the launching site and, set back a mile apart, up on a hill, the control center. The two were linked only by communication lines. It is likely that the entire installation cost the government more than a million dollars to construct. Understandably, a bid of only \$7,600 was not greeted with a means with which to balance the budget.

"I didn't want to haggle with the government, so I told them to give me my deposit back," Sam said. "They told me they would take it with a Congressional committee. I'm telling you, the way they do business is a shame. Anyway, about twelve months later I was told they would take the \$7,600. I owned a missile base. Course, they didn't leave any missiles there."

Sam Blotner is a short, wiry, friendly-looking man who takes great delight in cloaking himself in the showy trappings of the wheeler-dealer. But with a bordering on endearing madness,



see it now! *Don't tell me you see a ruby-throated nuthatch?*



I'm not watching birds. *Oh, you shy devil—that's where they hold the official All-Girls Volleyball Championship.*



In past that stage. I'm trying on a squirrel. *A squirrel?*



He's been teaching me a lesson. *You feeling all right?*



The reason I'm watching squirrel is to see what he do with the nuts I leave and you know, without me always puts some for tomorrow. *Squirrels really do that?*



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AFTER HOURS

is as much clown as he is businessman. He is forty-seven and married to a woman who thinks it is "foolish" for him to buy such things as tanks and missile bases. His checkered employment background includes a stint with the WPA and popcorn salesman for a carnival.

"Owning that missile base made me proud," he said. "I was even asked to go on television and tell about it, and when I got to the studio I heard the announcer tell the audience that the guests tonight are Bob Hope and Sam Blotner. I hear that and I ask myself, 'Who the hell is this Sam Blotner, this celebrity?'" When he pronounces his name it is like the sound of ripe tomatoes crashing against concrete.

Acquisition of the installation for just a little more than the cost of the chain link fence surrounding it was only the first of Sam's bargain-base triumphs. The second was to grow out of the visit by the government attorney on that snow-freighted day last February. His purpose for being there was to announce that the government had made a mistake. It had not intended to sell both parcels of the base; the control site was needed as the location for a new radar ballistics unit.

Sam was incredulous. "How could they make such a mistake?" he asked.

"The government is big business and it makes big mistakes," the attorney replied. He added that he was authorized to offer \$3,000 for the return of the one parcel.

Sam smiled. "Now look. You people were wrong in selling me the base for so little money, and if I sold part of it back to you for just three thousand dollars, that would be wrong, too. You know as well as I do that two wrongs don't make a right." The attorney said he would call his superior and see if he could get authorization to raise the price. "Use my phone," Sam offered. Declining, the attorney said he preferred to drive to town and telephone from there.

When he returned with a higher offer, Sam again refused and off to town went the attorney to make another telephone call. "Every time he'd come in here with a higher offer I'd refuse and he'd say he'd have to call his boss," Sam recalled. "I kept telling him to use my phone but he kept going to town—driving through all

that snow—to phone from Hell, I wasn't going to listen conversation."

When the negotiations deadlocked, Sam left for There, he observed the flood of Cuban refugees, and said, "made me realize how am to be a citizen of this He decided then to reopen negotiations with the government was while driving back to M an idea began to yeast in his an idea that was to reach the military arm of the gov and tattoo the name Blotner on the missile muscle.

He got in touch with the and told him what he had in he would sell the parcel out \$30,000, or he would let the ment use it in return for payment of one dollar, prove new ballistic missile site be named the "Blotner Radar Site." They told him right it was against regulations, tary installations aren't na just *anyone*. Sam said that a best he could do, and aft telephone calls (from town), ernment agreed to meet him and-name terms. Thus, for believed to be the first tim history of this country, a base was named for a non person.

Actually, Sam is a veteran of World War II. He was in aircraft, and he likes to say the reasons he bought the base because during those days in the 1940s, when he was attached to defense emplacements around New York City area, he often thought it would be nice to "go into the base for myself." However, the base was named not for him but for his brother, Louis, a nonveteran.

Louis Blotner was an immigrant who came to this country from Austria. Settling in the Boston area, he worked hard as a salesman, but he didn't make much money; indeed, he didn't even have enough money to buy a headstone for his grandfather. He died at the age of forty-nine in a rare moment of solemnity, says of his father, "He was a good man, an honest man." And with his wit straining to break through from its temporary rein, he

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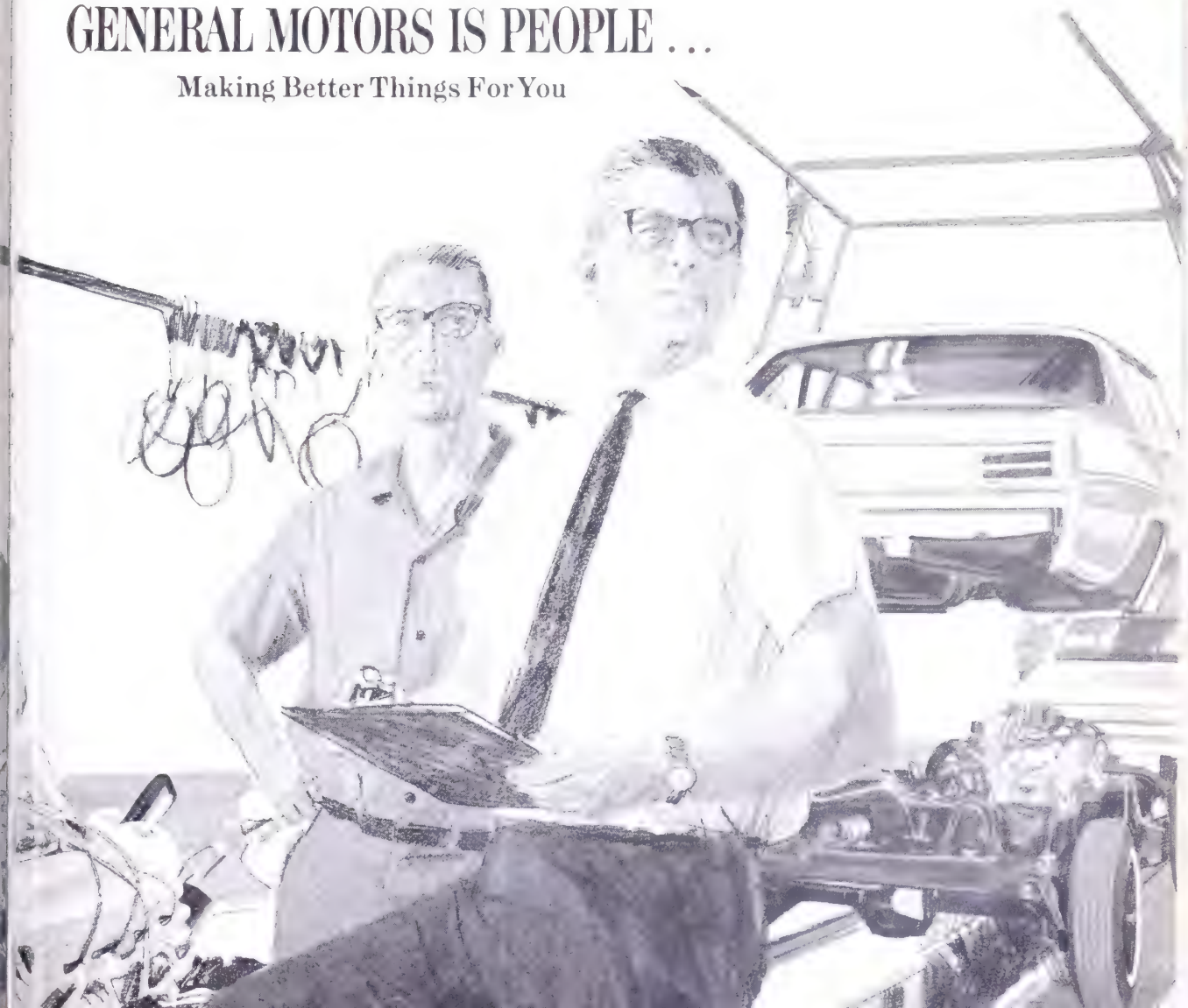
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"I said to myself, 'Sam, what more suitable thing can you do for your father than leave something like a missile-tracking station in his name?' I'm sure anybody with a father would do the same thing."

The deed resulting from the agreement actually amounts to a treaty between the government of the United States and Sam Blotner. The document, in part, states that "this conveyance is made with the expressed condition that the proposed government site bear the name of Louis Blotner who is the deceased father of Samuel F. Blotner . . . and that suitable inscription by designation on any plans, drawings, papers, or other documents and signs created by the Grantee or anyone else in relation to the project be made, and that a roadway sign be erected describing the project in manner honoring Louis Blotner; and with the further condition that upon termination by the Grantee of its use of the premises for the present intended use, the property with all improvements attached to the ground and to the buildings shall revert in fee, without encumbrance, in good condition to the Grantor."

In short, Sam will get the base back when the government is finished with it. And in the event it is bombed and destroyed in the interim, it will have to be rebuilt before it is returned to him. As for the signs—well, Sam is not one to overlook the value of roadside exposure. Motorists now driving along U. S. 1 in northern Aroostook County will come across a neatly lettered billboard sprouting from the earth where before only potatoes grew. It reads:

BLOTNER RBS SITE

This Site Donated For Use by the USAF
By Samuel Blotner
In Memory of His Father
Louis Blotner

Sam, of course, still has the other parcel of the base—the launching site—for his own use. He hasn't decided what he will do with it, although he is thinking of opening a nightclub there. Later, he says, he might turn it over to the United Nations so that they can have a nice place to meet during the summer months ("I'd like to do something like that—something for humanity").

The Blotner base is now in full

operation, and security there is tight. "They won't even let me in," Sam said. However, he doesn't worry about that. He is content to immerse himself in the warmth of a very pleasant dream that comes to him quite frequently these days. In the dream he sees himself being drafted

back into the armed forces sent to the Blotner Radar Site, and there he spends his duty in happy anticipation of time when a bilious sergeant come up and demand to know thinks he owns the place thing.

An Investigation into the Nature, Function, and Attendant Circumstances of Radiators

by John L'Heureux

Well, what is to be said of radiators?

Kinds, first of all. Fat ones like men at doorways of tobacconists forty years waiting, skinnies like Miss Twiddle, little puffy ones (a favorite aunt scrunched up in the best seat by the window), slouch radiators that hug the wall so close they disappear (mice play their harpsichord at midnight), baseboard ones and grates in floors and little apertures behind the draperies, all pretending we are warm; and I cold now eighteen years.

Now, function.

Radiators rattle. Funeral flowers wired and straitened to departure do not rattle more in winter wind than radiators. They are modern poems, sputtering, spitting; with little starts and tugs they try to shake convention, shock the cold out of conformity. Some radiators work.

Circumstances.

Flowers sometimes blossom them—the brown ones, squat and deep enough for copper pots or red clay pots and now and then (in Boston) bean pots bought especially for the radiator. Geraniums bring out the best in brown radiators. And violets.

Conclusion.

Radiators are good. Noisier than children and not so warm, but good to have and good to use and good to look at. With a flower you can bring them in the living room with pride, saying: "Well, there's my radiator under that flower." With skill and money you can hide them, in case your tastes run to hiding. And with imagination you can see in them our poetry: the wonder of a tired world that warms its hands at iron.

Love, I pray thee, warm my hands cold now eighteen years.



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The Romance of Pewee Valley

Commonwealth of Kentucky
Office of the Attorney General
Frankfort
February 5, 1964

Honorable Harold E. Black
Director
Division of Institutions
Department of Corrections
Frankfort, Kentucky

Dear Mr. Black:

This is in reply to your letter of February 4 concerning the marital status of one of the female inmates at the Women's Prison in Pewee Valley. Since institutional rules permit an inmate to correspond with or receive visits only from her legal husband, if married, a clarification of this matter is desired.

The inmate under consideration entered the women's prison under the name of the individual who was found to be her second husband. We shall designate him as "B." Upon learning that this inmate had previously married "A" and had not obtained a divorce from "A" prior to her marriage to "B," the warden of the women's prison refused visiting and mailing privileges to "B." "B" then paid the costs of the legal proceedings by which the female inmate obtained a divorce from "A," her first husband.

At a later date, the female inmate and "B" were remarried—presumably, to validate the former marital contract. However, when the female inmate was paroled, she discovered that prior to her remarriage to "B," "B" himself had married another woman and he had not obtained a divorce from this woman at the time of his remarriage to the female inmate. The female inmate without securing a divorce from "B" then married "C."

The issue presented is whether the female inmate, who has been recommitted to the Women's Prison at Pewee Valley, may correspond with and receive visits from "C," her latest known husband.

Needless to say, this case presents a factual situation which our

research indicates is unique in the annals of jurisprudence. A somewhat similar factual situation was presented in the case of *Walker v. Matthews*, 191 Miss. 489, 3 So. 820 (1941). In that case, the defendant died intestate at the age of seventy. He had been a fireman on a railroad and like the sailor with a paramour in every port, it had been his desire to have one at every depot along the line. He appears to have lived to the limit of his physical and mental abilities. As the defendant neared the end of life's run, he returned to his home terminal, so to speak, and as his engine was pulling into the terminal, its fires were burning low. While sitting on his front porch and rocking with the grain in the shade of the sugarplum tree in Lauderdale County, Mississippi, the fire went out and he was gathered unto his fathers. Since he left a sizable estate, many of his depot sweethearts contended that they were his common-law wives and entitled to it. Unfortunately, the applicability of this case to the one at bar ends here since Kentucky does not recognize common-law marriages.

However, we are not without legal guidance in this matter. The Kentucky General Assembly years ago in the exercise of what now appears to have been a profound ability to perceive and prognosticate this delicate situation now being considered, enacted KRS 402.020. This statute provides that marriage is prohibited and void "when there is a husband or wife living, from whom the person marrying has not been divorced."

Applying the provision of this statute to the case at bar, the female inmate's first marriage to "B" was void because she was still married to "A." When she married "B" a second time, this marriage was also void because "B" was married to another woman. Thus, in the absence of extenuating circumstances not now before us, the female inmate, in our opinion, is the legal wife of "C." However, this conclusion may be in jeopardy because in our telephone conversation of recent date,

you advised us that the warden of the women's prison had informed that the female inmate concerned herein had just received a letter from a fourth man who indicated in said letter that the female inmate should be wearing his wedding ring. Should this be the case, the inmate's desire to submit additional information to this office and request a supplementary opinion. It would appear that the inmate's propensity for matrimony equaled only by her aversion to divorce.

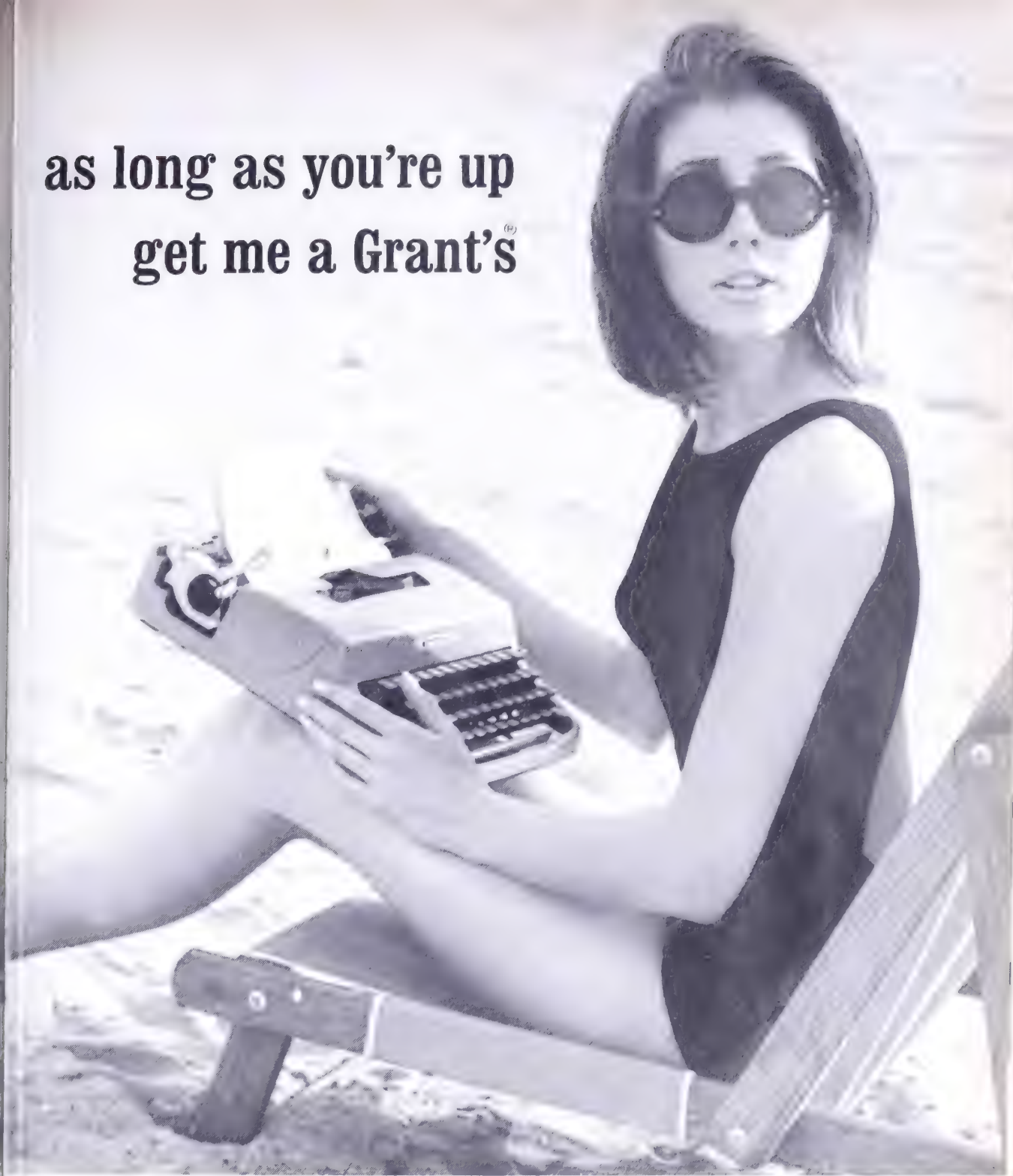
In conclusion, we note that the romance of life is contained in the elements of this case. The romance of the heart of man, or woman, as O. Henry may be, cannot be imprisoned in the hermitage of steel and stone. The great works of O. Henry, for example, were penned in a prison. There were many of the books of the Bible and Testament. Other examples are cited. Likewise, the amorous relations of individuals are not subject to physical barriers.

We are not attempting to minimize any of these occurrences, even the latter one. We merely view them secondhand. Other states boast of Niagara Falls, Mount Rushmore, or other resort areas for honeymooning couples, but Kentucky must be the first state where a women's prison has been there for a romantic rendezvous. The scope and extent noted here. Undoubtedly, much of the interest for these romantic adventures may be attributed in large measure to the aromatic fragrance of the roses that suckle in bloom, the sweet melody of the melodious voice of the nightingale in the lilac bush, the warm glow of the golden moonlight, the pleasant and placid premises of the Women's Prison in Pewee Valley.

As a word of caution, we conclude, that we are now in the midst of a Leap Year. To be warned is to be forearmed.

Very truly yours,
ROBERT MATTHEWS
Attorney General
By: RAY CORNS
Assistant Attorney General

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computer goes to work

it is of little value until it is o the overall picture. That is ne Weather Bureau's forecast eginns its job of storm analysis—with an IBM computer.

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Harper's

magazine

The Minds of Barry Goldwater

By Richard H. Rovere

Why does he sound so contradictory? Because there are two Goldwaters (at least)—and the candidate now wishes he could shed that other fellow.

Wherever he has gone this year, Barry Goldwater has been held to account for the strident language and the impolitic opinions of another man named Barry Goldwater. The first Goldwater, the flesh-and-blood candidate, insists that the second is a fiction—a fright created by Nelson Rockefeller, William Scranton, the New York Times, the New York Tribune, and other pillars and agents of the "Eastern Establishment." The Goldwater they are talking about is a man who favors the use of nuclear arms in brushfire wars, the dismantling of the Social Security system, United States withdrawal from the United Nations, and the sale of the Tennessee Valley Authority. The Senator from Arizona says they cannot be talking about him; these, he says, are not his aims.

When opponents and critics have cited what they claimed to be the record, he has replied that they were citing from a non-record or a falsified one.

Either someone is lying or there are two Goldwaters. I believe that the second explanation explains more. There are two Goldwaters—at least that many. There is, on the one hand, the Senator on the hustings, the agreeable man with the easy Aw Shucks Western manner who speaks in rightist platitudes but has only a loose grip on ideology and not, apparently, much interest in it. And there is, on the other hand, the dour authoritarian polemicist whose name is signed to *The Conscience of a Conservative*, *Why Not Victory?*, and many hundreds of articles, columns, and press releases so heavily freighted with smarmy theology and invocations of Natural Law ("Right-to-work laws derive from Natural Law") that they have won for the Senator the warm approval of Archduke Otto of Austria, and the admiration of the ranking ideologues of the Franco regime in Spain. There is the Goldwater who can dispose of a large national problem

by saying, "If we get back to readin', writin', and 'rithmetic and an occasional little whack where it will help, then I think our educational system will take care of itself." And there is the portentous Goldwater, abounding in theory: "We have forgotten that the proper function of the school is to transmit the cultural heritage of one generation to another. . . . The fundamental explanation of this distortion of values is that we have forgotten that purpose of education. [It] is not to educate, or elevate, *society*, but rather to educate the *individual*. . . . [We must] recapture the lost arts of learning."

One Goldwater sounds like a George Babbitt from the Grand Canyon country; the other sounds like a miterless Bishop Fulton Sheen. One may be a product of nature and the other of art, but the second has as much materiality as the first and perhaps more. But this does not mean that the first is wholly disingenuous when he claims that the other is a fiction. As a matter of fact, the second is—though the authors are Goldwater's friends, not enemies.

In a sense, of course, every politician successful enough to hire a press agent and a ghost-writer is two men—the one who lives inside his skin and the one who lives in newsprint. There is the corporeal Dwight Eisenhower, the old soldier who plays bridge and golf, broils steaks outdoors, and has the devil's own time making up his mind about anything. And there is—or for many years there was—James Hagerty's Eisenhower, the statesman in whose wisdom, purpose, and firm command the people could have confidence even when doctors were protecting the old soldier from any knowledge of what was going on in the world outside his hospital room. But the two Eisenhowers never provided the contrast the two Goldwaters do. They were never antagonists, never strangers to one another. Hagerty's was merely the largest and best of all possible Eisenhowers, and it was this imposing figure who won elections.

What is strange and perhaps unprecedented in the case of the two Goldwaters is that the less "real" one, the product of so much cosmetic enterprise, is the one who has turned out to be more unattractive—has turned out, actually, to be a

menace to the candidate. We tend to assume that the product of the press agents and the ghost-writers will somehow appear to be more appealing, freer of blemishes, more worthy of truth than the original. Otherwise, why bother? We tamper with nature except to improve on it? But those who have brought the other Goldwater into being by putting words in his mouth have produced not a better Goldwater but, politically, a far worse one. They produced the loss of the Oregon and New Hampshire primaries and the man who continues to do so poorly in the opinion polls.

"Helpers, Ghosts . . .

In his 1964 attempts to disown the second Goldwater, or at least shed bits and pieces of him, the candidate is being less than candid. He knows after all, that he is the author of record of both two books and of a great deal else that his opponents have been studying more carefully than he ever seems to have studied it. He has shot from the hip so often and sworn in so many deputies to shoot from *their* hips that he can't possibly keep track of it all. "Oh, hell, I have ghosts all over the place," he told Stewart Alsop of the *Saturday Evening Post*. He has put out as his own just about anything that has borne or seemed to bear a "conservative" tag. Once last year, he put in the *Congressional Record* the text of a speech headed "Is Conservatism Dynamic?" which he said he had delivered in Montclair, New Jersey. Actually, the speech was delivered by a scholar from Princeton, and it was largely an attack on Goldwaterism. Twelve days later, Goldwater's office said there had been a "clerical error." Goldwater had delivered no speech in Montclair.

Things got so bad late in 1963 that the state had to take on some microfilm and punch-card people to sort out what Goldwater had been saying, or had been having said for him, over the years and to determine exactly what commitment had been made for him and by him. No progress report has been issued. Distinguishing between what he has said and what others have said for him is a problem in philosophy and morals; it is unlikely that machinery could deal with it. In his introduction to *Why Not Victory?*, he lists sixteen persons—"helpers, ghosts, call them what you will"—who were, he said, "but a few of those who provided me with the crutches I so badly need." One may wonder how on earth sixteen people (or seventeen, if Goldwater had anything to do with it) could be "but a few of those" involved

Richard H. Rovere has contributed portraits of Presidential candidates to "Harper's" regularly ever since "Dewey: The Man in the Blue Serge Suit" in 1944. His penetrating books on political affairs include "Senator Joe McCarthy" and "The American Establishment." He is a staff writer for "The New Yorker" and was formerly "Harper's" chief book critic.

turning out a 128-page wafer of a book, but we only need the Senator to tell us that he doesn't need it unaided. Almost everything that has ever appeared under his name has been cast in a rhetorical mold to his mode of thinking and speaking. *Why Not Victory?* and most of the columns and essays are written in a throat-grabbing pamphlet style that reaches notes of shrillness far beyond Goldwater's range. These high notes have usually been supplied by "my close friend" John Shadegg, a former Hollywood scenarist, screenwriter, and manufacturer (as president of the K Research Laboratories in Phoenix) of an anaesthetic remedy called Adreno-Mist. *The Conscience of a Conservative* is written in a heavy-duty prose developed in the academy and the seminary as a vehicle for doctrinal assertion, promulgation, and lecture. To close students of that book, in which acknowledgment of assistance was made, it is hardly a surprise to be told by Goldwater, in the introduction to its sequel, that "the guidance" had been that of L. Brent Bozell, a star columnist for the *National Review*, a journal in which every page is filled with this combative, aggressive language.*

Bozell's recent intellectual history has been interesting. In 1960, when he worked on *The Conscience of a Conservative*, his views seemed indistinguishable from those of others in the rightist school with which he was associated, the school led by his brother-in-law, William F. Buckley, Jr., and endorsed by the *National Review*. These people are fond of calling themselves "libertarian" conservatives and they insist that their goal is individual liberty, or freedom. As it is put in *The Conscience of a Conservative*, "the Conservative's first concern always be: *Are we maximizing freedom?*" Two years after this book appeared, Bozell kicked up a storm in rightist circles by abandoning this position. In a *National Review* article entitled "Freedom or Virtue?" he said that reflection had led him to conclude that "freedom" would not do as a constructive goal and that, indeed, freedom might have been limited and restrained in order to provide more opportunities for "virtue," which is the ultimate goal in life. Virtue is virtue, he said, whether it is embodied by a man free to err or whether, as behavior, it is "a) reflexive, b) instinctive, c) coerced by absolute power." In this light, he reasoned, Franco's Spain (in which he had lately been living) might achieve a greater sum total of virtue than a society like ours, as Goldwater said he would have ours do, "maximize freedom." "For," Bozell went on, "as mystics tell us, true sanctity is achieved only when a man loses his freedom—when he is freed of temptation to displease God." Bozell, according to Goldwater, worked on *Why Not Victory?*, which was also published in 1962. Early this year he sought, as Goldwater man, a Republican nomination for congressman in Maryland. He failed to get it. He is still in the Goldwater movement now but is not even on the candidate's staff.

"There is no feeling of weakness in admitting this need for help," Goldwater, or somebody, writes in the introduction to *Why Not Victory?* "The fight for Conservatism requires the thoughts and efforts of many." This is a wild *non sequitur*, but no matter—no one really expects politicians to find all their own words, even for what is advanced as a testament of "conscience." In any case, there is a more interesting and more important question than how much or how little of Goldwater is to be found in these books. It is: How much or how little of these books is to be found in Goldwater? Must he, that is to say, stand on the ground that Bozell and others have prepared for him? We know, of course, that on some specific issues he has already left it, and we can be sure that on others he would like to. Yet he remains, and is proud to remain, a factionalist. In his votes on the test-ban treaty, the civil-rights bill, and the anti-poverty bill, he held his position outside the consensus. What identified him four years ago was his extreme anti-federalism in domestic affairs, and in foreign affairs his total opposition to any accommodation with the communist states. These positions continue to give him his identity, and the question now is whether this must always be the case. Can he really be a candidate of the whole Republican party? Could he ever be a President of all the people?

"Just One Little Senator"

It seems likely that Goldwater himself would be at a loss for an answer to these questions. There is no evidence that he has ever considered them important or has ever given them much thought. And there is some rather impressive evidence that he has yet to make a really thorough exploration of the ground on which he stands, or has stood. One assumes, naturally, that he has at one time or another read most of what has been written for him. Much of it, in fact, he has read aloud—drawing on the books for speech texts and depositing old speech texts in books. But "reading"—with or without lips moving—is an activity that can be carried on with varying degrees of intensity, absorption, and comprehension. Goldwater has been rather a casual student of his own works. For example, this from an interview he granted *Newsweek* last October:

Q: In your first political book, you said that the "alliance system . . . ultimately dooms [us] to failure." But in 1962, you said that alliances can "form a great dam against the running

tide . . ." How about today?

A: I would be hard put to remember what caused me to write that alliances doom us to failure.*

But the most intriguing acknowledgment of surprise and what appears to be shock comes at the end of *Why Not Victory?*, in a two-page passage headed "A Final Word." Several platoons of ghosts may have been recruited to produce this slender but bellicose tract, but one has the feeling that this epilogue is entirely the work of a Phoenix merchant who at once commands and is at the mercy of an army of zealots. "Reading over what I have written," the passage begins, "it strikes me that my tone may be lacking in humility." This is exactly on the mark. For lack of humility, no recent book with the possible exception of Norman Mailer's *Advertisements for Myself* deserves comparison with this one.

The passage continues:

I don't know all the answers, and I have very little patience with those who pretend they do. [This at the close of a book which is all answers and, except in its title, no questions.] None of us here in Washington knows all or even half the answers.

Your representatives in the nation's capital are not unlike you—with your doubts and faults and frailties. What was it my prep-school coach used to say in the locker room before the game to quiet our fears about the monsters we were about to meet on the gridiron? "Those guys are human—they put on their pants one leg at a time just like you."

Your Congressman, your Senators, your Cabinet members, and your President are human. I dare say—though I could not prove it to be a fact—they put on their pants one leg at a time.

Being human, they need help. Your help. After all, you elect them. You must be responsible to them. If you don't know anything about the communist conspiracy, if you think Karl Marx is Groucho's brother, if what Khrushchev is doing to the world escapes your attention because you turn right to the sports pages (I turn right to the sports pages but then I reluctantly thumb to the front of the paper), then you are not being responsible to the people you elect.

He would have suffered no embarrassment if he had recalled what the book actually said. The *Newsweek* quotation was faulty. The argument in *The Conscience of a Conservative* was that the destruction of communism should be the aim of American policy and that the alliance system could not realize this aim because its approach was defensive. What the text says is that "This fact ultimately dooms it to failure." The interviewer replaced the "it" with "us." Goldwater could have claimed perfect consistency.

We, the elected, half lead and we half follow . . . You are 180,000,000 voices, and just one little Senator.

This is an extraordinary passage—extraordinary in its desperation, in its vulgarity, in its mindlessness, in its bottomless irresponsibility. It seems clearly the product of a direct confrontation—probably the first, perhaps the last—of the two Goldwaters. It is hard to imagine the man who wrote it (I cannot entertain the possibility that this came from anyone but the Senator himself) even wanting to be President of the United States, but nothing is clearer than that the author of these words, at the time they were written, would have liked nothing better than to dive into the "mainstream," to accept every article of the "consensus." He is "just one little Senator" who doesn't know "even half the answers." He invites us to discount him at better than 50 per cent.

Trapped by His Rhetoric

No doubt the "one little Senator" Goldwater has been selected forever. *Pro them, pub-lic*, he hopes so. But the 1964 candidate will urge us to make, or to allow him to make, some discount. He can be relied upon to argue that he, like many other leaders before him, will have to respond to the needs and events of the times and to the imperatives found in some scraps of altered rhetoric. This is certainly a mainstream position. We do not want or expect our public men to honor campaign oratory at the expense of common sense, safety, or subsequently revealed truth. But the difficulty with Goldwater, and Goldwater, is that he is not in the contemporary sense a "public man." The true Goldwater, the inner Goldwater, if there really is one, may be as flexible as a rubber band, but the Goldwater that we and he must contend with in 1964 is something else again. When this man bends, he breaks. He has said, or allowed others to say for him, things that no politician in his senses would dream of saying. Consider this incredible sentence from *Why Not Victory?*: "We should, believe, announce in no uncertain terms that we are *against* disarmament." The dizziest of war hawks would never allow himself to become responsible for a pronouncement like that. If so much as put it into a draft, his press agent would explain that he was breaking the very first rule of warhawkism, which is to write "for" where Goldwater has "*against*." Only after this is done would he be free to argue the case for more bombs, more bullets, more everything.

the dim awareness of this basic rule must have led Goldwater to write his almost hysterical letter, quoted above, at the end of *Why Not Victory?* But the damage cannot be undone in this fashion. Sentences like the one on disarmament—maximum-security cells, and the man who writes them or authorizes them has imprisoned himself and cannot talk his way out later or while the American electorate does not seem to see a politician immobilized by what he has said or done in the past, it does expect him somehow or other to square past and present, to declare that this or that policy is an apology or fulfillment of this or that principle laid down in the past. How, having declared an opposition to disarmament—even italicized—opposed to disarmament—could Goldwater possibly have voted for last fall's Treaty of Moscow? In all likelihood, he would not have voted for it under any circumstances. But if he had considered it prudent to do so—if he had felt that in the years since the publication of *Why Not Victory?* circumstances had occurred which justified ratification of that particular treaty—he would have had to vote not just a change of view on a single issue but the rejection of a fundamental principle which he had laid down.

Can He Live with It?

It is at least conceivable that Goldwater would have welcomed an opportunity to vote with the majority on the civil-rights bill. He was eager, at the time the Senate voted, to be considered a moderate Republican, and he knew pretty well that he would be the candidate and would run on a platform that would contain some endorsement of what was certain by July to be the law. He had taken his stand with the Southerners on cloture, and he knew that further opposition was quixotic in its impact on legislation, certainly, and doubly so in its impact on the election. He might have contrived, as Everett Dirksen so nimbly did, to justify joining the consensus merely by pointing out the futility of standing outside it. He might have appealed to an even nobler value—national unity.

But for Goldwater the opportunity had been all but precluded by Brent Bozell—or some other conservative—guided by the “guiding hand”—in *The Conscience of a Conservative*. In that book, Goldwater allowed himself to be committed to a states’-rights position that Jefferson Davis could hardly have found acceptable. It is that the Tenth Amendment to the Constitution “recognizes the

states’ jurisdiction” in all matters not specifically designated as federal somewhere in the text of the Constitution.

So much granted, it follows that the whole contemporary concept of “civil rights” is constitutionally invalid and there is only “an imagined conflict” between states’ rights and civil rights. Thus, while “it may be just or wise or expedient for Negro children to attend the same schools as white children . . . they do not have a civil right to do so.” This is the case because “education is one of the powers reserved to the states by the Tenth Amendment.” The reader of the Tenth Amendment will not find this to be the case. Education is a word—or a “power”—that is not mentioned in that Amendment or anywhere else in the Constitution, which also omits any mention of outer space, radio and television, narcotics, child care, public accommodations, the right to work, trade unions, and communism.

In turning over his intellectual franchise to Bozell and others, Goldwater has bound himself to a view of the Constitution that no President since Washington could have lived with. No major candidate in this century has so much as tried to live with anything like it—for the obvious reason that it denies the existence of almost every urgent problem of the age. “The Constitution,” it is written in *The Conscience of a Conservative*, “is what its authors intended it to be and said it was—not what the Supreme Court says it is.” And Goldwater has elsewhere said, “I believe in the Constitution of the United States as it was written one-hundred-and-eighty [*sic*] years ago and not as it is being ‘interpreted’ today.”* This is not merely a fundamentalist or reactionary or unhistorical (his dating is off not by years but by centuries; part of the Constitution was “written” in A. D. 1964) or eccentric view, but a downright impossible one. It cannot be defended in rational discourse. For Goldwater to “believe” what he says he believes is to defy just about everything we know of language, logic, history, and law. It makes about as much sense as might be made by a man who says he likes food very much but is opposed to eating it. The Constitution is made of words, and words exist to be read, and to read is to “interpret,” and Goldwater “interprets” every time he opens his mouth about the Constitution. This much at least he has in

* If Bozell is responsible for the words or the concept, he has already retracted them. In the article “Freedom or Virtue?” his desire to uphold virtue over freedom compels him to argue that “It is a mistake to make demigods out of the framers or to read as a piece of scripture what they wrote.”

common with the Supreme Court. Impossible or not, the "belief" is still operative and binding on the candidate, who, on the eve of the Republican Convention, told *Der Spiegel*: "I voted against [the civil-rights bill] on Constitutional grounds."

The Goldwater line on the Constitution has been tailored to fit his anti-federalism. The fit is atrocious, but this seems a matter of small concern to him and to other politicians who for a number of reasons do not this year wish to acknowledge the existence of national problems. But Goldwater is—if we take him at his word—more, much more than an anti-federalist. He doesn't want the federal power to dominate the states, but he does want it to dominate the world. And here the Constitution is not in the least inhibiting. "Our objective," he says in *Why Not Victory?*, "must be the destruction of the enemy as an ideological force and the removal of Communists from power wherever they hold it." He has lately hedged a bit as to the means, but he has at the same time expanded the ends. In the *Spiegel* interview, he said his aim would be "victory where our concepts of government, our concepts of freedom would replace the false concepts of communism [in this] struggle between godless people and the people of God." If his view of federal authority on this continent is unprecedentedly and impossibly narrow, his view of federal authority on other continents is unprecedentedly sweeping and on the face of it unconstitutional. If past Presidents had read their

mandates in this way, the nation would have perpetually at war, perpetually crusading, perpetually subjugating.

The anti-federalist Goldwater would Balk the Union and thus diminish the power which crusader Goldwater would threaten godless people." It would take a lot of assistance to make it work—even to have the country survive the attempt. The attempt is unlikely ever to be made, even in the unlikely event of Goldwater's election.

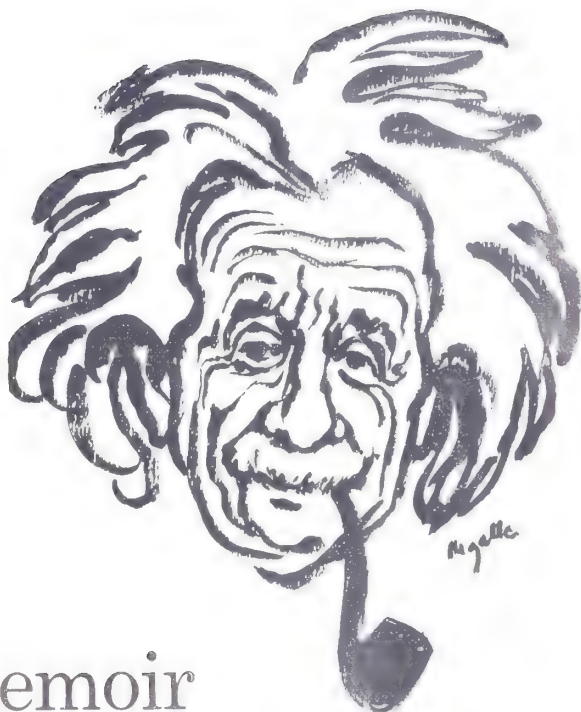
But a great party has accepted both the glib Arizona politician and the dour rightist ideologue; the two are fused now, and a factionalist—a profoundly non-public man—will come in at second in November. This should cause a good many of us to reexamine our assumptions about the workings of the American party system. Or in a most peculiar sense Goldwater owes his success to the widespread belief that the system is a machine constructed to produce a result opposite from the one produced in San Francisco in July. All the Republican leaders of the era have now closed—with the possible exception of Nelson Rockefeller—thought Goldwater's election inevitable. Their behavior—from Eisenhower's early commitment to neutrality to Scranton's belated campaign—can only be explained in terms of their ideas of how the system should work. Because they thought it could happen, it did happen.

A Primer for Voters

Let no one stop you from voting! If it rains, remember that the hunger of your entire future is worse than one day's rain. . . . If you have no clean change of clothing to wear to the booth, come in your work clothes—there is your future! It is not a holiday; it is the most serious day of work since you were born. Better to come in clothing dirty from work than . . . with your soul filthy for having sold your own right to justice, your future and the future of your children—to those who profit in millions by your misery. . . .

Come to vote, as you will. Come seriously. Come without foolishness. You don't win justice with fooling. Come without having one shot of rum or any other intoxicating drink. Come without provoking anyone or allowing yourself to be drawn into provocation. . . . And above all other things, have faith in yourselves. Have faith in your own honor. . . . Be the men and women that God wanted you to be.

—Luis Muñoz Marín, speaking as candidate for the Senate of Puerto Rico, 1940. Quoted in *Poet in the Fortress, The Story of Luis Muñoz Marín*, by Thomas Aitken, Jr. (New American Library. To be published September 8, 1964.)



Einstein:

An intimate memoir

by Thomas Lee Bucky, with Joseph P. Blank

Among other charming oddities, the father of relativity once decreed that a hot dog is a vegetable. And he never could grasp the purpose of shaving cream or a sailboat's centerboard.

The first time I met Professor Albert Einstein tried to put me at ease by bringing out a Yo-Yo showing me how it worked. I was thirteen, the year was 1932. We were at Einstein's home in Caputh, a suburb of Berlin. My father, late Dr. Gustav Bucky, was the physician to Einstein's two stepdaughters, and this relationship had prompted the Professor to invite our family—my parents, my older brother, and me—inner.

It was a great event, and I was terribly excited at the prospect of visiting such a celebrity home. When we shook hands, he must have felt my fright and awe. Even in my own near-dying shyness, however, I saw that Einstein himself was shy. But, seeing my discomfort, he

sat down with me and gently asked me about my studies at school.

Then he said, "I have something to show you." He went to his desk and returned with a Yo-Yo, at that time the schoolboy rage of Berlin. He tried to show me how it worked, but he couldn't make it roll back up the string. When my turn came I displayed my few tricks and pointed out to him that the improperly looped string had thrown the toy off balance. Einstein nodded, properly impressed by my skill and knowledge.

After paying this kind of conscientious attention to my mother and brother also, he settled down with my father, who was a pioneer in radiology and an inventor, and they lost themselves in a scientific discussion. Mrs. Einstein and my mother turned to *Hausfrau* talk.

At the end of dinner, my mother complimented Mrs. Einstein on her fine cooking. In an effort at casualness, she said, "It is nothing. We went to no trouble. We dine like this every night."

"What?" Professor Einstein burst out in spontaneous candidness. "We eat like *this—every night?*" And Mrs. Einstein, a sweet, mild woman, broke into a blush.

After school the next day, I hurried to a toy store and drove the salesladies nearly wild by testing every Yo-Yo in stock. I finally decided that one was best for balance and feel, and mailed it to the Professor as a Christmas present. By return mail I received a handwritten page-long poem of thanks that began:

Santa Claus doesn't like to visit
Rickety ladies and old gentlemen . . .

Einstein, we learned, was very fond of little trick toys, and my brother and I made a point of sending him play gadgets, like the Chinese nail trick, as they came on the market.

When Hitler reached power in 1933 Einstein was lecturing in the United States and he remained, accepting a post with the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, New Jersey. Since my parents already were naturalized American citizens, we were able to leave Germany in the same year and settled in New York City, where my father practiced medicine. He also opened a small laboratory, which Einstein often visited to work with him on inventions. The Professor was not interested in the physical development of an invention; he liked to think out the theoretical solutions.

The two men became close friends, and I spent the next eight summers with the Professor, until medical school and World War II eliminated my vacations. To a boy, Einstein was a god. Even his appearance had a godlike distinctiveness—the massive head with its unruly mane of hair; the ragged mustache; deep, gentle eyes that could twinkle with amusement; the droopy upper lids; and the soft, expressive wrinkles that creased his face.

His Own Emily Post

He also had an Olympian remoteness that was really more the product of shyness than aloofness. No one outside of his immediate family ever called him "Albert." Although he spent more time with my father than with any other friend, it was always "Professor Einstein" and "Doctor Bucky." The formality seemed to make both of them comfortable. One time, after I had known him for several years, I impulsively remarked that it might be time for him to abandon a frayed, stretched sweater that was part of his daily uniform. His sudden, cool silence told me that I had stepped across the line.

Yet, he had a good sense of humor. During the early part of the war when Einstein was a consultant to the Navy (he was trying to figure out

the laws that governed waves of detonation) I asked him if the admirals had offered to put him in uniform. The vision of himself in Navy uniform so amused him that he broke into his loud, scolding laugh. His only reading for fun was Emily Post's book on etiquette. He read the book in his bedroom-study in the evenings and his scolding laugh rattled through the house. Frequently he came downstairs with the book in hand and offered to read us a particularly choice passage on the proper conduct of a gentleman.

His humor could even bend his ordinarily inflexible attitude that a fact was a fact, and no amount of human wishing could alter it. Einstein's sister Maja lived at his Princeton home for several years. Like Einstein, she was a gentle person. Her tender regard for all living creatures had made her a vegetarian. But she had one painful conflict: she loved hot dogs. After listening to Maja bemoan her problem Einstein resolved the dilemma by decreeing that, in Maja's case, hot dog was a vegetable.

Einstein's friends never expected him to behave in the conventional manner. Convention takes time and effort, and Einstein's work had first claim on his time and effort. Yet, his regard for others often prompted him to do the conventional thing. When I was ill with tuberculosis at a veterans' hospital in The Bronx, Einstein created a sensation there by visiting me. I was tremendously moved. I knew how much he disliked to leave his work, how much he was bored by the two-and-a-half hour automobile trip, and how pained he felt under public scrutiny.

Within a few minutes, the corridor outside my room was crowded with people. The only person who did more than slowly pass and peer in was the hospital rabbi. He couldn't resist the chance to meet Einstein. He began apologies, confessing he had no right to impose, but Einstein stopped him.

"Oh no, you have rights," he assured the chaplain. "After all, you work for a very important boss."

When I was ordered to the mountains to recuperate from my illness, Einstein sent me a poem in German. Translated, it reads as follows.

Dr. Bucky practices medicine in Weston, Connecticut. He took his M.D. at Yale and was on the staff of the New York Hospital, Bellevue, Montefiore, and other institutions in New York City. His father was a pioneer in radiology and co-inventor with Einstein of the Automatic Camera. Mr. Blank writes for many leading magazines and was vice president of the Society of Magazine Writers last year.

In the city everyone sighs
For peace and quiet
And wants to escape the tumult
For the mountains and the sky.
You are required to take
What others vainly seek—
The view, free and wide,
And tranquil solitude.

While I never saw Einstein emotional, he could express his feelings with touching eloquence. After my father recovered from a very serious illness, Einstein wrote him a note, saying, "I want to let you know how happy I am that we have not been separated. From now on, we will appreciate the value of each day that we spend together."

Since we knew how Einstein was tortured by social occasions, we didn't invite him to my wedding in 1953 at the Plaza in New York. It was a tie affair and we felt it would be unfair to put him in the position of having to accept a friend's invitation. He showed up, without being invited. He was dressed in a dark suit, with white shirt and tie—the perfect attire for the occasion, according to his standards. He also wore an overcoat that bore the NRA label of the 1930s and a navy-blue wool seaman's cap.

Weddings involved long pauses and even on occasion the Professor couldn't abide wasting time. He found some hotel stationery and, during lulls, busied himself with writing equations. As a memento of the evening, I framed one of the sheets of hotel stationery bearing Einstein's small, simple figures and symbols.

His compassion for others made it impossible for him to resist a plea for help. For himself, he was completely indifferent to compliments, awards, medals, prizes. When Israel offered him its Presidency, he respectfully declined. He knew he didn't need the position. But when an organization approached him with the plea that it needed his name on its letterhead to help raise money for a

hospital, a university, or a group of needy people, he frequently consented.

With few exceptions he refused requests to be interviewed by well-known writers and to sit for successful painters. A request based on a pressing personal reason, however, changed his tune. On one occasion a painter asked Einstein to sit for a portrait, and was told, "No, no, no, I do not have time."

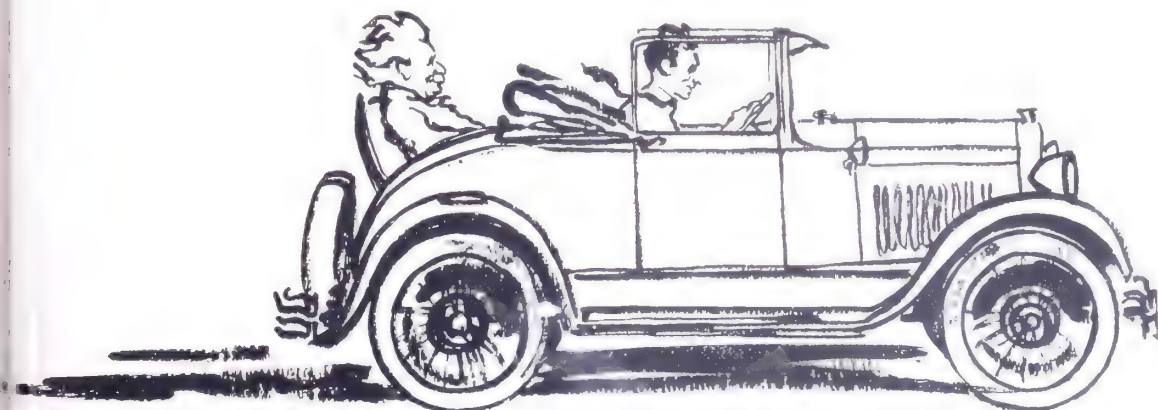
"But I need the money I'll get for the picture," the painter said candidly.

"Well, that's different," Einstein replied. "Of course I'll sit."

While I never completely lost my awe of Einstein, he was never anything but natural and unpretentious with me. When together we simply were a man and a boy. When I bought my first car, an old Model A Ford coupe, Einstein was visiting us in New York, and I asked him to go for a ride. He climbed into the rumble seat and off we went down Fifth Avenue with motorists and pedestrians doing double-takes as they caught sight of him, a smile on his face and his hair flying in the breeze.

During the summers we tramped together along the beaches of Rhode Island, Long Island, and Florida and the shore of Saranac Lake, New York. Often he stopped to gaze for many minutes at the sea, which held an endless fascination for him. Whenever in my private explorations I found an interesting inlet inhabited by crabs, starfish, and fish, or used by waterfowl, I reported my find to him, and we trudged to the spot to share the view in silence. We talked about geology, nature, my school studies.

On one of our walks, I asked him about the interesting sights he had seen on his travels as a lecturer in various parts of the world. The subject bored him. "I used to imagine far-off places and they were pretty and interesting in my mind," he told me. "But when I saw them, they usually were disappointing. My images of them were



more exciting." He even encouraged me to discuss scientific ideas, so long as I was reasonable and logical. He had no patience with people who talked out of ignorance or prejudice. In company, he coped with such people by abruptly excusing himself from the room.

During the early part of World War II when the *Luftwaffe* was bombing cities, Einstein and my father became engrossed in a discussion about a more accurate means of antiaircraft fire. After toying with various ideas, they reached one possibility for a new method of fire that excited them. I left the house and when I returned several hours later they were so full of enthusiasm for their new concept that they told me about it.

After listening for a few minutes, I began to recognize that these two extraordinary minds had violated a basic principle that I had learned in elementary physics. When I pointed out the oversight, their jaws actually dropped. They exchanged glances, then agreed that I was right. In the next moment they were delighted that truth had exposed their error.

He Knew What He Wanted

As a boy and then as an adult I never lost my wonder at the personality that was Einstein. He was the only person I knew who had come to terms with himself and the world around him. He knew what he wanted and he wanted only this: to understand within his limits as a human being the nature of the universe and the logic and simplicity in its functioning. He knew there were answers beyond his intellectual reach. But this did not frustrate him. He was content to go as far as he could.

To do his work he needed only a pencil and a pad of paper. Material things meant nothing to him. I never knew him to carry money because he never had any use for it.

He was devoid of the human feelings that can cause trouble and misery. In the twenty-three years of our friendship I never saw him show jealousy, vanity, bitterness, anger, resentment, or personal ambition. He seemed to be immune to these emotions. He was beyond any pretension. Although he corresponded with many of the most important people of his time, his stationery carried only a watermark—"W"—for Woolworth's.

The problem of keeping an important secret may produce a sweaty conflict in most people, but not in Einstein. I was hardly a hundred feet from him during one of the most important meetings of this century, and I never knew about it. During

the summer of 1939, I was staying at Einstein's vacation house near Southold on the tip of Long Island. One August day, the housekeeper told me that a group of scientists were coming to visit the Professor and that I'd best make myself scarce during the meeting. When the visitors left Einstein made no reference to the meeting. Never in the following years did he allude to it. I only remember him expressing a vague fear in late 1941 that Germany might be making progress toward a new and terrible weapon.

After the United States exploded the first atomic bomb, the bits and pieces of the story behind its development began to sift out. Only then did I realize what had happened during the meeting on that August day. Fermi, Szilard, and a few other physicists had persuaded Einstein to write Roosevelt the famous letter, now in the Library of Congress, that prompted the President to launch the Manhattan Project for the production of the atomic bomb.

As he kept his mind free of destructive emotions, so did he avoid cluttering his life with material things. He believed in simplicity, so much so that he used only a safety razor and water to shave. When I suggested that he try shaving cream, he said, "The razor and water do the job."

"But Professor, why don't you try the cream just once?" I argued. "It makes shaving smoother and less painful."

He shrugged. Finally, I presented him with a tube of shaving cream. The next morning, when he came down to breakfast, he was beaming with the pleasure of a new, great discovery. "You know that cream really works," he announced. "It doesn't pull the beard. It feels wonderful." Thereafter, he used the shaving cream every morning until the tube was empty. Then he reverted to scraping his face with water.

The Professor's diversions were few and uncomplicated. Novels and other fiction held no interest for him. Chess, to him, was "unproductive." He enjoyed smoking a pipe. After my father recommended that he give up the pipe for the sake of his health, he kept right on smoking, but never in the presence of my father because Einstein didn't want to hurt his feelings.

He also found pleasure in the violin. At nine o'clock on some evenings, he retired to his sparsely furnished bedroom-study and tuned up. He was a mediocre violinist and he rarely played prescribed music. He enjoyed entertaining himself by improvising on quasi-Mozart themes. He used a very inexpensive violin. When my father gave him a somewhat better instrument as a gift, Einstein

cerely protested that it was too good for him. His only active recreation was sailing. He loved for its simplicity and the contact it gave him with the sun and the sea. His boat, which he dubbed with a Hebrew name meaning "Old piece of junk," was a rowboat-like catboat, fourteen feet long, which had cost him \$150 in 1933. To serve the simplicity of sailing he refused to carry an outboard motor, even for emergencies. And somehow, it never occurred to him to use one when he was becalmed. He often lay offshore for hours, waiting for the breeze to pick up while his boat drifted. Einstein fretfully tried to keep dinner warm.

A Bath for the Record

He also refused to carry life preservers; he believed the sea would look after him. His stubbornness worried both his family and mine, for the Professor could not swim. Finally, my father urged him to carry floating cushions by appealing to his kindness. He told Einstein that the hard, uncomfortable benches took away some of the fun of sailing with him.

Once Einstein did capsize in Watch Hill Bay, Rhode Island, and was rescued clinging to the overturned boat. He never went along with the modern fetish for ultra-fastidiousness; he believed that two baths a week were certainly adequate for anyone in his line of work. When the swimmers, who were frightfully concerned about safety, reached him and hauled him aboard the rowboat, he thanked them and said, "We must remember to put this bath on my record."

At Saranac Lake the Professor was on the water every day and he liked to take my wire-haired fox terrier Chico with him in the boat. He explored all the islands on the lake and he gave each little piece of land a private name. The island with few trees was called the "bare island"; the one with chaotic foliage was "*Zausinsel*," "the messed-up island"; and the island where he regularly stopped to allow Chico to answer the calls of nature was given an unprintable name.

During the mid-1930s, the Professor introduced me to the fundamentals of sailing with great seriousness and authority. He made such a to-do about the skill that he even impressed himself with its difficulty and would not permit me to take the tiller. He thoroughly convinced me that it was an involved technical operation. A few years later, when I learned to sail on my own, I was surprised to find that the Professor had vastly overcomplicated the technique.

When I was a resident physician at Montefiore

Hospital in The Bronx in 1947, Einstein decided to remain in Princeton during the summer and he loaned me his little boat. I took it out on Long Island Sound and enjoyed a pleasant sail until I tried to return to my home base. I tacked against the wind, but could make no headway. The wind kept blowing me sideways out into the Sound. After several hours of futile effort I made a distress signal and a yacht took me in tow and pulled me to my mooring. I couldn't figure out what had gone wrong, so I telephoned the Professor, hoping he might have a clue to my misadventure.

"Oh, yes," he said, after listening to my quandary, "maybe that happened because I sawed off half the centerboard so that I could sail in the shallow lake here in Princeton." It never dawned on him that his little piece of carpentry would make the boat uncontrollable under certain wind conditions.

Einstein was purely and exclusively the theorist. He didn't have the slightest interest in the practical application of his theories and ideas. His $E = mc^2$ is probably the most famous equation in history—it shows the amount of unreleased energy in any given mass—yet Einstein wouldn't walk down the street to see a reactor create atomic energy. He won the Nobel Prize for his Photoelectric Theory—a series of equations that he



considered relatively minor in importance—but he didn't have any curiosity in observing how his theory made television possible.

Einstein once appeared in a New York City court as a witness on my father's behalf. My father had invented a camera. The manufacturer, after paying royalties for several years, decided to challenge the patent and my father's claim to originality. Einstein testified that he knew of the invention from its inception and had discussed many phases of its development with my father. Interrupting him, Judge Sylvester Ryan asked, "And when the camera was completed, did you operate it?"

Einstein answered, "Why, of course not." He couldn't understand why the judge would think he would be interested in a product to which he had contributed ideas.

My brother once gave the Professor a tricky toy. A little bird stood on the edge of a bowl of water and kept dunking its head and raising it from the water, as if in perpetual motion. Einstein sat and watched it in delight, trying to deduce the principle that made it work. He couldn't.

The next morning he came down from his room and said, "I thought about that bird for a long time when I went to bed, and it must work this way . . ." He began a long explanation, based on the assumption that gas in a tube within the bird alternately condensed and vaporized to shift weight. Then he stopped when he hit a flaw in his reasoning, saying, "No, I guess that's not it."

He pursued various theories for several days, until I suggested that we take the toy apart to see how it did work. The quick expression of disapproval on his face told me he did not agree with this practical approach. He never did work out the solution.

Another puzzle that Einstein could never understand was his own fame. He had developed theories that were quite esoteric and capable of exciting comparatively few scientists. Yet his name was a household word across the civilized world. He was baffled by the phenomenon of himself. "I've had good ideas, and so have other men," he once said. "But it's been my good fortune that my ideas have been accepted." He was bewildered by the deluge of public attention: people wanted to meet him; strangers stopped on the street to stare and smile at him; scientists, statesmen, students, and housewives wrote him letters. He could never understand why he received this attention, why he was singled out as something special.

Helene Dukas, Einstein's long-time secretary and, after the death of Mrs. Einstein in 1936,

also his cook and housekeeper, once had a dream that perfectly described the Professor's attitude toward himself. "Einstein was eating in a restaurant when suddenly a holdup man comes in and orders everybody to line up against the wall," she said, in recalling the dream. "Then he goes down the line, removing money and valuables from each person. On reaching Einstein, the thief recognizes him and says, 'Oh, no, I couldn't take anything from you, Professor.'

"That is very unfair," Einstein tells him. "I want to be treated just like anybody else." Then he empties his pockets and gives the thief all he has—a single dime."

Right in His Feeling

In March 1955, my father telephoned me with the news that Einstein was seriously ill. We drove to Princeton, visited him, and conferred with his physician, Dr. Dean. The Professor was suffering from an ailment that possibly might be corrected by new surgical techniques. I was on the staff of the New York Hospital at the time and suggested that we call in Dr. Frank Glenn, the chief surgeon, who had been performing this kind of corrective surgery. The next day, Dr. Glenn drove with us to Princeton. He thought that surgery was a possibility and recommended moving Einstein to New York Hospital for further examination.

Einstein, now in great pain, flatly rejected the advice. "I do not believe in artificially prolonging life," he said.

My father tried to persuade him; so did his doctor, his daughter Margot, Miss Dukas, and I. His answer was "No." All of us were getting frantic because he was suffering progressively more pain as his illness grew worse. His son, who had flown in from California, talked with him and he later told us that with a little more time—probably by the next morning—he might be able to persuade his father to make the trip to the hospital. Our hopes soared.

But the next morning, Einstein died. He was seventy-six years old. An autopsy proved that he had been right in his feelings; surgery could not have helped him.

He had left instructions that he wanted no funeral or other ceremonies at his death. However, a simple service attended by his family and a few close friends was held at his cremation. The unforgettable meeting lasted only a few minutes, just long enough for each of us to say a private, mostly silent, good-bye.

The Making of a Writer

Part I

by Jean-Paul Sartre

Translated by Bernard Frechtman

ound 1850, in Alsace, a schoolteacher with children than he could afford was willing to be a grocer. This unfrocked clerk wanted sensation. Since he was giving up the school of minds, one of his sons would school souls. He would be a minister in the family; it would be Charles. Charles stole away; he preferred to go to the road in quest of a circus rider. His name was turned to the wall, and the family was forbidden to mention his name. Whose turn was it? Auguste hastened to imitate the paternal office. He went into business and did well for himself. There remained Louis, who had no particular bent. The father took this quiet boy in hand and in less than no time made a minister of him. Later, Louis carried obedience to the father of likewise begetting a minister, Albert Schweitzer, whose career is public knowledge. Meanwhile, Charles (who was to become my maternal grandfather) had not found his circus. His father's noble gesture had left its mark on him: all his life he retained a passion for the circus and put his heart and soul into manufacturing great circumstances out of little events. He wished to devote himself to an attenuated form of spirituality, to a priesthood that would rival the circus riders. Teaching filled the bill: he chose to teach German.

At Mâcon, Charles Schweitzer married Louise, daughter of a Catholic lawyer. She

hated her wedding trip. He had carried her off before the end of the meal and rushed her into the train. At the age of seventy, Louise was still talking about the leek salad they had been served at a railway snack bar: "He took all the white and left me the green." They spent two weeks in Alsace without leaving the table. The brothers told each other scatological jokes in the provincial dialect; from time to time, the pastor would turn to Louise and translate them for her, out of Christian charity. It was not long before an obliging doctor provided her with a certificate exempting her from conjugal intercourse and entitling her to a separate bedroom. She spoke of her headaches, got into the habit of lying down and began to hate noise, passion, enthusiasm, the whole rough, theatrical life of the Schweitzers. Her feeling for Charles was one of fear, of tremendous annoyance, at times too of friendship, provided he did not touch her. She always gave in to him as soon as he started shouting. He fathered four children upon her by surprise: a girl who died in infancy, two boys, and another girl. The two boys sided with their mother; she weaned them away from that bulky father; Charles did not even notice it. The elder, Georges, went to the Ecole Polytechnique; the younger, Emile, became a teacher of German.

Anne-Marie, the younger daughter, and later my mother, spent her childhood on a chair. She

was taught to be bored, to sit up straight, to sew. She was gifted—the family thought it distinguished to leave her gifts undeveloped; she was radiant—they hid the fact from her. Those proud, modest bourgeois were of the opinion that beauty was beyond their means or below their station; it was all right for a marquise or a whore.

At about the same time that Charles Schweitzer met Louise Guillemin, a country doctor married the daughter of a rich landowner from Périgord and settled down with her on the dreary main street of Thiviers, opposite the pharmacy. The day after the wedding, it was discovered that the father-in-law had no money, after all. Dr. Sartre, outraged, did not speak a word to his wife for forty years. At the table, he expressed himself by signs; she ended by referring to him as "my boarder." Yet he shared her bed and, from time to time, made her pregnant. She gave him two sons and a daughter; these children of silence were named Jean-Baptiste, Joseph, and Hélène. Hélène married, late in life, a cavalry officer who went mad. Joseph did his military service in the Zouaves and retired at an early age to the home of his parents. He had no occupation. Caught between the stubborn silence of one parent and the shouting of the other, he developed a stammer and spent his life fighting words. Jean-Baptiste wanted to prepare for the Naval Academy, to see the ocean. In 1904, at Cherbourg, the young naval officer, who was already wasting away with the fevers of Cochin-China, made the acquaintance of Anne-Marie Schweitzer, took possession of the big, forlorn girl, married her, begot a child in quick time, me, and sought refuge in death.

Dying is not easy. The intestinal fever rose without haste; there were abatements. Anne-Marie nursed him devotedly, but without carrying indecency to the point of loving him. The sleepless nights and the worry exhausted her; her milk dried; I was put out to nurse not far away and I too applied myself to dying, of enteritis and perhaps of resentment. At the age of twenty, without experience or advice, my mother was torn between two unknown moribund creatures. Her marriage of convenience found its truth in sickness and mourning. I benefited from the situation: mothers of the period nursed their babies, and for a long time. Were it not for the luck of that double death struggle, I would have been exposed to the difficulties of a late weaning. Sick, weaned by force, I was prevented by fever and stupor from feeling the last snip of the scissors that cuts the bonds between mother and child. I sank into a chaotic world full of simple hallucinations and defaced idols. Upon the death of my

Jean-Paul Sartre

Jean-Paul Sartre, one of the world's leading men of letters, has made a four-part career: playwright, philosopher, novelist, and teacher. Born in Paris in 1905, he attended the École Normale Supérieure—France's most select institute of learning. He taught philosophy at Havre, Laon, and the Lycée Pasteur in Paris for most of the years from 1928 to 1944. His thinking was noticeably influenced in the years from 1939 to 1941 by his experience in the French army and as a prisoner of war.

Although he began writing for publication in the late 1930s, it was in postwar France that Sartre rose to eminence. The country, recently divided by the Vichy government, trials of war, and the German occupation, vigorously debated the pessimistic view of life that Sartre expressed in many works, including his novels, *Nausea* (1938) and the trilogy *The Roads to Freedom* (1945-49); and his philosophical essay, *Being and Nothingness* (1943). His plays, among them *The Flies* (1943), *For What Measure of the Ladies?* (1944), and most recently *The Condemned of Altona* (1960)—offer clues to the human dilemma: man is responsible for choosing what he is and what his values will be. His Existential view

father, Anne-Marie and I awoke from a common nightmare. I got better. But we were victims of misunderstanding: she returned lovingly to the child she had never really left; I regained consciousness in the lap of a stranger.

Without money or a profession, Anne-Marie decided to go back to live with her parents. But my father's insolent decease had displeased the Schweitzers; it looked too much like a repudiation. My mother was deemed guilty of not having foreseen or forestalled it. She had thoughtlessly taken a husband who had not worn well. It did not take long for the young widow to become a minx again, a stainless virgin. She was not refused pocket money—they forgot to give her any. She wore out her wardrobe without its occurring to my grandfather to renew it. They barely tolerated her going out alone.

The death of Jean-Baptiste was the big event of my life: it sent my mother back to her chair and gave me freedom.

There is no good father, that's the rule. Don't lay the blame on men but on the bond of paternity which is rotten. To beget children, nothing better; to have them, what iniquity! Had my father lived, he would have lain on me at full length and

political activity made Sartre a kind of conscience in modern French thought.

Sartre's newest work is his autobiographical *Words*, an ebullient and subtle account of his early years. In two articles adapted for this book—here published for the first time in the United States—Sartre takes us back to the first decades of the century, when he made his decision to become a writer. He reveals the nascent attitudes that he would later develop into a philosophical system, partly French, partly German—his family comes from Alsace, the most “German” corner of France. Worshiped as an only child in a bourgeois household, he came to mistrust the middle classes; offered conventional religion, he rejected God; deprived of his father in his first year, he sought a clear identity and a personal vocation. How literature first fulfilled this role, then became inadequate, is the story of *Making of a Writer*.

The complete text of *The Words* brought out in France earlier this year by Gallimard—met with a wide popular and critical response—will be published in the United States October 7 by George Braziller, Inc. The translation is by Richard Frechtman.—THE EDITORS

ld have crushed me. As luck had it, he died young. Amidst Aeneas and his fellows who carry their Anchises on their backs, I move from shore to shore, alone and hating those invisible beings who bestraddle their sons all their life long. I left behind me a young man who did not have time to be my father and who could now be my son. Was it a good thing or a bad? I don't know. But I readily subscribe to the verdict of an eminent psychoanalyst: I have no Superego. Never in my life have I given an order without laughing, without making others laugh. It is because I am not consumed by the canker of power; I was not taught obedience.

Whom would I obey? I am shown a young mistress, I am told she's my mother. I myself would take her rather for an elder sister. That cousin who is under surveillance, who is obedient to everyone, I can see very well that she's there to serve me. I love her, but how can I respect her if no one else does? There are three bedrooms in my home: my grandfather's, my grandmother's, and the “children's.” The “children” are we: all alike are minors and both alike are supervised.

There remained the patriarch. When my grandfather's beard had been black, he had been a cowboy. But I appeared at the end of his long

life; his beard had turned white, tobacco had yellowed it. He was the God of Love with the beard of the Father and the Sacred Heart of the Son. There was a laying on of hands, and I could feel the warmth of his palm on my skull. He would call me his “tiny little one” in a voice quavering with tenderness. His cold eyes would dim with tears. Everybody would exclaim, “That scamp has driven him crazy!” He worshiped me, that was manifest. Did he love me? In so public a passion it's hard for me to distinguish sincerity from artifice. I don't think he displayed much affection for his other grandchildren. It's true that he hardly ever saw them and that they had no need of him, whereas I depended on him for everything—what he worshiped in me was his generosity.

I am adored, I thought, hence I am adorable. What can be more simple, since the world is well made? I am told that I am good-looking, I believe it. For some time my right eye has had a white speck that will make me half-blind and walleyed, but this is not yet apparent. Dozens of photos are taken of me, and my mother retouches them with colored pencils. In one of them which has survived, I am pink and blond, with curls; I am round-cheeked, and my expression displays a kindly deference toward the established order; my mouth is puffed with hypocritical arrogance—I know my worth.

It is not enough for my character to be good; it must also be prophetic; truth flows from the mouth of babes and sucklings. Still close to nature, they are cousins of the wind and the sea; their stammerings offer broad and vague teachings to him who can hear them. My grandfather, sitting in a desk chair in the garden, glass of beer within arm's reach, would watch me jump and run about; he would look for wisdom in my jumbled talk, and he would find it. I later laughed at this folly; I'm sorry I did; it was the working of death. Charles fought anguish with ecstasy. He admired in me the admirable fruit of the earth so as to convince himself that all is good, even our shabby end. He went to seek the nature which was preparing to take him back; he sought it on the summits, in the waves, amidst the stars, at the origin of my young life, so as to be able to embrace it in its entirety and accept all of it, including the grave that was being dug for him.

So I'm a promising poodle; I prophesy. I make childish remarks, they are remembered, they are repeated to me. I learn to make others. I make grown-up remarks. The recipe is simple: you must trust to the Devil, to chance, to emptiness, you borrow whole sentences from grown-ups,

you string them together and repeat them without understanding them. In short, I pronounce true oracles, and each adult interprets them as he wishes. I give myself; I give myself always and everywhere; I give everything. I place my blocks on top of each other, I turn out my mad pies, I yell. Someone comes and exclaims, I've made one more person happy. Meals, sleep, and precautions against bad weather are the high points and chief obligations of a completely ceremonious life. I eat in public, like a king; if I eat *well*, I am congratulated; my grandmother herself cries out, "What a prodigious cough!"

I keep creating myself: I am the giver and the gift. If my father were alive, I would know my rights and my duties. He is dead, and I am unaware of them. I have no rights, since love heaps blessings upon me; I have no duties, since I give out of love. Only one mandate: to please; everything for show. What a riot of generosity in our family! My grandfather supports me and I make him happy; my mother devotes herself to all of us.

We spend our time showering each other with

they idolize me. I am frank, open, gentle as a girl. My thoughts are quite proper. I trust people. Everybody is good since everybody is content.

A kiss without a moustache, as was said at the time, is like an egg without salt; I add; and like Good without Evil, like my life from 1905 to 1914. If one is defined only by opposition, I was the undefined in person. If love and hate are the obverse and reverse of the same coin, I loved nothing and nobody. That was as it should be—one cannot be asked both to hate and to please. Or to please and to love.

When my grandfather decided to enroll me at the Lycée Montaigne, he took me to the principal and vaunted my merits. The only trouble with me was that I was *too* advanced for my age. The principal accepted everything he said. But after a few days, he was summoned to the office. He returned in a fury, took from his briefcase a sorry-looking sheet of paper covered with scrawls and blots, and threw it on the table. It was the work I had handed in. His attention had been drawn to the spelling—*l'âme le thym*—and he was given to understand that I belonged in a much lower grade. My grandfather began by accusing me of not trying and scolding me for the first time in my life. Then he declared that they had misjudged me. The very

In a Bad Mood

After all, I sometimes wonder, when I am in a bad mood, whether I have not consumed so much time and nights, covered so many pages with my names on the market so many books that nobody wanted, solely in the mad hope of pleasing my grandfather. That would be a fact. At the age of more than fifty, I would find myself a page in order to carry out the will of a man long dead, in an undertaking which he would not have failed to repudiate. The fact is that I resemble Swann when he has gotten over his love: "To think," he sighs, "that I messed up my life for a woman who wasn't my type!"

next day, he withdrew me from the lycée quarreled with the principal.

I had not understood what was involved. My failure had not affected me: I was a child prodigy who was not a good speller, that was all. And besides, I didn't mind returning to my solitude—I liked what was wrong with me. I had lost, without even noticing it, the opportunity to become real.

My grandfather engaged M. Liéven, a Protestant schoolteacher, to give me private lessons. He came almost every day. I would sit on a bench of a plain little wooden desk my grandfather had bought me, and M. Liéven would write up and down dictating. I disliked him because he forgot to coddle me. I think he took me, not without reason, for a backward child. He disappeared. I don't remember why. Perhaps he expressed his opinion of me to someone.

We spent some time in Arcachon, and I went to a public school there. My grandfather's democratic principles required this. But he also wanted me to be kept away from the herd. He recommended me to the teacher in the following terms: "My dear colleague, I am committing to your care what is dearest to me."

I had two reasons for respecting this teacher: he had my welfare at heart, and he had a strong breath. Grown-ups should be ugly, wrinkled, unpleasant. When they took me in their arms, I didn't mind having to overcome a slight disgust. This was proof that virtue was not easy. There were simple, petty joys: running, jumping, eating cakes, kissing my mother's soft, sweet-smelling skin. But I attached a higher value to the mild, bookish pleasure that I took in the company of middle-aged men. The repulsion which they met in me was part of their prestige. I confused disgust with seriousness. I was a snob.

The following autumn, my mother decided to take me to the Poupon Academy. We went up a flight of wooden stairs and entered a classroom. The children sat silently in a semicircle. At the back of the room, the mothers sat upright, with their backs against the wall, watching the teacher. The primary duty of the poor creatures who taught us was to distribute praise and good marks equally to our class of prodigies. At the end of a semester, my mother withdrew me from the course. Not enough was accomplished. And besides, she finally got tired of feeling the pressure of her neighbors' gazes when it was my turn to be congratulated.

Mlle. Marie-Louise, a blonde young lady with pince-nez who taught eight hours a day at Poupon Academy for starvation wages, was willing to give me private lessons at home. She hid the fact from the directresses. She would occasionally interrupt the dictation and sigh heavily. She told me that she was tired to death, that she was terribly lonely, that she would have given anything to have a husband, regardless of who he was. When I reported her grievances, my grandfather started laughing. She was too homely for any man to want her. I didn't laugh. Could a person be born condemned? In that case, I had been told a lie. The order of the world concealed intolerable disorders. My anxiety disappeared as soon as she was dismissed. Charles Schweitzer found me more seemly teachers. So seemly that I have forgotten all of them.

My truth, my character, and my name were in the hands of adults. I had learned to see myself through their eyes. I was a child, that monster which they fabricate with their regrets. I reflected back to them the unity of the family and its ancient conflicts; they were using my divine childhood to become what they were. I lived in a state of uneasiness: at the very moment when their ceremonies convinced me that nothing exists without a reason and that everyone, from the highest to the lowest, has his place marked out for him in the universe, my own reason for being slipped away: I would suddenly discover that I did not really count, and I felt ashamed of my unwonted presence in that well-ordered world.

My begetter, had he lived, would have determined my future. But if Jean-Baptiste Sartre had ever known my destination, he had taken the secret with him. My mother remembered only his saying, "My son won't go into the Navy." For want of more precise information, nobody, beginning with me, knew why the hell I had been

born. Had he left me property, my childhood would have been changed. I would not be writing now, since I would be someone else. House and field reflect back to the young heir a stable image of himself. He touches himself on *his* gravel, on the diamond-shaped panes of *his* veranda, and makes of their inertia the deathless substance of his soul. Once, in a restaurant, I heard the owner's son, a little seven-year-old, cry out to the cashier, "When my father's not here, *I'm* the boss!" There's a man for you! At his age, I was nobody's master and nothing belonged to me. In my rare moments of lavishness, my mother would whisper to me, "Be careful! We're not in our own home!" We were never in our own home, neither on the Rue Le Goff nor later, when my mother remarried. This caused me no suffering since everything was loaned to me, but I remained abstract. Worldly possessions reflect to their owner what he is; they taught me what I was not. *I was not* substantial or permanent. *I was not* the future continuer of my father's work. *I was not* necessary to the production of steel. In short, I had no soul.

Things would have been fine if my body and I had got on well together. But the fact is that we were an odd couple. At the time, a self-respecting family was in duty bound to have at least one delicate child. I was exactly what was needed, since I had almost died at birth. The family kept its eye on me: they felt my pulse, took my temperature, made me stick out my tongue. "Don't you think he's a bit pale?" "It's the light." "I assure you, he's lost weight!" "But, Papa, we weighed him yesterday." Beneath those inquiring gazes I felt myself becoming an object, a flower with heat, simmering under the sheets. I lapped my body with its discomfort: I did not know which of the two was undesirable.

A few years later, I was sent to the sky. These Atlases included grammarians, philologists, and linguists. M. Lyon-Caen, and the editor of the *Pedagogical Review*. He spoke of them sententiously so that we would realize their full importance. "Shurer is getting old. His place is at the Institute," or, "Shurer is getting old. Let's hope they won't be so foolish as to pension him off. The Faculty doesn't realize what it would be losing." Surrounded by irreplaceable old men whose approaching demise was going to plunge Europe into mourning and perhaps the world into barbarism, what would I not have given to hear a fabulous voice proclaim solemnly

in my heart, "That little Sartre knows his business. France doesn't realize what she'd be losing if he passed away." I wanted to be an Atlas right away, forever, and since the beginning of time. It did not even occur to me that one could work to become one.

Good friends said to my mother that I was sad, that they had seen me dreaming. My mother hugged me to her, with a laugh. "You who are so gay, always singing! What could you possibly complain about? You have everything you want." She was right. A spoiled child isn't sad; he's bored, like a king. Like a dog.

I saw death. When I was five, it lay in wait for me. In the evening, it would prowl on the balcony, press its nose against the window. I saw it, but I dared not say anything. Once we met it on the Quai Voltaire. It was an old lady, tall and mad, dressed in black. She muttered as I passed, "I'll put that child in my pocket." Funerals didn't bother me, nor did graves. Around that time, my Grandmother Sartre fell ill and died. My mother and I, summoned by telegram, arrived at Thiviers while she was still alive. The family thought it advisable to send me away from the place where that long, unhappy existence was coming to an end. I played, I read, I made an earnest effort to display an exemplary state of composure, but I felt nothing. Nor did I feel anything when we followed the hearse to the cemetery. Death shone by its absence; to pass away was not to die. The metamorphosis of that old woman into a tombstone did not displease me. There was a transubstantiation, an accession to being.

When I was seven years old, I met real Death,

To the Critics of This Work

MIDDLE-AGED writers don't like to be praised too earnestly for their early work; but I'm the one, I'm sure of it, who's pleased least of all by such compliments. My best book is the one I'm in the process of writing; right after it comes the last one that was published, but I'm secretly getting ready to be disgusted with it before long. If the critics should now think it's bad, they may wound me, but in six months I'll be coming round to their opinion. But on one condition: however poor and worthless they consider the book, I want them to rank it above all my previous work. I'm willing to let them run down my whole output, provided they maintain the chronological hierarchy, the only one that leaves me a chance to do better tomorrow, still better the day after, and to end with a masterpiece.

the Grim Reaper, everywhere, but it was never there. What was it? A person and a threat. The person was mad. As for the threat, it was this: shadowy mouths could open anywhere, in broad daylight, in the brightest sun, and snap me up. Things had a horrible underside. When one lost one's reason, one saw it. To die was to carry madness to an extreme and to sink into it. I lived in a state of terror; it was a genuine neurosis. If I seek the reason for it, I find the following: to me, a spoiled child, a gift of Providence, my profound uselessness was all the more manifest in that the family rite constantly seemed a trumped-up necessity. I felt superfluous; therefore, I had to disappear; the sentence could be applied at any moment. Nevertheless, I rejected it with all my might. Not that my existence was dear to me, but, on the contrary, because I wasn't keen on it; the more absurd the life, the less bearable the death.

I reached out for religion, I longed for it, it was the remedy. Had it been denied me, I would have invented it myself. It was not denied me. Raised in the Catholic faith, I learned that the Almighty had made me for His glory. That was more than I dared dream. But later, I did not recognize in the fashionable God in whom I was taught to believe the one whom my soul was awaiting. I needed a Creator; I was given a Big Boss.

Charles Schweitzer never missed an opportunity to ridicule Catholicism. He was tireless on the subject of Lourdes: Bernadette had seen a "countrywoman changing her chemise"; a paralytic had been dipped into the fountain, and when he was taken out, "he could see with both eyes." He related the life of Saint Labre, who was covered with lice, that of Saint Marie Alacoque, who licked up the excrement of sick persons with her tongue. Those tall stories were useful to me. I was all the more inclined to rise above worldly goods in that I possessed none, and I would have had no difficulty in finding my vocation in my comfortable destitution. Mysticism suits displaced persons and superfluous children. To push me into it, it would have been enough to present the matter to me by the other end; I was in danger of being a prey to saintliness. My grandfather disgusted me with it forever. I saw it through his eyes. That cruel madness sickened me by the dullness of its ecstasies, terrified me by its sadistic contempt for the body. The eccentricities of the saints made no more sense to me than those of Englishmen who dived into the sea in evening clothes.

Nevertheless, I believed. In my nightshirt, kneeling on the bed, with my hands together, I said my prayers every day, but I thought of God

less and less often. For several years more, I maintained public relations with the Almighty. But privately, I ceased to associate with him. Only once did I have the feeling that He existed. I had been playing with matches and burned a small rug. I was in the process of covering up my crime when suddenly God saw me. I felt His gaze inside my head and on my hands. I whirled about in the bathroom, horribly visible, a live target. Indignation saved me. I flew into a rage against so crude an indiscretion, I blasphemed, I muttered like my grandfather, "God damn it, God damn it." He never looked at me again.

I have just related the story of a missed vocation: I needed God, He was given to me, I received Him without realizing that I was seeking Him. Failing to take root in my heart, He vegetated in me for a while, then He died. Whenever anyone speaks to me about Him today, I say, with the easy amusement of an old beau who meets a former belle, "Fifty years ago, had it not been for that misunderstanding, that mistake, the accident that separated us, there might have been something between us."

There was nothing. Yet things were going from bad to worse for me. My long hair got on my grandfather's nerves. "He's a boy," he would say. "You're going to make a girl of him. I don't want my grandson to become a sissy!" Anne-Marie stuck to her guns. She would, I think, have liked me to be a girl really and truly. That would have revived her sad childhood, and she would have been able to heap blessings on it. But since Heaven had not heard her prayer, she made her own arrangements: I would have the sex of the angels, indeterminate, but feminine around the edges. Being gentle, she taught me gentleness; my solitude did the rest and kept me away from violent games. One day—I was seven years old—my grandfather could no longer stand it. He took me by the hand, saying that we were going for a walk. But no sooner had we got around the corner than he rushed me into a barber shop, saying, "We're going to give your mother a surprise." I adored surprises. We were always surprising each other at home. I good-humoredly watched my curls roll down the white sheet around my neck and fall to the floor, inexplicably tarnished. I returned home shorn and glorious.

There were shrieks, but no hugging and kissing, and my mother locked herself in her room to cry. Her little girl had been exchanged for a little boy. But that wasn't the worst of it. As long as my lovely ringlets fluttered about my ears, they

made it possible to deny my obvious ugliness. Yet my right eye was already entering the twilight. She had to admit the truth to herself. My grandfather himself seemed nonplused. He had been entrusted with her little wonder and had brought back a toad.

Anne-Marie had the kindness to conceal from me the cause of her grief. I didn't learn what it was until I was twelve, and I was hit hard. But I had a general feeling of uneasiness. I would often catch friends of the family looking at me with a worried or puzzled expression. My audience was getting more and more difficult. I had to exert myself. I overplayed and sounded false. I knew the anguish of an aging actress. I learned that others could please too.

I was nine years old. It was raining. There were ten children at the hotel in Noiretable, ten cats in the same bag. To keep us busy, my grandfather decided to write and stage a patriotic play with ten characters. Bernard, the oldest of the group, played the role of Struthoff, a gruff but kindly old fellow. I was a young Alsatian. During rehearsals, the adults said I was just too sweet for words; that didn't surprise me. The performance took place in the garden. The children were having a wonderful time; except me. Convinced that the fate of the play was in my hands, I made a particular effort to please, out of devotion to the common cause. I felt that all eyes were fixed on me. I overdid it; the applause went to Bernard, who was less affected. Did I realize it? At the end of the performance, he took up a collection. I slipped up behind him and tugged at his beard, which came away in my hand. It was a star's whim; just for the fun of it. I felt utterly charming and hopped from one foot to the other, brandishing my trophy. Nobody laughed. My mother took me by the hand and briskly led me aside. "Whatever got into you?" she asked, with a woebegone look. "The beard was so nice!" Everyone uttered an "Oh!" of astonishment. My grandmother immediately joined us with the latest news: Bernard's mother had spoken of jealousy. "You see what you get by showing off!" I escaped, ran to our room, planted myself in front of the mirror-wardrobe, and made faces for a long time.

Everything took place in my head. Imaginary child that I was, I began defending myself with my imagination. When I examined my life from the age of six to nine, I am struck by the continuity of my spiritual exercises. Their content often changed, but the program remained unvaried. I had made a false entrance; I withdrew behind a screen and began my birth over again

at the right moment, the very minute that the universe silently called for me.

I became a hero. I cast off my charms. I abandoned my family. Sated with gestures and attitudes, I performed real acts in my reveries. Instead of work and need, about which I knew nothing, I introduced danger. Never was I further from challenging the established order. Assured of living in the best of worlds, I made it my business to purge it of its monsters. As cop and lyncher, I sacrificed a gang of bandits every evening. I never engaged in a preventive war or carried out punitive measures. I killed without pleasure or anger, in order to save young ladies from death. Those frail creatures were indispensable to me; they called out for me. Obviously they could not have counted on my help since they did not know me. But I thrust them into such great perils that nobody could have rescued them unless he were I. When the janissaries brandished their curved scimitars, a moan went through the desert and the rocks said to the sand, "Someone's missing here. It's Sartre." At that very moment, I pushed aside the screen. I struck out with my saber and sent heads flying. I was being born in a river of blood. Oh, blessed steel! I was where I belonged.

It may surprise the reader to find these daredevil dreams in a scribbler destined to an intellectual career. The anxieties of childhood are

Welcome Everything

ONE evening, more than twenty years ago, the sculptor Giacometti was hit by a car while crossing the Place d'Italie. Though his leg was twisted, his first feeling, in the state of lucid swoon into which he had fallen, was a kind of joy: "Something has happened to me at last!" I know his radicalism: he expected the worst. The life which he so loved and which he would not have changed for any other was knocked out of joint, perhaps shattered, by the stupid violence of chance. "So," he thought to himself, "I wasn't meant to be a sculptor, nor even to live. I wasn't meant for anything."

What thrilled him was the menacing order of causes that was suddenly unmasked and the act of staring with the petrifying gaze of a cataclysm at the lights of the city, at human beings, at his own body lying flat in the mud—for a sculptor, the mineral world is never far away. I admire that will to welcome everything. If one likes surprises, one must like them to that degree, one must like even the rare flashes which reveal to devotees that the earth is not meant for them.

metaphysical. There is no need to shed blood in order to calm them. Did I therefore never want to be a heroic doctor and save my fellow-countrymen from the bubonic plague or cholera? Never, I admit it. Yet I was neither ferocious nor warlike, and it is no fault of mine if the budding century gave me an epic cast of mind. France, which had been beaten, swarmed with imaginary heroes whose exploits soothed her self-esteem. Eight years before my birth, Cyrano de Bergerac had "burst like a fanfare of red trousers." A little later, L'Aiglon, proud and ravaged, had only to appear to wipe away the Fachoda incident. In 1912, I knew nothing about those lofty characters, but I was in constant touch with their epigones. I adored the Cyrano of the Underworld, Arsène Lupin, without knowing that he owed his herculean strength, his courage, and his very French intelligence to the drubbing we had taken in 1870.

The bourgeois of the last century never forgot their first evening at the theatre, but I defy my contemporaries to tell me the date of the first movie they saw. Movies were an amusement for women and children. My mother and I loved them. On rainy days, Anne-Marie would ask me what I felt like doing. We would hesitate for a long time between the circus, the Châtelet, the Electric House, and the Grévin Museum. At the last moment, with calculated casualness, we would decide to go to the movies. I wanted to see the films *as close up as possible*. I had learned in the equalitarian discomfort of the neighborhood houses that this new art was mine, just as it was everyone else's. We had the same mental age: I was seven and knew how to read; it was twelve and did not know how to talk. I liked the incurable muteness of my heroes. But no, they weren't mute, since they knew how to make themselves understood. We communicated by means of music; it was the sound of their inner life. Persecuted innocence did better than merely show or speak of suffering: it permeated me with its pain by means of the melody that issued from it. I would read the conversations, but I heard the hope and bitterness; I would perceive by ear the proud grief that remains silent. I was compromised; the young widow who wept on the screen *was not I*, and yet she and I had only one soul: Chopin's funeral march; no more was needed for her tears to wet my eyes.

The virgin's desperate struggle against her abductor, the hero's gallop across the plain, the interlacing of all those images, of all those speeds, and, beneath it all, the demonic movement of the

Race to the Abyss," an orchestral selection taken from *The Damnation of Faust* and adapted for the piano, all of this was one and the same: it was Destiny. What joy when the last knife stroke coincided with the last chord! I was utterly content, I had found the world in which I wanted to live, I touched the absolute.

I decided to lose the power of speech and to live in music. I had an opportunity to do this every afternoon around five o'clock. My grandfather was teaching his classes at the Modern Language Institute; my grandmother had retired to her room and was reading Gyp; my mother had given me my afternoon snack; she had gotten dinner under way and given final instructions to the maid; she would sit down at the piano and play Chopin's *Ballades*, a Schumann sonata, Franck's *Symphonic Variations*, sometimes, at my request, the overture to *Fingal's Cave*. I would slip into the study; it was already dark there; two candles were burning on the piano. The semi-darkness served my purpose. I would seize my grandfather's ruler; it was my rapier; his paper cutter was my dagger; I became then and there the flat image of a musketeer. Sometimes I had to wait for inspiration; to gain time, I the illusory swashbuckler would decide that an important matter obliged me to remain incognito. I had to receive blows without hitting back and to display my courage by feigning cowardice. I could walk around the room, my eyes glowering, my head bowed, shuffling my feet. I would indicate by a sudden start from time to time that I had been slapped or kicked in the behind, but I was careful not to react; I made a mental note of my insulter's name. Finally, the music, of which I had taken a huge dose, began to act. The piano forced its rhythm on me like a voodoo drum. The *Fantasia Impromptu* substituted for my soul; it inhabited me, gave me an unknown past, a blazing and mortal future. I was possessed; the demon had seized me and was shaking me like a plum tree. To horse! I was mare and rider, betrider and bestridden. I dashed over hill and dale, from the door to the window.

As a heartsore vagabond seeking justice, I resembled, like a twin brother, the child who was at loose ends, a burden to himself, in search of a reason for living, who prowled about, to a musical accompaniment, in his grandfather's study. Without dropping the role, I took advantage of the resemblance to amalgamate our destinies; reassured as to the final victory, I would regard my tribulations as the surest way to achieve it. I would see through my abjection to the future glory that was its true cause. Schumann's sonata

would finally convince me: I was both the creature who despairs and the God who has always saved him since the beginning of time.

But watching the children playing in the Luxembourg Gardens, I would lose my prodigious intelligence, my universal knowledge, my athletic physique, my blustering shrewdness. I would lean against a tree, waiting. At a blunt order from the leader of the band, "Step forth, you'll be the prisoner," I would have given up all my privileges. Even a silent role would have made me happy. I would have been only too willing to be a wounded victim on a stretcher, a dead soldier. I was not given the opportunity. I had met my true judges, my contemporaries, my peers, and their indifference condemned me. I could not get over discovering myself through them: neither a wonder nor a jellyfish. Just a little shrimp in whom no one was interested. My mother had difficulty hiding her indignation. That tall, handsome woman was not at all troubled about my shortness. She regarded it as perfectly natural. I took after my father. That was all there was to it. But seeing that no one invited me to play, her mother love made her realize that I was in danger of taking myself for a dwarf—which I am not quite—and of suffering thereby. To save me from despair, she would feign impatience: "What are you waiting for, you big silly? Ask them whether they want to play with you." I would shake my head. I would have accepted the lowliest jobs but it was a matter of pride not to ask for them. She would point to the ladies sitting in iron chairs and knitting: "Do you want me to speak to their mothers?" I would beg her to do nothing of the kind. She would take my hand, we would leave, we would go from tree to tree and from group to group, always entreating, always excluded.

At twilight, I would be back on my perch, on the heights where the spirit blew, where my dreams dwelt. I would avenge my mortifications by a half-dozen childish remarks and by massacring a hundred henchmen. In any case, things weren't going right.

I was saved by my grandfather. He drove me, without meaning to, into a new imposture that changed my life.

Next month, in the concluding installment of "The Making of a Writer," Jean-Paul Sartre will discuss the habits, motives, and accidents that decided his career for him.



American Radio Today

the listener be damned

by Desmond Smith

The merchants of trash who dominate the airwaves—and their powerful allies in Washington—act as if a public interest did not exist.

In the early days of radio, a president of the National Broadcasting Company could tell a Congressional committee: "Our policy is to give the audience one minute of commercials and twenty-nine minutes of good, solid entertainment." Three decades later, in 1963, a broadcasting executive advised another committee that the public could tolerate twenty-five commercials in an hour.

The American radio industry—in reality some five thousand small businessmen going their different ways—has done little or nothing to justify radio's survival as a listening medium. Last year the Federal Communications Commission's monitoring bureau logged dozens of stations which were crowding as much as thirty minutes of commercials into a broadcasting hour. Most of the fare which was served up to punctuate the commercials was as tasteless as the commercials

themselves. The businessmen of radio need to get together and make a thorough review of current broadcasting standards and practices. Unfortunately, internal reform without outside pressure seems most unlikely.

The advent of television doomed coast-to-coast network radio. While mass-audience radio was floundering in the early 1950s, the older independent stations and the scores of newly licensed local stations moved in to seize the initiative. Network television was thus a boon to local radio. And technological changes resulting in the car radio and the transistor produced a vast mobile audience which previously had not existed.

The sins of radio are identical in kind, but different in magnitude, from television's. American radio today, as any listener can tell, is an even more docile slave of the commercial dollar. Radio's standards are worse than television's, if that is possible, because radio can only survive, in an atmosphere of shrill salesmanship, as a bargain advertising medium for the local merchant, department store, or used-car lot. The local advertiser's contribution to radio revenues, which accounted for about 34 per cent in 1946, climbed

51 per cent in 1952, and by 1963 it was almost per cent and rising.

It is a lucrative business, as evidenced by the fact that local radio stations have increased fivefold in the last dozen years or so. The rush to get a station has grown so frenzied that in 1962 the FCC announced a partial freeze on new licenses; all 14,000 Americans filed license applications in 1963.

While the networks are barely breaking even, the local stations are enjoying unprecedented financial gains. Ed Wetter, of Edwin Tornberg Company, estimates that a typical small radio station grossing \$150,000 a year makes \$25,000 to \$30,000 net these days. A good example of what the public air is worth was the sale of station WINS of New York to Westinghouse. In the early 1950s, the station was picked up for \$50,000. When Westinghouse bought it two years ago the price was \$10 million. During 1963 the gross income of WNEW, a music and news station in New York, was more than \$7 million. At least three of its disc jockeys—Gene Klavan, Lee Finch, and William B. Williams—earned more money last year than the President of the United States.

The Big Comeback

Recently I looked at a radio network program schedule for 1949. Chiefly it consisted of half-hour and hour-long programs. The day hours were made up of quiz programs, game shows, and soap operas. The night programs included news commentary (Edward R. Murrow), variety shows (*The Bob Hope Show*), and live music (*Your Hit Parade*, Lawrence Welk). It was possible in those days to tune in to the four big radio networks almost anywhere in America. Prior to 1949, 80 per cent of all the radio stations in the United States were programmed mainly by one of the four networks.

But by the end of 1949 the immediate success of television had profoundly altered the radio networks. The family that had listened to *Your Hit Parade* was still in the living room, only they were watching the program instead on TV. Television swiped all the good radio shows. Some of

radio's greatest performers failed to make the transition. After NBC canceled his radio program, Fred Allen sadly told critic John Crosby that the network received exactly fifteen letters of protest.

When radio's prime nighttime audience shrank from seventeen million homes to less than three million, the big sponsors moved their billings over to television. As it happened, they did not have far to move. Three of the radio networks also controlled the three largest television networks. During the infancy of television, the networks were too busy, too rich, and apparently too sure that radio was finished to bother with it anymore. It is hard to cite the precise moment when radio's fortunes started to turn upward. It is less difficult, however, to establish the reasons for its survival. There were two main ones.

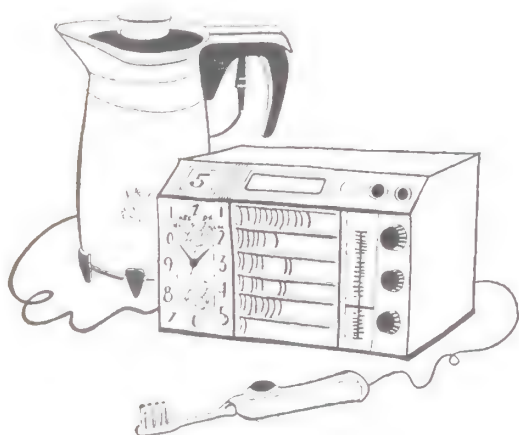
First, the radio set manufacturers had no intention of abandoning their lucrative market. In 1955, a peak TV year, the manufacturers sold fourteen million radio sets—three million more than were sold in radio's last big year, 1949. (Last year, the set manufacturers sold 25 million radios, about as many as were in use in the 1930s. An estimated 200 million sets—one for every man, woman, and child in the United States—have been sold since World War II.) This huge jump surprised even radio people. Market researchers, prompted to take another look at the radio audience, discovered that although family listening had gone down, individual listening had actually increased. And in television's weaker morning hours (6:00 A.M. to 9:00 A.M.), the size of the radio audience had expanded by about a million homes.

An unknown worker in the huge General Electric plant in Schenectady is credited with the original idea for the clock radio. The success of this hybrid, introduced by GE in 1950, was staggering. "Right from the outset," Martin Bennett, an RCA vice-president, says, "it opened up a whole new usage for the medium." Radio set designers, following the example of the automobile industry, soon festooned the basic product with extras. These now include drowse-bars, snooze-alarms, warning tick-tocks, night lights, slumber switches, coffee-makers, calendars, barometers, appliance outlets, and every other kind of accessory short of radar controls and IBM 704 computers.

Probably no single event in the television era has influenced radio programming more than the introduction of the transistor set. First offered as a deluxe item by American manufacturers in the early 1950s, it soon met with formidable com-

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petition from the Japanese electronics industry. The low-priced Japanese transistors shaved profits in this field to thin margins, but sales volume soared. Nowadays, four out of five transistor sets distributed in this country by American manufacturers are made in Japan, and the fifth set will have Japanese components. About half of all radios sold in the United States are transistor portables. One hears them in buses, subways, supermarkets, and on sidewalks. The city fathers



of Baltimore last year banned the loud playing of transistor radios on public transportation, thus placing this abominable addiction in the same category of public nuisance as spitting on the sidewalk.

The automobile market was another big factor in radio's comeback. In 1946, less than nine million cars were equipped with radios. Last year, car radios numbered fifty million. Sindlinger, an audience-measuring service, estimates that as many as 44 million adults listen to car radios every day. Before the war the peak-advertising hours were mid-evening. Now they have been replaced by "drive time"—the early morning and late afternoon rush hours.

Along with the technological changes resulting in the clock, transistor, and car radio, the second main reason for radio's survival has been the migration to suburbia. The suburban customer has found himself in the middle of a violent tug-of-war. On one side are the local merchants on Main Street, on the other the shopping centers, department stores, and discounters. Both sides have been using radio advertising in their desperate efforts to win the consumer's attention. Between home and store, a shopper cannot be reached by television, newspaper, or handbill. Only radio, as radio salesmen never cease saying, can "hit the consumer on the move."

Today local radio is indisputably preeminent. Network programming is little more than a na-

tional interruption in the local broadcasting day. The networks fill about 20 per cent of an affiliate station's schedule, and most of it is news.

Much of this network radio news has been gathered, written, and broadcast by television's expanded news organizations. Still, radio occasionally scores impressive news beats because of its mobility. Millions heard of President Kennedy's assassination on radio long before they saw it on TV or read it in the newspapers. Friends of radio also like to point to one other bright spot which the trade calls the "companionship area" of listening. Such local personalities as Lon John Nebel, Barry Gray, and Martha Deane in New York, and Bob Kennedy in Boston have large and loyal audiences for discussion programs seldom matched on television.

Apart from network news and the few discussion programs on the big city stations, most of radio today is grim indeed. A rock 'n' roll station in New York says, "We don't call it rock, we like to describe our stuff as 'memory tunes of tomorrow.'" To get listeners, so the theory goes, one needs a formula, an "identity." When radio station owners get together they rarely talk in terms of programs, they talk about their stations' "sound"—"middle-of-the-road sound," "swingin' sound," "good music sound" (meaning Mantovani). The Situations Wanted column in *Broadcasting*, a leading trade paper, is full of ads like this one: "Way-out jock needs work, record ho, genius, real screamer and attention getter, experienced. Write the MOJO-man." Or "Las Vegas, Nevada's wildman is on the prowl. Catch him while he's hot and be No. 1." On many stations, when a commercial comes along (after every "news flash" or after every record) the audio engineer is simply instructed to "jack up the audio." One station manager told me, "The teenagers control the sets, and to a large degree they influence the household spending. If they want a jukebox, that's what we'll give them."

Internal Reform?

Although understaffed and poorly financed, the Federal Communications Commission, the government agency charged with guarding the public's interest, has tried to take positive action to halt the awful erosion in broadcasting standards. So did LeRoy Collins, as president of the National Association of Broadcasters.* So far, both have

* When Collins was made head of the new Community Relations Service this summer, the NAB did not name a replacement immediately.

ailed. The broadcasting industry and its powerful bloc of friends in Congress seem to act as if a public interest does not exist at all.

The NAB has attempted a mild form of self-regulation in a code of ethics, a sort of gentlemen's agreement devoted mainly to program and advertising standards. Radio stations which subscribe to the code have the right to announce that they have a "seal of good practice" from the NAB. The FCC has charged, rightly, that NAB members have failed even to keep faith with their own code. Collins, a former Governor of Florida, may declare that he honestly tried to enforce good practice in radio's own—and the public's—interest; nonetheless, for a long time now it has been apparent that the bronze seal of good practice has become largely just another public-relations gesture.

The NAB, with its headquarters in Washington, is the single most powerful organization of broadcasters in the country. Its membership includes more than three thousand radio stations and 422 television stations, plus the four national radio networks and the three television networks. After television's rigged-quiz scandals and the Congressional investigation into the plugola and payola radio scandals, the NAB's board of directors brought in Collins to try to repair broadcasting's tarnished image. Collins warned at the time he would be no docile leader.

Collins is a perfect example of the kind of leadership radio needs; but unfortunately, most broadcasters disagree. Because of his outspoken criticisms of radio's shoddy standards, he was not popular in the industry. The trade press constantly complained that he lacked the confidence of radio's owners. Its main criticism was that Collins was so critical of the industry that he failed to look after its "welfare." Upon taking office in 1961 he suggested an investigation into the reliability of ratings—a suggestion which was promptly taken up by a House committee, with disastrous results for the rating companies. The networks were dismayed when he made a widely reported speech arguing that they were not doing all that they might in the way of public service. He advocated several hours of prime time each night for "blue ribbon programming." Newton Minow was to take up that argument when he became FCC chairman.

The FCC, under the aggressive leadership of its new chairman, E. William Henry, has made it clear it wants to do something. But a diehard group of broadcasters, backed up by influential Congressmen, has been baiting the board of directors of the National Association of Broad-

casters to make life difficult for the FCC. For its part, the FCC has become increasingly concerned with the constant flouting of the public interest—particularly by overcommercialization. At present the FCC and the radio industry are on a collision course.

Surprisingly, the FCC has never suspended a radio station on the sole charge of too many commercials, chiefly because its rules are exceptionally vague in this area. When the FCC announced last summer that it was thinking of adopting the National Association of Broadcasters' own recommended time limits on commercials (a generous eighteen minutes out of every hour, or three minutes in every ten), the broadcasters howled. Such an action, they declared, would mean financial ruin. It was clear, in one sense at least, that the FCC had called radio's bluff. What most of the broadcasters had been delivering was empty promises; what the FCC suggested was performance.

Some time ago, James Lawrence Fly, a former chairman of the FCC, described his own experience when testifying before a House committee: "I want to tell you that the amount of political heat was something indescribable. Every station affiliated with a network or that owned a local newspaper would get in touch with its Congressmen and Senators."

Helpers on the Hill

Edmond C. Bunker, president of the Radio Advertising Bureau, and a former lobbyist for one of the broadcasting networks, has estimated that more than one third of the members of Congress own radio or television interests. In 1960, the FCC disclosed that an examiner had justified the award of a lucrative TV channel in Albany, New York, in part on the grounds that "it cannot be ignored that some of the stockholders are members of Congress." The lucky company was Capital Cities Television Corporation, and five Congressmen owned stock in it. Senator William Proxmire called the award "political payola at its worst." In justifying the examiner's action, the then chairman of the FCC, Frederick Ford, thought the stock ownership of the Congressmen must be considered a "favorable factor" because "a large number of people have placed their confidence in electing them."

While many legislators have openly declared their wide ownership in both radio and television, others have not been so forthright. The façade of law offices, private foundations, and, of course,

public ownership has made it difficult to trace just who owns what. It is against this background that the FCC's recent proposal to curb radio commercials must be seen.

When the FCC advocated, in the spring of 1963, the same restrictions on commercial time which the broadcasters themselves had established in their NAB code of ethics, the radio industry was quick to fight back. The House Commerce Committee was pressured into reporting a bill (HR 8316) that sought to deny the FCC the power to regulate the length and frequency of commercials.

The House subcommittee on Communications and Power, chaired by Congressman Walter Rogers of Texas, called more than forty witnesses to give testimony in favor of the proposed legislation. Congressman John E. Moss of California, the only member of the subcommittee who favored the FCC's efforts, disappeared after the first day's hearings. Perhaps he had some premonition of things to come. The seven remaining legislators took turns in alternately scolding the FCC and generally treating the seven FCC commissioners as hostile witnesses, while gently nursing the aggrieved broadcasters through their testimony. Take, for example, the case of W. M. Jones, president of the Mississippi Broadcasters Association:

Congressman Rostenkowski (presiding): How long, and I do not want to put you on the spot, but what would you say the public will tolerate in a given hour with respect to commercials on radio?

Jones: You mean how many commercials will they tolerate?

Rostenkowski: How many commercials, how much time consumption?

Jones: That would depend to a great extent on the type of commercials. They will tolerate a number of some type of commercials more than they will others. One commercial can irritate a person an hour. In fact it can irritate him all day. I would say between fifteen and twenty-five would be probably as many, and that is taking in the fact that you have good commercials that they have no objection to and some that would be a little irritating. Some figure between fifteen and twenty-five would be a fair amount. Now a music station that plays a record, I think that listeners have become accustomed to hearing a commercial before they play another one. Now, it might irritate them if after the record is through, they read four commercials before they played another one. So if you played a record that was a minute and a half long and you read a commercial and you played another one that was a minute and forty seconds long and you read another one, you can probably

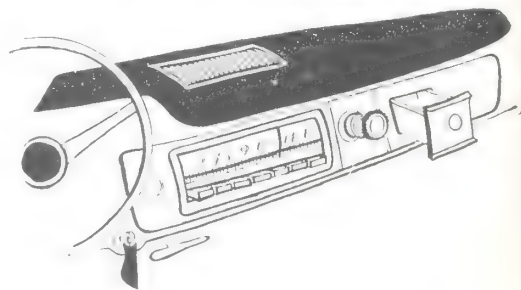
get approximately twenty commercials in an hour that will not irritate anyone.

Rostenkowski: Have you received any letters at your station complaining of overcommercialization?

Jones: I have never received a letter of complaint on commercials at my station. We have a policy of fairness. When a merchant gives us a sale, we make sure that the items he is going to advertise that he has them at that price. We do not accept advertising from fortune-tellers or mystics or "switch" and "bait" advertisers. We are rather proud of our commercials because they are loyal that way.

And so the hearings went. Not once in the three days and 381 pages of testimony did any of the seven Congressmen—representing the people—bring up the question of the "public interest." Instead their strategy was to narrow the issue down to (1) the broadcaster's economic problems and (2) the question of constitutional prerogative.

It was a successful gambit. The FCC soon indicated on the witness stand that it had not come prepared to argue the economics of broadcasting. This was, as it turned out, a tactical error. The subcommittee, shifting the argument, suggested that if Congress, and the general public, had the feeling that the radio industry was engaged in bad practices, it was up to Congress to decide what countermeasures to take. This line of reasoning, if accepted *prima facie*, would of course strip any regulatory agency of its power to use what the Supreme Court has called their "experts' familiarity" against clear abuse. There are, in fact, plenty of safeguards to protect the broadcasters, notably judicial and Congressional review, but who will protect the poor listener? Apparently no one on the House subcommittee on Communications.



The stage was set for passage of HR 8316. If the public cared one way or another, there was little evidence on Capitol Hill. The hearings had aroused almost no controversy, and the overcommercialization issue, if mentioned at all in the national press, was buried in the TV columns at the back of the papers. In January of this year,

with the Rogers bill moving toward a vote in the House, the FCC quietly announced that it had decided to drop its proposal on commercials. In February, HR 8316, denying the FCC control over commercials, was passed by a vote of 317 to 43. The bill has now gone to the Senate, where it is waiting for Senator John O. Pastore's subcommittee to act upon it. In light of the FCC decision, this may be the final resting place for the Rogers bill. But if it is enacted, then the FCC will be powerless to control or regulate commercials in perpetuity. If a station decided to give 100 per cent of its air time to commercials, the FCC could do nothing.

The Public—or the Hucksters?

But the issue refuses to be buried. The continued failure of the National Association of Broadcasters' board of directors to make a decision or even a first step in doing something about its tattered code of ethics could well backfire on the NAB membership. The FCC, at the Washington hearings, disclosed that it had been receiving an increasingly heavy mail from all parts of the country. The greatest number have been complaints about the length, frequency, and nature of radio commercials.*

Meanwhile, the nation's broadcasters and their friends in Washington continue to ignore the public. And in the absence of firm rules, the broadcasters have been making their own. Recently a radio evangelist managed to obtain time on a dozen radio stations in the southwest to make this offer: "A historical picture album of John F. Kennedy's last twenty-four hours," a Cross to put on the wall with daily prayers ("Look at it and count thirty, Jesus' face will appear on a wall"), an eight-by-ten-inch picture of the preacher himself, and a year's subscription to his magazine. All this for a dollar which would be devoted to "religious work." Privately the radio stations were advised they might keep fifty cents

* A few diehard optimists like to point out that amid a sea of slush and just plain awful music, a growing band of music lovers have turned to FM. They reason that, behind the growth of FM stations (now numbering more than twelve hundred) and the sizable market in FM receivers, is a genuine audience revolt against the so-called music and news format. The pessimists, however, rebut that once a radio station wins any kind of an audience, the long uninterrupted hours of good music will be chopped up by advertisers anxious to cash in on the FM audience. Most FM outlets are owned by AM stations who picked up the license simply because it was there for the taking.

on every dollar contribution in return for the air time.

The FCC must exert a continuing pressure to make the broadcasters truly responsible. If the FCC could be persuaded to choose one task for the next five years to help achieve that goal, it should be public education. As things stand now, the public is simply unaware of its rights. Worse, it has no opportunity to protest the broadcasters' performance at the local level. To Chairman Henry's credit, he has been outspoken in his approval of local inquiries on television and radio programming, and in recent years such inquiries have been conducted in Chicago and Omaha. But the pressures from broadcasters, as well as a wholly inadequate budget, have persuaded the FCC to go slow. There are no local inquiries planned for 1964.

What is needed in the leadership of the FCC is an even more vigorous concern for the listening public. But the average listener also can play an important role with ink, pen, and paper by writing to: (1) FCC Chairman E. William Henry, Washington, D.C., and (2) his own Congressman and Senators. A particularly good argument to make is that the public airwaves should be *rented*, not given away for nothing, and that the proceeds should go toward the financing of educational television channels throughout the country. Given this unexpected response from angry listeners, the FCC would have no excuse for laxness.

"Radio is not to be considered merely as a business for private gain, for private advertisement, or for the entertainment of the curious," Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover said in 1922. "It is to be considered as a public concern, impressed with a public trust... primarily from the standpoint of public interest."

For the past several years, the station owners have expected the public to accept without question the kind of radio they have been given; there is no reason why the public should. The next time a particularly crass commercial offends you, or a station is overloading on advertising time, write a letter to the president of the corporation which manufactures the product, or to the head of the company whose services are described. Tell him exactly how you feel about the station which broadcast his commercial. Tell him you may stop buying his product; send a copy to the local distributor. Something more than the usual tame dialogue of accusation and empty threats is going to be the test of whether we will eventually get the kind of radio—and television—that we, rather than the owners and the hucksters, deserve.



Race and Renaissance in Philadelphia

by Nathaniel Burt

Long notorious for their stodginess, the Philadelphians are now startling everybody with an array of lively and imaginative experiments in urban living.

Philadelphia, usually thought of as staid and quiet to the point of somnolence, has in the last decade been stirred up by two revolutions. One revolution, very much in the public eye, has been the political turnabout usually referred to as the "Philadelphia renaissance." The other has been a more silent but nonetheless upsetting phenomenon that could be referred to, a bit inaccurately, as the "racial renaissance."

The Philadelphia renaissance appears regularly in print, usually in articles praising the program of salvage and construction going on around Independence Hall in an area called Society Hill, or in a clutch of new business buildings near City Hall called Penn Center. There is a great deal

more to it than that. Besides the political housecleaning and the great project of city renewal, there has been an upsurge of vitality in every aspect of city life. Old institutions—notably the University of Pennsylvania—have been stirred from their dreams and are expanding physically and intellectually. Libraries, art museums, schools are refurbishing themselves; families that have been dozing in their plush suburbs for generations have suddenly decided to move back to the city to see what's happening; young men of the highest promise are going into politics—it is impossible to exaggerate the impact of this awakening on almost every aspect of Philadelphia life. And it is all invariably referred to in Philadelphia itself as a "renaissance"—a rebirth, everyone hopes, of the age of Franklin.

The "racial renaissance" which has paralleled this civic stirring up has been much less publicized; except when one of its more revolutionary side products makes the headlines—protests, say, against allowing "blackface" in the Mummers Parade, or picketings of schools and construction

es. It is of course not a "renaissance" at all; a rebirth, but a birth. "Racial emergence" would be a more accurate tag for it. In any case, publicity has touched only the top of the iceberg. Down below goes on a profound change in the city's whole makeup.

The first and most significant event in the racial renaissance was the election in the 1950s of Joseph Sill Clark, now U. S. Senator, as Mayor. The most significant indicator of the current racial renaissance is a set of somewhat stunning statistics, compiled by the U. S. Census and tilted for public consumption by Philadelphia's Council on Human Relations. These statistics refer to facts of life for the "non-whites" (99 per cent of them Negro) who, by 1960, comprised over a quarter of Philadelphia's population. The gains in income, housing, and education are obvious and impressive, despite a parallel gain of over 40 per cent in the city's non-white population during the decade from 1950 to 1960.

Percentage of Non-whites Who . . .	1950	1960
had incomes above \$3,000 a year	9.7	39.2
had incomes above \$6,000	0.4	3.7
owned their own homes	29.0	43.0
lived in substandard housing	35.2	12.5
finished college	2.0	2.8
finished high school	16.4	23.6
finished seventh grade	63.2	73.2

(The percentages dealing with income refer only to non-whites aged fourteen or older who had incomes of \$3,000 or more in 1960. They do not account for about 91,000 non-whites fourteen or over who were presumably dependents.)

Because the non-white population increased so greatly, the numerical gains are even more startling than the percentages. For instance, in 1950 only 700 non-whites had incomes above \$6,000 a year, but ten years later 9,664 earned that much; and the number of college graduates (4,180 in 1950) nearly doubled.

But such figures are hardly a basis for complacency; there is still that 60.8 per cent with incomes below \$3,000; and that 12.5 per cent still living in substandard housing. Also in every case except in the rate of increase—these statistics compare unfavorably to those of most whites.

(Although Puerto Ricans are classified as "white," they tend to be in the same boat as the Negroes.)

These statistics obviously record a phenomenon not confined to Philadelphia. In other cities the changes seem to be comparable or even more striking—for instance, the national averages of central metropolitan non-whites who finish high school run considerably higher than Philadelphia's. But the total effect of economic upgrading remains obvious. The entire Negro city population of Philadelphia, third-largest in the nation, has been tilted from a compartment marked "undereducated lower-class slum dwellers" to another compartment marked "educated middle-class homeowners." The tilting process is far from complete, but it continues.

Both of these "renaissances" are startling and on the whole greatly encouraging. But enormous problems are still unsolved. It is at the points where the two meet—in housing and politics in particular—that some of the greatest hopes and greatest problems are to be found.

Aristocratic Rebels

The Philadelphia renaissance began in 1951 with the ousting of a "corrupt and contented" Republican machine entrenched in Philadelphia's craggy City Hall since 1887. All the city's reform elements—Better Citizens (most of them Republicans), minority groups, intellectual rebels, even machine politicians—got together at last, for the first time, and voted Democratic. United behind a team of plumed knights on white chargers, Joseph Sill Clark and Richardson Dilworth—running for Mayor and District Attorney respectively—they swept City Hall, and everything in Philadelphia was turned upside down.

The leadership of this revolution could be typified by Clark himself. An aristocratic rebel, he belongs right in the tradition of the Roosevelts of New York. He is a product of the right schools and clubs, ineradicably an Old Philadelphia gentleman (despite his own statement that "of course I'm not an Old Philadelphian," meaning that the Clarks are a nineteenth- rather than eighteenth-century family). His looks, accent, and clothes identify him immediately with his socially proper background; his uncompromising idealistic liberalism and political acumen very definitely mark him off from its inherent stodginess. His partner in that rebellion, Dilworth, is equally upper-class, if more "country-club" and less positively Old Philadelphia.

Of the many elements that went into the mak-

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ing of the Philadelphia renaissance, two in particular had a special meaning for the Negro: the emergence of minority groups as political powers, and the rise of city planning. Philadelphia's minority groups, always staunchly loyal to the party of Lincoln, whether Irish, Jewish, Negro, or Kalmuck (a small group of Buddhist emigrés from Mongolia via Russia), were converted to the New Deal by the hard facts of the depression. A group of young Philadelphia city planners, architects, and economists were converted in college. The minorities expressed themselves politically, the intellectuals both politically and architecturally.

Here too, the leadership had much of the quality of rebel aristocrats. The chief of all city planners for instance, Edmund Bacon, is decidedly in the Clark image, carelessly but unmistakably a gentleman, though equally quick to disown "Old Philadelphianism"; intellectual, politically acute, and uncompromisingly idealistic and liberal. Even the minority-group leaders were, if not all aristocratic rebels, at least people enormously successful in other fields who supported the renaissance as a civic duty. The millionaire leaders of the Jewish and Irish Catholic groups, Albert Greenfield and John Kelly, were matched in prestige, if not economic power, by Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Alexander, a model couple of the American Negro upper class. Intelligent, well-educated (he is a graduate of Harvard Law School, she is a Doctor of Philosophy of the University of Pennsylvania), they have for decades been always in the forefront of the Negro cause. Mrs. Alexander, as a granddaughter of one of Philadelphia's first successful Negro physicians, and her husband, as a Judge of the Common Pleas Court, maintain that combination of humor and flowery courtliness, warmth and firm sense of position which is characteristic of Negro leaders and which reminds one somehow more of the Church than of the Bar.

Clark used many of these minority-group leaders as his aides and administrators in his new government. It was the first time that Negroes had played an active part in the city's affairs, outside of receiving a few routine spoils-system and bring-in-the-vote plums. Raymond Alexander was elected a member of the City Council. The Reverend E. Luther Cunningham had an influential position as one of the three members of the Civil Service Commission. The Reverend Marshall L. Shepard was appointed Commissioner of the Department of Records, and there were at least four other such prominent appointments of prominent Negroes. A reform in the Civil Service opened that area to Negroes for the first time in signifi-

cant numbers. A Commission on Human Relations was created and written into the new city charter beyond the reach of whimsical mayors. It has been a spearhead in opening up new areas of Negro employment and in combating discrimination, and is now strengthened by recent fair housing and fair-employment laws.

Since Clark's election, the Negro vote has been a Democratic vote; and though there has been grumbling and dissension in the ranks, it is probably the Negro vote, as much as any other one single factor, that kept Philadelphia Democratic and, incidentally, helped swing the state for Kennedy in 1960.

Inside the "White Noose"

In contrast to the indigenous political renaissance, city planning has made its impact upon the Negro in Philadelphia from the outside. One of the most striking and best publicized effects of the renaissance has been a plan, still being carried out, for the remodeling and beautification of almost the entire city. Praised by Lewis Mumford, its most conspicuous achievements are Penn Center and Society Hill. This great city plan also includes a vast amount of slum clearance. Since it is largely the Negro who has lived in these slums, this aspect of the renaissance has affected him very directly. For while it does not restore to him anything he once had, it promises him something he has never had—middle-class American affluence. The frustration of these new promises by old conditions has produced a great deal of the tension which characterizes present race relations in Philadelphia as elsewhere.

The problem for the emergent Negro is fairly obvious; with money to spend, with an impetus to get up in the world, where is he to find the decent housing and schooling that form the core of any respectable middle-class life? Nothing can prevent the Negro from buying cars and clothes and gadgets. But where is he to enjoy them outside of the slum and the ghetto? Even ten years ago, when 90 per cent of the Negro population was still just plain poor, these particular problems were hardly crucial. Then the Negro lived where he could, as he could. If he could. Now the Negro of the upper 40 per cent wants to live as well as his white equal, but finds himself everywhere surrounded by an invisible wall. Around the city itself there is that "white noose" described by ex-Mayor Dilworth, which confines him pretty well within the city limits, while the young white family escapes outwards. When the Negro too



ies to escape outwards, he is liable to meet the
nd of violence and bitterness exhibited in a
ver-class suburb to the south of the city called
olcroft, where in September 1963 vandalism and
rror greeted the attempt of a single Negro
mily to move into a development. "Folcroft"
s now become a synonym for vicious racial
gotry and its effect. "We don't want a 'Folcroft'
re," say nervous suburbanites.

Within the city limits, whole areas, such as
e long shank northeastward up the Delaware
ver, remain resolutely determined to keep the
egro out. The Negro population spreads from
s center and away from its slums, but it spreads
a ghetto. Neighborhood public schools, as they
e engulfed, turn into ghetto schools. Integra-
on of schools is fundamentally a problem of inte-
ation of living areas.

The school situation is so embroiled, so full of
ntradictions, and so emotionally charged that
would take a brave man a long time to get to
the bottom of it and come up with something
objective. The surface issue seems to be a battle
n the part of militant Negro groups, led by the
eculiarly militant head of the NAACP, Cecil
moore, to force the Board of Education to inte-
rate public schools. right now, by busing chil-
ren from crowded all-Negro schools to less
crowded all-white schools—or even vice versa.
Among the complex personalities involved in the
complex issues, none is more controversial than
moore. A typical product of Negro emergence, an
t-Marine, a West Virginian now one of the
ty's most successful criminal lawyers, he has
ade himself the leader of the "new Negro." No
ne can deny that he has forced some of the
blems of the Negro in Philadelphia into the
ublic eye. No one can deny either that he has
rcecd Mr. Cecil Moore into the public eye; in the
rocess he has been called names like "dema-

gogue." He himself is quite a name-caller; some
of his aspersions on old-line Negroes seem a bit
unfair. To call Sadie Alexander, Esquire (any
lawyer in Philadelphia is an "esquire" regardless
of gender) an "Uncle Tom" is to confuse both
sexes and issues.

Suffice it to say that, as in New York, schools—
and Mr. Moore—are *the* issue now in the fore-
front of race relations in Philadelphia. The
situation is complicated by the fact that almost
half the white children in the city go to Catholic
schools, and many Negroes send their children
there too—"Book Catholics" as one used to speak
of missionary converts in the Orient as "Rice
Christians." The Philadelphia renaissance as
such would seem to play only a small part in this
battle, except that public education is always
politics.

And politics in Philadelphia are still Demo-
cratic. Despite Dilworth's resignation in 1962—
to run (unsuccessfully) for Governor—and the
election of Mayor Tate as a sort of compromise
machine-reform candidate, the Democratic party
in Philadelphia remains, at least administratively,
pretty much "reform."

However, it is no longer dominated by aristo-
cratic rebels. Mayor Tate, as a sort of Andrew
(Lyndon?) Johnson figure, is a party politician
thrust by the defection of Dilworth into shoes
that may be too big for him. As the first Catholic
Mayor of Philadelphia, he represents the mi-
nority-group influence, and certainly seems to
mean to carry on the reform. Even before the
death of Boss Green he had split with him. On
the other hand, he was opposed in the primaries
by a typical aristocrat-rebel, Walter Phillips,
economist friend of Clark, Dilworth, and Bacon,
who though defeated piled up a tidy protest vote.
Tate seems inordinately occupied in nervously
protecting himself from both ward heelers and

reformers. On the other hand, old-line reformers are still much about. Bacon remains head of the City Planning Commission. Sadie Alexander of the Commission on Human Relations.

Room at the Top and Elsewhere

In housing, the impact of the renaissance on the Negro is still powerful. Philadelphians are not intrinsically, like New Yorkers or Parisians, apartment dwellers. They tend, like Londoners, to live either in brick row houses, or in suburban double or single houses. They want to own them: so as the Negro becomes stabilized in the middle class, he tends to become a homeowner. The question is: where?

The renaissance has made its influence felt at three different economic levels. At the very top, Mount Airy, part of the suburban Chestnut Hill

has always been a distinctly upper-middle-class neighborhood. Gradually, upper-income Negroes have been moving out from the city into nearby Ger-

manes who live there being called "Lincoln Towers". The inhabitants of Mount Airy could see that they were right in the path of this ad-

vice. They resisted to the last real-estate agent, a group of white homeowners, several Old Philadelphians

and some city planners, organized Mount Airy as a homeowners' committee. They put out signs indicating that they would refuse to sell out in panic, as so many other white neighborhoods had done, and when Negroes did move in, they had block parties.

The Alexanders just celebrated their fortieth wedding anniversary, serenaded by members of the Philadelphia Orchestra. The four hundred guests

were seated at all sorts of tables. The party was definitely not a "F" party.

This opening of Mount Airy was the result of the effort of the city's planners, but it is certainly a product of the renaissance climate with its experimental and forward-looking state of mind. At the very top of the ladder then, the Philadelphia Negro can see an ex-

ample of the kind of opportunity and lack of prejudice that he would like to expect all the way down the line.

At mid-level—in the area of redevelopment city planning steps in. In the process, the planners have been trying to create varieties of decent middle-class environment for the Negro and others. All the various experiments are fascinating, each with its own approach.

There is Eastwick, for instance. This is a great new city-within-the-city, largest of all the country's redevelopment projects, now being built in swampland to the south, across the water from the Philadelphia Navy Yard. Many thousands of people are to live there—someday—in a complex of row houses and apartments, with their own shopping centers, schools and parks and playgrounds, and even industrial areas. The rather eccentric Dr. Constantinos Doxiadis, a Greek city planner, has created the whole plan, and local architectural firm has already designed and built some 250 "advanced" brick row houses. Though the views out of the big sunny windows are still of abject dreariness—great stretches of swamp framed by oil refineries—the houses themselves are elegant. Anyone could be proud to live in them, and about 20 per cent of those who do are Negro. Since the houses cost from \$12,500 to \$15,000, they're not for the average slum dweller. On the other hand, they're a long way from the \$30,000 houses of Mount Airy.

Then right in the middle of things is Yorktown. Almost as far as the eye can see, from Temple University south and east of Broad Street stretch blocks of brick rubble from demolished slums. In this space are being built more row houses, far less elegant than those of Eastwick but pretty, neat, modern—and respectable. They may not win architectural medals, but they are no worse than what is built on the all-white fringe





semi-suburbia northward; and they do have the great advantage of being laid out around tree-planted dead-end circles, instead of on uncompromising gridirons. The Denny Company, which is building them, claims they are designed for "Young America on the Way Up." Pictures of handsome young Negro couples disporting themselves among wall ovens are matched in real life by exactly such handsome young Negro couples moving in. And the houses are snapped up from hurried salesmen who are themselves handsome Negroes.

Unlike Eastwick, Yorktown has no integration question; it is a completely Negro middle-class growth in the very center of a sea of Negro slums. Many of the inhabitants once lived in the surrounding jungle. Though it is just beginning, it is beginning with a bang, and one can visualize what is now an open desert as a series of neat neighborhoods with cars in carports and silvered brass balls and plastic flamingos unmolested on the front lawns. (There are already some there.)

The Grand Design Dovetailed

Just southward is another contribution of city planning and New Deal philosophy to Negro betterment—the public housing projects. In a great swath down toward City Hall are a whole series of such projects of different date and architectural merit, all occupied entirely by Negroes. Unlike New York's monumental, inhuman masses of public housing, most of these are two-story affairs, sometimes drab but often cozy, punctuated only here and there by a not very high high-rise apartment.

Of course, public housing serves an income level further down the scale than those of either Eastwick or Yorktown, and cannot be credited to the Philadelphia renaissance. It is a federal activity, carried out through the state, and was a direct creation of the New Deal in the 1930s, not an offshoot of the renaissance of the 1950s. Still,

plans for public housing projects are nowadays dovetailed into the Grand Design of Philadelphia's city planners, and are often combined with larger redevelopment plans.

For instance in Morton, a sliver of old slum in Germantown, public housing has been used most tastefully and ingeniously—not in great modern clumps, as in North Philadelphia, but in scattered, beautifully designed small sections of row houses that manage to be both contemporary and neoclassic. When old houses in between can be salvaged, they are salvaged. The whole promises to be—again sometime in the future—a fine example of what might be called hand-crafted slum rehabilitation, in the course of which the color of each house is separately considered and there is a debate about just how the dome of the nearby Catholic church should be painted. The neighborhood's Negro and Italian factory workers live together peaceably but never intimately. Owners of large old upper-income houses nearby have taken a parental interest in Morton, and at least one local factory owner has remodeled a decaying millworker's house into a stylish apartment for himself.

Haddington works on still another principle. Here a large section of predominantly Negro homeowners in West Philadelphia is being helped back to respectability not by large-scale clearance but by a program of block-by-block rehabilitation, plus some new public housing.

And these are just four of many area plans, some combined with public housing, some starting from scratch, some restorations of older streets of houses. On the scene of some of these projects, one is caught up in the enthusiasm of the planners and administrators and staff workers (many of them Negro); and it is impossible not to come away dazzled by hope. But around these spots of euphoria lies a sea of troubles. Individual projects are criticized continually. In the mayoralty campaign, for instance, Eastwick was scorned by the Republican candidate as a cheaply built, boondoggling failure. Since then there have been

hints that the much-publicized integration is not all that it should be. It's admittedly lonely out there, and those who have bought the sophisticated houses are still considered hardy pioneers. The general public hangs back, waiting for others to go first.

Yorktown, though certainly no boondoggle, is criticized for its commercialism, cheap advertising approach, and architectural frills; and above all, for its segregation. In Morton, the public housing pleases everyone, but the reconversion that is supposed to surround and support it is way behind schedule. In Haddington, homeowners have cried out against the introduction of any public housing at all (and its threat of a new, low-status transient population).

Others criticize significant gaps in the program. Below the level of public housing is the terrible world of those who can't afford the \$30-to-\$60-a-month rent that public housing requires, those whose families are too large to fit in, those whose lives are too disrupted and disreputable to be accepted as tenants. The failure of slum landlords to keep up their houses—and of the city to force them to do so—has brought violent protests, led by CORE. And Philadelphia slums still have to be seen to be believed; some of the decaying brick “bandboxes” (the tiny, traditional houses of workers) have already fallen into rubble, others with smashed windows are on their way, and the narrow streets are littered with broken glass and derelict, unemployable people.

Equally acute are the problems of those who start making too much money for public housing and have to get out. The cut-off line in a family income is above \$3,500 to \$4,500, depending on circumstances. Unless these people can find and can afford decent houses to buy, this means a sudden step down. For they can't possibly rent housing as good as that provided by the government at anywhere near the same price. And Yorktown and Eastwick are still out of reach.

For most Negroes at the Yorktown-Eastwick level, the situation is still serious. Where else are they going to find *new* houses? Not in the ghettos, where all the houses—even the substantial and decent ones—are old. And not in the proliferating developments of the suburbs, where they are generally still excluded. A few enlightened builders—one named Morris Milgrim, for example—deliberately build integrated developments in the suburbs. And the Friends Suburban Housing Inc. (instigated by Quakers) has helped find houses for Negroes in thirty-five suburban Philadelphia communities. But all this is a drop in a big bucket. At any level, only a fraction of the popu-

lation is taken care of; about 7,500 Negroes public housing, and as yet only a few hundred in the new redevelopment projects.

Rickety Hop

One of the most severe criticisms is aimed at the relocation of slum dwellers ousted by redevelopment. Bulldozers have destroyed whole neighborhoods with all their ties and associations and a diaspora into strange—but nearly always still unintegrated and substandard—regions has taken place, with all the consequent turmoil and dislocation. Since some 12,000 units have been torn down and so far only 3,000 built, many more people have suffered than have been helped during the course of the city's slum-clearance program. Feelings are particularly hostile where slums are cleared for upper-income instead of for lower income housing, as in Society Hill. The general resentment caused by relocation has done much to obscure the long-range benefit which will result from all this tearing down and building up.

Or will it? For city planning itself has been confronted by a massive challenge to all the basic conceptions of public housing and redevelopment. As expressed in Jane Jacobs' popular and influential book, *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*, the whole idea of slum clearance may be just a form of ruthless do-goodism based on an anti-urban bias. Reactionaries, including Philadelphia Republicans, have seized on this to denigrate the value of any planning attempt whatsoever. “Leave the poor in their happy slums,” they say, thus completely distorting what Mrs. Jacobs had in mind.

So it goes. The meeting of the renaissance—racial and Philadelphian—resembles more a tidal rip than a peaceful confluence, like that, say, of the Schuylkill and the Delaware—or, as used to be said, of the Biddle and Drexel families. Still, it is a confluence. For the great upsurge of the Negro population into respectable living, there has been erected, piecemeal, a sort of rickety, gap-toothed ladder of hope.

The process of change is fascinating, awe-inspiring in the size of its problems and the excitement of its emergences and emergencies. In this bubbling turmoil, Mount Airy, Eastwick, and Morton—as opposed to Folcroft—could well become national tokens, models, and symbols; at any rate, crucial experiments in varieties of integrated Negro housing. At least the Philadelphia renaissance must be given some credit for trying, and for creating a climate where hope is possible.



My Son Came Late

by Charles Bonner

At the time of life when most men are wistfully thinking about retirement, still a decade ahead, we suddenly had a son. The event is sometimes known as the "autumnal dream." We greeted it with surprise, vanity, and confidence. For my part I'd have plenty of time for the job.

I'd reached the age when (metaphorically speaking) I was no longer expected to play 162 times a season; I was generally used as a pinch hitter. Moreover, since there was only one young infant, we would have the benefit of the small class, and I could use the opportunity to put into practice some of the educational theories I had developed over the childless years. It did not turn out quite that way.

After getting past the first surprises that middle-aged fingers lacked something in diaper changing, and that the weight of a child of three was not to be lightly tossed around, I was to learn that education among the young went along rapidly in public parks—while the caretaker dozed on a bench. One melting Sunday afternoon some colleague of Christopher's, an invisible ruffian, knocked off my hat with a snowball.

Chris reacted protectively. "Want me to catch the lousy little rat for you?"

I said, "No." One snowball was enough. No amount of questioning would persuade him to

put the finger on anyone, and I was forced to recognize an indigenous masculine code which had been no part of my instruction. I think he was four and a half at the time.

Sometime later a richer explosion of words brought upon Chris an old wives' remedy: I washed his mouth out with soap and water. When I explained the tears to his mother on her return home, she said: "You washed out the wrong mouth." This promoted some small educational changes in the household.

The next hurdle you've already guessed—homework. I met the opportunity cheerfully and we got along very well until we ran into something called the "new method" of solving mathematical problems.

"This is the way to do it, son," I said, demonstrating.

"That's old-fashioned," Chris said. "I'll show you the new method."

He showed me, putting parentheses and decimals in strange places, and apparently adding up columns from the middle out.

Charles Bonner has written much popular fiction, including "Adam Had Four Sons," which became a movie and TV play. His son Chris is now attending his old school, Storm King on the Hudson.

Lines

(written to Martyn Skinner before
his Departure from Oxfordshire in
search of quiet—1961)

by John Betjeman

Return, return to Ealing
Worn poet of the farm!
Regain your boyhood feeling
Of uninvaded calm!
For there the leafy avenues
Of lime and chestnut mix'd
Do widely wind, by art designed,
The costly houses twist.

No early morning tractors
The thrush and blackbird drown
No nuclear reactors
Bulge hideous on the down,
No youth upon his motorbike
His lust for power fulfills
With dentist's drill intent to kill
The silence of the hills.

In Ealing on a Sunday
Bell-haunted quiet falls,
In Ealing on a Monday
Milk-O! The milkman calls.
No lorries grind in bottom gear
Down steep and narrow lanes,
Nor constantly offend the ear
Low-flying aeroplanes.

Return, return to Ealing,
Worn poet of the farm!
Regain your boyhood feeling
Of uninvaded calm!
Where smoothly glides the bicycle
And a gentle gale from Perivale
And softly flows the Brent
Sends up the hayfield scent.

"My way got results," I said.

"It isn't the results that count, it's the method."

I said, "Oh," and was still mystified when the term marks came in. "What does an E-minus mean?" I asked.

"Conditional failure."

"Isn't that pretty serious?"

"I don't think so. It doesn't say absolutely."

Before the new scholarship became firmly rooted, a remove to another school seemed indi-

cated, and we found a wonderful old-fashioned place where the people understood such boys as Chris, and apparently also understood the fathers. They said in effect, "Your son is a brilliant boy, but he has been sadly misdirected."

I liked to think it was a slur upon the former school but, when Chris politely refused help on the evening of his first day, I got myself a bottle of beer and retired to a lonely vigil at the TV set. My days of "brushing up" were clearly over.

While we're on the subject of TV, I should like to add my report to those already published on the subject of the impact of the medium upon the young. This is strictly a one-man and one-boy report.

When we acquired this color set, we agreed to follow the advice of the more serious magazine and appoint my wife to the job of selecting the programs suitable for Chris to see within the hour and twenty minutes allotted to him by the best child-study experts. It turned out that Chris was the only member of the house skilled enough to manage the apparatus, and I found it difficult not to say unkind, to ask him to arrange our program and then banish himself to his room. Where children are concerned I have not a forceful enough character to handle such situations. The result was a compromise: Chris got his way. He saw every program in the spectrum.

Nevertheless I could see that this might be a valuable experiment, and I determined to follow it closely. What happened to Chris under full exposure might be a useful deterrent to other parents. In this spirit I observed that Chris preferred such programs as "Exploring," "Meet the Press," news broadcasts, "The Defenders," "Dr. Kildare," "Ben Casey," and, for the Lord knows what reason, the life habits of the mollusk. He developed a discriminating view of TV comedy, often shutting off such shows in the middle of an obvious "laugh" sign.

In time he nurtured a harsh and precise judgment of soap operas and unmysterious murders; a healthy boy's aversion to singing along with anybody; and a deep and spiritual absorption in the folktale of the Mets. His father agreeing it made for many companionable evenings.

The most serious effects of Chris's TV conditioning were: (a) development of a remarkable vocabulary, (b) determination to become a lawyer (with a nod to E. G. Marshall), and (c) a tendency to throw up at singing commercials.

Living with an adolescent at my age has given me a new insight into sex at his age. He is shy with girls. For a time this worried my wife and

until we observed an astonishing number of "ie" magazines drifting into the house.

"He is doing his homework," I pointed out to wife. "Let us call it required reading."

"You mean, in preparation for lab work?" she quaintedly.

Chris generously permitted us to share this nature with him. I found some of it highly poetic, but it never took Chris's mind long off Mets.

Another rewarding thing about growing up Chris has been to mark his sense of responsibility. When he has finished school, or singing class, or his boys' club, he never fails to phone us.

"Are you coming home now?"

"No, Dad."

"Where are you going?" (As if it were any of business.)

"I'm going to the library."

Sometimes he does. I ran into him there one afternoon, and he was most polite, although I was surprised to find his father concerned about his scholarship. Chris thinks scholarship is a reward for the young, and he's ravenous for it as part of intellectual hamburger.

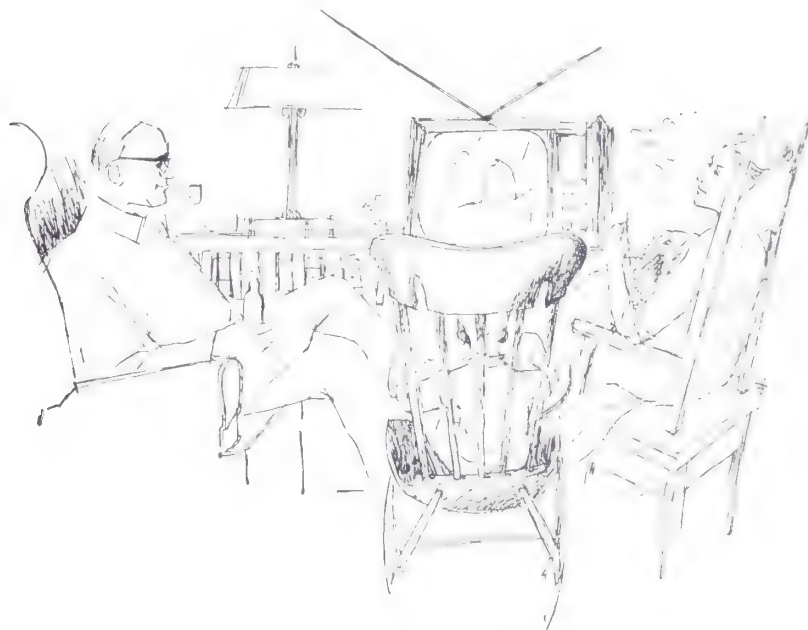
Chris is unusually generous with birthday and Christmas presents. He never forgets an occasion, nothing is too good for his parents. He does the usual trumped-up, homemade things but really explores the markets. You should see the selection of ornamental and useful things he has given me. Actually, I don't mind the expense. Chris would give his right arm—and is doing so—to become a pitcher, along with being a law-

yer. He trains himself by perfecting his delivery after Sandy Koufax, hurling Ping-pong balls across the living room to Gambit, our dog, serving as catcher. This results in some destruction of glassware and china, and at a certain stage of the evening it can become dangerous. But it is only fair to remember that there are no siblings about.

The Autumnal Dream and I have a warm and close relationship, but we keep it within bounds. Sometimes we have a catch in the park, sometimes we talk about books, sometimes we go to the movies. We have a mutual understanding, however, that his world of the teens and my world of the sixties are not the same and there can be no complete invasion of one by the other. He is wholly tolerant. He never objects when I wish to retire at nine o'clock, leaving him to the TV. In this way there can be no conflict over programs.

Now, with a briefcase full of high marks and his pockets stuffed with extra cash, he has gone off to boarding school. There simply isn't stretching room for fifteen in a New York flat. No more hamburgers, no more girlie magazines, no more long TV evenings, no more Ping-pong balls.

Sometimes my wife will suddenly stop her needlepoint, look at nothing, and quietly say, "Damn." Sometimes I'll throw a ball at Gambit, who will forget the rules of the game and eat it. But nothing pushes back boarding school, college, Army, law school, and all that follows. In any real sense he'll never be back, but it has been a fine autumn.



The Illinois Legislature

A Study in Corruption

by State Senator Paul Simon
as told to Alfred Balk

"State legislatures are, historically, the fountainhead of representative government in this country."

So spoke the United States Supreme Court in the landmark reapportionment opinion of last June. The reforms that will follow are long overdue. For there is little doubt that these fountainheads of democracy are—as of this writing—polluted almost beyond belief.

This is my considered judgment after ten years of service in the body where Abraham Lincoln once sat. I did not expect moral perfection when I first went to Springfield. In my home district, in southwestern Illinois, criminal elements had seriously infiltrated both major party organizations until Governor Adlai Stevenson's courageous state police raids of 1950 slowed down their inroads. Illicit bookie joints and vice dens operated as freely as grocery stores in one town, and muggings, bombings, and gang killings were commonplace. However, this experience and a realistic attitude about society's shortcomings did not prepare me for the shock of seeing from the inside how the Illinois legislature—the lawmaker and "public conscience" of the nation's fourth-most-populous state—actually works. This is the legislature which last year enacted a redistricting plan so blatantly unrepresentative that the Illinois Supreme Court upheld Governor Otto Kerner's veto of it. As a result, this November all

members of our House of Representatives will be elected at large—the first such election, I believe, in American history. At least 236 names will appear on a special ballot almost three feet long, out of which the voter must select all 177 members of the House.

This is only one of a series of breakdowns so frequent and so serious that I feel compelled to speak out about them.

My colleague, Republican Representative Noble W. Lee, who is Dean of the John Marshall Law School in Chicago and has served eleven terms in the House, estimates that one third of the members accept payoffs. In the light of my own observations, I agree. Most of these are recorded as legal fees, public-relations services, or "campaign contributions," though a campaign may be months away. If questioned, the recipient simply denies that the payment had anything to do with legislative activity. This makes it technically legal. A somewhat smaller number of payoffs are not veiled at all; cold cash passes directly from one hand to the other.

Recently, for example, the spokesman of a professional association visited a legislator, whom I will call Mr. X, to enlist his help with a bill. "Did you bring the money?" Mr. X asked.

"What money?" the visitor inquired.

"Money for the committee, of course," Mr. X replied. "It will cost two hundred to five hundred dollars a vote to get the bill out of committee." His caller dropped the subject and left.

imilarly jolted was a representative of the industry when he sought a powerful Senate support for a bill.

"Be glad to talk to you," the legislator told him. "seventy-five hundred dollars I can get you votes."

A few legislators go so far as to introduce some that are deliberately designed to shake down groups which oppose them and which will pay to have them withdrawn. These bills are called "pull bills," and once their sponsors develop a lucrative field, they guard it jealously.

I learned this, quite by accident, four years ago in the House. I had found that some school districts and municipalities were paying needlessly high bond interest. So I introduced a bill requiring competitive bidding on public bond issues. Shortly afterward a colleague buttonholed me in the hall.

"What are you doing with my bill?" he demanded.

"What bill?"

"That bond bill. I always introduce it, and I do rather well with it." Seeing my surprise, he added, "Look, why don't you kill it? If you do, it could be a good thing for both of us."

I declined, and the bill was assigned for hearing to a committee whose members had never before shown any interest in this subject. Presumably they were urging me to schedule a hearing, which is by custom the sponsor's prerogative. When I did so, the Taxpayers Federation, Farm Bureau, and other respected groups endorsed the bill. There was virtually no opposition. Whereupon the eager committee killed the bill by a vote twenty to nothing, and I could only wonder

where are rumors—which obviously I cannot verify—that under-the-table transactions provide an income of \$100,000 a session for one prominent representative when his party is in power. Other leading legislators and their cliques reportedly pocket profits well into five figures.

As in many state capitals, there are no controls on lobbyists in Springfield. A weak law requires them to register with the Secretary of State. But they can hand out any amount of

money to influence legislators, without disclosing their expenditures. Legislators in turn need not account for campaign contributions or disclose their source. Nor are there any real safeguards against conflicts between the public's and the legislators' private interests.

Pampering the Ponies

Among the chief beneficiaries of these easy-going ways are our state's racetracks, which enjoy one of the lowest tax rates in the nation—while our tax on a loaf of bread and a pound of hamburger is the highest in the nation. There are no regular lobbyists representing racing and parimutuel betting interests in Springfield. But several influential legislators, or members of their families, are stockholders in racetracks. On special guest nights, busloads of sympathetic legislators are driven to the tracks, given a lavish cocktail party and dinner, then escorted to reserved seats and provided with tips on likely winners on the day's card. At one track, important races are named in honor of individual legislators on these gala occasions.

A notable racing enthusiast is the President Pro Tem of the Senate, a dapper, likable suburbanite named Arthur J. Bidwill, whose family has long been registered with the State Racing Commission as track stockholders. Bidwill distributes fistfuls of season passes in the Senate chambers, and when racing bills are heard in committee he testifies for the industry. At one recent hearing, he was the only witness to oppose increasing taxes on winnings. Yet he prevailed.

A few years ago, backers of Sportsman's Park in Cicero decided to stage trotting in addition to regular racing. To get legislative approval they sent ex-convict Irwin "Big Sam" Wiedrick to Springfield with authority to offer nine influential legislators large blocs of stock in an operating affiliate of the track, at the bargain price of ten cents a share. Among those who accepted was a longtime chairman of the legislature's budget-making commission; another was a shrewd, folksy downstate Representative who has served three terms as Speaker. He bought nearly 17,000 shares in his wife's name and was allowed more than a year to pay. Meanwhile, he received \$16,900 in "dividends," enabling him to "buy" the stock without any capital outlay whatever.

The Chicago *Sun-Times* recently reported that his return on this investment amounted to \$23,000 in 1963. When a reporter queried him about the transaction (he is now running for

ator Paul Simon, a Democrat, served four years in the Illinois House of Representatives. In 1962 he was elected to the State Senate. His three-county district downstate has a population of 300,000. He also publishes nine weekly newspapers, and his book, "Lovejoy: Martyr to Freedom," will be published in October. Fred Balk, formerly on the Chicago "Sun-Times," contributes to many national magazines.

another office) he replied, "The only mistake I made was that I didn't get more."

Needless to say, Sportsman's Park got its trotting races despite a long history of hoodlum infiltrations. (The Capone syndicate helped found this track, and only last summer a multi-million-dollar bookie ring was uncovered there.)

The privileged position enjoyed by the state's racing interests was impressed on me during my first term when a bill was introduced to reduce by one third the taxes on two prosperous down-state tracks in which several legislators owned stock. At that time—in the 1950s—Illinois was starved for revenue, and was heading for the kind of financial crisis that soon was to plague Michigan. Though we were already borrowing against future tax receipts, revenue was still inadequate. To meet this crisis the House voted a 50 per cent increase in the sales tax, to a level of 3 per cent. (It now is 3.5 per cent in Illinois, plus an additional .5 per cent for municipalities, the second-highest combined total in the nation.) On the same day the leadership proposed a vote, without committee hearing, on the racetrack bonanza. I objected strenuously and several colleagues agreed. Richard Stengel, a highly respected Representative who later ran for the U. S. Senate, called the bill "the biggest steal since I've been in the legislature."

"You just call it a steal because you're not in on it!" a leading fellow Democrat retorted.

There was a motion for an immediate vote. The bill passed and was rushed to the then Governor, Republican William G. Stratton, for signature.

Stengel and I, suspecting skulduggery, filed a protest urging the Governor to veto the bill. The response was a unique experience—a resolution of censure against us filed by a House colleague, Carl Preihs. Stengel and I, he said, were "men who lacked integrity" and had "disgraced" the legislature. Legislative leaders who previously had been friendly suddenly became brusque. We were so ostracized that Stengel, in phoning me, quipped, "Hello, Measles. This is Smallpox."

Next day the Governor signed the bill—the only non-emergency measure to be acted upon so quickly in that session—and the censure resolution was dropped.

The Indestructible Syndicate

A bipartisan Chicago group known as the "West Side Bloc" consistently—and usually successfully—opposes periodic efforts to clean up elections, streamline Chicago government, and pass major

anti-crime legislation.* This coalition include a few syndicate-backed Chicago aldermen, on State Senator, and several Representatives. Recently, it has been in the news because part leaders, for the coming campaign at least, have denied some Bloc members places on the at-large ballot on the grounds that they are "undesirables." **

The Bloc crops up regularly in sinister headlines in Chicago. Just before my first term, for example, a State Representative named Cler Graver, a known associate of gangsters, was taken for a ride by unidentified men and was never seen again. The legislature, however, did not really investigate his disappearance.

Shortly afterward I witnessed firsthand the mysterious way in which legislation opposed by the syndicate is voted down even though it is favored by a vast majority of Illinois citizens. In session after session, proposals to create a State Crime Commission were defeated. Few legislators opposed the Commission publicly, though there were some who expressed sincere concern that it might be used for political purposes or would waste money. The majority of legislators either endorsed it or remained silent. Still, the measure repeatedly died while other commissions with less laudable objectives easily won approval. The main opposition pressure, without question, came from criminal elements.

Last spring Commission adherents tried again. Pressure from the press and civic organizations was intensified when a powerful alderman in Chicago, Benjamin Lewis, was found shot to death in his office on the city's West Side. The Chicago City Council chose not to investigate the case or the possible ties between the unknown killers and politics in Lewis' ward. The bill finally passed. But the legislature cut the new agency's proposed budget in half, to \$100,000. Then House leaders went on to pick their representatives

*For a fuller discussion of the problem of organized crime in Chicago, see Police Superintendent O. W. Wilson's "How the Police Chief Sees It" in *Harper's*, April 1964.—*The Editors*

**The Republican candidate for Governor, Charles Percy, has declared open war on the West Side Bloc. At a special convention in June he succeeded in purging from the ballot six Republican legislators he had characterized as "dry rot." They, in turn, called his action "dictatorship," "kangaroo court," "crucifixion," and "un-American," and predicted that the purge would doom him to defeat. The Democrats, too, have added several "blue-ribbon" candidates to their ticket. Hence—whatever the outcome in November—there is at least a faint hope that the tone of the Illinois legislature will improve somewhat.

—*The Editors*

the Commission. Breaking a long-standing tradition, they omitted the House sponsor of the bill, Representative Anthony Scariano—a courageous, honest suburban legislator who aggressively fought organized crime. Instead, they chose one legislator who voted against the bill, another who had abstained (tantamount to a “no”), one who had voted against it in the previous session, and one who had been Chief Deputy Sheriff of populous St. Clair County at the time when it was so wide open that the Kever Crime Committee held a special investigation into its affairs. Reporters later asked Scariano whether he believed the West Side Block kept him off his own Commission. “It wasn’t the YMCA,” he replied.

Almost every major anticrime measure proposed in Springfield in recent years has suffered similar sabotage. In the 1959 session, for example, a bill was introduced to ban a gambling-type pinball machine that had been outlawed in all states but Nevada, part of Maryland, and Illinois. Presently, one newspaperman reported seeing jukebox king Frank Zito (a delegate to the syndicate’s famous Apalachin “Summit Conference”) in a Capitol hallway, an unusual sight even in Springfield. The bill soon ran into trouble—a House committee tried to kill it quietly for lack of a quorum; the Speaker declined to schedule it for a full House vote until 3:00 A.M. on the last day of the session. When the bill nonetheless passed, Governor Stratton inexplicably vetoed it. In 1961, a similar measure was quietly amended to death. Last spring, another version passed—like the Crime Commission, only in watered-down form. It does not prevent the *manufacture* of these machines.

Around this time, Chicago Police Superintendent Orlando W. Wilson and other top law-enforcement officials were sponsoring another bill, patterned after a New York law, which would change syndicate gambling from a misdemeanor to a felony. The measure was killed. This time the Republican Majority Leader himself handled the main parliamentary maneuvers with the House Speaker, also a Republican, cooperating. The *Chicago Daily News* commented editorially under the headline, “Syndicate Rolls a Seven.”

Bipartisan Gravy Train

Gambling and horse racing are not, of course, the only odd objects of legislators’ benevolence. There is, for instance, the influential Republican senator who owns a finance company. He rou-

tinely looks after the small-loan industry, which in Illinois is so loosely regulated that “easy payments” may carry interest charges as high as 36 per cent. Another Senator privately represents the state’s largest highway-contracting association, according to a Chicago newspaper. Also among his clients was an engineering firm organized just in time to win a \$600,000 state contract for a toll-road survey. Such conflicts of interest are common in both parties, which work together in ways that have little to commend them.

A bond between the parties is an interest in preserving patronage. Illinois has a spoils system second only to Pennsylvania’s. There are nearly twenty thousand political state jobs; and local governments, especially Chicago, provide thousands more. “Never mind the issues, how many jobs can you get us?” is the theme song of hosts of precinct workers during campaigns. Legislators often collaborate to satisfy this hunger. The results are sometimes peculiar.

Occasionally, for instance, a Republican legislator turns up on a Democratic payroll. Thus, in 1961, two Republicans who held Democratic spoils jobs in Chicago announced that they were too ill to vote, and a third GOP member voted with the Democrats at our first organizing session. As a result, the Republicans failed to elect a Speaker though they held a one-vote majority in the House.

Cook County, which includes Chicago, elects the large majority of Democratic legislators. Whoever controls the political jobs in Cook County in effect controls the party. That man now is Chicago’s Mayor Richard J. Daley. When a major bill is considered in the legislature, the floor leader, after getting instructions from Chicago or from the Governor’s office, simply announces, “We’re for it,” or, “We’re against it.” Only a few Democratic members from downstate—of whom I am one—and a handful of independent Cook County legislators dare to take a different position.

Budget-making in our legislature is handled by a self-perpetuating clique behind closed doors. Millions of dollars—approximately half the state’s total revenue—now are frozen in “earmarked” funds guarded by special-interest lobbies. There are right now huge, untouchable surpluses earmarked (but not being fully used) for highways, driver education, county fairs, and the like, while schools, mental health, welfare, and other vital programs lag for lack of money. But the legislature spends freely on certain highway programs. One project was a toll-road system

costing hundreds of millions of dollars more than a comparable freeway.

The chairman of the Toll Highway Commission, Evan Howell, resigned a lifetime federal judgeship to accept the chairmanship at a lower salary. Subsequently it was revealed that he had founded a "contractors' club" with dues of a thousand dollars—allegedly to assure preferential treatment for members. His expense accounts in less than two years ran to \$11,000, including such items as a Lake Shore Drive apartment in Chicago, and \$18 one day for newspapers. Clearly an inquiry was in order. But Governor Stratton prevented an investigation with the help of most GOP legislators and two Democrats.

Near the end of the 1955 session this impregnable defense was broken by a weird incident—chairman Howell made a derogatory remark about a legislator in a Springfield bar. Like other legislators, Illinois lawmakers will overlook many things, but never an affront, real or fancied, to the legislature's "dignity."

The next day, amid indignant shouts, an inquiry into Howell's conduct was voted. Only six quick hearings were held, and the committee was not supplied with a lawyer or even a full-time clerk. Nonetheless some of the dismal facts I have cited here were brought out and published in a committee report. Howell was forced to resign, but there was no further probing.

Forgotten Headlines

Such speedy burial was to prove impossible in a situation that developed shortly afterward. This was the case of Orville E. Hodge, popular, playboyish, and apparently wealthy Republican State Auditor who had used up a two-year appropriation for operating his office in eighteen months. Now he was asking legislators for whom he had done many favors to bail him out by approving a half-million dollar deficiency appropriation to cover his shortage.

If ever a case called for legislative scrutiny, this seemed to be it. Two of us in the House said so, and opposed the appropriation. But, under prodding from Hodge, the request rolled through, plus a new appropriation almost \$2 million larger than the previous one.

A few months later the *Chicago Daily News* revealed why Hodge had needed extra money: With the help of an assistant and a cooperative bank, he had stolen \$2,500,000 in public funds. He had loaded his payroll with key legislators' friends, used public money for high living, asso-

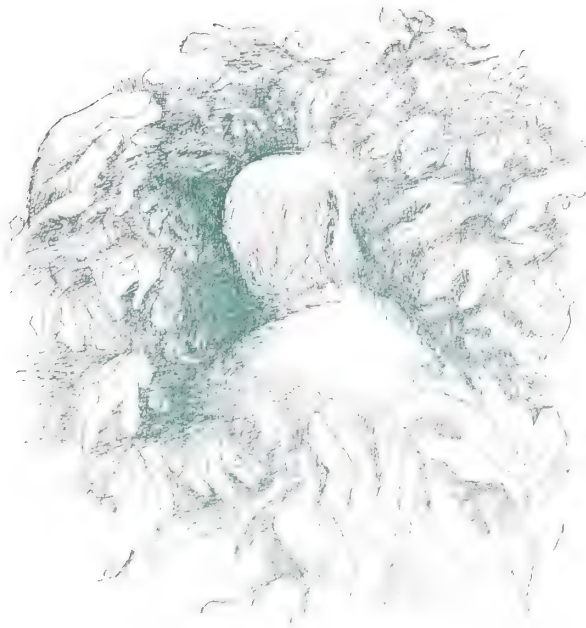
ciated closely with hoodlums and gamblers. According to the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, he even had entered a partnership in a motel with a racket boss in the St. Louis area, Frank "Buster" Wortman, and slot-machine king Thomas Berry. Only masquerading as wealthy, Hodge actually was of fairly ordinary means. These revelations shocked the entire state, and many citizens elsewhere. A thorough investigation and major reforms seemed imminent. Hodge was quickly tried, and convicted of misappropriating a portion of the total funds. Then he was hurried off to prison without extensive public questioning. Only minor fiscal reforms were enacted, and proposals for a full-scale legislative probe were defeated. In 1963, Hodge was paroled without ever having told his full story.

The case refused to die, however. George Thieme, Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter who had broken the scandal in the newspapers, published a book, *The Hodge Scandal* (St. Martin's Press). In it he quoted a representative of a leading utility company, who described how it had succeeded in persuading the Illinois legislature to pass a bill saving the company \$35,000 a year in franchise taxes. The price, said the utility man, was \$35,000. And the money was paid to Hodge whose friends in the legislature took care of the details. One former legislator, for example, admitted that Hodge gave him \$2,000 for his "help" on this and other bills. The utility measure, naturally, passed easily.

"We didn't think the fee was excessive," a utility tax consultant told Thieme. "We got what we wanted. The fee was in line with what we were used to paying."

A major scandal like this, of course, makes front-page news. But, by and large, the press does not pay enough attention to the state legislature. Only a handful of papers—most of them in Chicago—even attempt full-scale legislative coverage. All too rarely is even a roll call published statewide showing how legislators vote. Nor is there a complete daily journal of proceedings beyond the mere disposition of bills. Clearly this lack of public scrutiny is an open invitation to mischief which, I fear, is equally present in many states.

Ten years ago, a report of the Committee on American Legislatures of the American Political Science Association said, "Modernization of American state legislatures is considered by many to be the most important piece of unfinished business in the area of government reorganization." From my experience in Illinois and my knowledge of other legislatures, I would consider that an understatement.



A Walk in the Forest

A story by Monica Sterba

I have I told you," said Dagobert, "about the day I first heard the locusts?"

"No," I said, lying. It could not be avoided anyhow, and I knew how upset he would be if I said so.

Next to Dagobert, a shock-headed cretin lifted his spoon and dropped it with a splash into his plate of greasy broth. We have a little elbow room here, but not enough to allow such manners. And the cretin anyhow was an administrative mistake; he should have been put elsewhere, in another part of the Institution, wherever they put such people. I resented him sometimes, in our mild way.

"The locusts," said Dagobert dreamily. "It was a warm evening in May. I was alone in my office at the Ministry. Properly speaking, of course, it was not my office. I shared it with a Mr. Carstairs, and a Miss B—how silly, I know that name so well. A Miss B—"

"Brindle," I said helpfully, before I could stop myself.

"Brindle, of course. But then I have told you the story."

"No, no," I assured him. "But you've told me about Miss Brindle."

"What could I have told you about Miss Brindle? I hardly knew Miss Brindle." Dagobert's bland functionary's voice began to rasp and squeak. "If you mean to insinuate that Miss Brindle . . . that I and Miss Brindle . . ."

"Please, please, Dagobert. I meant nothing at all. And do calm down; they are watching us already. You only told me that you had shared an office with a Miss Brindle. I remembered the name because it's such an unusual one."

"Not unusual," returned Dagobert, still squeaking. "Not unusual at all. I have known at least seven Brindles."

"Then perhaps you mentioned the others. Perhaps you say Brindle Brindle Brindle all the time." I, in turn, was losing control; but then I had sat politely through at least a thousand of his recitals, and sooner or later there comes a moment when one's patience gives out.

"Brindle Brindle Brindle," said Dagobert, and began to cry.

"Dagobert! Do calm down. They are all looking at us. Please, Dagobert. I didn't mean to offend you."

"I'm sorry," said Dagobert, making an effort.

"I'm sorry too."

We were back to behaving like civilized people. "You must understand," said Dagobert. "It's the strain of hearing them all the time."

"I know."

"You will hear them too, soon."

"I have no doubt of it."

I had hoped the effort of pulling himself together would exhaust him for a little while, but as always, I was wrong.

"Well then. It was a warm evening in May. I was alone in the office that normally I shared with Mr. Carstairs and Miss Brindle." Dagobert's elephantine ears turned bright red as he said the name. He was waiting for me to make insinuations. I was waiting for him to get the story over with, knowing that his carefully trained and compartmented brain must examine and fit in every detail, however irrelevant. "I had just dropped a letter into the Internal Communications Chute. I sat down at my desk again. And then, suddenly, I heard them. I heard the chomp chomp chomp of their little jaws. I knew what it was because I had seen a film about them once, but I could never have imagined that I would hear that noise there, in my own office, in the Ministry. I mean the office that I shared with Mr. Carstairs and Miss Brindle.

"Anyway, there it was. I could tell it was a whole army of them. I looked out of the window, but there was nothing, only a few people on the first shift going home a bit late. So I rang the emergency bell. I was very frightened, but I did remember to ring the emergency bell."

"That was the right thing to do," I said, knowing my cues.

"Yes. It's amazing, there are so few emergencies, but when there are, the reflexes, what you've been trained to do, does take over. It's a good thing, too. That's the trouble with the young, you know. They're no longer properly conditioned."

Thank God, I thought, he's digressing. To hear it again all the way through might have been more than I could bear. Now, instead, we shall have his lecture on the young. While Dagobert droned on, his mind following the channel that had been set for it in a past now distant beyond his conjecture, the cretin threw his head back and joyously gargled his broth.

Mercifully, the gargling did not last long, but when it stopped there was a hoarse grating sound from the other end of the table. At this Dagobert interrupted his lecture to look around. "Some of them," he commented, nodding at me wisely "can't breathe."

"They only think that," I said, though at one point I had thought it myself. "Anyone can breathe if he tries."

"Others," Dagobert went on, "are afraid they will be put into a folding eggbox. That's awfully silly, isn't it? Or that the buildings will fall on them. Now that, in a way, I can understand. I had some work at the Ministry in connection with building regulations, and I can tell you, quite frankly, now that I'm no longer working there—though mind you, it's disloyal—and the buildings are very good, on the whole—"

There was a serious disturbance on the other side of the dining room, and someone was carried out. Dagobert watched warily. "You know," he said, in a whisper, "there's been more of that lately. There's a new crowd coming in. And do you know, there are many more people here than when I first came. If you ask me, it's ominous. There's a kind of broody feeling about it. It makes me think of that warm evening in May..."

I closed my eyes and tried to picture the eternally absent Miss Brindle. Click of sharp heels, blue mouth, pink-and-silver-rimmed glasses. What matter, they are all the same. Like the Dagoberts. Still others, I thought, going back to our earlier conversation, are frightened by mirrors; they imagine if a mirror can duplicate once it can duplicate endlessly, and if ever they are caught, between two mirrors—as sometimes happens, even to the most circumspect—they will be lost forever, will disappear in an infinite row of themselves.

In my youth, the complex mental disease we suffer from was confined to the more sensitive;

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it is attacking, in surprising numbers, men Dagobert. Dagobert will tell you that he likes people, and that on the toilet (the only place, beside, that we are ever alone) he finds it cozy and companionable to see, under the three-quarter door, the feet of the person waiting. And there are even patients who long for the oxygen cabinets they sometimes used before coming here, although right in our yard there is air which is relatively pure, and can be breathed in the open. They have no idea what has made them ill, no conscious wish to escape from the unbearable overcrowding outside—only their locusts and egg-heads, their inarticulate terror of being crushed. "The crunch of their little jaws," Dagobert was saying. "I thought, if they aren't to be seen anywhere, where can they be? Because everyone knows, of course, they are extinct. Maybe on the great plains, some still might live; but there are no great plains. So—I figured it out, eventually, I see—they must be down below. In the underground stations, perhaps."

The new man on my right jabbed me with his elbow. "Yesterday soup," he said. "Today liquid diet. But, my friend, I am not so stupid as that. Soup is also a liquid, isn't it?"

"They're getting a little short of food outside," he replied. "The liquid diet is quite adequate in vitamins, and no doubt it's the best they can do at the moment. I admit it's not very exciting." I try to defend the Administration on these occasions. So few of the patients realize how fortunate they are to be here.

"But do you know," said Dagobert, "the funny thing is how I knew right away what that noise was. Because I've never really come across a locust, except long ago, in the films. I can't even picture sure what they look like."

I myself get a bit impatient sometimes, but I have no wish to complain. For this, in spite of everything, is the most peaceful place I have ever known; and I have managed to stay here, classified as incurable, for seventeen years. When I was first sent here, with a strength of will I would never have thought myself capable of, I resisted their efforts to readjust me. And soon, to my amazement, they gave in; they stopped the drugs and the treatments, and left me alone. This also, of course, was an administrative mistake. Someone has forgotten to check on what is happening here; that we are, relatively speaking, happy and at peace, and in full possession of our delusions, in the neglected garden of dementia. Now it has come to a point where they do little more than calm the

violent with sedatives; the well-behaved, except at meals and bedtimes, get almost no attention at all.

Here, in this wonderfully old-fashioned Institution, we have more room than we have ever had; our own dark corners in the vast recreation rooms; our own yard, large enough so that we can be out of each other's sight for moments at a time. And outside the yard, beyond the high wall, is the forest. A real forest, not a park; one of the last forests left. We are in the very middle of it, and it covers almost a hundred square miles. More vividly than anything, I remember the amazement I felt when I was first brought here, at seeing, on the way, the miles and miles of green trees. I could not understand why they had been left; perhaps the Authorities thought that one or two forests of this size should be kept, as a sort of monument to the houseless landscapes of many years ago, and to help in the rehabilitation of patients like us. But the need for land must be getting even more desperate; and one day, no doubt, they will cut the forest down.

Though perhaps not in my lifetime. And meanwhile, for whatever reason, it is there; and my greatest joy is to see the treetops above the high wall.

In the past, calmer patients were sometimes taken, in groups of two or three, for little walks in the forest, along the drive; then it was decided that this "implied favoritism and fostered anti-social tendencies" as I heard one of the doctors say, and the practice was stopped. There were also escapes; those brave and fortunate enough to walk in the forest alone. We never saw any of them again. No doubt they were quickly recaptured, and disappeared into the obscurity of the Severely Disturbed Wing, but I like to think of them still alone and still in the forest—though, of course, it is ridiculous to imagine this. They would have nothing to eat, and they could easily be tracked down. There are roads, of course, and probably observation posts, and they would have only a hundred square miles of hiding places. Only a hundred—more than any of us have ever seen! A hundred square miles of forest! I have lain awake nights thinking about it. It seems as vast as the vanished deserts or Columbus's ocean, more mysterious than the edge of the world when people believed it flat.

I myself, of course, have not thought of escaping. Or rather, I have thought of it, and realized that for a few hours' or only minutes' real solitude, I might have to spend years in the Severely Disturbed Wing. They might even, if I call attention to myself in such a fashion, make a deter-

mined effort to readjust me and send me away. I am a sensible man; I have no wish to jeopardize a bearable vegetation, which is the most one can hope for, on a childish impulse. Enough that the trees are there. And yet—when Dagobert is on about Miss Brindle, and the cretin's table manners at their worst, with the Institution itself becoming more crowded, and rumors of growing shortages outside—if only one could go for a walk in the forest, just a little walk, with no one's knowing, and come back home again.

While I dreamt of the forest, Dagobert had resumed his lecture on the young.

"They're no longer properly conditioned," he explained, waving his spoon. "When I was a boy, we enjoyed learning by heart. We *memorized* our schedules. Nobody had to ring bells to remind us of things. We memorized *everything*. And I was especially good at it. I knew all the jingles—all the names of all the soaps—all the stations on the underground—everyone's telephone numbers. In those days, we still had our own apartments, with private telephones in them, and we could call—"

"Not everyone's telephone numbers in all the world, surely," said the man opposite, a big, fat, friendly man whose voice rose to a high falsetto at the end of each sentence.

"Of course not," said Dagobert impatiently. "Of course not." His mouth worked; he wanted to go on, but his audiences were worse and worse these days, and it was beginning to tell on him.

"There would be trillions," said the fat man, and laughed, a rich happy laugh, as though he found this fact both funny and heartening. "Trillions and trillions of telephone numbers. Little and big trillions."

Dagobert put his spoon down with a trembling hand. The fat man's laugh had shrunk to a chuckle, but he was still muttering about trillions. Dagobert stared at him for a moment, then turned to me and said: "You know, I don't like these new people at all. And there are so *many* of them. It's getting so noisy—worse every day. You can't hear yourself think. But you can hear the locusts all right. When the noise is louder, they get louder too. Their little jaws go faster and faster . . ."

"You're wrong, Dagobert; their little jaws are not going at all, because things have got very tight outside. They hardly get anything except liquid diet now." I spoke softly, knowing he would not hear me well through the general din, and that he never paid much attention to what I

said, except when he thought I was making insinuations about Miss Brindle.

"Yes?" said Dagobert absently, waving his spoon again. "Have I told you about the day I first heard the locusts?" The spoon was now full of liquid diet, which splashed on the cretin next to him. The cretin, thinking this was a game, filled his own spoon and aimed it at Dagobert.

"Stop that at once, please," said a voice behind him. The cretin obediently dropped his spoon. Dagobert had withdrawn and was listening to his locusts; the fat man was still going on, in a low voice, about his trillions. I envied them their powers of withdrawal. The meals here were becoming a trial. The attendant who had come to the rescue put the cretin's spoon back into his bowl and smiled wearily at me over his head. I smiled back. He was a kind man, and I suspected that he and most of our nicer attendants had taken jobs here because they also wished to escape the life outside. But lately they were getting overworked and nervous. And everything seemed particularly bad today.

The fat man was coming out of his trance. He leaned confidentially across the table. I braced myself for a long recitation of numbers.

"Have you heard?" he said in a stage whisper, which curbed his falsetto and made him far more understandable to his neighbors.

"Heard what?"

The fat man withdrew again for a minute. He leaned back in his chair, counted something out quickly on his fingers, turned his head aside, and sang a few numbers in his high falsetto. I waited patiently for the ritual to be finished, although I had no interest in whatever imaginary revelation he was about to make. We do try, on the whole, to be polite to each other. Even Dagobert; even the cretin, insofar as he is capable of it.

"There is to be a Ministry Inspection today."

"A Ministry Inspection!" Forgetting my usual caution, I whispered excitedly, and just as loudly back. "There hasn't been one in four years! But how do you know?"

"I heard the nurses talking about it. They're all quite worried, I think. These are big Inspectors. Bigger than usual. So big—" The fat man made an expansive gesture, overturning his neighbor's bowl. His neighbor, a wizened creature who never said anything, threw back his head and howled. A new bowl of liquid diet was produced, and the howling stopped magically. The fat man apologized to our attendant, who wiped up the mess under the fixed sad stare of its owner, and then went off, giving me another weary smile.

Also," went on the fat man, his stage whisper wing with the importance of his words, "I've been hearing things from a man who has contacts on the outside. I can't tell you who he is, because"—he glanced furtively at Dagobert and the cretin—"there might be spies."

In the Ministry," said Dagobert loudly, "we know what to do with informers." Dagobert's punch of the Ministry had had nothing to do with informers of any sort, but the fat man's condescending airs were beginning to infect him. "Oh, I didn't mean any reference to anyone," the fat man said quickly.

"In fact," Dagobert continued, "they were very cautious at the Ministry. Even their most trusted employees—like myself—were questioned very thoroughly when it came to something out of the ordinary. When I first told them about the locusts—"

Although I was nearly sure the fat man's deal with contacts was as illusory as Dagobert's insects, the anxiety I had been feeling lately about the fate of the Institution made me eager to hear any rumor brought by the new inmates. For once, I interrupted Dagobert.

"What does he say, this man with contacts?" "He says," whispered the fat man, leaning toward me, "he says, it can't go on much longer now."

"Exactly what I've been telling everyone," Dagobert broke in, undaunted. "They must have already chewed their way through the foundations. You would think it's only that other sort of insects—termites—do that. But no. When they get really hungry—"

"But what is it? The Institution?"

"He didn't tell me," the fat man answered seriously. "But"—brightening up—"I assure you he had contacts. And those were his exact words."

"I have no doubt of it. Other people have used them as well."

"I wouldn't know about that. But he'd been in a high position, too. He told me. Not one of your punch-card feeders." The fat man glanced quickly at Dagobert, and added in a softer voice, "I didn't mean any reference to anyone."

"I myself, of course, was never a punch-card feeder," said Dagobert with immense dignity. But at the Ministry there was great respect for such people. They wore purple smocks at work, very smart, with little collars. I can picture it now . . ."

"And I," I remarked softly, but not softly enough, "can hear the chomp chomp chomp of their little jaws."

"There you are," said Dagobert triumphantly.

For once, he had paid attention to what I said. "He hears them. Soon you will hear them too," turning to the fat man. "Everyone will hear them. And then at last, at last, the Ministry will be able to give the necessary orders."

The pronunciation of this sacred phrase left Dagobert, as always, pale and trembling. He would never say what "the necessary orders" were; I suppose they concerned some secret and drastic method of doing away with the locusts. If anyone questioned him too closely on this subject, he became very upset. I made a warning sign to the fat man, who had not yet heard this part of the routine, but it was too late.

"What orders?" asked the fat man innocently.

Dagobert became still paler and dug his spoon into the table. I tried hard to think of some way of distracting them both to avoid a scene. Our end of the table had already received enough attention today.

Distraction came, however, in the form of the three Inspectors, who at that moment entered the room. The fat man had been right; and I should have realized from the way everyone was behaving that something special was about to happen, for any tension or anxiety in the staff is immediately reflected in the manners of the inmates.

The few of us who realized what they were fell silent and stared, in timid fascination, at the gray figures at the end of the long hall. The rest kept on with their eating and their din. The Inspectors only glanced around the dining hall, and were ushered out again. As they were leaving, Dagobert rather belatedly got up and bowed; two or three others imitated him. The attendants paid no attention, but began to gather in little groups, talking uncomfortably. In Dagobert's words, which he used repeatedly during the rest of our meal, there was a very broody feeling.

After lunch was the time scheduled for television and occupational therapy. Things had been so lax lately that our section of the occupational-therapy class was attended regularly only by the cretin, who would string beads for hours, drooling happily, and an earnest young man who was in love with Miss Pivot, the occupational therapist, a dry, antiseptic young woman who ignored his shy overtures and concentrated grimly on the cretin's progress. On the whole, it was a peaceful occasion; Dagobert and I would sometimes go there to do a bit of weaving when things were noisy downstairs. That day, however, it was necessary to put on a show for the Inspectors,

and about ten of us—the two regulars and some of the “better” patients, including Dagobert, the fat man, and myself—were rounded up and marched upstairs to the occupational-therapy room.

Miss Pivot bustled about, doling out beads, Plasticine, and wool. I noticed that the best finished products, most of them done by the occupational therapist herself, had been arranged on a big table to make an elaborate display. I gazed at this for some time, and then turned toward the window. The room had a lovely view of the treetops above the wall; I was looking at them, filled with longing, when a lump of wet clay was thrust into my hand. Startled, I dropped it; it fell on my shoes, with an unpleasant squishy sound. I stared at my shoes for a moment with distaste, and then bent down to pick the clay off them. Miss Pivot hovered over me, making an unappealing nervous gesture with clasped hands. “Please,” she said, “would you make a pot?”

“I did pots long ago,” I said, in mild protest. “The last time I came here, I did weaving.”

“Yes, I know,” she said, “but I do want someone doing clay, and it’s too difficult with the others. Please do. You need only begin it. You can do weaving the next time.” Her voice was harsh; she was asking for my complicity, but would show no kindness in return. I began resignedly to fiddle with the damned clay.

The young man who was in love with Miss Pivot was making a bird out of paper, which he folded delicately in a complicated series of folds. He must have learned this somewhere, long ago—Miss Pivot, I was sure, could not have mastered anything so intricate. It was amazing to see him turn a square of paper into one of these graceful winged shapes, and soon I was watching him intently, forgetting my pot. Miss Pivot never looked at him; she trotted nervously back and forth between the cretin and the fat man, who had tangled up the threads in his loom. Never had I seen her so overwrought; the whole room was charged with her fear. Even the cretin seemed aware of it; he gaped up at her and began absent-mindedly to undo the beads he had done. They made a little clicking sound as he dropped them, one by one, on the floor. “Please,” said Miss Pivot. “Henry, you know it’s not like that, dear. The other way. Here, let me show you again.” She brushed past me on her way to the cretin. “Do get on with your pot, please,” she snarled at me.

Then she gave a little gasp and wheeled around, the cretin’s beads in her hand, to face the door which was slowly opening. The Inspectors, accompanied by our two head doctors, walked into

the room. This time, mercifully, Dagobert did not get up and bow. I told myself firmly that this was a routine event, even though it had not happened for a long time, and that only a stupid woman like Miss Pivot would be made so nervous by it. But the tension was contagious. I had a sudden acute wish to straighten my collar, which began to tickle my neck unbearably, but my hands were wet and sticky with clay. Miss Pivot stood there, smiling vaguely, holding the beads, and the young man with the bird watched her, his face contorted with terror and sympathy and love. “Just carry on,” said one of the head doctors encouragingly. Someone had to do something, so I began violently kneading and slapping my clay, and the others fell to work like robots, except the cretin who continued to gape—and anyhow Miss Pivot still had his beads.

One of the Inspectors talked quietly to the doctors; the other two looked restlessly around the room—not at Miss Pivot’s carefully prepared exhibit, but at us. Especially the cretin. One of them frowned and made a note on his little pad. They ignored the beautiful bird of Miss Pivot’s admirer, although he was holding it up at arm’s length, pretending to see if the wings were straight, in a desperate effort to attract their attention. Miss Pivot was introduced to the Inspectors, and gave sharp little smiles and nods, shifting her beads from one hand to the other. Finally, one of the Inspectors walked to the table where the exhibits lay, picked up a figurine as if to feel its weight, and put it down again. He then walked quickly back to the others, still standing near the door. Then, with a cursory good-bye to Miss Pivot and to us, they were gone.

Miss Pivot turned back to the cretin with her pointed nose twitching; she handed him the beads without a word and went over to the table to clear the exhibition pieces away. Her adorer sat dumbly, the bird like a dead creature in his lap. The sense of doom these ridiculous Inspectors brought with them was too much; I remembered saying lightly to Dagobert that morning that anyone could breathe if he tried, but now I was beginning to feel, as in the days when I was really ill, that I couldn’t, and that I must get out of the room at once. I asked shakily if I might go and wash my hands. Miss Pivot did not answer; I took this for consent, and went out.

In the corridor, I felt better, and walked slowly toward the bathroom at the end, concentrating on taking deep, even breaths. The corridor was empty, but I noticed that one door was slightly ajar and there were voices and the clink of cups. Probably the Inspectors were being



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erved afternoon refreshments; I wondered if they were trying our liquid diet. As I neared the door, I walked still more slowly—and then stopped dead, for suddenly one voice had risen above the general buzzing, an unpleasant, high-pitched voice, loud enough that I could understand quite clearly. "Yes, yes," the voice said impatiently, "one hesitates to interfere where so much pioneering work has been done. But I've already told you the size of the waiting list; and you must realize, my dear fellow, that it's not enough to have them calmed down and playing with beads. It's getting them out that counts. Of course they'll stay on drugs once they're out; but that's quite normal these days. I myself, dear fellow—" Here I lost the voice among others, but then it rose again. "And a slight dampening of certain faculties is a small price to pay, after all, for being able to live with one's neighbors again, under the normal conditions. Now, the newest drugs, those that Bezier has been working with—"

The weary voice of one of the head doctors, an older man who had been there even before I came to the Institution, answered that it was no use telling patients out if they were back in a few months. I could not hear the Inspector's reply, because there were footsteps on the stairs, and I slid back down the corridor to the occupational-therapy room, forgetting I had not washed my hands.

Everyone looked up nervously as I opened the door; then, seeing I was not an Inspector, they took no further notice of me. Miss Pivot was still dying up. The others sat listlessly, not even pretending to work; only the cretin was unstringing his beads again. They went click, click, click on the floor but Miss Pivot did not stop him, and after a few minutes she told us, her voice harsher than ever, to go back downstairs.

I hurried down ahead of the others; I knew Agobert would be eager to talk to me, and I could not bear it after what I had heard. I was so upset even to feel sorry for the poor young man who worshiped Miss Pivot. She must have suspected that this Inspection would go badly; that was why she had been so apprehensive. But what did it all mean—the waiting list, the "getting them out"? Would they try to send me back outside, old as I was? Then I remembered what the doctor had said about patients coming back, and felt a little better; but I wanted badly to get away by myself to think all this over. I decided to go out into the yard.

It was a gray, damp sort of day, and as I passed through the recreation room on my way out, I saw that the patients who normally exercised in the yard at this time were still sitting in front of the television. Perhaps the light, warmth, and platitudes radiating from it so steadily gave them comfort; for here also there was an atmosphere of tension. The attendants, instead of exhorting their charges to go outside, were still gathered in little groups, talking excitedly, and completely ignoring the patients. Mr. Krom, who believed the television set was a sort of sun, was smiling ecstatically and removing his clothes. This attempted sunbath was a daily procedure, but normally one of the attendants stopped him by the time he had his shirt off. Today, he had taken off his trousers and was beginning to pull his vest over his head, and still the attendants remained in their corners, talking. I wondered if, as an old and trusted inmate, I should say something; then, looking at Mr. Krom's delighted smile, I decided to let things be. He would probably stop anyhow when he got to his shorts.

I went out, and began to walk toward the main entrance. There seemed to be no one about. Then I saw, with a violent start, that the great gates were open.

It must be for the Inspectors' car, of course; their chauffeur would be driving around to the Severely Disturbed Wing, which I knew from past Inspections was usually the last wing visited, to pick them up. The gates had been opened too early. There was only one guard, standing stiffly in front of them; the others must be at the Severely Disturbed Wing. And from there the main gates could not be seen.

I had never dreamt that one day I might walk out into the yard and find the gates open. I had only a minute; what could I say to get the guard away from the gates? And did I really want to? I stood like a badly placed statue in the middle of the drive, staring stupidly at the guard.

"Hey, you there," said the guard. "Why are you standing there like that? What's wrong with you?"

"It's Krom," I said, using the first name that came into my head.

"Krom? What Krom? What about him?"

"He just came out here. Without his clothes. They weren't paying any attention inside. I thought I should find him. I think—I think he's gone that way." I pointed toward the Severely Disturbed Wing.

The guard swore, with more fear than anger in his voice. "We've got to get him before the Inspectors come out," he said, and ran off. I



trotted a few steps after him, and when he rounded a hedge, I turned and ran the opposite way, out through the gates, then off the road and into the forest.

I lurched along for a little while, fighting my way through tangles of undergrowth, until the pain in my side became unbearable; running is a difficult thing when one is out of practice and no longer young. Then I stopped and looked back. There was no one, and no sound of pursuit. Even on this colorless day, the leaves were incredibly green and shining. I closed my eyes for a moment. The wind was still, and a fine rain was beginning. I could hear a variety of unfamiliar rustlings and whisperings, and beyond them an enormous silence.

I took a deep breath, which sounded very raucous, and trotted on. Again, after what seemed hardly any distance, I was in such pain I had to stop, would have had to stop even if the Inspectors themselves had been puffing behind me. At the thought of the Inspectors, panting, hatless and red-faced, clutched by brambles and tripped by roots, I laughed aloud, and then quickly looked around. But there was still no one, and no human sound; only the sounds that trees make, and the rain.

How stupid the guard had been to run off like that! And now he, who had trusted me, might be

in trouble. I felt badly about this. But then after all, I might have been having a perfectly legitimate hallucination—and patients at the Institution have seen far stranger things than a naked Krom galloping toward the Severely Disturbed Wing. I might even say that this vision had frightened me into going out through the gate. . . . It was no use worrying, anyhow, about what would happen later. And I was here, alone in the forest.

Shyly, like someone anxious and embarrassed at a long-dreamt-of assignation, I touched one of the trees. It felt no different from the trees in our yard, except that its bark was unscarred. "Tree," I said, like a child learning to speak, and felt more embarrassed than ever at the sound of my own quavering voice. I never realized how old I am. And being alone, like running, is a thing that must be practiced.

But my voice, heard for the first time in isolation, without possible answer, fascinated as well as embarrassed. "I'm alone in the forest," I whispered hoarsely. It sounded like a querulous old patient trying to persuade his doctor of a favorite delusion. And was I not, perhaps, dreaming? Suddenly frightened, I began to run again; but after what seemed only a few jolting steps. I was too faint and dizzy even to stay upright. I sat down and closed my eyes. I had heard some-

ere that, to prevent fainting, one should put one's head between one's knees; I tried this, but my back was too stiff, and it only made me feel worse. I gave up and leaned back against a tree trunk, waiting for my sickness to reach a crisis. The wet ground seemed to revive me; slowly my breathing became easier and my head began to clear. I became aware of the sounds around me again; the rain had stopped, and now there were birds calling to each other, as in the Institution yard at evening. I opened my eyes. It was all the forest.

Trees, I suppose, are much the same everywhere, but here there were so many of them, and they seemed to grow around and against and through each other, in a bewildering tangle without pattern, unlike anything I had ever seen. A whole maze of hiding places; no one, making this officially, could have done it more skillfully. And there were so many shades of green, and it was all so amazingly quiet, and yet alive with little sounds—a leaf falling, a twig breaking, a branch moving gently, something scurrying, rustling—were there still small wild animals left in this forest? At any rate, it was not a human footstep, nothing large enough to be pursuing me. I stood up and moved to the other side of the tree I had been sitting under. Here, leaning against the tree, I felt sheltered and safe; from behind it, no one could see me, and before me was a screen of thorny bushes, through which it seemed impossible that anyone would approach. I thought happily that I might have been the first person in years to set foot in the particular patch of mossy ground where I was standing. Then, for what may have been minutes, I tried to capture, to memorize what I was seeing, but the tangled intricacy of growth was so bizarre that my mind, accustomed to squares and parallels and vivid colors, was left baffled but elated, holding only an impression of shimmering green. I forgot that the Institution was only a short distance away; I was alone in the wilderness, like Crusoe, like Byrd, like Scott. Everything that existed, existed for me only; and to be so alone, even briefly, was more delightful than anything on earth.

At that moment, as if a sign had been given, a warm afternoon sun appeared through the branches. The forest became a dancing pattern of light and shade, and a pathway of light fell before me on the ground. Feeling now very happy and very much a pioneer, I took this as an omen, and started along the path of light. It

seemed as good a direction as any to take; as far as I could make out from the sun, it led away from the Institution—but unfortunately straight to the thorny thicket ahead. I could, of course, have avoided the thicket, but it seemed braver to try to go through. I looked in vain for a gap, and then at last tried to part the bushes with my arm. This tore my coat, and gave me a number of bleeding scratches; it was extraordinary how the bushes clung. I was being childish and wasting time; the thicket would have to be circumvented after all. In less than a minute, I reached the end of it; it was only a double line of bushes, and not as long as I had thought. Beyond it the trees seemed to be thinning out. Puzzled, I walked on faster, stumbled over a root, and stopped dead. Ahead of me, glimmering gray through the trees, was a high wall.

I had a moment of panic—but only a moment. My nerves, already a little sharpened by the last half-hour, were better than they had been when I had come out into the yard and found the gates open. This was, of course, the Institution again. How stupid of me to have gone in a circle after all! Well, they would find me that much sooner. No use running blindly on; I must stop and figure this out. I had, I thought, gone at a right angle to the road, and then turned left to get through the thicket. According to the position of the sun, I had, in fact, gone away from the Institution; unless I had made a complete half-circle and reached the back wall. I squinted up at the sun, concentrating desperately; it seemed impossible that I had gone in a circle, for the sun would then have been on my right when I tried to get through the thicket. . . . I looked more closely at the wall. There was something unfamiliar about it—it seemed lighter in color than the wall of the Institution. A trick of the sun—or perhaps it looked different from outside. Completely bewildered now, but still calm, I walked slowly along the wall, running my hand against it. My breathing was very loud again, and I wondered stupidly if it could be heard through the wall. If only I could reach the side gate—if this was the Institution wall, it would have one—through which I might have a chance of looking without being seen.

There was, in fact, a little gate, well screened by shrubs. I moved away from the wall and off into the forest a little, then crept up behind the shrubs on all fours. I saw what I should have expected to see. It was, indeed, the Institution, only one of its wings was larger, and the trees in the yard were smaller; it was probably a somewhat newer building than ours. There were a few patients and an attendant in the yard, but if they

did catch a glimpse of me behind the shrubs, they showed no reaction.

I walked along, keeping the wall in view, till I reached the end of it. Then I looked up at the sun again, now very bright, and tried to keep on in the same direction, counting my paces. Here the forest seemed to be less tangled; there were more large trees, less undergrowth, and it was easy to keep a fairly straight line. In about sixty yards, I had reached the next wall.

I was beginning to feel dizzy again, but I was able to keep walking, and gradually the dizziness became better and I went on quite automatically, as if my legs had taken control and were proceeding smoothly in the direction they had last been ordered to take. That, and a sort of nerveless curiosity, kept me going through the little strips of wood until I passed the next road, and the next Institution, and the next. I thought how well I was walking now, but that I must look rather like the cretin doing his morning round in the yard, shoulders stooped, mouth half open. But it seemed a natural way of going. And all this time the birds were still chattering, and there was still no one following me.

My forest was gone, all hundred miles of it, and the Institution had mushroomed everywhere instead. Every forest must come down to make room for us; for cretins and Dagoberts and Miss Brindles, for fat men reciting numbers, for armies of locusts in purple smocks. If I had only listened, during seventeen deluded years (how much wiser Dagobert was, pursued by the sound of gnawing), I would have heard them cutting it down, would have heard the trees as they fell. Or perhaps there never had been a forest; after all, when I came to the Institution, I had seen only the trees lining the road, and leading from it, other roads lined by trees. . . .

It was kind of them to give us this illusion of space, when most of the sane, who live outside, have not even an acre of trees between the enormous hives of their homes. But what will they do when there are still more of us, when there is no room at all, and even these narrow spaces must be filled? I felt a sudden sick terror at being lost in this endless maze of concealed asylums and ran, coughing and stumbling, to the nearest gate.

The patients were in the yard, just being assembled to be sent inside. The same patients? Krom might be undressing in front of the television in the recreation room; Dagobert has buttonholed a new inmate and is going on about his locusts. And I might be inside too, dreaming of escape into an imaginary forest. How stupid

they are not to see me. Should I shout, or sing, or howl like my neighbor when his liquid diet taken away?

At last one of them did notice me, and the they all began hopping, giggling, pointing, the normal reactions of the insane. I put my hand on the gate and waited. When the attendant came—two strange attendants, because this was not, after all, my Institution—I stepped back and waited politely for them to open the gate.

It's as I always say," Dagobert, feeling himself the hero of the hour, stated pompously. "One must remember what one's been taught when young. The conditioning, that's what does it. Ever since I was tiny, I've been told about the emergency bell. Hardly any of us know how to do it here of course. It's only the attendants are supposed to. But I've watched. And from my days in the Ministry—"

"What good did it do?" asked the fat man scornfully. "By the time they got there, it was too late."

"Anyone would have been too late. He went straight down, you know. Head first." Dagobert wagged his own head vigorously, with a pleased mysterious smile.

"So what good did it do, your emergency bell? And besides, why are you carrying on that way? I thought he was your friend."

"He was and he wasn't, you know. He had that sly way of saying things. Like about Miss Brindle. He used to hint that—" Dagobert's large ears went red. "Anyway, the main thing, you know, is to do exactly what one's been taught. I always hold on to that. And it's always seen me through. Like the day when I first—"

"He must have wanted to very badly, to do it like that." The fat man lowered his voice. "Ever since they brought him back, he'd been looking funny. I thought they'd have taken him to the Severely Disturbed. But they never did. And then he—listen, do you think he knew something we don't? Something about the agricultural crisis, maybe? Do you think he had contacts outside?"

"Of course not," Dagobert returned, offended. "I have contacts outside. Lots of contacts."

"You do, do you?" the fat man said. "Oh, I bet you do. Lots and lots. Millions and billions and trillions."

He began to laugh his huge swelling laugh, and the attendant at the end of the table got up and started toward him. In the dining hall that evening, there was a very broody feeling.

Germany Pays Tribute to
GENERAL
GEORGE CATLETT MARSHALL
Father of the Marshall Plan



The principle of development aid which he gave us must be advanced

acknowledged that the Marshall Plan, which re-
pe, was also the forerunner of today's Atlantic
p, and of the whole concept of self-help and mutual
has been generally accepted in the West. The
Germany saw what Marshall aid did for them;
led as early as 1950 to start their own aid pro-
ne developing nations.

German aid is both bilateral and multilateral. When contri-
buting through international or supra-national organi-
zations, the Federal Republic of Germany cedes the right of
distributing such funds to the groups concerned. Germany
has no areas of special interest; within the limitations of the
aid available, grants are made wherever progress seems to
be most likely.

German Aid Goes to 83 Countries — Worldwide

of 1963, Germany had allocated about 23 billion
(almost 6 billion dollars U.S.) for development
uses. Of this, 12.8 billion D-marks came from
funds, 10.06 billion D-marks from private sources—
ed by the Organization for Economic Cooperation
development (OECD). Most of it went into many
direct and indirect capital aid; technical assistance;
development and trade promotion.

Germany is Doing Its Share — AND MORE

The commitment of the Federal Republic of Germany to the
basic principle first exemplified by the Marshall Plan is
shown by the record. In the future as in the past, we shall
do our best to match our aid program to the needs of the
emerging nations. In such action, we believe, lies our best
hope for the future of freedom.

Ballet in America: One-man Show?



by Rosalyn Krokover and Harold C. Schonberg

He captures a world audience, admiring reviews, and millions of foundation dollars—but the critics and dancers are beginning to resent his domination of the art.

To the majority of Americans there is but one ballet company and George Balanchine is its prophet. When the New York City Ballet Company inaugurated the New York State Theater last April 23, the capacity audience gurgled contentment. Now the prophet had his heaven, and he had it while he was still alive. It was a \$19,300,000 heaven, designed by Philip Johnson; a horseshoe heaven in red and gold that mixed classic, baroque, and modern; with a big stage and 2,729 seats; with a fountain spurting outdoors, and tons of Nadelman sculpture in the very grand foyer; with every imaginable stage and backstage facility. Terpsichore smiled. So did the critics. So did the public.

All but forgotten was the fuss that had been raised the previous December. That was the month the Ford Foundation announced a \$7,765,750 grant to the New York City Ballet Company and the School of American Ballet, plus additional

grants to ballet companies in America that had more or less direct tie-in with Balanchine. It went a cry of anguish that must have knocked ballerinas off their balance as far away as Moscow. A cynic once remarked that nobody cries real tears unless money is involved. These were real tears. They came mostly from those unfortunate organizations that did not share in the pie so handsomely served up by the Ford Foundation. But criticism also came from disinterested observers, and it marked one of the few occasions when George Balanchine has come under heavy attack.

Balanchine is generally conceded to be the world's greatest choreographer; he is the darling of the intellectuals; he is a strong personality who has been able to run things to suit himself and make everybody adore it; his New York City Ballet Company is, in many ways, an extension of himself. Balanchine made it, commands it, creates for it to the exclusion of almost any other choreographer. It is Balanchine's aesthetic that dominates American choreography today. All else, what little there is, is insignificant. It is hard to think of the last time any of his ballets got anything but a rave review. Balanchine and his company have been treated as though no equivalent had ever existed since the Queen of Sheba

her dancers before Solomon. (Doesn't *anybody* seem to recall the great days of Ballet Theatre, only fifteen years ago, with its brilliant roster of dancers and superbly varied repertoire?)

Anyway, for the first time, there were some bit-ter comments and some bitter articles. The theme is that the Ford Foundation was setting up a one-man ruler in American ballet, and "monopoly" is the word most frequently hurled. The two most influential dance critics in America, Allen Hughes of the *New York Times* and Walter Terry of the *Herald Tribune*, wrote with asperity. The modern dance contingent, led by Martha Graham, had some tart words to say. Lucia Chase of Ballet Theatre made her contribution. Through all the hubbub, Balanchine and his company's director, Lincoln Kirstein, maintained a dignified silence. At W. McNeil Lowry, director of the Ford Foundation's humanities and arts program, is reported to have said, "Here we try to help ballet and look what happened."

But if the bitterness was an inevitable reaction from the have-nots, many points were raised that deserve study. For while Balanchine is by far the most important and prolific choreographer currently in action, there has been muted talk for several years that his influence may not be necessarily benign. None of this talk gets reported in the press—people in the field have no wish to cross swords with the powerful Balanchine-Kirstein team. Nevertheless, the talk is there, and it boils down to the fact that, brilliant as Balanchine may be, the kind of one-man operation he represents has not been any great help to the cause of ballet in America. "It has been a great help to the cause of Balanchine," says one person prominent in New York ballet life (naturally he does not want his name to be quoted). "And it has given us a company. On the other hand, it has stifled all other creative ballet effort."

The man has a point. Today the New York City Ballet Company dominates the scene to the exclusion of any other group. Aside from Ballet Theatre, no American group has achieved real national, much less international, recognition. The San Francisco Ballet, Ruth Page's Chicago Opera Ballet, the National Ballet in Washington, D. C.—these are groups that can best be described as professional regional companies. And Ballet

Theatre seems to be doing little more than merely managing to keep alive.

In Ballet Theatre, many feel, is the great tragedy of American ballet. When it was organized in 1940, it had more excitement, more glamour by far than any equivalent American group in history. And, for about fifteen years, it achieved a degree of accomplishment unparalleled in this country. In its early days it had three wings—American, English, and Russian. Choreographers like Antony Tudor, Michel Fokine, Eugene Loring, and Agnes de Mille—and Balanchine, too—provided a vital and varied repertoire. Dancing with it, through the years, were such major figures as Alicia Markova, Igor Youskevitch, Anton Dolin, Irina Baronova, Nora Kaye, Hugh Laing, George Skibine, Marjorie Tallchief (the sister of Maria), Alicia Alonso (now co-director of the Cuban National Ballet). Jerome Robbins was a Ballet Theatre alumnus (and he choreographed for it, too). So was Michael Kidd. So was Harold Lang. Ballet Theatre provided more sheer impetus to American dance and American choreography than any group before or since. But a combination of inferior leadership and financial troubles brought it down from its high estate.

The Concentrate as Before

Not many people realize the extent to which Balanchine dominates the field. Everybody knows that his company's repertoire consists largely of his own works. But how largely? No statistical study of the company's repertoire has ever been made. Nor is one easy to make. Like most companies, the New York City Ballet has no official historian, and its files are not completely accurate. Probably it would be impossible to get a completely accurate record of the company's activities since October 11, 1948, the day it first appeared at the City Center of Music and Drama under its present name. (The New York City Ballet Company is an outgrowth of Ballet Society, and the City Center was its home until it moved to the State Theater in Lincoln Center this spring.)

Nevertheless, the authors of this article have examined every program since the company's first night and have come up with a group of statistics that, they believe, are accurate within a very small percentage of error.

Here is what some of those statistics say. From October 11, 1948, through the end of the thirty-fifth season on January 26, 1964, the company gave performances of 4,836 ballets in New York.

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(Seasons of *Nutcracker* performances are omitted in this listing, as are the annual Christmastime *Nutcracker* sequences.) Of that total, there were 3,356 performances of 68 Balanchine works. The runner-up is Jerome Robbins, with 674 performances of ten ballets. Then comes the drop: Todd Bolender, with 163 performances of seven ballets; Lew Christensen, with 131 of four ballets; Frederick Ashton, with 107 of two ballets; William Dollar, with 95 of three ballets; Ruthanna Boris, with 81 of three ballets; John Taras, with 52 of four ballets; and Antony Tudor, with 37 of four ballets. Performances of works by other choreographers are few and scattered.

Those who have felt, the last few seasons, that the repertoire was pretty much of a piece, are backed up by statistics. The thirty-fifth season had, in all, 168 performances of 34 ballets. Of that total, there were 137 performances of 26 Balanchine works, twelve performances of three by Jerome Robbins, nine of two by Jacques d'Amboise, seven of two by John Taras, and three of one work by Lew Christensen. In the thirty-fourth season there were 138 performances of thirty ballets, and the breakdown has much the same ratio: 109 performances of 23 Balanchine works; fourteen of three by Robbins; six of two by Taras; five of one by Christensen; four of one by d'Amboise. The thirty-third season, like the thirty-fifth, saw 168 performances of 34 ballets: 145 of 28 by Balanchine; thirteen of three by Robbins; six of two by Taras; and four of one by Bolender.

Most of these were old ballets. Robbins, for instance, has not created a new work for the New York City Ballet Company since early 1956; the Christensen work done the last few seasons dates back to 1953; and Bolender's last work goes back to the 1960-61 season (and is no longer in the repertoire). The last few seasons have been averaging two premieres. Since the spring of 1960, nineteen new works have been added. There have been ten "seasons" since then.

A look at the music used by the company is also of interest. Balanchine always has been catholic in his musical tastes, and he omnivorously sets everything from Bach and Mozart through Stravinsky, jazz, serial, and electronic music with fine impartiality. But the New York City Ballet Company commissions very little music. In its entire history it has ordered but eight scores—by Marc Blitzstein, John Colman, Hershy Kay, Charles Turner, Luis Escobar, Gunther Schuller, Toshiro Mayazumi, and Igor Stravinsky, the Stravinsky being the important *Agon*.

Thus there are some reasons for raising an

eyebrow. The history of the New York City Ballet Company, and especially its more recent history, indicates that the figure of Balanchine is so big that there is little room for other choreographers; that living composers get little attention; and that the repertoire is extremely static, with the same works repeated season after season. (At the grand opening of the New York State Theatre Balanchine did not even supply a new ballet for that important occasion, and during the entire season there was only one new work. There were mutterings that this was sheer arrogance.)

A symphony society or opera house could not be run this way without alienating all of its subscribers. Imagine the New York Philharmonic with little but the music of Leonard Bernstein year in and out. It is a tribute to Balanchine's force that he has been able to repeat the repertoire he has established, dragging along with him the public and the critics. But it is a repertoire that is beginning to become suffocating. How many times can one see *Apollo* or *Firebird* or *Concerto Barocco* or *Orpheus*, or any one of a few dozen others? Season in, season out, repeated many times a season? But that is what we have been having. Even Beethoven's C sharp minor Quartet or Bach's B minor Mass would make one flinch under similar circumstances.

It is doubtful whether the situation is going to be corrected in the near future. Jerome Robbins was the last choreographer who caught the public—or, at least, Balanchine's—imagination. Nobody with equal talent, according to Balanchine, has come along. He was asked this spring who was creating good choreographic works today. His answer was flat, impartial, definitive: "No choreography exists in the world today." What about the work of some of the younger choreographers he has presented? "Not very interesting."

"Very Few Will Do It"

Perhaps his view results from his fierce professionalism. To Balanchine, a choreographer "is like a horse that has to pull all day long, and very few will do it." Thus he looks with scorn on choreographers not affiliated with a company, choreographers who toss off light things for Broadway and the films. Anybody can put patterns together, he says, but patterns alone do not make a ballet.

But is the scene as desolate as he implies? Some years ago, at the Phoenix Theatre, Ballet Theatre sponsored evenings of new and experimental ballets. Some promising work was pre-

sted by Robert Joffrey, Fernand Nault, Herbert S. John Butler, and William Dollar. There are others. Francisco Moncion's *Pastorale* was a delicate, sensitive work when the New York City Ballet did it in 1956-57. (Moncion, who has been a dancer with the company since its inception, has been given but three chances at choreography.) Joffrey, who has proved himself by several attractive works in the New York City Ballet repertoire, has had to go to Germany to find a chance to work as head of a ballet company. Ruthanna Boris, who provided a big hit with her *Cakewalk* in 1951, has done only three ballets for the company, and all with hand-me-down costumes and sets. Jacques d'Amboise has done three and John Cras four. Both of those choreographers have recently been favored by Balanchine's attention.

It is obvious that none of these choreographers has the Balanchine's professionalism and skill. But, again, what chance have they had to develop? In recent years the New York City Ballet has been the only American company with the means to help the young American choreographer. But the doors have been closed. It is not enough for Balanchine to say there is no choreography in the world. First of all, there is. And it must be brought out and placed in a proper ambience. Question: what would happen if Balanchine suddenly withdrew? Would the company dissolve? nonsense. Choreographers would be found and developed.

One thing might be pointed out, though: choreographers not trained in the Balanchine idiom might have trouble working with the New York City Ballet Company. Balanchine works with bodies almost in the British Army sense of the word "body"—an expendable and anonymous bit of flesh. In the Balanchine scheme of things, dancers can be replaced by other dancers, much as one piston in a production Chevrolet can be replaced with another piston. Balanchine is the exponent of objectified ballet. He works mostly with clear patterns that have no story line, and the majority of his ballets are presented without scenery and costumes. His dancers often appear in black practice clothes: *ballet noir* as opposed to the old *ballet blanc*.

A New Language of Movement

Balanchine has welded his company into the perfect instrument to reflect his glorification of the bare body and pure movement, but—despite what one might gather from the hysterical acclaim with which the group is normally greeted—it is

not a versatile company. Balanchine has not only virtually created a new ballet language of movement, but also so firmly cemented his aesthetic and his technique on his dancers that they probably would be incapable of being convincing exponents of romantic ballet—or, indeed, of anything different from Balanchine's neoclassicism.

For even Balanchine's neo-Petipa ballets—those *divertissements* and duets to Glazunov and whatnot—are no more romantic than Stravinsky's *Baiser de la Fée* (adapted from music by Tchaikovsky) is romantic. The parallel between Stravinsky and Balanchine is very strong, and it is no wonder that they have come together so happily. In his recent *Dialogues and a Diary*, Stravinsky penned some paragraphs of self-analysis (comparing himself with Arnold Schoenberg) and wrote that he, Stravinsky, represented: the uses of the past; restoration; adoption; essentially a homophonicist; metronomic strictness, no rubato, ideal of mechanical regularity; diatonicism; preoccupation with manner and style. Almost the same could be said of Balanchine. Like Stravinsky, he is objective, cosmopolitan, a perfect craftsman who likes to deal with logical assemblages of patterns. And, again like Stravinsky, he is a diatonicist. Diatonic music, which uses the natural scale of eight notes, is classic, clear, objective. It is opposed to chromatic music, which can use all twelve notes and is the vehicle of the romanticists. Mozart's *Jupiter* Symphony is diatonic; the prelude to Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* is chromatic. Balanchine is a completely diatonic choreographer, as opposed to a chromatic one like Tudor.

Both Balanchine and Stravinsky evoke the past in a highly stylized, twentieth-century manner. They could no sooner be romantic than a Geiger counter could sing the music of the spheres, if for no other reason than that they are above all logicians. Balanchine has never been taken as seriously in England as he has in America, and in the past some of the British critics have considered him sterile because of that very diatonicism, that objectivity, that Stravinsky kind of logic, the mannered patterns (but so unmistakably his own!) he employs.

It follows that a choreographer like Tudor, say, could understandably not find the New York City Ballet Company a responsive instrument. Some years ago, when Tudor's *Lilac Garden* entered the New York City Ballet repertoire, it came out something of a caricature. So did the recent revival of *Dim Lustre*, which was part of the first State Theater season. Tudor is the great exponent of the psychological ballet, and the

Balanchine-trained dancers had little idea of the tensions, frustrations, and motivations that can make *Lilac Garden* or *Dim Lustre* the yearning, poetic things they should be. The Balanchine dancers have been trained as objectivists, not subjectivists. They are like so many of today's young pianists, those kids with blazing techniques who can do anything with Prokofiev, Ravel, Stravinsky, Copland, but who are lost in a simple Chopin mazurka.

"We Can Produce"

This is not condemnation; it is description. It is the orientation of Balanchine and his ballet. It so happens that Balanchine's influence has extended so widely that not only do most companies in the United States and Canada have many Balanchine works in their repertoire—that is to be expected—but many American choreographers work in a neo-Balanchine manner. The results are generally as painful as attempts of composers to write in the Stravinsky manner.

The influence will be wider when the Ford Foundation grants get under way. Balanchine himself is rather amused by the fuss those grants kicked up. "Yes, we have been criticized," he says. "But *who* is doing the criticizing?" He points out that a foundation like Ford does not hand out money *carte blanche*. It has a program in mind. "If other companies could produce, they too would have shared. The New York City Ballet has a set-up. *We can produce.*"

And in this he is dead right. His company is the only one in America of any real stability and international recognition. It has relatively long seasons, it makes tours here and abroad, it has some kind of permanence to its financial structure, and it has, in the School of American Ballet, a highly successful academy associated with it. It is the only company that has at its head a creative figure of immense importance. And it has, behind the scenes, Lincoln Kirstein.

Kirstein, a tremendous, lowering, taurine figure, is a strong-minded, knowledgeable philanthropist of the dance. It was he who brought Balanchine from Europe about thirty years ago, and the two of them started from scratch. Somehow Kirstein got the money (spending a good deal of his own) and dreamed his dreams, surviving setbacks, troubles, bankruptcies, brushing aside all opposition, pursuing his goal with frightening determination. Kirstein and Balanchine in tandem are an overwhelming pair.

In the long run it may be unfortunate for the

overall culture of dance in America that the New York City Ballet Company is so geared, but that is the fact as it now stands. Balanchine, who has as low an opinion of American dance teaching as he has of American choreography and dance criticism, believes that the Ford grants will help raise standards of dance teaching in America. That those standards will be primarily along the Balanchine line does not bother him very much.

Yet, with all due deference to Balanchine and what he represents, it is not healthy for American ballet to be in effect the province of a single man. Ideally, we need to have also a company with an opposed aesthetic, the kind of company that will give us *Les Sylphides*, *Coppélia*, the Tudor and Fokine ballets, the American nationalists (not that there have been many of these, but there *were* Eugene Loring's *Billy the Kid* and de Mille's *Rodeo*), the best of the younger generation, jazz ballets that are American and not Balanchine's weird ideas about jazz. (It is a little surprising that the chauvinists have not taken off after Balanchine, who is just about the least "American" of any creative figure active in this country.) And we need to have all those ballets in large-scaled, glamorous, perfectly costumed, and perfectly produced settings. Ballet Theatre could have been such a company. Even more important, we need a company where American choreographers will have a chance to grow and develop; where American composers will have a chance to write ballet music; where many schools of choreographic and musical thought will fertilize each other.

It might be that, in an unexpected way, the Ford Foundation grants will have a positive kick-back. So angry have been the have-nots that they are going to show the world that they can, too, get along perfectly well without Ford money. At the point of writing there are promising reports about Ballet Theatre's comeback. And the Rebekah Harkness Ballet, newly headed by George Skibine, is beginning to make brave noises. (The latter group is under the auspices of the Harkness Foundation.) All this is to the good. Perhaps America will yet have its strong second company, or companies. And perhaps those companies will come up with directors who have the imagination to discover and develop choreographic talent. Which is basic to the development of ballet in America. For otherwise American audiences will continue to see, for the most part, only one style of ballet choreography, one style of repertoire, one style of dancing. And, what is worse, American audiences may end up believing that there is only one style of choreography, one style of repertoire, one style of dancing.



Photo contributed by Daniel J. Ransohoff

Youngster represents the millions who receive help each year from the agencies and services of your Campaign. He is a symbol of their hope, their need, their gratitude. And he serves to remind us of the that is yet to be done in every community: of homeless children who crave love, of the elderly who seek and fulfillment, of crippled and handicapped people who simply want a chance to help themselves, of the sick who need guidance, of the distressed who want friendship, of the thousands of sick who must be When you think about it, the United Way poster boy is really our conscience. How can we deny him?

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How to Put the States Back in Business

by Governor Edmund G. Brown

In a Governor's briefcase there is often the desperately needed answer to a national problem, but no way now exists to take it to Washington.

Most of the time, Americans seem to thrive on change. The meadow converted to a real-estate development is regarded less as a sacrifice to progress than a symbol of it. From Connecticut to California, more and more Americans change schools, jobs, and houses almost as casually as they change television channels. They accept mobility as the American way of life, like the right to boo the Dodgers, who are themselves not untypical of the nomad in us. But when it comes to government, most Americans can muster amazing resistance to change, even to modest change and even when it may be a matter of life and death for their country.

The myth dies hard, for example, that the Founding Fathers intended government to function on three rigid levels—federal, state, and local—with limited communication among them, and no fraternization.

The myth that government power must be centered at the local level where it is most responsive to the people has put down deep roots. Special interests, led these days by the mystics of the howling right, keep those deep roots well fertilized because it is precisely at the local level that they are most successful in preventing government from responding to needs. These notions are not only dated, but dangerous.

Across the nation, we breed slums faster than we can tear them down.

We pour millions of dollars into air-pollution control, not to clean the air we breathe, just to keep it from getting dirtier. Many hundreds of millions of federal dollars have gone into highway construction every year, but—until the signing in July of the transit aid bill, which allots \$375 million over the next three years—not one federal cent had gone into rapid transit. Last winter, Boston had a grim look at what this policy is buying. Traffic in the city stopped dead for five hours when one car too many crept into the streets and locked the whole mess into place like a big jigsaw puzzle. The traffic commissioner, summoned from home, was forced to abandon his car and take the subway.

The danger of the don't-ever-change philosophy is that it insists on classifying these and other problems as the province of the city or state just because they occur in the city or the state. But these are national in scope and they cannot be solved until they are recognized as such and openly dealt with as such.

After five years of struggling in California with the toughest growth problems any state faces, I am convinced that two modest revisions in present federal-state relationships will start us toward more realistic thinking and more effective action:

First, we need a Council of Governors, operating much as the President's Council of Economic Advisers. The Council would provide a sort of domestic hot line over which Governors could send and receive suggestions and criticisms on a wide range of subjects—before, rather than after, federal executive policy had been established.

Second, we need federal legislation creating formal regional structures within which states may take action on air and water pollution, park development, and other problems which are less than national in range than local in range.

I first suggested these adjustments in a lecture at Harvard early this year; and because too much of the mail I received afterward was written to congratulate me on my contribution to the cause of "states' rights," I want to make clear at this point that while I believe in the rights of states, I am no states' rights man. Our Constitution doesn't mention the rights of states, only the rights of the people. The weak central government, which states' righters pretend to want met the needs of Virginians, New England artisans, and New York merchants early in our history when the population of the state of New York was about that of California today. The Founding Fathers conceived of a nation where, as Jefferson wrote, states "were to do whatever acts they can do as near the national government."

Which of the forces that determine our daily lives today could be changed by a single state? The clothing that made the clothes you are wearing? The airline serving you?

The Governor of California, Edmund G. Brown, is a proponent of civil liberties, public education, and social justice. He was first elected to office of San Francisco in 1943, and came Governor by winning over incumbent William Knowland in 1959. He was re-elected in 1962.



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Your favorite television network? Your union or the corporation you work for? The corporation in another state whose machinery is now doing your job? Your telephone company?

Even Macy's isn't local any more, and neither are the problems with which government in this decade must deal. We need a central government powerful enough to perform the legitimate and necessary tasks of government on a national scale—to protect civil rights in every form and in every place and to regulate big industry and big labor—and with the financial resources for medical care for the elderly, abolition of poverty, and increased help for schools.

This is jet-age federalism and it is here to stay, no matter how fervently its detractors invoke the Founding Fathers.

The People's Advocate

Few people not directly involved in government realize just how tightly meshed the gears of federal and state machinery have become. It is not only hard to separate in theory what state government should do and what national government should do, it is hard to sort out what each is already doing. My Director of Employment, for example, is a state official, and a member of my Cabinet, but he administers a program that is altogether federal, with the rules written in Washington. California must follow those rules or risk forfeiting unemployment-insurance checks which last year totaled \$489 million and an employment service which found work for 1,060,384 people in 1963. Last year, the California Highway Department spent \$612 million on building or repairing roads. More than half of the funds came from the federal government and so did the standards to which the roads were built. The national government annually sends a billion dollars to California, for which we assume administrative responsibility. The partnership reaches into every sector of government, from desalinization to dental care, from federal aid for schools to foreign aid for Chile.

Congress was created to represent the states at the federal level, but the interests of most large states are now as diverse and divided as the nation itself. As a result, Congressmen

speak primarily for their districts, rarely for the whole state. A Senator serves statewide, but his responsibility ends when policy is set, except for occasional auditing. He usually has little experience in or knowledge of the complex of administrative and fiscal details posed for the states by the national legislation on which he acts, or doesn't act.

Among state officials, only the Governor represents city and farm, suburb and slum, rich and poor, and is, at the same time, responsible for maintaining the highest level of government service for all of them. He is intimately, sometimes desperately acquainted with details of transportation, public health, welfare, crime, punishment, budgeting, and dozens of other matters as no other state official can be. The Governor of the modern American state is the people's advocate, the closest thing this country has to a King's Conscience, but he must speak at the national level through intermediaries. While an increasing number of government services are administered under joint state and federal auspices, the Governor is brought into the policy-making discussions on these programs for which he bears ultimate administrative responsibility only infrequently, informally, and haphazardly. The Council of Governors would give him a needed voice in national affairs.

Bipartisan Unkappa

Precisely how the Council would operate is open to argument and refinement. My proposal is for a Council of five Governors, with rotating regional representation on a bipartisan basis. To make its role a unifying one, rather than one producing new elements of national discord, I suggest its members be named by the President and its meetings chaired by a federal official of his choice, perhaps the Vice President.

An example of the sort of program on which the Council would work is the Kerr-Mills Act, the existing federal program for medical care to the aged. Designed to help states pay medical expenses for their indigent elderly citizens, it is an acknowledged failure. Years after its adoption, only twenty-six states have been able to implement the act at all. Of those, six spent 89 per cent of the federal funds

available under Kerr-Mills—son Rockefeller and I, with most of that money, are equally bipartisanly unhappy with results. In California, we knew the bill passed that the would fall short of its goals. Other Governors knew it, there was no organized way to bring their knowledge to the center of national power.

Had the Council existed when Kerr-Mills was introduced, the bill might have been amended something like this: The Council would poll the nation's Governors, gathering facts and views, from the Council but from the states. The Council would not analyze the staff report, and take no policy position. The position would be presented to the President and Congress, and the Governors would be available to testify where and when they were needed.

One problem we can all help become more intense with the conversion to a peacetime economy. The Council would be an ideal source of information for the federal government on public works that could take up the slack immediately after a defense shutdown, and on the industry that could move to start building a new economic base. I believe the Council would regularly put people ahead of states' rights.

More than five years ago, Attorney General of California argued the *Ivanhoe* water case before the United States Supreme Court. The issue was water development, but the argument applies to other fields as well. In my brief, I contended that the "general federal power [of the federal government] has the same attributes as are other federal power," which is to say, "enjoys the benefit of the supremacy clause. . . ." My argument concluded: "Responsible representation of the state's interest . . . requires participation of the power and mechanism of federal cooperative activity . . . assistance to fanciful constitutional objections." The Court agreed. For the first time, it gave explicit approval of the federal use of the powers under section 8 of Article I of the Constitution to promote the general welfare of the United States.

by Edmund G. Brown

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Useful Pilots

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it, including a proposal from me for a permanent regional planning commission to assist the federal government in developing water supplies for the Pacific Southwest as a unit, not state-by-state. Some people don't like commissions and councils, but as a Governor who has used a number of them to keep his information current and his analyses fresh, I am grateful to them. Without them I sometimes wonder how the revolutions of technology and information would ever get on my desk or into my briefcase.

Implicit in both of my proposals is my belief that the role of the state is changing.* Lord Bryce saw states as laboratories for social progress, having in mind the eight-hour day, regulation of working conditions for women and children, workmen's compensation, public-health and welfare agencies, and other advances which were developed, tested, and passed on by states for national application. But while the states experiment with programs nowadays, they must spend increasing amounts of time on problems not of their own making. It is to help deal with emergencies which come from beyond their own borders that the Governors need their voice at the center of national government.

National Problems

One of our most sweeping challenges is the open road. American mobility scatters social problems around the continent like tumbleweed in a high wind—problems of education, civil rights, employment, welfare, and others. California has been described as a window on the future, the state in which every major challenge this country must meet for the next twenty years can be found right now. One fourth of California's citizens change homes each year. One thousand people enter our state to stay every day. Some bring skills, but few bring jobs. They bring high hopes, but no classrooms, fire departments, or water. State and local government must provide those, at an average investment of \$13,000 for each new family the first year. California has always drawn strength

from such pioneers, whether they arrived by covered wagons or station wagons. But the investment in roads and public services for newcomers rises each year, whether in California or New York, Illinois or Washington, D. C., and even a rich state like ours cannot go it alone indefinitely.

Education presents another major challenge to the states. Nowhere in the Free World is there a better, more broadly based public-school system than California's. But nowhere in that system is there yet a sustained and large-scale effort to make a child not only learn but want to learn. California's dropout rate is a shocking 25 per cent but it is well below the national average. We spend more on education each year than forty-three other states spend on all government services, but our classrooms are programmed for the average youngster. We cannot afford to do much more than study the plight of the young person from the poor or broken home who sees around him what looks to be good reason to doubt that a diploma will make much difference in his future. This is a national problem, rooted in poverty, and it requires a massive program which only the federal government can afford.

Not since the Civil War has the issue of civil rights dominated American life as it does today, and mobility is one of the fundamental causes. In the South, denial of the Negro's rights is backed up by open and often brutal force—clubs, guns, dogs, and the law. Elsewhere, the challenge of the minority's constitutional guarantees is more furtive than savage but its impact is no less real. The three largest Negro ghettos in the nation are in the North, not the South. Even California, with progressive laws and a consensus of respect for a neighbor's rights, is not wholly free from prejudice; and a California Negro must abandon his legal rights altogether when he ventures into some other parts of the country. Here again, no state can protect its citizens without national help.

Our urban problems need national attention. One of the great ironies of our time is that we invest billions of dollars in defense to prevent the destruction of our cities and do so little to keep them from destroying themselves. This nation, with nearly 90 per cent of its citizens in metropoli-

tan areas, is only as strong as its cities. But we have just begun to tackle slum clearance, juvenile delinquency, traffic, and smog and lack of courage excellence in design. We need an astronaut around the world as fast as we get some fatherhood from work. Modern mass transit is needed in almost every major city, but so are federal funds to build the needed systems. Unemployment is a challenge that can be met only by federal action. We may be remembered in history as a nation that could create a machine to fulfill a job but couldn't create a job to fulfill a man. The federal tax cuts expected to put more than a billion dollars in disposable extra income into my state alone, and it will generate \$150 million in new revenue for state government in California, with no change in tax rates. By contrast, California could wipe out personal income taxes altogether and still generate less than half the new money achieved by the cut in federal taxes. I can't think of a more dramatic example of the difference in our competency to deal with truly national problems.

Our economy, like that of all other states, is tied with a thousand strings to the national economy and when a string goes slack, our economy aches. These recent challenges to the states have prompted some to recommend borrowing Dante's inscription and painting it over every Governor's office door: "Abandon all hope, ye who enter."

Difficulties know no party loyalty; moreover; they hit Republican and Democrats alike. Governor George Romney of Michigan lost his fight for tax reforms which were almost identical to those drafted by his Democratic predecessor. Raising taxes to a level where they will sustain services cost Governor McNichols of Colorado his job. If his Republican successor finds higher taxes were absolutely necessary after all. The cost of living has gone up even for a Republican Governor and it isn't reasonable to expect that any given tax rate will support an increasing population indefinitely. A school of political scientists interprets these breakdowns as proof that the state is obsolete. They recommend that the federal government buy out the states and deal directly with

* For an assessment of the role, and malfunctioning, of state legislatures, see the article by Illinois State Senator Paul Simon, page 74.

by Edmund G. Brown

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Poems from "Markings"

by Dag Hammarskjöld

*translated by Lief Sjöberg
and W. H. Auden*

June 8, 1961

Haiku

*Seventeen syllables
Opened the door
To memory, to meaning.*

*

The trees pant. Silence.
An irresolute raindrop furrows
The dark pane.

*

My home drove me
Into the wilderness.
Few look for me. Few hear me.

*

Morning, clear as a spring,
Rouses to life
The butterfly cotillions.

*

Crowberry tickles the neck.
Above the blue abyss
Floats a buzzard.

*From the diary of the late Secretary-General
of the United Nations, to be published in New
York in October by Alfred A. Knopf. Copy-
right © 1964 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., and
Faber and Faber, Ltd.*

Standing naked
Where they have placed me,
Nailed to the target
By their first arrows.

Again a bow is drawn,
Again an arrow flies,
—and misses.
Are they pretending?
Did a hand shake,
Or was it the wind?

What have I to fear?
If their arrows hit,
If their arrows kill,
What is there in that
To cry about?

Others have gone before,
Others will follow.

July 30, 1961

Waking,
Now fully awake,
I heard the scream
That had woken me up.

He had kept watch, floating
Like a drowned man
In the dark depths of the sea,
Rotted by light,
From all directions,
From no direction.

Far away,
For the last time,
I heard the scream,
The scream of terror
The voice of loneliness
Screaming for love.

Who the quarry,
Who the silent hunter
Over the sea of mist
Among the black trees,
Long before dawn?

The fine art of non-fiction

Turning the pages of this book, the reader will find thoughtful essays on World War and the economics of spending for peace; on consumers, the future of suburbia, the abuses of leisure, the motor car complex... the limits of conspicuous consumption." The under discussion is **Edwin Diamond's** *ABUNDANCE FOR WHAT? AND OTHER ESSAYS*; the critic Hart Chase, in the *day Review*, who calls the book a "king-collection... important not only for America, but for all high-energy societies..." Reviewers are to coast echo Mr. Diamond's enthusiasm. The *Washington Star* comments: "Riesman is one of our genuinely great social thinkers..." *ABUNDANCE FOR WHAT?* penetrates more deeply into the crucial problems of the present and the future than any other recent volume. It is as close to the 'essential' as a book can be." \$6.50



Robert C. Weaver tackles some of the 1964 campaign's most controversial issues in *THE URBAN COMPLEX*, a book that is essentially a study in depth of the multiple, interlocking problems that have followed America's phenomenal urban growth. President Johnson's chief advisor on urban affairs analyzes the effect of urbanization on American society; the problems of urban government; the middle-class flight to suburbia and how the trend may be reversed; the urban-suburban transportation situation; the state and federal aid squabble; the abysmal failures of certain renewal projects; and the dangerous but distinct possibility that American cities may become complete non-white ghettos. Equally important, *THE URBAN COMPLEX* explains in impressive detail what is being done — and can be done — to make America's cities more attractive for living and working. \$4.95

"If the Russians did not exist, would it be necessary to invent them?" In *THE RISE AND FALL OF THE SPACE AGE*, **Edwin Diamond**, *Newsweek* editor and veteran science reporter, delivers a blistering, hard-facts analysis of the American space program—its political and big business shenanigans, its multi-billion dollar economics, and its show-business psychology. The *Chicago Sun-Times* calls his book "a primer in space age disenchantment... the year's sharpest piece of space literature." And the *Washington Star* sums up much of the critical reaction by adding, "Mr. Diamond says in this book a great many things that have needed saying for a long time." \$3.95

"China is quite capable of seeking to destroy a world with which she cannot live on satisfactory terms..." In *THE CENTER OF THE WORLD: Communism and the Mind of China*, **Robert S. Elegant** moves from one province's "Four-togetherness" and "Five-love Inspection Day" to a penetrating analysis of the motivation behind Chinese behavior in Southeast Asia. He traces the psychological and historical reasons why the "mass mind" of Red China is unshakably convinced that their mainland is still "the center of the world." Mr. Elegant, described by William J. Lederer as one of the six best foreign correspondents in

the world, has written a book that is both myth-shattering and compellingly readable. \$5.95

James P. Warburg has been a successful international banker; public servant; extraordinary propagandist, and one-man task force for peace. (Adlai Stevenson places him "in the great tradition of the 18th-century pamphleteers.") Now, in *THE LONG ROAD HOME: The Autobiography of a Maverick*, he describes his boyhood in Germany and America; his early financial successes; and a turbulent, changing association with FDR. (Mr. Warburg left the "Brain Trust" in 1933, wrote an anti-New Deal bestseller in the late '30s but came back to serve Roosevelt during World War II.) In the words of the *N. Y. Times Book Review*, "THE LONG ROAD HOME enriches the historical record at a number of points; and it is a valuable testament of one of the engaging and useful citizens of our time." \$5.95



from
Doubleday



Character Building: '64

by Benjamin DeMott

Does one human being differ much from the next? Do the differences matter? Can any of them be explained by a novelist?

Not for years have Yes-answers to these questions—the kind of answers implicit in Anthony Powell's *The Valley of Bones* (Little, Brown, \$1.50)—been fashionable among littérateurs. The reasons are various. Mass civilization belittles the idea of individuality as a value. Modern psychology generalizes about birth, infancy, and patterns of feeling in terms emphasizing the sameness of human beings, not their differences. And modern literary criticism, for its part, addresses itself more often to apocalyptic than to observational talents, and thus obliquely deprecates character-building. Other forces beside these are implicated, of course, in such changes of taste—bad teaching, for one, and, for another, the whole rhythm of the age. But whatever the causes, changes have occurred. Few readers in this country think of fiction any longer as a prime means for understanding human behavior. And although an interest in personal quirks and their interpretation survives in England (where eccentricity and virtue are synonyms), it's clear that even in that country the audience for novels of character is contracting.

That Anthony Powell broods much about this situation is, to judge from the record, unlikely. The book at hand is the seventh part of a twelve-volume novel—the title of the whole work is "The Music of Time"—that Powell began in the early 'fifties and has since carried forward with superb humor and poise. The problem of maintaining poise was never an easy one, given this writer's materials.

The early volumes of his memoir of a circle of privileged Englishmen were portraits of a disorderly world. (The great line separating order and disorder in modern British history is 1914, and most of Powell's people were children then.) Themes of discontinuity and breakdown sound throughout the books; the nobleman-Communist and the bounder-triumphant turn up repeatedly; conventional manners and assumptions are assaulted in the name of bohemia or radicalism or both. With the publication of *The Valley of Bones*, though, the scale of chaos—and hence the difficulty of control—is enormously altered. The ultimate challenge to social novelists and students of character, as for everybody else, was the second world war; neither world depressions nor revolts of "liberated" generations could begin to match it in the creation of senselessness. And "The Music of Time" is now entering the wartime years.

The author announces the entrance exactly as his audience would expect him to—by producing a new character, rather than a chapter of historical profundities or philosophical maundering. The newcomer, Rowland Gwatkin by name, is commander of a training company to which the narrator of the books, Nicholas Jenkins, is attached; the quality of human knowledge drawn upon in his creation is equal to that possessed by anyone now writing in English. Gwatkin is an Anxious Romantic, cousin to Prufrock and Mitty—but, as a company commander, he has duties as well as daydreams to attend to, and thereby hangs his tale. Hoping to find in the army a release from habitual life, Gwatkin is, unconsciously, all hope and enthusiasm.

But despite his yearnings, this earnest officer cannot accept release when it is offered. His imagination gambles with risky relish of openness, unpredictability, death of routine. But his upper mind is hooped in a iron conventionalism, and this, together with a murderous sense of self, blocks every possibility of flight.

Gwatkin's quite human way of assailing the contending demons inside him is to search for a self that will render them invisible to all eyes, including his own. He chooses a military model the by-the-numbers soldier, the man who makes a man out of Standard Operating Procedure. But his performance in the role is flawed from the start. He lacks consistency of tone, for one thing. In the "men," he oscillates wildly between Soft and Hard Gung H. At one moment he speaks as an efficient manager type, at the next as a rough field commander. ("Show initiative. Don't hang about. Get cracking.") With his peers, he timorously again sinks into prissiness. The Commanding Officer says we shall not be formal with each other off parade. We are brother officers—like a family, you see. So, when off duty, Rowland is what you should call me. I shall say, Nicholas . . .") And then the complete kit of officers and men is assembled in public before him. "Rowland" behaves as though his purpose were to prove to his superior command that their leader has no center as a man.

One such occasion, a formal occasion in which the Captain addresses his company on the subject of stolen money (the thieves are townsfolk who live near the campsite), is a brilliant comic set piece, ruthless in its exploitation of Gwatkin's fantasies, making

The Swivel Chair



A book publisher learns — sometimes the hard way — to be wary of the clamant superlative in his advertising copy. Every book on his list has its own well-defined market and since civilization is moving ever forward and upward each book deserves to acquire readers beyond those boundaries. All the same, a superlative glows most brightly when set within quotation marks. So the publisher stands back, allowing the cool-eyed critic to assess the product, remembering only to note him in context and at whatever length the budget will allow.

In the first week of publication the judicious tradesmen said of **The Rector of Justin** by Louis Auchincloss (\$4.95)

Last year I made the flat statement that I considered Louis Auchincloss the best living American novelist. **The Rector of Justin** confirms me in that opinion. I don't think any American novelist of his generation has matched it either in technique or in content." — J. DONALD ADAMS

An extremely fine novel . . . It gives the fullest scope of Auchincloss's talents of any book he has so far written . . . and his ear for the moral pitch of human relationships has never been more acute." — PAUL PICKREL, *Harper's*



The Rector of Justin — smooth as cream and as nourishing — is not only the best novel that Louis Auchincloss has written, but will assuredly have a place among the best American novels written in the 1960's." — MAURICE DOLBIER, N.Y. *Herald Tribune*

" . . . not only a passionately interesting, but a spiritually important study of the American character of, and for, our time." — VIRGILIA PETERSON, N.Y. *Times Book Review*



"The author's finest gift to his readers is the clear water of his literacy. . . . The men and women in this book do not study the classics; they live and talk them.

A casual passage of raillery between the rector and his wife lights up a dusky corner of a story by Henry James; a gibe by a drunken virago is silkily edged with a reference to 'Clarissa.' . . . This book is alive with paragraphs that catch a reader by the sleeve and say, Wait! . . . **The Rector of Justin** is not just a great school story or even a great novel. It is a great book." — *Chicago Tribune*

And from the non-fiction table **Before the**

Colors Fade: Portrait of a Soldier, George S. Patton, Jr. by Fred Ayer, Jr. (\$6.00)

"This beautifully written memoir is the most authentic portrait of General Patton I have seen in print. More than a picture of the general, it is a privileged view of the man within his intimate circle of family and friends."



— MARTIN BLUMENSON

"Anecdotal material . . . enrich the story and reveal the general's character as nothing else has done." — *New York Times Book Review*

"A new portrait of this bold and free-wheeling warrior is presented by his admiring but very candid nephew, Fred Ayer, Jr., who for all his near-adoration is fully aware of his Uncle George's occasional odd behavior and of his frequently outrageous remarks. More, he manifestly enjoys them as fully in recollection as his uncle did in their performance and seems almost as uninhibited as was the exuberant General." — MARK S. WATSON, *Saturday Review*

"A most revealing and readable memoir of perhaps the most colorful American general since Robert E. Lee . . . This is no whitewash job." — *Chicago Tribune*

Sometimes a book is presented to the experts in its own special field long before the literary critic has a glimpse of it. This was so with **Dying to Smoke** by Robert Osborn and Fred W. Benton, M.D. (\$4.95)



The factual background, made unforgettably graphic by our contemporary Daumier, Osborn, is a book that the older and the wiser may well present to a generation that has so much more to lose in the tobacco habit gamble.

"This book is fair warning — to smokers and would-be smokers. I wish I'd had a copy in 1921, to save the two years of agony in giving up the habit forty years later." — BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

"This is no hysterical, puritanical, fanatical diatribe, but an honest, objective condensation of scientific fact told with humor and clarity and with the unmistakable authority of personal knowledge. . . . Escape from the impact of the message is impossible. Some readers may disagree with the authors, but they will not forget what they see." — RICHARD H. OVERHOLT, M.D., Director, Overholt Thoracic Clinic

This — at last a publisher's superlative — is the most eloquent statement to date of why to stop and how to stop smoking.



Houghton Mifflin Company, Publishers

Editor-at-Large



In an age when our engines of destruction are so easily developed, it is not surprising to look at certain figures in history who remind us by their lust and cruelty and carnage of how far we've come in certain respects.

A new book by E. L. Withers titled, innocently enough, *Royal Blood*, was sent to me in manuscript for a second reading. This calm collection of typed pages housed one of the most blood-curdling chronicles I have ever read. This delightful, cheerful collection might easily be read by adults except that, heaven help us, they are history, not fantasy. In nicely mannered chapters, Withers leads us through a glorious procession of murderers and maniacs, perverts and monsters, all of whom occupied one throne or another.

From Caligula and Nero through the charming group called the Borgias, Withers traces a river of red among the titled. He gives politics scant notice, concentrating instead on groaning board and groaning bed. But he is obviously familiar with all aspects of the lineages and

on poisons in Lucrezia's story; an unbelievable study in the ability of the Medici, and Catherine the Great.

There is merit for the common man and despots, our noble ancestors.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Royal Blood: Gory Path to the Throne \$4.50 by E. L. Withers is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York. Copies are available at your local bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 1000 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

THE NEW BOOKS

lessly witty, yet not cruel. The speech, a beautiful bath of homely phrases and rhetorical absurdities, opens with overdependent allusions to Higher Authority:

The Commanding Officer has ordered me to tell you now, and you must all take care of your rifles for a man's rifle is his best friend in time of war. . . . You must all take care of your rifles or I will put you on a serious charge which will bring you before the Colonel.

This leader then tries an earthiness which is too tentatively, though, to be convincing:

A soldier is no longer a soldier when his weapon is gone from him. He is like a man who has had that removed which makes him a man, something who has lost his lamp, or a farmer his plough.

Later, maintaining a curious, quizzical-clerical sweetness, the leader discusses the methodology of leadership:

Nevertheless I would not lead you. That is not how I wish to lead you. It is for the honour of the Regiment that you should guard your rifles, like you would your wife or your little sister.

Gwatkin's clear intention at the end is to strike for the heroic note. But in *Abinoam*, after only a suggestion of effort, from Mark Anthony into a

Y. . . . consider these things in your hearts. All rifles will be checked at Pay Parade each week, so that a man will bring his rifle to the table when . . . must remember to come smartly to

And for the moment, in nothing save the Old Testament comes into his mind:

That is the way we shall all pull together, and, as we heard the Rev. Popkiss, our Chaplain, read out at Church Parade last Sunday, so may it be said of this Company: Arise, Barak, and lead thy captivity captive, thou son of Abinoam.

If *The Valley of Bones* offered only these passages of mad exhortation, it would still deserve whatever the world now pays for hilarity. But the

book offers other pleasures. Gwatkin isn't just seen and at; his differences, his eccentricities are understood, weighed up in terms, translated into meaning is the judgment on him severe but reasonable judgment mere matter of a sophisticated leering at a fool or dreamer. Gwatkin has "a kind of poetry in him the novelist—"a poetry which somehow become a handicap effort to find an outlet." Warrants severity is only the doomed poet will not accept inability for the contrempe natty fancies bring on:

Romantic ideas about the is lived are often to be in grained. . . . [Gwatkin's] of texture took the form of in trouble.

In several of its chapters *Valley of Bones* is a less than satisfying work. It gives that the author will not be maintain contact with his period of the war excepting into flat undramatized ment: the effort to keep, the in touch with characters earlier volumes produces a abethan history plays. It shows he said that Gwatkin is very the sole source in the book. ures roundabout the Captain pallid, and the relatively in quality of the walkers and serves, by contrast, as a re of the allies, strong strength met in the classical comic of the last century. And, finally are times when this novelist's of expressing mind in aesthetic terms ("coarseness of" and the like) seems timid or clubmanish. But the man is rarely visible for longer than a half-minute. Through the present performance, Ar Powell is seen most often as a as an artist, one who seems single-handedly to be keeping the idea of Living Likenesses at his best he is a swift, laud charitable, beautifully intelligent server: a writer who knows what he believes, and why

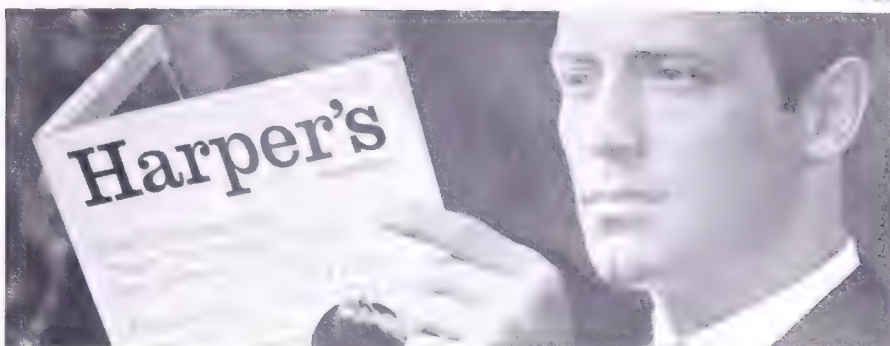
NEW BOOKS

(to discover the meaning of his own entertainment of others). The progress of "Time" is among the best of luck England has had of the war.

Hard Lives

like commitment to old investigations of individual might be read in the title of the Sherwood's eighth novel, *Man* (Simon and Schuster). Sherwood does probe below the surface of his chief character's "single man" of this book is a repatriated, homosexual, mid-20th-century Englishman named George (George), who teaches at a university like UCLA, and is recovering from the death of a beloved. George has interest and subtlety. George is a skeptic, a pastiche, and the possessor of a continual turn of mind. And George is to enter sympathetically into the minds of others. George's minds are notable for their subtlety and also for a kind of re-orientation. (*A Single Man* has been on a classroom hour that is about the acts of teaching more than could be found in a thousand academic novels in one.)

In most of his writings, the author of *Goodbye to America* is fully at ease in the role of the Observer; he longs to rise from the individual to the general, from the social level to the meta-level. The reality of the single man is presented in this tale, constantly of the man's nature as it is, and it but the man's nature might appear to existence. The novel's frame is existential. In the opening chapter the story-personalizes his hero ("Obey the body levers itself out of the body in the closing chapter the hero pulls back from traditional scrutiny of the hero to the wide-angle view of him in this body on the bed the hero works on and on, needing More important, the book's beginning to end carries on to the truth that Natural is heedful of the "uniqueness" of the single man. Some readers will be led by the writer's smoothly speculative movement from



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is not ours alone. In *FEUDAL SOCIETY*, the late celebrated French historian, Marc Bloch, wrote this about the temper of feudal times:

"... behind all social life there was a background of the primitive, of submission to uncontrollable forces, of unrelieved physical contrasts ...

"Among so many premature deaths, a large number were due to the great epidemics which descended frequently upon a humanity ill-equipped to combat them. Added to the constant acts of violence these disasters gave life a quality of perpetual insecurity. This was probably one of the principal reasons for the emotional instability so characteristic of the feudal era ...

"The despairs, the rages, the impulsive acts, the sudden revulsions of feeling present great difficulties to historians who are instinctively disposed to reconstruct the past in terms of the rational. But the irrational is an important element in all history."

FEUDAL SOCIETY combines all elements of history — social, economic, cultural. Geoffrey Barraclough called it, in *The Observer*, "the anatomy of an age." It is, he writes: "one of those rare impeccable books of scholarship (superbly translated by L. A. Manyon) which no intelligent person could possibly read without pleasure and interest and excitement."

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THE NEW BOOKS

personal concerns to cosmological; others will see that movement as undercutting a characterization which might have gained great force if permitted to grow in accordance with the principles of its own being. Few will claim that the imagination which conceived the design of *A Single Man*, and created its classroom scenes, is less than subtle and acute.

The decision to speak of impersonal laws rather than individual feelings isn't always based on philosophical considerations. As everybody knows, there are places in the world where, because of socioeconomic circumstance, the idea of individuality has next to no reality whatever. Humane writers who live in those places cannot become creators of character in the ordinary sense; they can only work to create the conditions in which the achievement of character—in fact, not in fiction—will someday become possible. Probably the most moving writer in the latter cause as of this moment is Danilo Dolci of Sicily.

Described by Aldous Huxley as the ideal twentieth-century saint, Dolci has now published three books on the life of the poor in his Mafia-ridden homeland. His new volume, *Waste* (Monthly Review Press, \$6.75), has as its overt subject the reaction—or lack of it—of his countrymen to the systematic murder of young Sicilian leaders who dare to speak up in their villages against corruption and waste. But as these reactions are reported (in interviews, orally delivered life stories, and the like), what emerges is an utter absence of belief in the importance of any single life. Law asserts that importance in Sicily as it does here, but law cannot make the assertion credible or meaningful. Dolci's world is scarred by poverty, disease, fear; it cannot afford personal difference, cannot pay for the luxury of individuality; and as a result its human landscape is nearly featureless. At bottom the struggle waged by this extraordinary teacher and leader has something nobler in view than bread or sanitation: its aim is to nourish the beginnings of human-ness itself. Dolci's *Waste* is a treatise not about Sicilian man but about the creation of Everyman in and through civilization; it is a desperately courageous, endlessly provocative book.

Books in Brief

by Katherine Gauss Jones

Is the journalist taking over from the novelist? The argument goes on forever. If the rise of good novelists were hastening the demise of bad novelists nobody would mind. Two novels published this year would indicate simply that the poaching on the other's territory is to the advantage of neither. The titles of both stories claim they are based on fact; both are supporting causes as passionately as the "realistic" novels of social protest that were in the 1930s; one is written by a newspaperman, the other by a professional historian. Both carry the weight of tragic events convincingly. But neither has great literary stature to lend the novel.

Nightmare County, by Frank L. ...

This might be called a fable of the war on poverty. Out of the mass of the individual characters, a chorus fashion, comes the story of Kentucky mining communities—the miners, the mine owners, their wives and children, judges, politicians, henchmen, and strikebreakers. It begins the days even before John L. Lewis or the New Deal had been heard of in that area, and comes right down to 1964. The author has chosen a difficult method, this quick shifting from one character to another, but does give an immediacy to every plight or poignant situation. Some of the characters inevitably emerge more credible than others. The war between the miners and the company police in 1931 is particularly vivid and is the climax of the book. By bringing the story down to the bitter present, Mr. Harvey has weakened his love story though he surely has strengthened his documentary case against poverty. It is incidentally interesting that this is a story of American hatred and greed and violence in which race relations have played no part whatever.

Bantam, 75¢ (paper)

As Sounding Brass, by Alan T. ...

This too is a novel that stirs emotions more because we know it is

BOOKS IN BRIEF

... real case than because
... sense of tragedy or great-
... ges from the pages. A
... locked down and robbed as
... ing her car one night in
... r city apartment. As she
... es a man's trousers and
... she identifies someone on
... ce alone. It is a sadly fas-
... ory nonetheless, of what
... e the miscarriage of jus-
... urely of the helplessness
... and friendless boy when
... d to the city and accused
... It gives a satisfying pic-
... is true—of the effective-
... enerosity of the casual on-
... e showing up the bureau-
... re and inadequacy of some
... shed do-good organiza-
... characters are real enough
... the attention as types in
... py charade, but they have
... dimension.

Houghton Mifflin, \$3.95

Gardens for the Blind, by
me.

Minor of Faces in the Water
Do Cry has always been
... nstrate the world of so-
... ness into a rationale of its
... such vivid images and po-
... nguage that one ends up
... questioning the world
... In this novel we are in
... of a teen-age girl who has
... bility to speak. It happens
... ew Zealand but it could be

We become involved not
... er obsessions but in the
... of her odd mother and
... er, and even more so in the
... cle Beetle, who lives on her
... l, and his remarkable in-
... ves. If this seems to me
... ntly less successful than
... he Water, it is only because
... nished by a double ending
... intended to be socially sig-
... ut seems phony and tacked
... nclusion already shattering

Braziller, \$4.50

Stormy Old Friends

from Bohemia, by Ben Hecht.
... cht begins his book: "The
... of the letters in this book
... hing in common—they were
... Then he goes on to play with
... tion of artist, a word at

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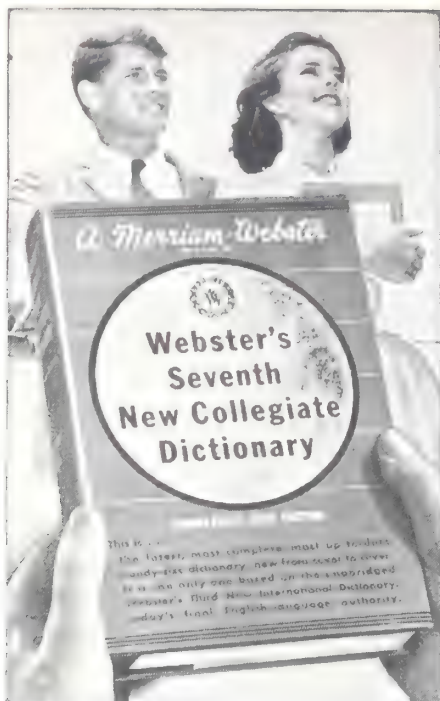
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

which he says his old friends, now in their graves, would certainly have snorted.

Whatever one calls Gene Fowler, H. L. Mencken, Charles MacArthur, Sherwood Anderson, Maxwell Bodenheim, George Grosz, and George Antheil, they are the authors of the letters; and Mr. Hecht's anecdotes (of which there are many, some of them funny) are all about the Bohemian days when all of them were young together. It is amusing literary reminiscence, given added poignancy by the fact that before his book was published Mr. Hecht had joined his friends of whom he said:

But I'll let the word "artist" stand as their true name. Being six feet underground, all of them, my correspondents are incapable of rebuttal. *There's* a thing that keeps surprising you about stormy old friends after they die—their silence. For a while an echo stays in your ear. You hear a laugh, a knowing phrase or two, a certain quality of enunciation. Then, nothing. Another death takes place—voices.

Now his silence is joined to theirs. But this book is witness to what genial and talented chattering once went on.

Doubleday, \$4.50

New York—Fact and Fiction

The Girl from Fitchburg, by Bernardine Kielty Scherman.

This is the charming autobiography of the girl from Fitchburg, Massachusetts, who grew up to live at the very heart of literary and musical New York. She is an author and columnist in her own right; her husband is Harry Scherman, founder of the Book-of-the-Month Club and author of *The Promises Men Live By*; her son, Thomas, is head of a distinguished symphony orchestra; and her daughter, Katharine, is an author too. It is a simple and unpretentious story of a most unusual family. Mrs. Scherman's picture of small mill-town life in New England at the turn of the century is as sharply and visually observant as it is nostalgic, and her recollections of New York in the decades from the 1920s onward are not only a kind of New York *Who's Who* reflected through a generous and tirelessly inquiring mind, but also a history of, and love-letter to,

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

the changing city through nearly five decades. The eager, forward-looking enthusiasm that informs it all is summarized in lines very near the end: "There is nothing to be gained by crying for the past. New York hasn't grown old. It has grown new."

Random, \$3.95.

Old New York, by Edith Wharton.

A delightful way to unravel the New York time sequence still further and cover nearly the same decades in the last century is to read Mrs. Wharton's four well-known stories collected here for the first time in one volume: "False Dawn" (1840s); "The Old Maid" (1850s); "The Spark" (1860s); "New Year's Day" (1870s). As meticulously discerning as any painter in reproducing the physical aspects of the city, of the houses, the furnishings, the costumes, and attitudes of American society of that era, Mrs. Wharton was anything but complacent about what went on under its pretentious facade. Her heroes and heroines were the mavericks, the ones who broke the mold, who in one way or another defied the stolid conventions of their time. And what stories she makes of them!

Scribner, \$4.95

Good News for Classicists

The Ever-Present Past, by Edith Hamilton. Prologue by Doris Fielding Reid.

This posthumous collection of previously unpublished lectures, of reviews and essays on a large variety of subjects old and new, can in a sense take as its philosophical keynote the opening words of the first essay:

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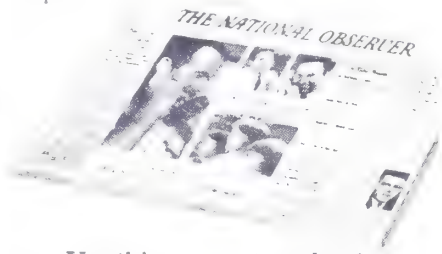
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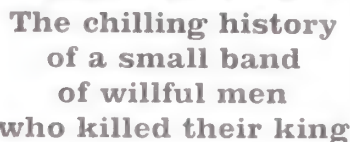
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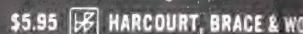


Miss Hamilton, the incomparable teacher and exponent of the classics, wrote her first book at the age of sixty-three. From that time till her death at ninety-six she never stopped writing her brilliant, eminently readable works, relating past to present. Her first book was **The Greek Way** published in 1930, and it is good news for classicists—for everybody—that this year handsome new paperback editions of that book and its successor, **The Roman Way**, have been made available at \$1.25 by The Norton Library of W. W. Norton & Company.

Not characters in fiction but flesh-and-blood people will be featured in publishing news this fall. Memoirs, reminiscences, biography, and autobiography make the excitement of the fall lists. Perhaps not surprisingly, people in letters and the arts are most articulate. *Harper's* is publishing in this issue (page 49) and in October generous portions of the memoirs of Jean-Paul Sartre, which Braziller will bring out in book form early in October.

The memoirs of Dame Edith Sitwell will come from Atheneum under the title *More in Sorrow*; Harcourt lists *Beginning Again*, Leonard Woolf's autobiography from 1911 to 1918; *A Little Learning*, Evelyn Waugh's account of his childhood and years at Oxford, is announced by Little, Brown; and Lincoln Kirstein's *Rhymes of a PFC*, which the publishers call a "picaresque memoir of an enlisted man in World War II," is scheduled by New Directions.

Possibly the most widely heralded autobiography of the fall is in another artistic field, that of Charles Chaplin, called simply *My Autobiography*, coming from Simon & Schuster in October. From the world of painters we will have *Life with Picasso* by Françoise Gilot (who lived with him for ten years and is the mother of two of his children) and Carlton Lake (McGraw-Hill); the Paul Klee *Diaries, 1898-1918* (University of California Press); *Lautrec by Lautrec* from Viking; and *Goya* by F. J. S. Canton, director of the Prado (Reynal). All these, too, in October.



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pectives on three major
candidates for im-
... and one American

ent "big" men of music
y? Stravinsky, of course.
g and his two major pupils,
Webern. Bartók. Prokofiev.
Strauss. In Strauss we see
er whom recent decades
to a new perspective. The
Strauss, of the period from
rough *Salome* and *Electra*,
caused more stir than any
since the young Wagner.
ly symphonic poems! But
e turn of the century, there
ing in critical circles that
ritten himself out. Was it
woman who, discussing one
er symphonic poems (*Sin-*
mestica? Alpensinfonie?),
arked that it was the work
ted composer who had once
nius? With *Der Rosenkava-*
10 Strauss seemed to reach
t. It was his third opera,
rest of his fifteen operas,
Capriccio in 1941, were for
ne dubiously regarded. One
ring echoes from earlier
them, and it was taken as
of faith that Strauss, like
ohn, had never lived up to
ise of his earlier music.


e last fifteen years or so
a complete shift. In Europe
Strauss's post-*Rosenkavalier*
re steady repertory items,
have attracted a wide fol-
The wheel has turned, and
e symphonic poems are con-
ld hat, while the operas are
e the last glow of the post-
age in music. Smart young
today are totally bored with
Verklärung, *Ein Helden-*
d most of the other sym-

phonic poems, but not with *Arabella*,
with *Die Frau ohne Schatten* or
Ariadne auf Naxos.

And, indeed, many of the sym-
phonic poems *do* seem to have had
their day. Even the once-thrilling *Don*
Juan today seems to be more rhetoric
than music; and *Heldenleben* to
many is actually insufferable. Eugene
Ormandy and the Philadelphia Or-
chestra have recently made a bril-
liant recording of *Also sprach*
Zarathustra (Columbia ML 5947,
mono; MS 6547, stereo), and it can-
not be said that this ambitious work,
Strauss's paean to Nietzsche, means
as much as it used to. In the light
of what we know about Strauss today,
it is a pivotal work. It was finished
in 1896, and its closing sections an-
ticipate many of the ideas that later
went into the operas. But, whatever
its construction (and the Strauss
symphonic poems have much more
formal unity that would appear on
the surface), *Zarathustra* is a pretty
swollen work in which the apparatus
itself (the scoring, the Nietzsche
program) ends up more important
than the music. Virtuoso conductors
with virtuoso orchestras will con-
tinue to present it, of course. The
music still *sounds*. Does it, though,
really mean anything?

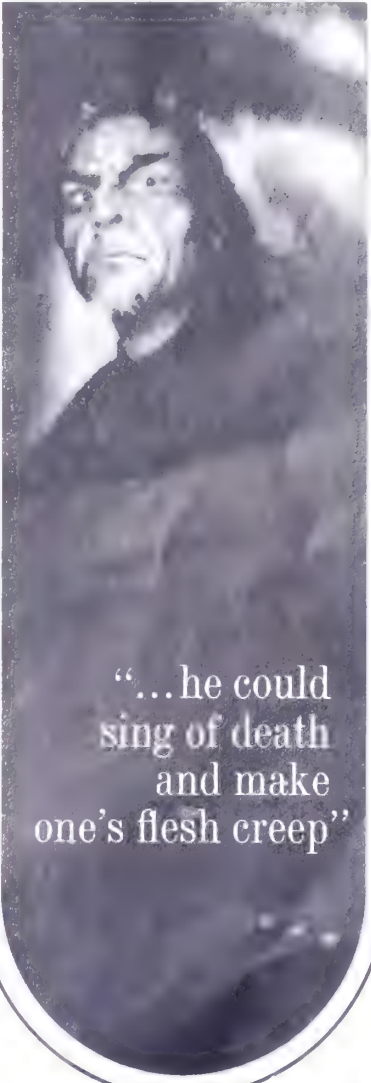
Twenty Years on One Work

The Prokofiev cause is getting a con-
siderable boost from Erich Leinsdorf
and the Boston Symphony. Leinsdorf
has decided to record all of Proko-
fiev's major orchestral works, and al-
ready has come out with two discs—
the **Fifth Symphony** (Victor LM
2707, mono; LSC 2707, stereo) and
the **Symphony-Concerto for Cello**
and **Orchestra** (LM/LSC 2703). The
symphony is well known and needs
no description. Leinsdorf conducts it
with his usual thoroughness. Less



Chaliapin

...he could sing of death and make one's flesh creep; he could sing comic songs in Russian and make English audiences laugh; he could sing love-songs to make feminine hearts of all ages flutter." This could be only Feodor Chaliapin, against whom every other bass must forever be measured. Angel's latest in the widely acclaimed "Great Recordings of the Century" series presents 16 of Chaliapin's most memorable selections—poignant folk songs, Mephistopheles' Serenade from Gounod's "Faust"; Gretchaninov's "Glory to Thee, O Lord"; Moussorgsky's famous "Song of the Flea" and "Songs and Dances of Death"; "La calunnia è un venticello" from Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia"; and four arias from Ibert's "Don Quichotte." The sound of this monaural recording is a tribute to modern engineering ingenuity; the music a memorial to the inspired art of Chaliapin. Angel COLH 141.



"...he could sing of death and make one's flesh creep"

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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

familiar is the Symphony-Concerto, presumably so entitled because Prokofiev wanted to play down the virtuoso-soloistic aspects of the score. Not that the solo cello is a shrinking violet here; it has some prominently exhibitionistic passage-work. The major emphasis, though, is on the cello in relation to the orchestra, the idea being that this is less a cello concerto than a symphony for cello and orchestra.

It was one of Prokofiev's last works. He originally composed it in 1933, was dissatisfied and tinkered with it, off and on, for almost twenty years. Not until 1952, the year before his death, did it emerge in its present form. And it is a most impressive work. In some respects it is allied to the Fifth Symphony. Both are large-scaled, direct, clear, melodic, and powerful. Prokofiev was the only Soviet composer who could write within the confines of the *Diktat* imposed on him by the Party and yet preserve a large measure of personality and integrity. Samuel Mayes, the cellist in this recording, was then the first cellist of the Boston Symphony. (He has since shifted his allegiance to the Philadelphia Orchestra.) An accomplished instrumentalist, he plays with surety, accurate intonation, and musicianship. Leinsdorf's contribution is flawless. A most interesting disc.

Electric Shock

Another of the century's big men, Bartók, is represented by a disc coupling his *Cantata Profana* with the more familiar *Miraculous Mandarin* (Deutsche Grammophon 18873, mono; 138873, stereo). Janos Ferencsik leads the Budapest Television Philharmonic in the *Mandarin*, and Gyorgy Lehel is the *Profana* conductor. The latter work uses a chorus and two soloists—Josef Reti, tenor, and Andras Farago, bass. The *Cantata Profana* dates from 1930 and is based on a Rumanian folk ballad, "The Enchanted Stags." One of Bartók's typically savage, propulsive middle-period works, it hits the listener like an electric shock. The first thing that happens is a visceral reaction. Later one untenses and is able to feel the lyricism and tenderness of the score.

The *Miraculous Mandarin* of 1918 was a ballet with one of the most

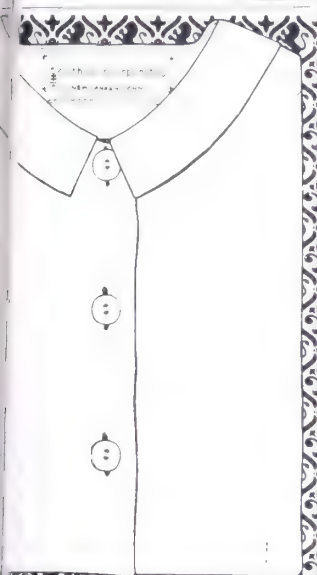
gruesome stories ever staged—an allegory, and one reading make the Mandarin a Christ. Be that as it may, the score is other shocker. Too bad the late Reiner never recorded it. The *Mandarin* used to be one of his specialties. Ferencsik is a good conductor but lacks Reiner's thrust; his orchestra is not one of the great ones. Nevertheless the Ferencsik performance is acceptable; and the *Profana's* presence on this disc is important.

Defiant Y

Was Charles Ives one of the great men? We all know that this eccentric businessman-composer was doing it in advanced music before the Europeans turned to it, and in the years Ives is beginning to be taken upon with considerable respect. The Kohon Quartet has now come out with the first modern recordings of *Quartets Nos. 1 and 2* (Vox D 1212, mono; 501120, stereo), the second composed in 1896, the second in 1907-13. No. 1 is relatively conservative, though occasionally it has prickly dissonance and polytonality. It is named "A Revival Service" and is full of anthems and other New England quasi-folk material that Ives was constantly introducing into his music. The quartet has its crude but something very natural and genuine comes through.

Much more powerful, direct, and uncompromising is the second quartet "for four men who come to discuss, argue (politics), fight, shake hands, shut up, then walk up the mountainside to view the firmament." As in so many Ives works, there are some outside quotations, including his favorite "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean." There also are a couple of pixy-ish quotations from Beethoven and Brahms. But it is easy to pay too much attention to these. Overriding everything is the passionate I-don't-care defiance of custom, style and construction; the rigid, close-lipped Yankee individuality; the amazing concentration of thought and movement. There is nothing so to it in music, and like it or dislike it is unique. One goes back again to the record—with attention, with puzzlement, with excitement. But one listens.

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looking for the
perfect dry
mini?
Instead of
tanning
a drier
mouth.



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JAZZ notes

by Eric Larrabee

Bean

He plays with a hard reed, and always has—more work but fuller tone, once you get it. In the studio he keeps his hat on. The facial expression froze into permanence in some past beyond recall, and not in a moment of light humor. You would not call that blank grimace "indomitable" until you had made certain he was on your side.

One of the functions of jazz is to provide models, suggest novel emotional combinations, stretch the range of human possibility. Coleman Hawkins moves in on that role as though he owned it. The first rule is commitment. In the school he was trained by, you did not come on for a solo just to make pretty noises. It was cut or be cut and, in the world his tenor sax continues to describe, no prizes are given for passivity.

He is a fair man but generous, knowing that much public credit comes by chance or popular whimsy, just as his epochal "Body and Soul" became a runaway best-seller—and the acknowledged benchmark of a style—when he least expected it. As the new sounds emerged after World War II, and the scoffers scoffed, he was not only helpful to the young revolutionaries but learned from them. Age has obliged him by not withering, and custom by not staling. his varied consistency.

"Body and Soul" has been called "erotic." It sure is. But eroticism in music is too often bounded by the Bolero bounce, at one extreme, and Venusberg vertigo at the other. This is something else again: it is male sexiness, and if you will start adding up the musicians you can think of who project such pure virility you will see how rare Hawkins is.

It is no secret to his admirers that he is also intelligent: a reader, a listener, a citizen of art's republic. To these retrospective albums can be paid the attention due him.

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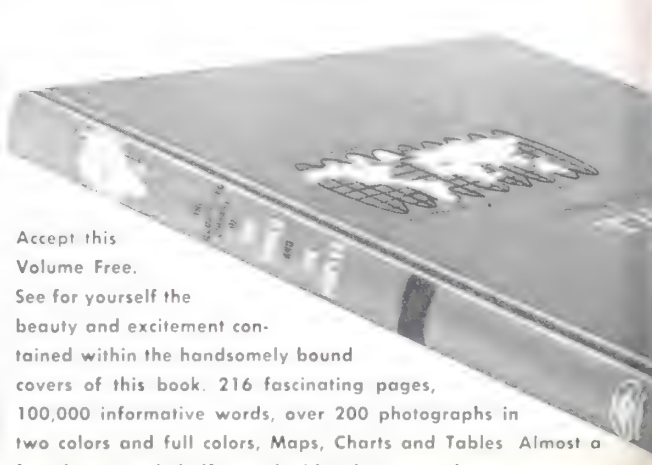
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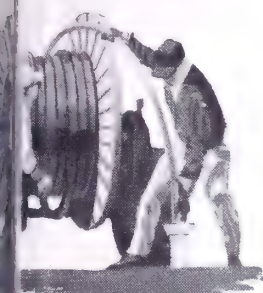


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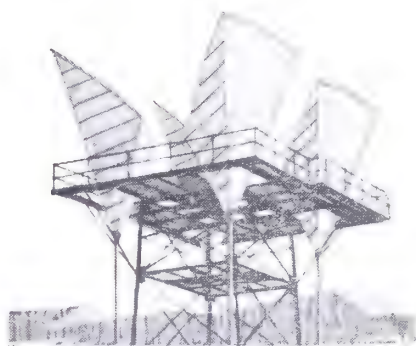
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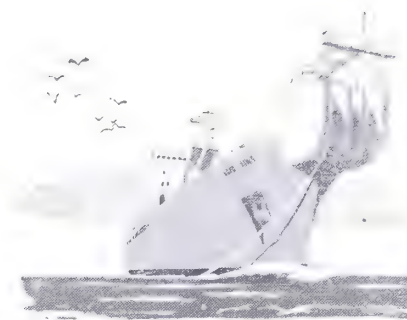
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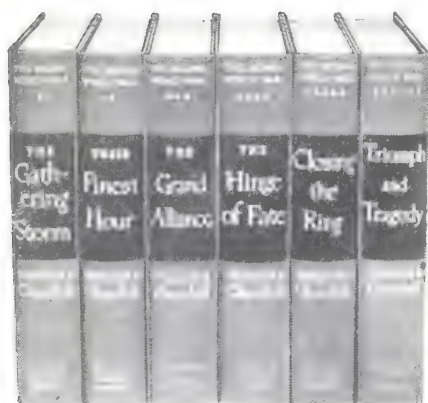
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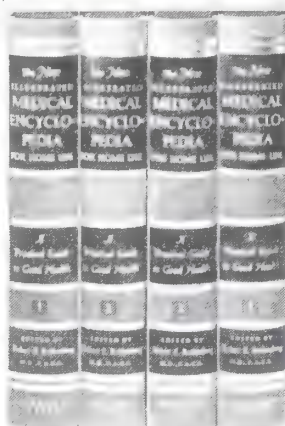
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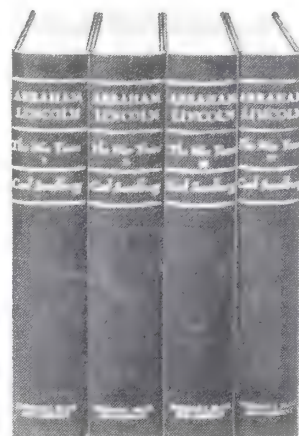
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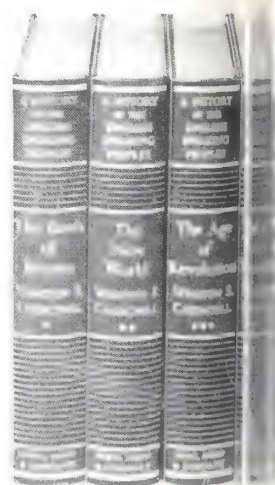
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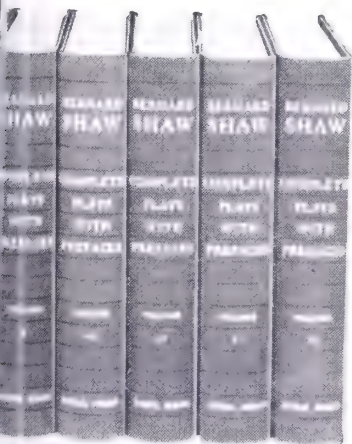
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Moving Ahead

Last year the oldest bootlace factory in England closed its doors forever. The factory was founded in 1850 and was still using its original machinery and making only its original product when it closed. From one point of view, that record may look like devoted single-mindedness on the part of management. From another, it is stubborn inflexibility, an unwillingness to face the fact that the world changes, and the needs of customers change, too.

Many a buttonhook, kerosene-lamp, and bustle factory went out of business, too, when fashions changed and the company didn't. On the other hand, a great number of old companies are still in business because they adapted their operations and their products to the changing world, expanding, diversifying, and improving all the time.

There's a double lesson for investors here. One, obviously, is that when you consider companies in which to invest, you should avoid the hidebound and the inflexible and choose instead those companies that keep up with the times and with consumer demands.

The other is that after you buy stock in a company, you ought to keep track of the company's activities as well as the price of its stock—to be sure that your company is keeping pace with the world.

Remember, hardening of the arteries is as dangerous for companies as it is for people.



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LETTERS

Latins and Gringos

John Paton Davies' article ["A Crisis of Casualness in Latin America," *Easy Chair*, August] faithfully reflects the defeatism and intellectual paucity of our present Latin-American policy. He correctly describes Latin-American nations as unstable and disorderly. Then . . . he reiterates the "realistic pragmatism" so popular among Latin-American experts. Unfortunately, his reasoning is based solely on frayed clichés and the resulting policy has been a dismal failure for generations.

The author's thesis is that much, maybe all, of Latin America's distress is due to—of all things—a surfeit of democracy. His example of Castro's release from prison in 1954 presupposes that revolutionary ideas were locked up with Castro, and his evaluation of Batista as "indulgent" is muddled thinking at its worst.

Mr. Davies is unaware that this apparent "easygoing attitude" toward "subversion" is as abhorrent to Latin-American rulers as to him. There is nothing "casual" about it. The crumbling old order is fighting a rearguard action—running scared. They are in no position to imprison the discontented masses, nor to risk executing or imprisoning "patriotic" students—subversive or not.

Having misjudged the symptoms for the disease, Mr. Davies prescribes "enlightened authoritarian rule" for Latin America. The theory here is that order, at any cost, is the prime requisite. By this supposition we can justify every despot that has crossed man's path and will cross it. . . .

Unless we write off Latin America as a total loss to the Free World—as Mr. Davies seems to suggest—we must champion democracy. We must take the lead in the social and economic revolution now in progress. We must reevaluate the ideas behind the Alliance for Progress and expand them.

Mr. Davies, a practical man, needs to enlarge his knowledge of the power of ideas. I have frequently inter-

rupted a harangue about imperialism" to ask, "What do you think of John F. Kennedy?" The answer of one particularly vocal student says it all. Looking on, we were astounded I should ask. He replied fervently, "Viva Kennedy!"

ROY R. WHITMAN
Florida State University
Canal Zone Highway
Ft. Clayton, Florida

No St. Louis

I am writing to express my appreciation for the article by Mr. Watkins, "St. Louis Takes the New Code: A Case History for Ailing Cities" [August]. I believe the new code has been one of the most important boosts to the massive renaissance of St. Louis which is clearly under way. As Mr. Watkins says, there are many other factors at work, but I am delighted to see the efforts of those responsible for the new performance code given the recognition. . . .

RAYMOND R. BROWN
St. Louis

The Evil It

The story by Isaac Singer, "Blood" [August], is told with a feeling of disgust. . . . of the Jewish faith, but not of its former to its Kosher laws. . . . ents were, and I have had . . . to personally know several . . . terers." They were men of . . . and highly respected in the . . . nity where I was raised. I have . . . met women like Risha in . . . through life and I've come . . . way. . . .

MRS. LAURA BROWN
Oakland

MR. SINGER REPLIES:

Every writer knows best the . . . of people to which he belongs . . . is natural that whatever charac . . . he intends to describe, good or . . . he will choose from among his

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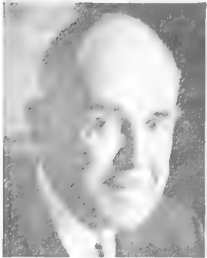
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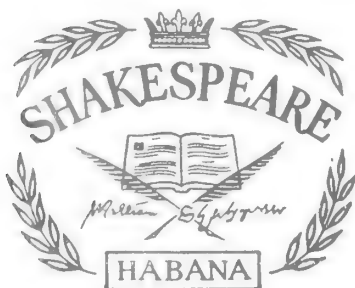
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LETTERS

To ask a writer to make all his characters good, or to choose all the good ones from among his own group and all the bad ones from among the others, is to be unjust to the facts and to literature.

It is tragic that Mrs. Rackow and some like her refuse to recognize this simple truth.

The North's Negro Ghetto

As a former New Yorker who was engaged in public-health work in geographical areas including Harlem, I felt that Ralph Ellison did indeed make a much-needed point ["Harlem Is Nowhere," August] about the psychological effect of discrimination against the American Negro.

LULUMAE CLEMONS, Ed.D.
Riverside, Calif.

Defenders in Hiding

In his admirable article, "Timid Lawyers and Neglected Clients" [August], Daniel H. Pollitt finds lawyers remiss for not defending adherents of unpopular causes. . . .

What are the factors that brought about this retreat of the lawyers? Professor Pollitt . . . makes no mention of the erosion of the juridical mainstays of American life that resulted from the Loyalty-Security programs as administered by the U.S. Department of Justice from 1948 (approximately) to 1960. (I would like to absolve the Kennedy Administration.) These Loyalty-Security programs were based upon the so-called Attorney General's list of clubs, societies, and organizations designated as generally suspect and disloyal to America. . . .

Twelve years of such enforcement of *non-law* in the U.S. had sown its dragon seed of fear and hatred. The Loyalty-Security [programs] had come to constitute the most powerful engine for national hysteria, the most puissant engine for hate, the most pernicious inciters to public disorder and disarray in the history of this Republic. . . .

Small wonder, then, that Professor Pollitt found lawyers reluctant to involve themselves. As the Loyalty-Security employees of the Department of Justice put to the torch the Magna Carta and the Bill of Rights, the vast majority of the lawyers of

America discreetly decided that not juridical fire fighters, but tradesmen.

ALBERT
Boston

After thirty-five years as a member of the local bar, I fear the Daniel Pollitt's article is only well justified. Thank God for the exceptions, starting with Joseph P. Kamp, who cared more for right than for conformity.

J. WALLACE HARRIS
Pittsburgh

Manpower Monopoly

Edward T. Chase's article on "Job-finding Machine: How to Turn It Up" [July] is challenging. The U. S. Employment Service has done far more to contribute to the market's problems and weaken it than to overcome them. It has done nothing to improve the effectiveness of private employment services; instead, it has weakened them. Now it is threatening to force employers and applicants to use its services. . . .

This is the result of routine empire building in the public service. But this particular empire is built to take control of the human economy—its key jobs and its power. This action represents more than an entering wedge toward a controlled economy; it represents a fruition.

Of course, the case for expansion of USES is not being made in the light. And there is certainly nothing wrong with abandoning the enterprise system in favor of a controlled economy if that is what the American people want. However, nothing less than the most rigorous scrutiny and debate should precede so fundamental a change in our governmental system. It should be of deliberate design, not by default.

ORRIN
Bethesda

Why is it necessary to sue laws requiring employers to make more use of the public employment service? Leave for a later question the charges of bureaucratic inefficiency and consider only the moral reactions of many employers. Engineering



Why didn't they jump like this in 1948?

ards seem to be made for one reason—to be and over again.

training, of course, largely accounts for the set by athletes. But there's another basic health and the strength and endurance that

and youngsters in general, have nances to develop their physical potentialities, protect them from most of the communicable and once handicapped thousands of persons in

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LETTERS

professional people—can qualify for today's not unemployed. Should red workers use government (USES) to finance their riches for more challenge? Should public funds finance the recruiting of workers by another? Members feel that the USES modernized and improved unemployed find jobs and employers tap the skills that among the unemployed. Let employers compete to get place and let the unemployed through their own rework that will challenge.

JAY K. JARRELL, Chmn.
ment Services Committee
Chamber of Commerce
of Greater Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh, Pa.

REPLIES:

free-enterprise theology by Mr. Pielle is pure in socialized Sweden, of job placements are no involvement by the payment service. In the isn't a shred of evidence ever be involved in more of placements, if that, ke control of the heart of . . . As for Pielle's mystifications about the USES ng to improve the effect-private employment service a disingenuous comment ie private services that ized themselves for the ve waged a shockingly aign to cripple the pub- Meanwhile the stout de- is making doubtless is the seamier private modify their notoriously ices.

for Mr. Jarrell what is y elaborated in my ar- sions for inducing (not employers to cooperate e and only national pub- ent service are confined ing information on job s they always have done will do, employers can e they want, from any ever, with no strings at- oment's reflection should ar that with little or no

information on openings, USES would be paralyzed (as it partially is now) since patronage by qualified workers and bona fide employers would end. It would then cease to function, since it is strictly a voluntary operation. USES's enabling legislation wisely stipulates that the service is to be available to all, employed and unemployed alike (though in fact 97 per cent of USES placements are from the unemployed). Not only is it highly desirable that services be available to help all workers upgrade themselves; it is also essential if there are to be openings for new workers attempting to matriculate into the labor market.

Bringing Up Mothers

As a British war bride—I married an American, have three children, and live in the States—I was delighted with Eleanor Wintour's "Bringing Up Children: The American *vs.* the British Way" [August]. I am a product of the British upbringing she describes so well. I had a Nanny, then a Governess. As a child I hardly saw my parents except when I was dressed up in a fresh frock and allowed into the drawing room for tea with them. . . .

Although I agree wholeheartedly with Mrs. Wintour's article, her final sentence made me boil: "My point is . . . that American mothers have a better time." I have had an awful time! Other women friends of mine also lead a frantic rat-race life in the States trying to fill over a dozen different roles—housecleaner, cook, budget manager, gardener. . . . chauffeur, hostess, mistress, *ad nauseam*, on top of caring for children from babyhood to adolescence. . . . I think American mothers have a horrible time of it, and why? Because we cannot obtain any domestic help. Life in America would be perfect if we could. In spite of all the high unemployment figures . . . and in spite of people like myself who are able and willing to pay fantastically high salaries, there still aren't any cooks and maids to be found. . . .

No, the English mother has it easy. Nannies, charwomen, cooks . . . all mean that Mother has time to accomplish something on her own, paint, play the piano, do charity work, travel with her husband—no



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J
Mantolo

As an Englishwoman who has
in the U. S. for the past three
... I must reply to a few of
Wintour's points. The picture
ture she paints of suburban
children ... being hidden
away from the adult world is
rather ridiculous. ... English
children (girls too) do rush
jeans and get dirty and noisy,
teach them that there is a new
"children should be seen and
heard" and there is a time when
can't expect the house to
around their precious women's
fancies. ... English children
manage to survive the tortures of
English upbringing quite happily
and even the mothers see to it
it too! ELFRIDA C. FAOW
New York

My husband and I were born
in Europe, ... have been living
U.S. for fifteen years, and our
ten years old. Frankly, I find
bringing up a boy the "hard
way" is very trying for a mother.

Boys as young as ten years
worship the Beatles, read
atrocities in the paper and
"neat," and after an elegant
a country club you look at
them and they are catching
and snakes in their beautiful
blazers and pressed slacks.

I have been trying forever
bring up my boy to have
watch his tongue, to look
enjoy Dickens or other boy
but it's very difficult because
wants to be like all the other
guys." When I get him
this Huckleberry Finn in
is quite livable and can even
manners, but then he has
to the rites of the tribe and
to be undone. All I can hope
the home atmosphere will
that he will grow up to be
law-abiding.

Bringing up boys the "hard
way," with so much freedom
left up to them, is a challenge
a much more difficult task
English way. MRS. D. R.
Sioux Falls

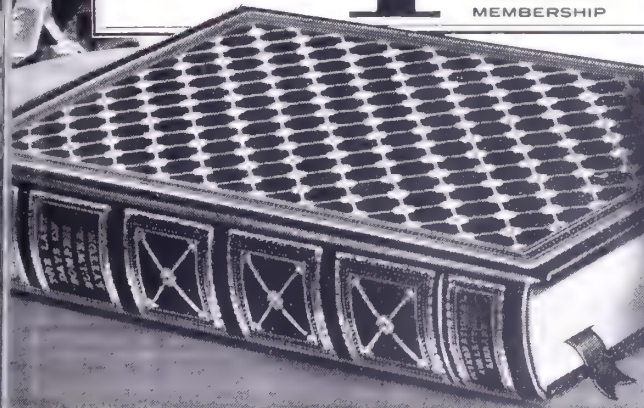
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How to Save a Few Million Lives. —and Save Money at the Same Time

by John Fischer

It would not cost the American taxpayer a single penny. It would save untold millions of lives. It offers the one best hope—perhaps the only hope—of turning India into a going concern. In the long run it probably would prove to be the most effective thing we could do to keep Asia from being taken over by the Chinese variety of communism.

"It" is a simple decision by our government—specifically, the State Department with the support of Congress—to back a plan to halt the surging growth of India's population. The plan is ready to go. It has been carefully worked out by the Indian Planning Commission with the help of the Ford Foundation staff in New Delhi. There is good reason to believe that it would work: pilot projects already are showing promising results. The plan has the enthusiastic (but not very effective) support of the Indian government. All that is lacking is a good, hard nudge from Washington.

Obviously this nudge is not likely to be forthcoming before the election. The issue really isn't very touchy politically (as it might have been five years ago), but no Administration could reasonably be expected to embark on novel initiatives in the middle of a Presidential campaign. Early next year, however, the new Congress might be persuaded to do something about it—especially if a fair number of voters show some interest in the subject during the course of the campaign. (That is when politicians listen hardest to their constituents.)

Hence this report. If you who read it feel, as I do, that the Indian popula-

tion plan is a matter of first-rate importance—to this country and to the world—then perhaps you may want to mention it during the next few weeks to the Congressional candidates in your district, by mail or (better yet) in personal conversation.

Until a few months ago I had never heard of the plan. I had been concerned about India's desperate population problem ever since 1943, when I watched (and reported for *Harper's*) the Bengal famine which took some two million lives. Last spring I had a chance to take another look at the country; and while there I had the good luck to meet Dr. Hugh Leavell, former Professor of Public Health Practice at Harvard and now a member of the Ford Foundation's growing staff of family planning experts in New Delhi. What he and his colleagues are trying to do struck me as almost the only really encouraging thing I saw in that wretched land.

Wretched for many reasons, but mostly because it seems doomed to never-ending hunger. The morning I started to write this, the *New York Times* reported that "a farmer in Uttar Pradesh committed suicide because he could not stand watching his children starve" . . . "a thousand people broke into two food shops in Agra and looted them of grain" . . . "hungry peasants in areas around Lucknow ate seed they had set aside for planting." And the *Times* dispatch ended with the familiar, dread conclusion: that there is no visible hope for India's 450 million people so long as their numbers continue to grow faster than food production. (Each

year the country has another million mouths to feed—in effect, a city nearly as big as New York.)

The government of India, at its best, is still a very crude instrument at best, is still a very crude check this human tidal wave. It has set up some five thousand family control clinics; about a million people have volunteered for sterilization operations. But so far the results have been imperceptible, almost speaking. Indeed, the death rate curve seems to be rising steadily ever, as the death rate is still high. Such public-health measures as spraying mosquitoes and building water systems. The net result is that millions of babies who are born have died within their first year of malaria or dysentery now, now to face starvation.

Facts such as these led the Ford Foundation to conclude that the most important thing to do for India is to help carry out a birth control program in about 800 million villages where 80% of the population lives. It brought in Dr. Leavell, Dr. Freymann, and an able staff to figure out the best way to do it.

Almost the first thing they did was that birth-control clinics wouldn't work. Most villages are illiterate and shy—wouldn't go to them. What might work was a center, providing a full range of elementary medical service. A peasant woman has learned there for antimalaria pills, shots, and information on family planning—after she has come to trust the center's staff. They might be willing to talk about it.

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planning. Moreover, once she is convinced that the center can protect her first two or three babies against the immemorial infant-killing diseases, she may be more eager to limit the size of her family. Today, with virtually no medical care available in rural areas, a mother often bears a dozen children with the expectation that only two or three will survive until their teens.

The health centers, as they are envisaged, would not be staffed entirely with full-fledged doctors; it would take India a century to train enough of them, even if the money and the schools were available. Most of the personnel, therefore, would be public-health workers, who could be trained in about two years in the basic techniques of sanitation, preventive medicine, first aid, and birth control. Perhaps 90 per cent of their visitors could be helped on the spot; those needing serious surgery or medical treatment would be referred to the nearest hospital. And the center's staff would be prepared to advise on all known methods of birth control, suggesting those appropriate to the patient's state of health, income, and religious preferences. (There is no substantial religious opposition to family planning in India; but for the relatively few Catholics, the center would provide information on techniques approved by the Church.)

The most promising method at the moment seems to be the recently developed uterine spiral, a plastic device costing only a few cents. It has been tested by more than ten thousand women throughout the world, with good results in about 80 per cent of the cases. It is cheap and simple enough for use by the poorest and most primitive families; it is safe; and it can be removed if the family should later decide that it wants another child.

To set up enough health centers, even of the simplest kind, so that one of them will be within reach of every Indian family (traveling by foot or bullock cart) is a staggering enterprise. Yet Dr. Leavell thinks that it might, just possibly, be accomplished in ten years if everything goes well. (That means a near-miracle, for in India hardly anything goes well; a typical undertaking, from the digging of a well to the building of a

defense force, proceeds by fits and starts, interspersed with intervals of lethargic discouragement.)

The first step would be to train 85,000 field workers to man the health centers. To do this it will be necessary to organize training schools, from fifty to two hundred of them, depending on the size finally decided upon. And as the personnel is being trained, the health-center buildings would be going up all over the country. For administrative purposes, rural India is divided into blocks of villages, each containing roughly eighty thousand people. Dr. Leavell hopes eventually that ninety-seven field workers could be provided for each of these blocks—enough to run three main health centers, plus three or four subcenters. The latter might be set up in trailers which could be moved from village to village.

All of this obviously will cost a great deal of money—more than even the Ford Foundation can afford. Nevertheless, Ford is moving ahead with demonstration projects in five of India's states: West Bengal, the Punjab, Mysore, Madras, and Gujarat. Within five years, Dr. Leavell believes, these pilot establishments will have proved that population growth *can* be brought under control—and public health vastly improved at the same time. Then maybe enough money can be found, somewhere, to put the plan into full operation throughout the entire nation.

The government of India already has set up the nucleus of an administrative organization to work with the Ford people—an Institute of Health Administration and Education. It hopes eventually to find enough money to pay the 85,000 field workers. But right now it sees no way to get funds to establish the training schools, build the health centers, and house the workers once they are on the job.

Why doesn't the Indian parliament simply raise taxes to finance a plan of such fundamental importance to the future of the country? Well, a strong government would do just that. But even its most enthusiastic well-wishers cannot describe the government of India as "strong." Its Prime Minister is an elderly gentleman convalescing from a heart attack. He is beset, left and right, by

political enemies. The civil service commands is inefficient, strangled by red tape, and in some spots corrupt. The amount of tax money that can be wrung out of a poverty-stricken country is strictly limited. The government is confronted by many urgent demands on what little it has—including yet another outbreak of famine, and an invading army inside its northern borders which may pounce again at a moment's notice.

Furthermore, the Ministry of Health is a nice old lady, Dr. Nayar, whose chief qualification is that she used to be Gandhi's personal physician. In the intra-governmental battle for funds, she doesn't stand much of a chance against the more vigorous ministers—especially when they are clamoring for such desperate needs as more food and more army. In sum, the government of India is hampered by the same kind of political problems that afflict every government, including our own—but its problems are more numerous and more elephantine.

Fortunately there is another potential source of money for the health program—a very curious one. Some \$331 million worth of rupees lies idle in India right now, and the account is growing every day. Technically it belongs to the United States, but it can never be paid for by the Treasury in Washington. It can be used only in India, for purposes jointly agreed upon by its government and ours. If Congress would authorize its use, it would be more than enough to pay for Dr. Leavell's ambitious plan.

This money is so-called "residual funds," or more precisely, "local currency." Its history is complicated, and there is no need to go into it here.* It is enough to note that the device of counterpart funds was invented, nearly twenty years ago, largely in the hope that it might appease the Congressional critics of the foreign-aid program.

In heroically oversimplified terms, the story runs something like

* If you are interested in the story, it is admirably told in Lewis's *Quiet Crisis in India*, originally published by the Brookings Institution and now available in a Doubleday paperback edition.

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THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

Shortly after the end of World War II, India found itself (as it so frequently does) in desperate need of food. We had billions of bushels of surplus grain, moldering in storage at high cost to the American taxpayer. The Indians couldn't pay for it—no dollars, and no way to earn enough—so we gave them a lot of grain. That seemed like good sense from every point of view: it kept millions of people from starving to death, and it reduced storage bills on grain we couldn't use.

The Administration was immediately accused in Congress of "giving away America's assets to a pack of ungrateful foreigners." Never mind that the "asset" in this case was an expensive burden—the giveaway accusation was used with some effect by the opponents of every Administration, Democratic or Republican, of the last twenty years. After all, politics is not always a rational business.

Squirming under these charges, the people in charge of foreign aid looked around for some kind of protective cloak. The device they hit upon was an ingenious one. "When we ship a boatload of wheat to India," they suggested, "we might ask for payment in blocked rupees. The Indian government could sell the wheat to its own people, and turn over the proceeds to us. Since it will never be possible to convert these rupees into dollars, they won't exactly be real money, at least for us. But we can then tell Congress that we aren't giving anything away. We would be selling the grain for *some* counterpart—the most we can get, even if it is only rupees in a blocked account."*

It is doubtful whether this maneuver actually appeased the Congressional enemies of foreign aid, led by Otto Passman and the late Clarence Cannon. Probably it just confused them and inflamed their suspicions. But it did have useful by-products, in a minor way. For example, some of the blocked rupees have been used to pay the local run-

ning expenses of the American embassy, expand the information, finance loans to small men, and help build roads, schools.

Incidentally, a great deal could be put to good use in this fashion if Congress would let Junior Embassy officers practically no travel money could spend otherwise—useless to get around the subcontinent, doing something about the vast areas they are supposed to report on. American textbooks could be printed to help meet the desperate India's schools. (The Russians, of course, are always glad to buy Marxist books at nominal prices.) Special institutions could be set up to train business managers and administrators, both urgently necessary to develop a modern economy and a healthy free-enterprise system.

But, so far, the State Department has been afraid even to ask Congress to let it do these things. It has, with good reason, that the appropriations committees would say no—go ahead and use your blocked rupees—but we'll cut an equivalent amount from the next aid appropriation.

Now, however, Clarence Cannon—the time terror of aid administration—dead, and the power of the hatchet man, Passman, has been

* Aside from the \$331 million in rupees discussed here, which is a small, idle but earmarked for "United States India," there are several other billions of counterpart funds and blocked currencies, in India and other countries which have received American aid. The limitation on their use varies, depending on their legislative origin. Some are out of Public Law 480, some are out of the payment of Development Loans, some "soft" loans, some from various other sources.

It is hard to find out in Washington exactly how much is piled up, and how much is being used. But the total runs into the billions. This accumulation of blocked currencies is causing a variety of purely economic problems, which grow more acute every year. It is high time for Congress to face up to the whole question—and to give the Executive branch a clear directive on how to dispose of these funds. Otherwise, the most inevitable that eventually simply will have to be wiped out—books—to the accompaniment of a deal of acrimony, in this country and abroad.

In fact, the idea of selling foodstuffs for blocked local money seems to have originated with the American Farm Bureau Federation, which wanted to expand overseas markets for our excessive output of wheat, cotton, and soybean oil. But the idea was eagerly seized by both the Administration and the farm bloc in Congress.

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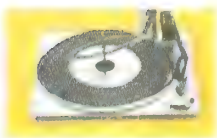
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arily broken. Moreover, that reactionaries may the committees dealing aid quite so completely ongress as they have for decades. A few veteran emocrats, for example, eated by Republicans—st as conservative, but eniority which is the key the committee system. we can hope that after the State Department, e House, will at last dare e candidly to Congress aid—especially the sen-counterpart funds.

have some strong argu-and. The health-center only could be financed real cost to the U.S. t also offers hope of lumps of foreign-aid future.

India gets its population r control, we shall have iving immense tonnages tilizer, and farm machin-to come. The alternative ; the eventual collapse government—the only government in Southeast ventual take-over by the or worse. ("Worse" con-d mean a breakup of the a multitude of warring thing like the Congo to-as about the condition of e the British unified it: old days, the sword, pil-, and disease did keep the airly stable. Those were onal, or conservative, population control.)

her hand, if India does curbing its population ill at last have a chance economic feet. No longer necessary to plow a lop-of its resources into ef-se more food from mar-More resources would be industrial development; d rise; and in a decade or ht reach the takeoff point rn economy, independent elp.

never in history have we rtunity to accomplish so little cost. All that is lly, is the use of a little use.

"To the eyes of the man of imagination,
Nature is imagination itself."

William Blake

The creation of imaginative, fresh patterns through studying the nature and behavior of matter is the heart of our research effort.

Sometimes it leads to the expected, sometimes to the not-so-expected. Always, it leads to stimulation of the intellect through the stimulation of the creative drive.

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After Hours



Emphatic Istanbul *by Russell Lynes*

In Istanbul there is a complex of shaded courtyards, fountains, flower beds, arcaded buildings, and pavilions called the Topkapi Palace. It sits like a rich, walled village on a point of land that looks out upon the Sea of Marmara in one direction and the Bosphorus in another, waters of unusual clarity and sparkle. The palace, now a national museum, is also known as the Seraglio and it contains, I was told (I didn't see *all* of them), about 360 rooms.

Five of these rooms house the Treasury, which is a collection of baubles once owned by the Sultans of Turkey, rulers of the Ottoman Empire. Sultans' baubles have a very special richness—emeralds the size of Seckel pears, coffee-cup holders encrusted with diamonds, thrones of tortoise shell inlaid with mother-of-pearl and edged with rubies. There are swords with jeweled handles, water pipes with jade mouthpieces set with stones, scabbards and quivers stiff with pearls and sapphires and gold embroidery. There was also a leather shield about thirty inches in diameter ornamented with clusters of unfaceted diamonds. I asked the gentleman who was showing us around (he was a curator of the museum) if such a shield was intended merely, as it appeared, for ceremonial purposes.

"Oh, no," he said. "Not at all. It was for use. What did it matter if they lost a diamond or two? The Ottoman Empire then, you know, was like the United States today."

For a moment I thought this pleasant man (I would guess he was in his early thirties) was being facetious, but it was apparent from his expression that what he said was meant more as a compliment than as a criticism. I mentioned his remark to several other Turks in Istanbul who know America well. They nodded their assent. It was, they thought, a most natural analogy to have occurred to the young curator. The publisher of an Istanbul newspaper said: "Recently I flew for five hours in a jet and I realized that all the time I was flying I was above what was once the Ottoman Empire."

Like America.

It is possible now to fly without changing planes from New York to Istanbul by Pan American Airways, leaving at seven in the evening and arriving at Yesilköy Airport the next afternoon at about three-thirty, Turkish time. There are stops in London, Frankfurt, and Munich (the Germans make you get out of the plane with your hand luggage and go through a passport control and a sort of token customs, a nuisance

which seems to be born officiousness). You arrive at Istanbul airport shaking with fatigue and from what seem like injections of caffeine from usually smiling stewards. The scream of the jets appears to bother a shepherd and a flock grazing a few yards from the runway. You are told, if you are met by a friend, as I was, that you are on the Plains of Thule. The Plains are punctuated with minarets and occasionally with ghettos and apartment houses which grow incongruously, like outcrops of rock, somewhat desolate and empty in the landscape. Chevrolets and Volkswagens and burros and drays pass in spaces varying from lei to headlong, down a wide dividing way observing a convention familiar to Americans: there is no concern about which side one passes. It endows the flow of traffic with a weaving motion accompanied by a constant blare of horns.

One approaches the ancient heart of the city—as many barbarian invaders must have approached it—in full cry. Rather than pick a wall, as the barbarians did frequently, we skirted it, driving wide boulevard past the crumbling masonry, honeycombed and pink, built, part of it, in the days of the Emperor Justinian in the sixth century. The road leads to the edges of the water, the city filled with sunbathers, people which use the ancient walls as part of their structure, somewhat the same way that the aqueduct serves as shelter. Like Rome, Istanbul is built on seven hills. Rome's, its dominant color is red in place of baroque towers and spires like rockets, each wearing a general loose-fitting clerical collar. It is a city of well over a million people of gray domes and red roofs, balconied apartments and old buildings whose whole sides are billboards, of streets clogged with cars, and of narrow, cobble-

Author of "The Domesticated Americans" and other books about native land, Russell Lynes now brings back a visitor's report "abroad." He is the managing editor of "Harper's" and of "After"



He showed me an essay he wrote for "What the Presidential Means to Me." Fascinating, I'll bet.



He says that during the campaign period there is an "increased amount of bickering" between me and your brother.

You must admit you always bring up politics whenever Myron drops in for a social evening.



He points out that there's a "deal of quibbling" between you and my mother. Eavesdropper.



He concludes by saying that we should all exercise our right to vote because it guarantees a continuation of our form of government as well as a secure future for all of us.

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I just wish you wouldn't keep calling Myron "politically immature."

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AFTER HOURS

itous alleys down which c
plastering pedestrians ag
walls. But more than any
Istanbul is a hooting, is
harbor.

Down the Bosphorus, a no
edged with ancient fortifica
villages, and with wooded
rise sharply almost from th
edge, come each day doz
dozens of Soviet ships, tan
cargo boats, on their way
Black Sea to the Sea of
and thence to the Aegean
Mediterranean. (I was to
former Turkish diplomat: "s
sian tankers sometimes spil
the waters of the Bosphorus
make it unpleasant for the
and to dirty the white hul
pleasure craft.") Up and d
gleaming white passenger sk
boats, and the little cargo ar
boats of the Turks, high in
and in the stern, like wood
mocks or floating scimitars.

A couple of years ago
ship and a Turkish tanker
in the Bosphorus five miles
stream from Istanbul. The
burned for three months, c
black smoke and spreadin
across the water to the shor
than thirty explosions at
intervals kept those who
waters and those who lived
in a state of constant alarm
forts to extinguish the fir
even the U.S. Air Force w
moned from Europe to try
the ship with foam. The bui
cass is still there, settled on
of the channel.

As we were about to tu
from the water's edge into
cient city of what not long
Constantinople, my host said
there is Asia. It's just nine
by ferry."

A good many businessmen
bul, I learned, commute fr
to Europe each morning an
in the evening. (On the Istan
the ferries dock at the Galata
It is said that the game o
was invented by these seabo
muters.) The ferry service,
excellent, has frequent, s
white boats with a peculiar
that swoops up and disappe
a siren that has lost its way
is a loud echo in the Bosphorus

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WRITE FOR FOLDER H

AFTER HOURS



A minaret on the Hagia Sophia about to take off.

though their attitude of indifference is much the same. If it weren't for the minarets, the city would never get to the other side of the street; certainly the traffic of vehicles neither give nor take any quarter. But it was not there that my friend meant by social democracy; he was talking about the mingling of all kinds and sorts of people of all classes. The memory of Turkey of veiled women and turbans, fezzes, and of rigid hierarchy is still alive.

"What we need in Turkey is an elite," my friend said. "The Turks social democracy means so much freedom as license, and the acceptance of public responsibility but a chance to flex their muscles. What we need is what you call a group of citizens with a sense of public responsibility, or a group like the British 'Establishment' that takes responsibility for the conduct of public affairs and has the public at heart."

My friend had been educated at Robert College, an American boarding school a few miles up the Bosphorus in Istanbul. He lived for many years in London and for nearly as many in New York. He had been in a number of the government; some of his fortunate friends were in jail as political prisoners. He expected democracy to work, I think, and was certainly not satisfied with

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AFTER HOUR

way it was working at the
not on that Sunday anyw

Still everything for t
seemed very satisfactory i
sky was clear and free
I learned later is an almos
light smog. The water spa
shadows on the mosques
lucent. But the shadows i
were growing deep, and t
set in. New York was abo
two hours ago by the ch
my friend delivered me to
high on a hill looking do
tennis stadium and a tee
lege to the distant busy
I stretched out on the bed
on the radio. For a few
gave forth with rock 'n'
it switched to part of a sy
Vaughan Williams and I
When I woke about an ho
was to Turkish music, t
strings and pipes and the
Asia only a few miles
thousand years away.

Masterpieces of long-en
utation have a disconce
of being all they have be
up to be. One is inclined t
them with a certain deg
picion (this is, perhaps, a
century pose of sophisti
though they have been s
in a gauze of superlatives
true worth is rendered ro
misty and overblown. Ta
ample, the Hagia Sophia
puted to be one of the
all architectural monume
arrangement of domes and
of the greatest feats
structure.

From the outside it sea
to be architecture at all.
tered about by miscellan
rets erected by miscellane
Its walls are leaned upon
buttresses, erected by the
to strengthen the struct
was weakened by succes
quakes. Any other of
mosques of Istanbul, and
many, is more impressive
out. It looks like a cold
domed yellowish rock pile
growing on it.

One of its wonders, of
that it exists at all. It was
in 548 A.D., and if it had b
by the heathen instead of
tians it undoubtedly woul

the never-ending joys of diamonds

animated beauty of the diamond never fails to delight the eye.

Wear your diamond piece to wear often, like a happy thought. Don't banish it to some small box.

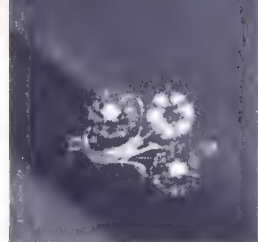
A diamond jewel is a woman's most flattering adornment, her most joyful and

valued possession. The diamond's light cannot be extinguished. The diamond is forever.

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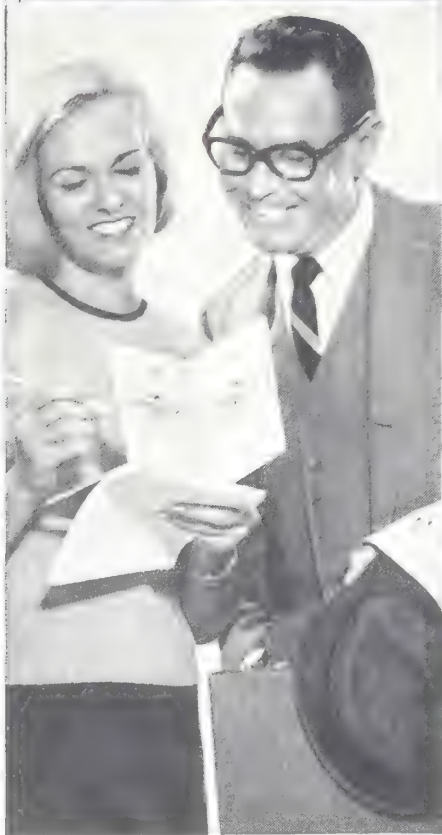


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AFTER HOURS

survived. It was built at a time when one was not sentimental about the artistic creations of those who worshiped other gods. Christians would have looted it and leveled it to the ground, I have no doubt—just as, in order to build it, they looted the temples of Athens and Delos and Cyzicus and stole from the temple at Ephesus eight gigantic green breccia columns. It was Justinian who built what the guidebooks call “the present edifice” (several earlier Christian basilicas on the same site had burned). He hired two Greek architects, Anthemius of Tralles and Isidorus of Miletus, to do the job, though legend conveniently insisted that Justinian was given both the plans and the money by an angel. Presumably this was an angel who robbed the poor, for, as the guidebook says, “. . . the Emperor was constrained to use the most doubtful means to obtain the necessary funds.” Justinian, not the angel, got the credit. When the building was inaugurated, Justinian is said to have cried out, “Glory be to God who has found me worthy of this work; I have outstripped thee, oh Solomon!”

I do not know on what authority but his own he claimed to have outdone Solomon, but I am willing to accept his statement. The interior is stupefying. Above a magnificently impressive space that dwarfs but does not demean, floats a dome on a ring of bright light, a dome so weightless and so wide as to seem like a piece of gilded sky. Struc-

turally it is a dome on but it sits not on a ring but 107 columns rising from the and forming arches that et light that pervades the ildi

The shape of the interior which is enclosed by the dome by the half-domes of the west sides and by the quarter- at each side of the half-dome you following me?), is o that it seems almost as might take the structure the space all by itself wo visible. It is the perfect can the architectural truism cha great room one is con tion of the shape of the struc re the shape of the air whic the ture contains. There ce in a time when the interior of the Sophia glistened with mo mosaics, but its essential architectural, not decorative.

Little by little the ast paint that conceal the bsa being peeled away. The Kildi used as a mosque from 153 the Turks ran the Chris ns Constantinople, until 135. Atatürk ordered it tur d museum. Unfortunately, a ti massive piers at the ry from which the arches pri tremendous circular gre an reminders of the days wh building was a mosque. th deny the scale of the bldi these circles of cloth an p it no good.

“Maybe in a generapn take them down,” my frid me when I complained. “Jw is very nationalistic, an ut national museum, and the sidered part of the Turkishe

I suggested that they m put on ropes and pulleys tl could be up at some times ind away at others.


“Not a bad idea,” he st much conviction.

The restorations that ally revealing the mosaic ar the aegis of the American By Institute, supported largy Dumbarton Oaks Museum ington.

The seeker after bon pieces will also find his w bul to the Museum of (also called the Archaeo 510



Many buildings in the city double as billboards.



WHY WE CLINK GLASSES

BEFORE we start, lest you think that this is just about clinking our Paul Masson wine, perhaps we ought to explain that the label on its bottle is down below is because we have room for the labels of all thirteen Paul Masson table wines. We had to settle for one particular reason.

Why, as to why people clink glasses before drinking wine. We have recently learned that it was the Greeks who started it, which is somewhat of a surprise since we had thought of there even *being* wine that long ago. Perhaps it is a tradition that long ago. Perhaps it is a tradition.

In any event, they started the tradition for an appealing, attractive, symmetrical reason: so that the

drinking of wine would satisfy *all* the senses.

The flavor of wine satisfies the taste, the bouquet of wine pleases the nose, the limpid color of wine entrances the eye, and the feel of wine on the tongue fulfills the touch. Only the ear is left unappeased.

And that is why we clink glasses; to make a glad sound.*

Isn't that a nice piece of information? If you'd like some others (such as further details on the thirteen wines we allude to at the left)

we'll be happy to send you edifying information along with the actual labels from each of the thirteen so you'll know what to look for next time you go to the wine store or your favorite restaurant.





Don't put the Chartreuse too close to the milk

(someone might pour it on the cornflakes!)

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AFTER HOUR

seum) and the so-called Sa of Alexander, and his jaw again at the subtlety of of hunting and fighting figures that band it. The miracle of sophistication something to be said for a miracle, pure or impure, or out. (Upstairs in this deserted treasure house is of ancient jewelry and there is so ture worth anyone's time. he seum is eccentric in the rs opened. Traveler be warnc I mented to my friend on th of visitors. "The Turks at proud of their heritage," he wryly, "but they don't take ble to find out anything a ut

There are many masterp the claptrap in Istanbul; I tion just one other. It i'a church called the Kariy Like the Hagia Sophia, it as in Justinian's time; it is elegant and would fit in o half-domes of the great b its two narthexes are mos of them from the elevent but most of them from teenth. They are no-nonsen tine storytelling in one of popular traditions, like th in Padua and Li'l Abne *Daily News*. The story they enormous dignity and Ori ness is the life of Christ, with a few saints and mar

Not surprisingly the citize port of Istanbul are proud seafood, and a few minutes the Bosphorus takes one trants on the water's edge tha ize in sardines baked in vin in lobsters, in sea bass and a variety of other fruit sea. (Americans who live in say that Turkish lobster the Black Sea is better than M ster; I contend that they ly their sense of proportion.)

Hors d'oeuvres always ce —puréed eggplant, dried with fresh dill, mussels in stuffed mussels, *dolma* (spi pine seeds, and raisins wr vine leaves), olives, sweet hot peppers, sliced cucumber almonds, white cheese. (T tables in Turkey are spec delicious and so are the fruit on the cob is sold by street

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AFTER HOURS

as is watermelon.) There is a white wine called Doluca with the hors d'oeuvres and The beer, I was told, is better in the winter than in the summer. ("It is a national drink in the summer when the drink is heavy, they don't let it be enough.") But the national drink is raki, a white alcohol that tastes of anise and which turns milky when ice or water is added to it. This is the Greek ouzo but stronger. The rakis have been known to fester in men weaned on corn likker. Taken slowly with food and diluted with water, it is quite amenable to discipline.

The Turks carry the refinement of bottled water to lengths I've encountered elsewhere. There are several dozen different springs, mineral waters, and people pride themselves, like wine buffs, on being able to identify the various brands by their flavors. This is not a matter of health but of connoisseurship (some might say snobbishness); the water that comes from the aqueduct of Istanbul is not only perfectly potable but perfectly digestible.

The national meat is kebab, of course, and the best I ate called *doner kebab*. It is strips of finely cut meat wound around a spit and passed vertically in front of a rack of coals. It is sliced off as the meat cooks and is served almost a flake of meat. I had it in Bursa, a few hours from Istanbul, served with a pastry, fresh pomegranate, and yogurt. It was a delicious meal, and it cost sixty cents.

The Island of Büyük Ada (the guidebooks agree on how another Turkish is spelled) used to be called Prinkipo and is the largest of the Princes' Islands. It is in the Bosphorus, Marmara about an hour from Istanbul at the side of the Galata Bridge ferry, an excursion that starts with a bustle of pushing and hooting and ends in a sort of nineteenth-century fairy tale. There are no cars permitted on Prinkipo (such names as this have been abolished by the Turks, of course), and there is no water except what is brought daily by tank ships. Nonetheless, Prinkipo is a fashionable resort with a population of 70,000 in the summer and about 10,000 in the winter.



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AFTER HOURS

commend it especially to the architecturally curious, though it has extraordinary scenic characteristics as well.

The Turks, I suspect, have never been much concerned with taste, but they have a notable talent for taking any plain surface and making it fancy. The builders of the villas of Prinkipo, busy in the last years of the nineteenth century and the early years of this one, took the scroll saw and converted wood into lace of a fanciness that not even the most inspired American carpenter at the height of Victorianism could have dreamed of. The villas drip with wooden fringe; they support cornices that are sunbursts of frilly lattice and balconies that seem to be squeezed from pastry tubes. Over these climb trumpet vines and oleanders, and around the houses are gardens filled with roses. The villas, rich as they are, are not large and they sit close together and prissily on the slope of the hills which constitute the town. Wood is scarce in Turkey, which accounts for its extravagant use in a fashionable resort. Villas almost as elaborate can be seen from the boats on the Bosphorus, though I saw none so fanciful or entertaining as these.

The villas of Prinkipo seem like the last flourish of Ottoman exuberance before Atatürk turned Istanbul firmly in the direction of Europe and away from Asia. In the middle of the nineteenth century there had been an outburst of European ba-

roque when Sultan Abdülme ded to the West and built in the Dolmabahçe Palace in a which was surely the inspiration the American movie palaces of 1920s. It is of a richness, th ity, and vastness of scale th have brought tears to Roxy mental eyes. Its ballroom ce with crystal, its throne roo to the heavens with a cupola w is painted an extra man-made in false perspective. It was in in this curious last-gasp-of that Atatürk died in 1938.

The modern Turkey that sired had the misfortune to at a moment of architectu lerty. In the name of progr modernism there has been tuted for exuberance a kind of functionalism, the universal multiple dwelling with unu conies sitting in treeless w To try to cheer them up, th chitects paint sections of contrasting bright colors, even bright colors become of dreariness. This is not for the poor, mind you, but for the rich. The poor h shantytowns that cluster ar city. Istanbul spreads with a victim of its own magnet

Istanbul, so the cliché goes, w East meets West, where A Europe mingle their waters and people. This is, of course, tr also where old recently met by a process of evolution but Atatürk declared that Istanb be modern and, to a remarka tent, it became so. It is true lawns are mowed by men w handed scythes and that the are swept up with brooms and porters carry loads on the that we would be shy to co a horse. It is true that taxi turn off their ignitions at st to save a drop of gas (and r batteries?) and that there is vision. But it is also true th are no women wearing veils men wearing fezzes.

It was not until I got back York that I saw the real Tur Turkey of song and stor Shriners were having a con There were Nobles and Po and Grand Viziers in bagg and fezzes everywhere.



A villa on the island of Prinkipo, "dripping with wooden fringe."

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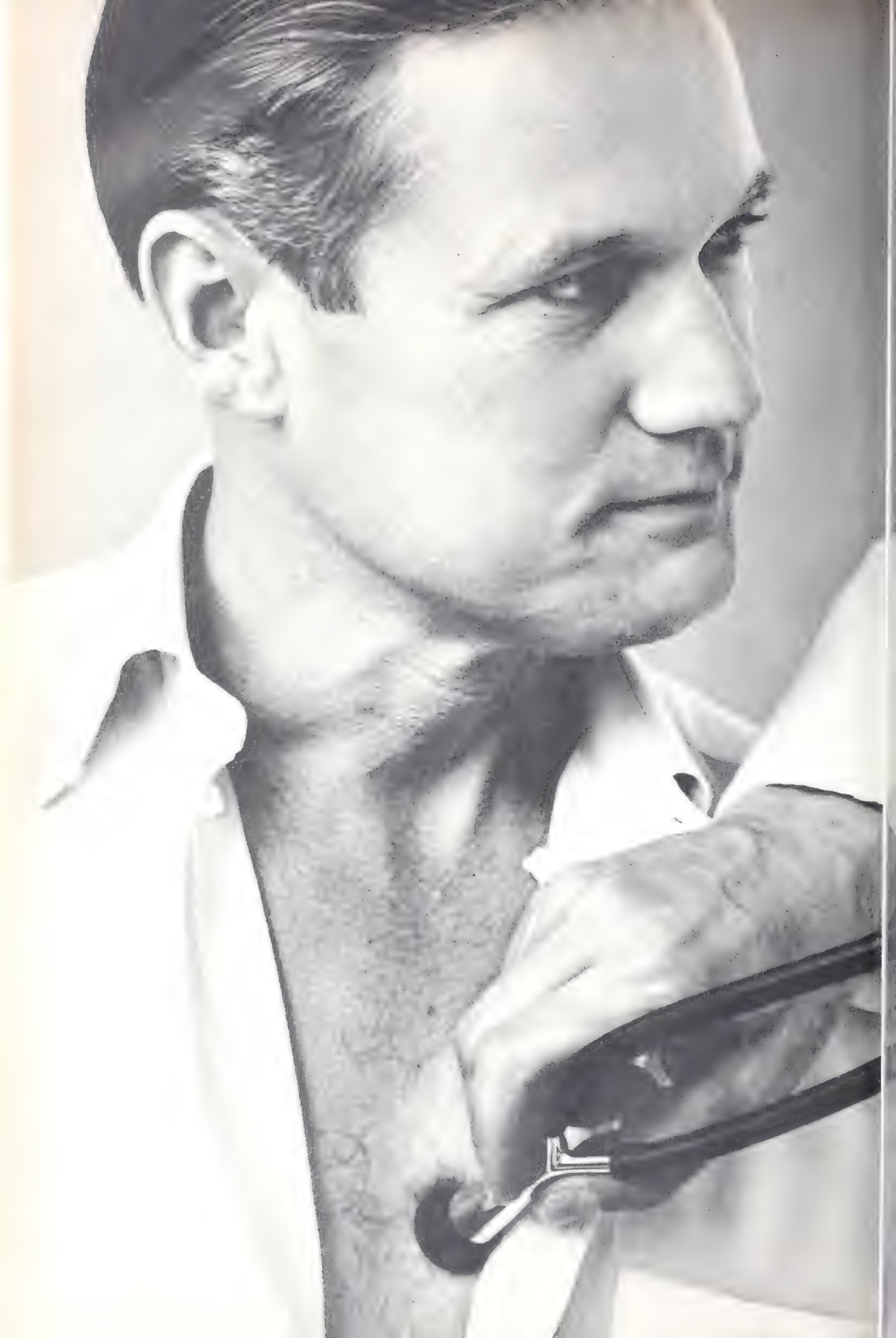
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Harper's

magazine

The Riddle of the Labor Vote

By Herbert Harris

he unions are now mounting an unprecedented scare campaign against Goldwater—but even their most optimistic leaders are not quite sure how many members they can deliver at the polls.

1964 will tell whether labor's political power, as an adjunct to the Democratic party, is live lion or paper tiger. Various polls, during the summer, indicated heavy Goldwater sentiment among steelworkers in Pittsburgh, Gary, Youngstown, and Chicago. An Auto Workers local in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, which in 1960 had gone 78 per cent for Kennedy was found to be only 60 per cent for Johnson. From other industrial centers came similar tidings of Democratic defections arising in the main from the "white backlash." Yet most labor leaders are now convinced that their constituents will turn out in comparatively larger numbers than ever before and that 70 per cent of them will cast their ballots for Johnson,

thus providing him with the decisive margin of victory. This would be the most impressive performance in years. Stevenson got only an estimated 55 per cent of their vote in 1956, Kennedy only 63 per cent in '60. The prevailing optimism is due, in part, to a different and largely unreported "backlash"—namely the response of the top echelon of the union world to the Goldwater candidacy. Frightened and aroused as never before, they are supporting Johnson with a unanimity that pervades all 130 national unions affiliated with the AFL-CIO, representing 13.5 million members. Goldwater has been forsaken even by such devout Republicans as Maurice Huteson, head of the Carpenters, James Suffridge, chief of the Retail Clerks, and Lee W. Minton, president of the Glass Blowers. Moreover, the majority of the 1.5 million "independent" Teamsters regard Goldwater with something of the same affection that James R. Hoffa displays toward former Attorney General Robert Kennedy.

Even the conservative craft unionists in the Plumbers, Printers, Pattern Makers, and others see this fall's election as a stark confrontation

between the labor movement and right-wing extremism. At the grass roots it will be preeminently a test of strength between COPE (Committee on Political Education), which serves as the political arm of the AFL-CIO—and Goldwater's shock troops, recruited from the John Birch Society, the Americans for Constitutional Action, the Christian Crusade, the Texans for America, the Minutemen, the National Right to Work Committee with its allies in the Business and Industry Political Committee (sponsored by the NAM), and the Medical Political Action Committee (sponsored by the AMA).

No labor leader needs to be told that these groups are the enemy. He has been scarred by duels with their lobbyists and propagandists, who oppose every cause unions cherish. But now, for the first time, the resources of these visceral foes of labor are openly pooled in a Presidential contest.

In sheer numbers, the labor people will not be outdone. COPE is counterattacking with 500,000 election workers. Each one is supposed to get twenty voters to the polls. And if the simple arithmetic of the labor vote were all that mattered, neither the unions nor the Democrats would have much to worry them. About three-quarters of the country's union members are concentrated in sixteen states,* which, together, command 293 electoral votes (23 more than are needed for a majority). In these states union members comprise an average 19 per cent of the voting-age population, and it is the task of the COPE volunteers to make sure that they register and vote.

But this can be a useful exercise—from labor's point of view—only if there is some certainty that the dues-payers will pull the Democratic lever. Since this can hardly be taken for granted, COPE has been mounting an ideological campaign unprecedented in sweep and verve. It is specifically designed to offset the Goldwater magnetism.

I observed this struggle for men's minds as it is being waged in a section of Connecticut within the jurisdiction of the Greater New Haven Labor Council, AFL-CIO.

Represented here are one hundred different unions whose forty thousand members work in

* In New York State, for example, there are 2.1 million trade unionists; 1.5 million in Pennsylvania; and 1.3 million each in California and Illinois; 1.1 million each in Ohio and Michigan; 700,000 in New Jersey; 565,000 in Indiana; 550,000 in Massachusetts; 510,000 in Missouri; 420,000 in Wisconsin; 390,000 in Washington; 335,000 in Minnesota, and roughly 200,000 each in West Virginia, Oregon, and Connecticut.

such diverse fields as aerospace, apparel manufacture, brewing, construction, rail and highway transport, insurance, retail trade, police protection, and fire fighting.

One out of three jobs in the area depends on military contracts—a situation which highlights the extent to which the effects of defense spending permeate the entire economy. The Council's racial and religious spectrum includes Yankee Unitarians, Polish Catholics, and Negro Methodists along with many others. Connecticut has, of course, an indigenous New England atmosphere that sets it apart from the rest of the country. Political observers, however, generally agree that such regional differences, except perhaps in the South, are of diminishing importance, particularly in a Presidential election.

"I'm for Goldwater Because . . ."

President of the New Haven Council is Vincenzo J. Sirabella—an unusually reliable barometer of labor sentiment. Part Italian, part Irish, at forty-two he has the build of a Green Bay Packer lineman and the look of an El Greco portrait in pietà. He is a man of torrential energy, a devoted and intellectual Catholic who combines his reading in modern theology with an insatiable appetite for books and articles on public affairs to compensate for a formal education that ended at the age of thirteen. A one-time dishwasher, busboy, waiter, bartender, and business agent for the Hotel and Restaurant Workers, he has never lost touch with the rank and file. Over the years he has effectively translated their needs and desires into programs of economic and political action. Believing—as did our most perceptive World War II jump generals and tank commanders—that the place for the leader is at the head of his troops, he has joined every picket line in the New Haven area for the past five years. At election time he leaves headquarters to go out and pound doorbells. Before November third he will have made some eight hundred house-to-house calls.

In the course of his rounds to date he has encountered plenty of ardent emotional Goldwater adherents. Nonetheless as early as July he forecast that 80 per cent of the labor vote in New Haven will go to Johnson. He adds that "In the great payoff states of the Middle Atlantic, the Midwest, and the West Coast, the labor movement will do far better for the Democratic party than ever before."

Neither Mr. Sirabella nor the other sanguine labor prophets minimize the visible and invisible

adblocks ahead. They are formidable indeed. But so too are the forensic weapons union strategists have forged. I saw them put to use in the course of weeks spent in and around New Haven talking to union men and women in meeting hall, bar and grill, and in their homes.

Few of Goldwater's union supporters parade their anti-Negro bias when you start questioning them. But as they warm up, it becomes the pervasive theme. A railroad trainman, for example, who described himself as a Democrat for Goldwater began by complaining of the money wasted on foreign aid and bureaucracy; he praised Goldwater's "forthrightness and honesty" and charged Johnson with duplicity. "He's been in Washington for twenty-five, thirty years and never saw poverty until the other day. I disagree with Goldwater on Social Security but I don't think he can change that. It's the law, he'd be too sensible to try." Then he reached the heart of the matter. "Goldwater knows the Administration is going about civil rights the wrong way."

A sheet-metal worker got to the point more swiftly and more explicitly. "Goldwater, now he's got the guts, he tells you plain what the average politician won't," he said. "He tells the truth about Cuba and Vietnam. Our boys are being killed there. The white man's rights ought to be protected, too. There ought to be new stipulations about it in the big print and the fine print. I got a two-family house. If I can't choose the tenant, and a Negro wants it, and I don't want him, they can force me, demonstrate in front. You can't jam it down people's throats.

"Suppose I'm a businessman," he continued, "and want to hire, I ought to do it on qualifications, not because a man's colored. The Negro who can hold down a job, he knows that. It's the ones with weak minds and strong backs that this COPE and others of them appeal to. Look at the time, thieves, muggers, winos, shiftless unmarrieds, and punks with chips on the shoulder. Look how they f . . . all day, on my tax money and ours—we work. Why don't the colored get off their bellies now and do something for themselves instead of blaming everybody? Yes sir, this will be my first Republican vote and I've been voting Democrat since 1936."

A café waiter was equally candid. "I'm for Goldwater because he's for segregation," he said. "That's why I like him. I know about Social Security and his bad union record. But Negroes are getting too aggressive, trying to push in everywhere. Johnson is going at it too fast."

The head of a local government-workers union told me he personally deplored this kind of racism and would stick with the Democrats himself. But he wound up with his own apologia for the renegades to Goldwater.

"The national, state, and municipal administrations have been bending over backwards on the side of the Negro," he said. "Whites resent it. And everybody resents the billions, the five or seven billions, I don't know just how much, we're pouring into foreign aid instead of doing more for our own people. I hear complaints about that all the time. What attracts the younger generation to Goldwater is the recklessness, you might call it the daring, of youth. And, they're angry over the tearing up of American flags in West Africa. I'm with them there. Lots of us are sick and tired of having America sucking second tit all over the world."

What Started This Rumor?

Many of the less skilled and informed workers genuinely fear that as the Negro gains education and training, he may be willing to "work for half the pay" and thus take the white man's job and lower wage standards. This worry is fed by a rumor which has spread across the country that the civil-rights act will compel the white worker to step aside while the employer fills "job quotas" for the Negro. Nobody knows just where or when this idea got started. It is attributed variously to statements by Senator Lister Hill, during the debate over the civil-rights bill, to the "preferential-hiring" doctrine advocated by some Negro spokesmen, and to a whispering campaign fostered by *agents provocateurs* from the Goldwater camp.

Last August the rumor reached such proportions that COPE urged shop stewards and other local union officials to keep explaining that the worker's seniority is fully protected by collective-bargaining provisions which, under a Goldwater Administration, would be vitiated, even expunged. And the AFL-CIO has developed a new educational program to separate facts about the civil-rights act from fantasy and to encourage every union to combat discriminatory practices in its own ranks.

Herbert Harris has studied the labor movement as a journalist and editor and as a liaison officer for the War Labor Board and other government agencies. His books include "Labor's Civil War" and "Collective Bargaining." This article carries forward some of the ideas presented in his essay "Why Labor Lost the Intellectuals" (June).

Taking a Stand in Vermont

by Philip Silver

The gear for hunting with a bow is spare;
Stand in a pool of silence
With fifty pounds of ash coiled like a spring
To rest your cheek upon,
And the next sound but one is always a deer.

Curled, veined, brown
Like an old axe-loving hand,
Coaxed by the wind's soft word
An oak leaf crashes down. Cobwebs,
Breath glow. Partridge begin to churr.

Ever since you were born a buck has been standing
there.

In New Haven, Mr. Sirabella uses what might be called a diversionary tactic to deal with the white-backlash problem. He is selective about it, however, for he believes it is a waste of time to bother with the irreducible hard core of Goldwater supporters. He describes them as "impervious to argument as religious fanatics" and as "sick with insecurity and spite." In his view COPE should not anywhere aspire to "nineteen out of twenty labor votes for the Democratic party, but make sure of six out of ten, and go for broke for seven."

He is therefore concentrating on those who merely lean toward Goldwater. To convert them, he uses an approach along these lines: "If the choice is whether your kid has to go to school with a Negro child, or if you have to have a Negro as a neighbor, or whether you will be eliminated by nuclear war, what will you choose? You know that Goldwater wants to give the decision to use nuclear weapons to commanders in the field who in Europe, with NATO, may be German or French as well as American. This is literally a life-or-death decision. Don't you think it ought to be left up to the President of the United States, or do you want to run the Goldwater kind of risk—not just for yourself but for your wife and your children?"

Mr. Sirabella and his aides are coaching election campaigners in this strategy. It seems to be effective.

A rubber worker, for instance, told me, "At the lunch break, when we get talking about the elec-

tion, the thing that keeps coming up most often is that Goldwater is the most likely to get us into war. Not necessarily a nuclear war, but any kind of shooting war. Nobody wants the American people to be shoved around, and we've got to have a big stick, but keep our nerve, too, like Johnson does. But we don't want war, period."

A machinist agreed. "When Goldwater said he wants the generals in the field to signal when to drop the bomb, he lost it [the election] right there," he said. "I don't care how much he tries to explain it from now on. Just listen to the women talking at the supermarket—they know that Johnson is a cool operator who can keep the peace. That's going to be more important than this backlash."

Such confidence might be more fully justified if the white-backlash vote were only what it appears to be on the surface. Labor leaders sense, however, that Senator Goldwater is exploiting psychological substratum of protest, which often is not directed at Negro intransigence per se. It is a convenient whipping boy for what is, in effect, a new mass revolt against the stale tensions of work without challenge, the emptiness of escapist distractions, the lack of place and purpose in a society whose complications breed anxiety that seems beyond the individual's comprehension and control. Senator Goldwater becomes a magnet for all the free-floating discontents of a new middle class, which is unimpaired economically, but which is without the occupational prestige, the social assurance, the civic and cultural authority that, from the century's turn to the onset of World War II, gave to the old middle class its prideful and definitive role in the community.

"Goldwater knows a lot of people are mad but they don't know why," said a tool-and-die maker. "He's the mad man's candidate, how about that?"

Back to Bread and Butter

No more equipped to deal with such imponderables than anyone else, labor leaders have reverted to something they well know how to handle, the bread-and-butter interests of the following. It is relatively simple to portray Goldwater as the mortal enemy of the labor movement and of the living standards it has won for itself and for others. He is, after all, on record as favoring those right-to-work laws which impair a union's ability not only to organize, but to stabilize and discipline its membership after it has been signed up. It can be argued that, in his

port to uproot industry-wide collective bargaining, he is seeking to repeal that section of the Clayton Act which declares that the "labor of human being is not a commodity," and thus to equate labor with the inanimate articles which interstate commerce come under the Sherman Antitrust Act. The vision of Senator Goldwater as a "union-busting" forerunner of the authoritarian state seems to be taking hold. This was the case with several people I questioned, including a woman garment worker, a male brewery worker, a teamster, an electrician, and an insurance worker, none of whom are especially fond of Negroes, and one of whom "would like to ship them to Africa." All, however, expressed alarm at the Senator—in the words of AFL-CIO President George Meany—"thinks that the country would be better off without a trade-union movement" altogether.

This is also the view of a steelworker who has studied at night to become a laboratory technician. "I've been in the labor movement thirty-two years," he said, "and this is the worst candidate the Republicans have ever put up. He is opposed to the fruits of a social revolution of thirty-odd years. He wants to eliminate all these advances." To hammer home this message, COPE publications and the labor press continuously feature the Goldwater box score in the Senate, which shows him "wrong" in fifty-three key roll-call votes, when he opposed—among other proposals—a rise in minimum wage, tax reduction for lower-income groups, and the extension of federal aid to the handicapped and the elderly, and to education. COPE emissaries break these items down into simple colloquial specifics. In face-to-face contact, from San Diego aircraft plant to Bangor mill, they ask, "Would you vote for a man who says \$1.25 an hour is too much for you to earn" and "who has refused to let people like us have another hundred dollars a year in tax relief while allowing big businessmen to deduct fancy 'entertainment' expenses on their tax return" and "who wouldn't let the poor blind and crippled have another four bucks a month" and "who wouldn't let people over sixty-five who depend on their Social Security checks have an extra twenty cents a day for food, rent, clothing, and medicine" and "who doesn't want the government to spend another five dollars a year on your kid to get him decent classrooms and good teachers?" And the spot question is: "Would you vote for a guy who would take your union away from you and let management push you around in the old 'take it or leave it' way?"

The impact of this technique is slightly weak-

ened by a certain ambiguity in the President's past performance. As one shop steward put it: "It's hard to be all out for Johnson. He has a lousy labor record."

This statement is not without foundation. But in labor's book the Presidential and the Congressional Johnson are very different phenomena. Labor leaders by and large are willing to forget, for instance, that the latter voted in 1947 to override President Truman's veto of the Taft-Hartley Act or that in 1959, as Senate Majority Leader, he had not a little to do with guiding through Congress the more stringent provisions of the Landrum-Griffin Act to regulate internal union affairs. (In a recent biography of the President, Mr. William S. White ascribes to him a vote in favor of Labor's Magna Carta, the Wagner Act, which would have been difficult since the law was passed in 1935 and Mr. Johnson did not get to Congress until 1937.)

It was the memory of Johnson's record on labor legislation that caused dismay among union leaders when Kennedy chose him as his running mate in 1960. But 1964 is something else again, and not only because labor leaders feel that they were of some assistance to Mr. Johnson in making up his mind about Hubert Humphrey.

Lesson of the Stacked Deck

Soon after taking over the Presidency, Mr. Johnson began mending labor fences with high diligence and skill. He knows that he needs the labor vote as the vital mass base in the Democratic party coalition. And the labor movement knows it needs him for self-preservation, if nothing more. Evidence of this new mutuality is the fact that 10 per cent of the delegates to the recent Democratic Convention were labor leaders. As pragmatists they admire the President's mastery of the political art, and as activists they find him temperamentally congenial and inspiring. They trust him to furnish, *quid pro quo*, not a whole loaf in terms of their aspirations but some thick slices, buttered. They are sure that he will redeem his party's platform pledge to repeal the Taft-Hartley Act's Section 14-B which, for seventeen years, has been undermining union security and growth. They also believe that he will help them push toward a minimum wage of two dollars an hour and a shorter work week of thirty-five hours. Above all, they are persuaded that the Johnson Administration wants to move toward a full-employment economy. This is proving a cogent campaign theme.

For—apart from his fear of Negro competition and despite the boom—the American worker is worried, even obsessed, about automation and defense cutbacks. He knows these have not brought the dread consequences often prophesied. Yet everybody has a friend or relative or neighbor who has been displaced by electronic ganglia or cancellation of military contracts. No statistics, no Dow Jones averages, no debates over whether unemployment is more “structural” than “frictional” can persuade him that he may not be next. COPE is making much of Administration steps toward more employment opportunity, such as the antipoverty act, as portents of still more to come. COPE is also seeking to crystallize and transform into votes a widening belief that in case of economic decline or disaster, President Johnson and the Democratic party can be relied on to do something positive and remedial, whereas Senator Goldwater and his version of the Republican party would merely lecture the jobless on their lack of gumption in being thrown out of work.

“We know Goldwater very well,” a UAW lathe operator said. “We know he is out to get us. Bury us. We know he’s the kind of guy who’d give you an extra buck, like a handout to make him feel good, but wouldn’t let you stand up for a decent wage because you work for it, earn, and are entitled. Everybody in the plant knows that if a [defense] contract has to be canceled, the Democrats will phase it out. They’d try to be human about it. But the Republicans like Goldwater, not Rockefeller, will just think about their golf score.”

The image of a cold and heartless Goldwater took shape in the minds of many union men and women who watched on TV the right-wing coup in San Francisco.

“That convention was a stacked deck,” a Steelworkers official said. “He denied others freedom, ordinary courtesy. Underneath that easy manner, and just-folks thing, there was something mean, cruel. It showed I couldn’t trust him to handle power. As the issues get analyzed, pinpointed, itemized, Goldwater will make fewer inroads into the labor vote. It will drop away from him.”

An Army to the Suburbs

Labor leaders look upon the 1964 election as a test of their missionary effectiveness in particular and of their stewardship in general. Even those who have done most to invigorate COPE in recent years are uneasy over the failure of the

labor movement, as a whole, to indoctrinate the rank and file with the rudiments of political economy and thus show the connection between ballot box and breadbox. Others wonder if this year they may not pay a penalty for their reluctance to act more vigorously on the premise that, for the labor movement, political power has become less the surrogate than the precondition for economic power; that what happens in legislative hall, executive mansion, and judicial chamber not only shapes the environment in which collective bargaining is conducted but also determines to an increasing extent whether there will be anybody or anything to bargain about.

Labor leaders are well aware that there is no deliverable labor vote, as a bloc, but only a profile of political dispositions; that it is not just the union member but the whole man who goes to the polls. His political choices are determined not only by his affiliation with the union but also by his religion and ethnic origin, his education and military service, as well as by ties and traditions of his family and its status strivings.

Senator Goldwater—according to his biographer Jack Bell*—thinks that COPE is the best political organization he has ever seen. But it has never been able to express the self-interest of its constituents with the passion and precision of the world’s most influential “trade union,” the American Medical Association. Moreover, not a few workers still believe that voting, like lovemaking, is a distinctly private transaction, and that the union should restrict itself to wages, hours, working conditions. Others think it is appropriate for the union to inform members about the voting records of various candidates, but without advocacy, and to encourage everybody to go to the polls, but as Americans, not just as trade unionists.

With the help of the Teamsters and other independents at the local level, COPE hopes to turn out possibly 80 per cent of the potential labor vote, and further forecasts that the 20 per cent of the vote which has been solidly Republican may be reduced by more than half. Such expectations are based not only on Goldwater’s “vulnerable labor position, but also on the meticulous canvassing that COPE has been doing.

It was among the first to grasp the political meaning of shifts away from the central city to fringe suburbs, whose population rose 48.6 per cent during the 1950-60 decade and perhaps another 4 per cent since. COPE discovered, as its able research director, Mary Godard Zon, pointed

* *Mr. Conservative*. Doubleday, 1962. It was recently reissued.

at, that from the early to the late 1950s, when union families were moving from metropolis to established suburb, they were scattered, hard to reach, and would often try to "fit in," or belong, by acquiring the political coloration of their new neighbors. More recently, however, large-scale housing developments near Detroit, St. Louis, Baltimore, San Francisco, and other industrial centers have been creating new suburbs of their own. They are virtually self-contained, from church to shopping center. They are occupied almost overnight by union families who move in en masse and are therefore not exposed to social pressures and views any different from those they have left behind.

This new suburban labor vote is one of COPE's prime targets. Furthermore, instead of concentrating only on union lists, its canvassers this year will cover nonunion people of lower and medium income block by block, as part of the most massive register and get-out-the-vote drive in union annals. COPE is spending about \$25 million in this effort and in contributions to the campaigns of various state and federal candidates.

What the budget of the Goldwater foot soldiers will be is unknown. (COPE contends that in 1963 major right-wing alignments now supporting Goldwater were spending \$25 million a year on political and related activities.) But they are numerous, palpitant, and—as Rockefeller forces

learned in California—grim and determined.

In the past five Presidential elections the labor vote has repeatedly upset forecasts, whether based on economic determinism, the psychology of the underdog, precinct profiles, the counsels of labor leaders, the insights of politicians, statistical probability graphs, or all of these combined. But this year the riddle of the labor vote is losing much of its enigmatic character as COPE continues to stitch together for the worker's enlightenment the hazards of nuclear incineration; the loss of influence over the sale of his labor; a dwindling job market; an uncaring government.

In identifying these and other perils with the Goldwater candidacy, the labor movement is waging a scare campaign which is giving it a cohesiveness and thrust beyond anything in its history and which may well last beyond November third. A major paradox of the Goldwater counterrevolution is that the Senator is providing the labor movement with just the kind of adversary it has long required for political clarity and consensus. "On this one," says a packing-house worker, "most of us feel it will make a difference who gets in."

The prospects, therefore, are that the labor vote for Johnson and Humphrey can even exceed, in terms both relative and absolute, that cast in 1936 to help attain for the Roosevelt-Garner ticket its resounding victory.

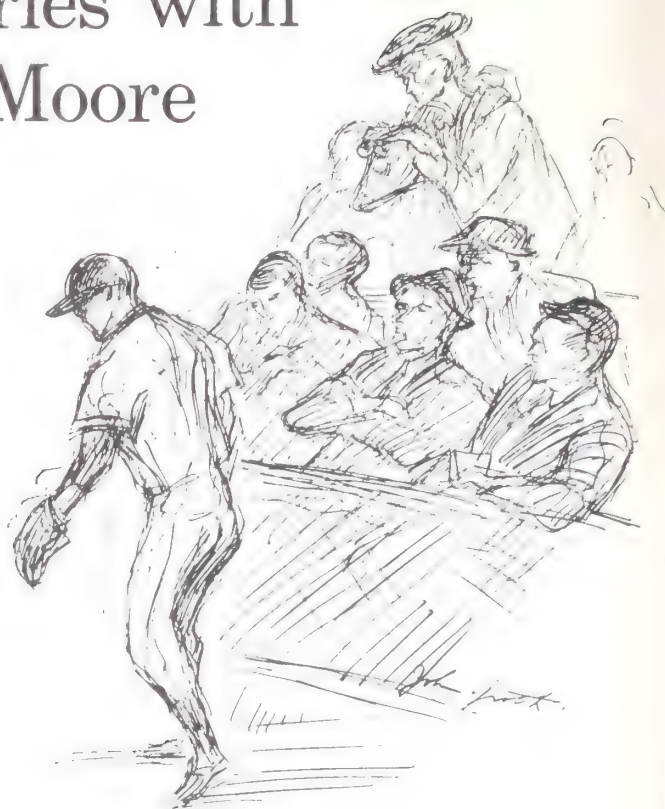
Medal of Freedom

Thirty Americans listed below are the 1964 winners of the Medal of Freedom. This annual award by the White House, announced on July third by President Johnson, is the highest civil honor a President can bestow. Established in 1945, it was recreated in its present form by President Kennedy, to recognize persons who have contributed significantly to the quality of American life.

- | | | |
|------------------|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| ✓ Dean Acheson | ✓ John W. Gardner | ✓ Lewis Mumford |
| Detlev W. Bronk | Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh | Edward R. Murrow |
| Walt Disney | Clarence L. Johnson | Samuel Eliot Morison |
| Carl Vinson | Frederick R. Kappel | ✓ Reinhold Niebuhr |
| ✓ Aaron Copland | Helen A. Keller | Leontyne Price |
| ✓ J. Frank Dobie | Willem de Kooning | A. Philip Randolph |
| Dr. Lena Edwards | John L. Lewis | ✓ Carl Sandburg |
| ✓ T. S. Eliot | ✓ Walter Lippmann | ✓ John Steinbeck |
| Alfred Lunt | ✓ Ralph Emerson McGill | Thomas L. Watson, Jr. |
| Lynn Fontanne | Dr. Helen B. Taussig | Dr. Paul Dudley White |

✓ Eleven of the winners, whose names are checked, have written for *Harper's*.

The World Series with Marianne Moore



Letter from an October Afternoon

by George Plimpton

Dear Jean,

The Dodgers never had to come back, as I guess you know. So we only had two games to watch in New York, and that was the start of the Dodgers' sweep of the Series last fall. The second game was the one I saw. I could not have gone alone. I have no affection for these teams. The animus peculiar to Giant followers penned in with either the Yankees or the Dodgers rises in me, though with *both* teams in the same park—the Yankee Stadium at that—it subsides to melancholia. I had hoped that would be offset by performance, which is pleasurable no matter who makes the play, but our seats were rotten, down beyond the left-field foul pole, the field obscured by a ground-fog haze, sun-glazed, through which the players moved like spectres. It was hard to follow the ball unless it got up above the rim of the stadium.

New York

Drawbacks for sure, but these were compensated for by my companion of the afternoon, Marianne Moore, the great American poet, who has, as you know, written wondrously, especially about animals and athletes—pangolins, hornbills, pitchers, catchers—and of these last particularly about the Dodgers, at least when they were lodged in Brooklyn, her home. When the Dodgers beat the Yankees in the '55 World Series, she wrote a poem called "Hometown Piece for Messrs. Alston and Reese" (to the tune: "Hush, li'l baby, don't say a word: Papa's goin' to buy you a mockingbird") which begins:

"Millennium," yes: "pandemonium"!
Roy Campanella leaps high. Dodgerdom
crowned, had Johnny Podres on the mound

At the time there was talk of having the poem, which is a long one, inscribed on a tablet in Ebbets Field, on a monument stone like those that

stand in deep center field at the Yankee Stadium. Miss Moore said she had no objection as long as the money for the project was raised by private subscription, not believing the public should be harassed in such a matter. I'm sorry that monument stone never got done, one way or another. In Chavez Ravine it would have looked fine, squat and noticeable against the center-field wall of that giant, smooth escalator-rail curved edifice set in those gaunt goat-hills. Nothing of Brooklyn went out there to California.

Until we went out to the Stadium for that second game I had not met Marianne Moore. She had written some kind words about a baseball book I'd done a few years ago. I wrote to thank her, and a correspondence had ensued—her letters typed, always with a network of footnotes, as-erisks, additional comments, and then her name—these in ink and in a spidery hand as if touched on the paper by a Persian miniature painter with his brush of a cat-tail hair. You had to turn the letter around a few times to be sure there wasn't a line or so you'd missed.

When the Dodgers won the National League pennant, I wrote Miss Moore that I would get some tickets, if she would come, and I would assist her—if with difficulty—in cheering her Dodgers on for the World Series against the Yankees.

She wrote back promptly that she would be delighted to see the second game of the Series. Her letter included careful instructions to get to her Brooklyn apartment house—"am on right, middle of the block, with what look like mothballs in iron stands flanking the entrance." On the morning of the game I hired a large chauffeur-driven limousine and set out for Brooklyn. Her directions were excellent, though when I arrived on her street I saw that the mothball globes had been smashed off their stands . . . in a minor street rumble the night before, I was to learn. Miss Moore had noticed this, coming in that night, and she had tried to persuade the superintendent to put a bunch of flowers in the empty pockets, to help guide her escort coming to pick her up for the World Series. The superintendent was evasive.

Miss Moore lives on the fifth floor. The door opened almost as soon as I touched the bell. She was small, and I bent forward slightly to shake her hand, and then followed her down a long, narrow corridor into the front room of the apartment. I only had a moment to glance around. Piles of books were everywhere, tea-colored oils on the

walls, and a fine clutter of memorabilia, of which she pointed out a marlinspike from Greely's expedition to the Arctic. She talked a while about that, and then, as we were moving for the front door, paused in the corridor and said, "I have a present for you." She held out an envelope.

Flattered, I took it. I asked, "Shall I open it here?"

"Certainly," she said. She has light eyes, the eyes of birds, and they glance quickly.

Inside the envelope was a postcard of a scaly anteater, a pangolin walking in the sands of the Antwerp Zoo. He is an interesting animal, and Miss Moore, in the 'thirties, wrote one of her more famous poems about him. It is hard to know what to say, presented with a postcard of an anteater.

"Well," I said. ". . . very kind of you."

She nodded, with a faint smile, and handed me an enormous fur coat to hold for her to get into.

I suppose you'd like to know, Jean, what she was wearing. I'm not sure of the proper terminology in these matters, but she had on a very smart aquamarine suit, of wool, I think, and at the throat of a white blouse she wore a short tie, a cravat-like thing of small polka dots which was cut off short, as I say, as if a practical joker had been at it with a pair of shears. It was secured with a pin. On her left wrist she wore two watches, one on a gold strap, the other on a black band. To protect herself against the elements (it was balmy outside, in the low seventies) she had this heavy and very bushy fur coat, nearly ankle-length, and at an estimate weighing, without her in it, about fifteen pounds. She'd ordered it from winter storage a day or so before, she told me, and had difficulty getting it at such short notice. I must have it (she told the manager) because I'm going to the World Series. So they got it to her on time, and it was with us for the day, sometimes encasing her, and sometimes in my charge, under an arm, quite material enough in its bulk to pass as a third person in our party. Miss Moore herself referred to it as a "large piece of upholstery."

As for her hat, the famous Marianne Moore hat, I was not disappointed. It wasn't the tri-corner hat of the photographs. What she put on, pushing a long hatpin through it as we stood

George Plimpton, editor-in-chief of "The Paris Review," has written a book on pro football, "Paper Lion," to be published by Harper & Row early next year. This article, and the reply from Marianne Moore which will appear in next month's issue, will eventually be included in a book, "Letters from an October Afternoon."

briefly at the front door, was a cartwheel-sized beret—rich black in hue, and of stiffened crinoline, I guess, so that it stuck out around her as if she were balancing a large plate on her head. Walking with her, and being angular, you know, six feet four, and she only five feet tall or so, I would look down on an expanse of black beret beside me, with only an occasional glimpse of a foot stepping out from it, or an arm swinging, to indicate she was underneath. She likes to talk as she moves along and, hearing the faint hum of her voice under the beret, I would bend far down, as if picking up something, to get under the sweep of the hat: it was quiet in there, like being under a parasol in summer, and I'd listen and say, "Yes, yes, hmm."

We got into the limousine, and here, seated in what she referred to, looking around, as a "super-capacious car," we were at eye level, and it was easier to listen. She is an engrossing talker—a soft, even voice which shifts and slides through topics with the erratic motion of a snipe—her talk almost as anarchic as that of Casey Stengel, the Mets' manager, who is four years her junior and could take some lessons. During the relatively short trip to Manhattan she talked briefly about her Brooklyn neighborhood, which is rough ("they come in sometimes and tell me about murders"), again about the Greely expedition to the Arctic, then a sudden diatribe against the Aero Shave girl, the wispy sprite who hovers around a heavily soaped beard in a shaving television commercial ("I hate that girl! I am against her!"), then an appraisal and criticism of the Beinecke Rare Book Library at Yale, followed in turn by a short eulogy of Willie Mays ("you can feel his enjoyment—the expectation when he hits that everything's going to be all right"), then a long and very funny account of her experiences two or three days before with a Hungarian professor. Endowed with Old World manners, he had insisted after a ten-minute meeting in Manhattan on taking her home to Brooklyn, could not be dissuaded, and so was introduced to the New York subway system. Miss Moore is a great subway traveler ("I am inured, and go on down into it out of habit"), but the professor, sitting bleakly in his seat, was new to the city, with absolutely no conception of where his courtliness was taking him.

Up front, the chauffeur was particularly interested in this story—it being his sort of thing: misunderstood directions, citizens lost in the metropolis—and he pushed back from the steering wheel, his arms straight out like Stirling Moss's on a straightaway, his head turned

slightly and I could see his shoulders shake with mirth. We moved very slowly across the Manhattan Bridge. Miss Moore inspected the New York skyline and announced that if she ever left Brooklyn, which she wouldn't, she'd like to live in the loft of a New York skyscraper. Then she talked about Sandy Koufax, who had pitched the fine game the day before, which she had seen on television. She said "Koufax" a number of times, working on the name, repeating it often that day, as if what she as a poet would finally sort out what she had seen of his artistry, and would write about, was somehow locked up in the name itself. Ballplayers' names did intrigue her. "Vinegar Bend Mizelle," she said suddenly, in reference to the ex-Met pitcher. "A wonderful name."

We turned off the Drive in mid-Manhattan, had a small lunch arranged for her—at home, just off the Drive. An editor or two, and some poets were there, including Robert Lowell. Marianne Moore sat on a sofa amidst them, her fur coat open, draped at her shoulder. I could only get a snatch of their conversation, since I was laying forks and such things out on a table. I overheard her say about the poet Robert Graves, "I'm not sure about those honeycomb curls on the back of his head, but I've always liked him. He's always had his own way . . . he's reciprocal, however, and I like that."

I announced the lunch, urging everyone to eat, since game time was not far off, and Miss Moore, pulling her fur coat around her, inspected the buffet table, the chickens lying there, a roast beef, some salads, and she took a small piece of cheese and that was her lunch. She refused more. Still nibbling on the cheese, she said good-bye to the others, and we went back down to the car. Robert Lowell came with us. He didn't have a ticket to the game, but the idea of going to the World Series struck him suddenly. He thought he'd come along and take his chances at getting in. He outfitted him with a pair of powerful field glasses. He is a man swept by enthusiasms.

The talk on the way to the game was not about baseball, but football. We talked about coaches and players, and Miss Moore told us about Jim Thorpe—James Thorpe she called him: "He was always James to me, nothing else." She taught this extraordinary athlete at the Carlisle Indian School—taught him English, and she remembered him as slow, but that he possessed an astonishing decorum and wrote a fine Spencerian hand. He was shy, and very polite. "Once," she said, "we were walking along railroad tracks in the heat.

Coming in November

GEORGE PLIMPTON sent a copy of the letter published here to Marianne Moore, and added that he hoped she might answer a few questions which had crossed his mind. *Harper's* November issue will present Miss Moore's replies to the following questions, among others:

Why do you wear two watches?
 What are the aspects of the game that particularly appeal to you?
 Could you write of the relationship between athlete and the animal?
 Why were you and James Thorpe walking along the railroad tracks?
 Why is baseball the particular sport that held your interest as a poet?

gloria man's umbrella. 'Could I carry your oil for you?' he said. 'Thank you, James,' I 'by all means.' He was courteous, you see, very gentle. I liked him. . . . Of course he is troubles."

Robert Lowell got us back on baseball. How did Miss Moore become interested in the game? I wanted to know. "Ah, Robert!" she said. She was that in the summer of 1949 she had been taken to Ebbets Field and saw Roy Campanella come out to the mound to calm down a pitcher and Carl Spooner. He had stood there on the field, resting the big catcher's mitt on his hip, his back pushed back on the top of his head; and in earnest demeanor, his "zest"—as she put it—something of that moment, and how he imparted encouragement with a pat to Spooner's rump. The pitcher turned back to the mound, caught the ball, indeed made a baseball addict of her—when she was sixty-six—incurably afflicted with what gets most people about the time they come down with an attack of mumps. I related that what had ignited her interest had not been a stupendous moment in Brooklyn history—Gionfreddo's miracle catch of DiMaggio near those monument stones in the Yankee Stadium, or Cookie Lavagetto's double against the field fence to break Bevens' no-hitter, or the jokes, the Brooklyn jokes, the baseballs came out of the sun and conked Babe Herman in the head, none of these but a moment of added activity, just a mound conference going on a dull thing many people think. Of course, it meant to suggest that appreciation of the rests with such static situations as mound conferences. Nor would Marianne Moore. She was later that day of a great catch she'd seen

Don Zimmer make, and she once wrote that she didn't know how to account for people who could be indifferent to miracles of dexterity. But to concentrate entirely on those moments when a play is in progress would be to appreciate only skill and not emotion.

The catalyst for my own emotional involvement with baseball was the same sort of thing that caught Marianne Moore. In my case it wasn't even a mound conference. Just the pitcher alone—he was Carl Hubbell—and he was standing on the mound with his jaw moving slightly on a chew, or gum perhaps. It wasn't an important moment in the game. Before he got the sign from his catcher he turned his back, tucked his glove under his arm and began polishing the ball, kneading it, a somewhat vacant look under the long bill of his cap which then suddenly tilted back, and he was looking up at something—an airplane, perhaps, or the flags on the rim of the stadium to see how the wind was turning them, or the slant of a pigeon against the air currents, something like that, whatever it was interesting him sufficiently so that his chewing stopped, just momentarily. He took his time about it, staring up, his jaw slightly dropped, before he then tugged at his cap, turned, and readdressed himself to the situation at hand. I watched, quaking with excitement, not quite knowing why, but in some vague appreciation of seeing someone with the power to refuse to deliver himself, or anyone else, for that matter, to the future—keeping everything in suspension while he indulged himself in whatever it was—flag-watching, or pigeon-watching—and, of course, being Hubbell, he carried it off with *style*, so that you didn't begrudge him his self-indulgence, and indeed admired him for it. I did. And others perhaps? What was it? The evocation of self? Of power? Long after, remembering back, I thought I knew what Robert Frost had in mind, at least partly, when he said he had always wanted (riding alone in trains particularly) to be taken for a baseball pitcher.

Miss Moore began talking about the responsibilities of each player and how one could be awed by what the humiliation and the consequences must be when they failed. "It is not easy. Elston Howard can't eat supper if he strikes out. To strike out is the height of embarrassment. But he and Tom Tresh are my favorite Yankees. It's the way they *take* their defeats. They don't show it to you—no sign of fatigue or annoyance. Elston Howard has a light walk, and yet he's heavy." She adjusted her fur coat around her. "I

have named my alligator after him—after Elston Howard. He's a very flexible animal, and popular in my building. One of the children rings my bell regularly. 'Could I see your crocodile?' she asks."

I wanted to ask Robert Lowell if he had had a moment that ignited his interest in baseball, and what it was, but we were in the fringes of the crowd by then, the loom of the Yankee Stadium coming up, and the flags, and he was beginning to fidget about getting his ticket.

"Mister," said the chauffeur from the front. "Ticket's going to set you back one hundred bucks."

Lowell was aghast.

"Robert," said Miss Moore brightly. "I have ten dollars you can have . . ." She opened her handbag up and began to rummage in it.

Lowell murmured "No, no, no." You could see he'd set his mind on the game. He was very anxious to go.

"Maybe *fifty* bucks'll get you in there," said the chauffeur. "But no less." He had a booming, assured voice.

Marianne Moore found a ten-dollar bill. She pressed it on Lowell, but he waved his long arms, refusing it, and began, mournfully, to wonder about going home. I suggested that certainly the bleachers would be worth a try, and if there weren't any seats available, he could walk around the outside of the Stadium to see what the scalpers wanted for a ticket.

The chauffeur jockeyed us up opposite Gate 2, the crowd now heavy around the car—game time not far off and the excitement beginning to fetch us—and Lowell agreed he had to try. We climbed out of the car and stood with him momentarily.

"The scalpers will come to you," said the chauffeur. "Bargain with them and don't get yourself short-changed."

Lowell looked worried. We were being jostled by the crowds moving for the gates. "I'm not very good at this sort of thing," he said.

"Robert," said Marianne Moore. "You have great resources, and you will succeed."

We watched him move off. In fact, he was wonderful—a perfect mark, a tall figure, hunched shoulders, looming above the crowd, my field glasses dangling from his neck, his melancholy, patrician face set with horn-rimmed spectacles, and he looked truly bewildered, pushing a foot one way, the other splayed off another way, so that between them he teetered with such uncertainty that the scalpers, the program salesmen, the hot-dog and beer people, the vendors who sell autographed baseballs in cellophane, miniature bats, and trays of bobbing Kewpie baseball dolls,

all these people must have been twitching to at him. As it was, in his manner he was so good that the scalpers shied away from him. I must have assumed that anyone of such apparent susceptibility must be an authority in disguise, a plainclothes policeman, perhaps. He was able to do almost a complete circuit of the Stadium without running into one scalper. But he tried the bleachers ticket booth. There wasn't a line there, so he didn't hold much hope. He leaned down, put his face up to the ticket window.

"Any tickets?" he asked.

The man behind the wicket said, "About fifty." "I mean for today—for today's game," said Lowell.

"Like I said—about fifty."

"Well," said Lowell. It seemed too easy. "Yes, I'll have *one*," he said and he got it, and was there in the bleachers for the game where he had a fine time and a seat in a much better location than ours.

Miss Moore and I were passed from aisle to aisle, directly away from home plate, by ushers who looked at us curiously and sent us on, until we were finally nestled down in the left-field corner. Miss Moore looked around with evident pleasure. She admired the mitten the usher had used to push off her seat. She looked out into the vast stadium, closure, full now, the teams off the field, and some minute ministrations being done to the infield by the grounds keepers—all this to be seen through a thick curtain of haze and cigarette smoke. She apologized for the bad seats. "We have the disadvantages as the left fielder," said Miss Moore tactfully. "Besides," she said, "I have contact glasses." She looked in her purse, found them after poking about, and we tried them out. They were a little pair, very little, and you held them between the fingers, carefully, rather than in the palm of the hand. Perhaps there was some magnification of the field, but the field was very restricted so it was like looking through a small pipe. Writers seem to use a lot of strange eyepieces: I went to a New York Giants football game not long ago with Norman Mailer, the novelist and a Brooklyn neighbor of Miss Moore's, and he produced a pocket telescope which he snapped out, section by section, until it was as long as a baseball bat. It did not endear us to the row of people in front, who had it over their heads, moving back and forth, like an overhead crane. It, too, had a small field, but it was very powerful, so that when you looked into it, if it was properly focused on the field, you'd find yourself staring into the interior of a football helmet.

one like Andy Robustelli, say, the Giants' defensive end, inside, looking back through the of the noseguard.

had brought a program for Miss Moore. I laid out the starting lineup, reading names off electric scoreboard, which she wrote down, an occasional nod at the familiarity of a, and often with a comment, concise and accurate, as one would expect from her.

John Roseboro, the Dodger catcher, she said, "He is a sober fellow, and does his duty." is Roseboro exactly.

He nodded at Frank Howard's name, writing down carefully with her pen, and she said, "He's aaffe, of course, with those long strides, and I not sure he can get in a subway."

He mentioned two Yankees—Hector Lopez's reliable—saved many a game, but lacks Boyer's spectacular uniqueness") and Mickey Mantle, about whom she said, "He is not useful—one trouble; stodgy in fact, except on each way off center. But then he has taken a beating, and I like him more now."

He watched him carefully as he lead his teammates out of the Yankee dugout—into the roars of encouragement and discontent from the crowd—and trotted, then, heavily to his center-field position, where he stopped, holding his to his chest, and we stood for the National Anthem.

My mother insisted that we stand for it—"Star-spangled Banner" on the radio," said Miss Moore when we'd sat back down, "and even I'd sat down too early, just sat down, we had to get up again, none too pleased."

The game was decided in the first inning. Mickey Wills, the first man up, bounced a single off Al Downing, the Yankee pitcher, who moments later in a fine vengeful move had his man knocked off first base, but lost him when Wills cut down the base paths and reached second with a twisting belly slide, looming high over the base umpire, Shag Crawford, with his arm outstretched in the safe signal. Miss Moore thought the umpire's *prénom* Shag was fine. She added him up in the program. She also liked his action, and particularly admired the speed with which it was made. "It's instantaneous opinion," she said. "Very odd, but quite acceptable."

Junior Gilliam was the batter at the time, coming back from the plate and leaning easily on his bat as the action developed at second base. He was simulating *sang-froid*," Miss Moore said to me, surely the first time that phrase has been used in Yankee Stadium. The man in front of us, a young man wearing a porkpie hat, turned

laboriously and stared once at Miss Moore, looking at the small, pale, lively face under the cartwheel hat, the fur coat, taking all this in (she was concentrating through the tiny opera glasses on the distant Gilliam) before turning back to the game.

"Simulating," Miss Moore repeated, still with the glasses at her eyes. "They say the Gilliams are very peppery and highstrung in their family. He's resourceful—Junior is—hates to fail, and hates to be called Junior."

Gilliam promptly singled, Wills scampering for third, and moved to second himself when Roger Maris, far across from us in right field, uncorked an ill-considered throw to the plate. Willie Davis then hit a lofty drive, once again out to Maris, who suddenly sat down as if a stool had been snatched out from under him; the ball sailed over his head, and by the time he had it back to the infield two runs had scored. "Well," said Marianne Moore, "it's not dull."

Johnny Podres of the Dodgers came out to pitch his half of the inning. He got the first two batters, Kubek and Richardson, and seemed to be working effortlessly. Miss Moore, looking at him carefully, said, "Podres affects a great insouciance, but I really doubt he has it." In front, the man with the porkpie hat stiffened, but just at that moment Tom Tresh singled sharply, bringing everyone up out of their seats, and we all concentrated on Mickey Mantle moving for the batter's box. Podres' "insouciance" no longer showed. He stalked around the mound, fiddling with it, getting it to his liking, as if tidy surroundings would ease the unseemly sight of Mantle waiting for him down at home plate. He got him too, on a hard-slugged ball that went deep enough to go into the stands in most parks. "Yes, he had room," Miss Moore said of the fielder who caught the ball. "He did not run out of room."

I wasn't sure what she had said. I leaned in under her hat and she said, "That phrase: 'he ran out of room'—I have always liked that phrase."

After the first inning things quieted down. Miss Moore's attention began to wander . . . no that's not it—her *concentration* went elsewhere, often away from the focal point of the play. It was worrying. She had said, "I am in a ball park so seldom I hardly know where to look." So the temptation, after the first inning, was to direct her attention to what was going on. I was assisted in this by two men in adjoining seats (not the porkpie fellow in front), young executives, I



would guess, who recognized Miss Moore and introduced themselves. They said they were honored to be sitting next to her, and they were nervous, too—one of them tipped his hat and it toppled down off his fingers and rolled under the porkpie hat fellow's seat. He didn't turn, but you could tell from the set of his neck muscles that he knew someone was fishing around under his chair among the peanut shells.

The two men were very solicitous with Miss Moore, and so was I, answering questions, offering general comments, and when something of particular interest occurred, we all pointed at it, leaning in on her, a sudden cospire of stiffened arms.

Midway in the game, Mickey Mantle hit another long drive, out toward the fence, and our little group rose shouting, arms full-length, pointing at the ball's high long arc—like a Bofors antiaircraft battery—calling Miss Moore's attention to the ball, then sighting her down to Frank Howard, her "giraffe," moving back untidily but successfully, catching the ball over his right shoulder up near the wall. Despite her three spotters I'm not sure Miss Moore saw what we were pointing at—either the ball or Howard. She seemed to me to be peering out from under her beret at something behind second base, very intently, and though I followed the line of her concentration I couldn't tell what it was. She once said, "The accuracy of the vernacular. That's the kind of thing I'm interested in." Perhaps that was what she was doing, listening, with an ear cocked. No, she brought up her opera glasses. Something out there being moved by the wind? A pigeon perhaps? She was interested in them. Was there something there that told her more about Mantle and that long fly ball than we saw,

watching directly? Certainly that was a poet's trick—to look away from the focal point and stay with what was peripheral. Hemingway talked about it in writing descriptive prose—to concentrate at moments of apparent inactivity, that the key, the emotion might be uncovered there, or removed from the action itself.

Similarly, Marianne Moore—you knew it from her work—looked at things from an odd angle. Given the sketches of the 1956 Ford car (the Ford company hoped she might come up with a name for their new line) she wrote: "They are indeed

citing; they have quality, and the toucan to lend tremendous allure . . . looked at upside down furthermore, there is sense of fish business."

Who would have thought to judge a car's lines by looking at them upside down? Some of Miss Moore's suggestions had aquatic overtones previously derived from looking at the sketches that way: "The Intelligent Whale," "Varsity Stroke" and of course her famous offering, "Utopian Turtletop," which elicited a floral tribute from the Ford Motor Company. "Edsel" was the name finally selected for that ill-fated line—not from Miss Moore's remarkable list, which was primarily based on physical phenomena, but by Ford officials who felt compelled to turn somewhat closer to home.

So in the Yankee Stadium perhaps there was no need to be so solicitous. It was interesting though to listen to her on what did catch her fancy. She liked the bills of the baseball players' caps, and remarked on them, particularly the double-bill effect, like a duck's head, when they were wearing the snap-down sunglasses; she had some things to say about the pigeons, the height of the pitcher's mound, a fine Zen Koan observation on Mantle being run out in the third inning ("The distance between home plate and first base is too great"), the double play ("It is a cruel thing, but necessary"), on the practice of trading players ("It is scandalous and I don't approve of it. If a player is good enough for one team he's good enough for another"). The opera glasses would come up and she'd look through them, and sometimes she gave a little "huh" of surprise. She never tried a hot dog or a beer. But she watched the vendors go by with their trays.

"I don't know about the traffic in signed ball

said. "I'd rather catch one." "Very often," one of the executives, leaning over, "the at-hand batters pull them into this section, at in this corner where we are, coming and too fast on the ball, letup pitches tly . . ." "I'm quite prepared," said Marianne Moore.

the seventh inning it began to rain—a soft seasonal rain, a summer shower, fine so that could see it swayed by the wind as it came n. Newspapers were raised, folded intricately used as hats, and so were magazines and eacards. The game continued. A few people in exposed seats moved back under the over-ys of the Stadium—including the man in the pie hat, who gave us one quick look as he ed and went up the aisle. We stayed. One of executives offered Miss Moore his raincoat. raised a hand and murmured, but he insisted. he took it, thanking him, and then, drawing hatpin out, she removed her big, black beret, t on her lap, and over it she spread the rain-

ne executives and I looked at each other. rain fell slightly about our shoulders, and on Moore's bare head. People began coming to their seats wearing blue Dodger baseball for protection against the rain. A priest went with one on. These caps are modeled for small , and on adult heads they have a tendency to quite high. "Well, it's all right," said Miss re. "You get a very small Dodger hat on a e Dodger head and the rain doesn't seem to er them at all. Very little else does either." e rain, soft as it was, seemed to reflect the kees' lot. They put up a mild flurry in the h inning. They were behind 4-0 at the time. i one out, Hector Lopez doubled, and Ron anoski, the brilliant Dodger relief pitcher, brought in. He walked by in front of us on way in from the bullpen in left field. Miss re watched him carefully. "I like the improve- t in the way they wear their stockings," she "much neater than I was expecting, though oughn't to have uniforms of that depressing on color." She followed Perranoski with her ses and watched him warming up. "He's slim ng in," she said; "but heavy on the mound." anoski lost his first man: Howard singled ply off him, bringing home a run—the only kee run, as it turned out, to cross the plate afternoon. Perranoski got Pepitone on a er's choice, and then he struck out Boyer, and game was gone.

We sat for a while, waiting for the crowd to thin. Miss Moore said good-bye to the executives. I could hear her humming. She made a notation on her scorecard. "Well, it's too bad—a shame!" she said suddenly.

What could she have meant? I leaned under her beret and she said it again, somewhat sorrowfully. Could she not have known her Dodgers had won? Possibly. She had her own *privé* way of looking at things. It must have been strange seeing a game from those seats without a commentator to keep things straight. One did not sense that the score was of much interest to her—but that the specifics were: dexterity, emotion, speed, a ball player's "zest" . . . and that perhaps *that* was what had sorrowed her, that she had not caught examples of these that afternoon.

We found our car. Robert Lowell was there waiting. We moved off slowly, up into a traffic jam on the Major Deegan Expressway. Lowell was full of excitement. He'd had a fine afternoon in the bleachers. We dropped him off midtown, and continued on across the Manhattan Bridge to Brooklyn.

I have had such a number of adventures recently," Miss Moore said, as we were getting near her home. "I made a few suggestions about a script some time ago for the Port of New York Authority—for their World's Fair show, which is to be a color film of New York. They took me up in a helicopter, to see the bridges and docks—they've some beautiful new docks in Brooklyn—showed me the parks and fairgrounds, ships and Ellis Island so I could see what it was all about. I enjoyed it hugely."

"And the helicopter?"

"An interesting machine. It *feels* its way down, settles in a swirl—like a lady curling a train around her feet before sitting. Noisy. We flew quite near the Statue of Liberty, looking at her from above. Very handsome. The pilot asked—in fact shouted—Did I see the chains of tyranny, broken at her feet? No, I said, I hadn't seen them, looked and *did* see them—big narrow parallelogram-shaped links."

"What's the next adventure to be?" I asked.

"I do hope I can see John Teale's musk-ox in Vermont sometime," she said, quickly as if she'd had it on her mind most of the day. "He has them on his farm up there, the young ones he captured and flew there to raise. They love jumping in and out of holes. They've been maligned about their smell—the musk-ox smell—because if you put your nose in one when he's

been rained on and is wet, he smells of water, nothing else. They are vastly superior to cashmere goats. Do you know about them?" she asked.

"No," I said.

"I *must* see them," Miss Moore said, "if I can get someone to take me—I was invited by Mr. Teale. Perhaps it's my duty to forget it; too many visitors do become a problem, I believe."

"It would be something to look forward to," I said.

She nodded and began collecting things, folding her scorecard and stuffing it in her handbag. The car turned into her street. We pulled up and the chauffeur jumped out very adroitly to hold the door open for her. I walked her to the front door of her apartment house, a heavy iron-cased glass door you had to lean against to swing open. We chatted on the stoop there for a minute. I said what a fine afternoon I'd had, and she said she'd had one too, and she turned and was gone.

In the limousine the chauffeur was all hopped up. "My God!" he said as we drove away, "who was that lady?" I settled back in the seat. The car seemed enormous without another passenger in it, and being in it was a little embarrassing on that Brooklyn street.

"Well, she's a great American poet," I said.

"*Great*? Listen," he said. "I had many kinds of customers driving all these years—y'know, important people, Richard Nixon—but she's got them all beat."

He thumped his palms on the steering wheel as we moved slowly down the street.

"Just great!" he said.

I repeated her name for him a few times. He was going to go down and buy her books. He had one book of poems in his house—*Spoon River Anthology*. Someone had left it in the back of his limousine. He hadn't looked at it yet, but he was going to one day. And he certainly was going to look at Miss Moore's poems. Did she like the game, he wanted to know.

"Yes," I said. "I think so. She was wonderfully perceptive. It was new for her, going to the game itself. She watches on television. She may have been puzzled by the score. She was seeing everything from an odd angle—not at all what she sees in a TV set."

"What the hell!" said the chauffeur. "Why *should* she know the score?" He was absolutely furious. He blew the horn—at nothing that I could see. "It's what she *sees* that counts. I mean take those oxes, them goats she was talking about. Who would think of putting his nose to a wet ox—I mean that's *great*."

"She wrote a poem about them," I said.

"Well, I hope so," he said. "And I hope she gets up there to see them. You know something? I'd like to take her up there. Why not? She's going to need a driver and a car . . . so why not me?" He half-turned in his seat. "You tell her if she ever wants to go anywhere, I'll make my car available."

"I will do that," I said.

Who was the tall guy, he wanted to know a while, the guy with the specs?

"Another poet—Robert Lowell," I said. "A very good one too."

"You could tell he knew he was in there with the best."

"He is a Bostonian and very polite," I said.

"That was *respect*," he said firmly. "You could tell by the way he was talking to her. What do you think?" he went on. "Do you think that one of hers might've come off one of them oxes?"

"I'm no good at materials," I said. "But I'm sure a type of *wool* would come off those animals, not fur."

"S' right," he said. "She was wearing furs. She hadda be wearing *bear*, or a helluva big animal something like that."

He began to get excited again. "Nixon," he said, "Nixon I had in this car." He shook his head, and would have gone on about her story more, but we got into the 39th Street tunnel about that time, where the noise stopped him. I had to get out close to the Manhattan exit, so I didn't hear him talk about her again. But when we drove off, I could see him whacking at the steering wheel with his palm. It would be a long time before he'd forget. And perhaps he'd go down and buy the poems.

Jean, what can you make of this?—a letter from an October afternoon. I was just going to say I'd *been* there, and with whom, and then I went on to other things. You've been inflicted with me, and that extraordinary poetess, and her vision of a man, and that extraordinary poetess, and her vision of a man when he first came over her confinement—really sick, he'd been in darkness a long time—and he took these small steps down a hospital corridor, a dull, antiseptic modern kind of place, one would have thought, with mild music playing, but he kept saying "Look at *that*, look at *that*." He couldn't point because he was holding on to some sort of device to steady him . . . and the things he was marveling at to see were door knobs, light bulbs, light switches, and grates through which music was coming. . . .

Best wishes,

G.P.

There Are 100 Trees in Russia

the function of facts in newsmagazines

by Otto Friedrich

*most careful checking by a platoon
searchers does not necessarily add
to the whole truth.*

Of course I'm sure—I read it in *Newsweek*." Several years, this slogan appeared in large advertisements all over the country. The advertisements usually showed no people, simply some symbol of affluence and presumed influence, a board of directors, a yacht, or a golf club. From some unseen figure of authority came a huge white cartoon-style balloon with the crushing rejoinder, "Of course I'm sure—I read it in *Newsweek*."

The theory behind the advertisements was not wholly sound. Since *Newsweek* has fewer reporters, writers, and editors than its omniscient rival, *Time*, since it has a smaller circulation and less influence than *Time*, its chief claim to attention—that it makes a reasonable effort at fairness in summarizing the week's events. By boasting of a series of columnists, *Newsweek* manages to suggest that everything else it publishes is the unvarnished factual truth. Its recent ads promise a balance between fact and opinion. One of them, portraying Walter Annenberg next to Washington bureau chief Ben Bradlee, emphasizes the special qualities of the latter: "The facts he gets are often 'firsts'—first ways facts."

Time, of course, has never admitted the validity of these accusing insinuations from its smaller rival, *Newsweek*. *Time* has always opposed the idea

of mere objectivity, and it acknowledges a certain bias in favor of democracy, free enterprise, and the enlightened human spirit. But it insists that its experienced staff simply distills the facts of the news into the truth. Earlier this year, one weekly Publisher's "Letter," which normally serves as a medium of self-congratulation, sadly criticized the Soviet Union for expelling *Time*'s Moscow correspondent: "Soviet officials have never been able to understand or accept or even get accustomed to our kind of reporting." What the Soviets couldn't understand, *Time* went on, was that "our stories on the Soviet Union come from a wide array of sources available to our writers and editors in New York and to our correspondents elsewhere around the world." Thus *Time*'s kind of reporting doesn't depend primarily on having a reporter at the scene of the event. "From these many sources . . ." *Time* concluded, "we will continue to report frankly and deeply on the Soviets despite last week's reading-out of our correspondent." (There is still one other smaller and less interesting newsmagazine, but *Time* and *Newsweek* understandably ignore the Brobdingnagian claims of the *U.S. News & World Report*, which purports to be "America's Class newsmagazine.")*

Despite the competing claims of *Time* and *Newsweek*, they have a certain identity of both purpose and technique. Not only is the basic function of the two magazines almost the same,

*At the end of 1963, the ABC circulation figures were as follows: *Time*—2,958,590; *Newsweek*—1,664,563; *U. S. News & World Report*—1,293,836.

but the editor, national editor, and foreign editor of *Newsweek* are all alumni of *Time*, and there is a kind of all-purpose newsweekly office jargon that involves phrases like "the cosmic stuff" and "give it some global scope."

To anyone who has ever tried to work with these concepts and techniques, the newsmagazines' easy equation of facts, news, and truth can be rather disturbing. A reporter doesn't have to be a philosopher to know that "the facts" do not necessarily represent the truth, and that neither one of them necessarily represents the news. That men should live at peace with one another might be described as truth, but it is not a fact, nor is it news. That a certain number of children were born yesterday in Chicago is a fact, and the truth, but not news. Journalism involves an effort to discover, select, and assemble certain facts in a way that will be not only reasonably true but reasonably interesting—and therefore reasonably salable. Because of the eagerness with which an anxious and uninformed public buys anything which promises "the real story," it is easy for editors to forget these distinctions and boast about producing the facts and the truth in the name of freedom of the press and "an informed electorate."

The Fetish of the Facts

Behind this forgetfulness lies an enduring and endearing myth of American journalism, the myth of the police reporter and the city editor. Like all myths, it once had a certain reality. When I first went to work on the *Des Moines Register*, I was the police reporter, and I turned in my copy to a dour assistant city editor who spoke with a cutting Missouri accent and didn't believe in anything. No three-paragraph story about a minor burglary was immune to his questions about the number of floors in the burgled house, the denomination of the stolen bills, or the location of the shards of glass from the broken window. Of all possible answers, the least acceptable was "I guess so." "Let's not guess, let's know," he would retort. Sometimes I had to telephone him a half-dozen times from my bare, yellow-walled cubicle in the police station to verify trivial details in trivial stories. The copy that he finally sent to the composing room was, as nearly as possible, the facts.

Quite a few years have passed since then, and I no longer expect reporters to know the answers to questions about their stories. I have grown accustomed to their complaints that the facts in question can't be discovered, and to their further complaints about being questioned at all. They

have some justification, for what happens in the U.S. Senate or the French cabinet simply can't be covered like a mugging on Sixth Street in Des Moines. The facts are more elusive, and, in a less important, for the physical details of the spoke to whom are relatively meaningless until they are put into perspective by an act of judgment and a point of view. In other words the legendary police reporter and the legendary city editor no longer exist as criteria; their talents and techniques are irrelevant to most of the major news stories.

The newspapers and news agencies acknowledge this. Later editions of newspapers correct the factual mistakes and the misjudgments caused by the need for speed in getting out the first edition; a wire service revises a story with the euphemistic confession of error: "First lead and correct." It is among magazine editors, many of whom have never worked for newspapers or wire services, much less seen the inside of a police station, that the myth of "reporting the facts" remains strongest. Since a magazine must go to press several days, or even weeks, before it appears on the newsstands, and since it remains on display for at least a week, errors and all, magazine editors have developed a fetish about absolute accuracy of the most inconsequential facts, a fetish that makes "the facts" a substitute for reality. To be sure that you can be sure because you read in *Newsweek* (or *Time* or, for that matter, *The New Yorker* and a number of other magazines), there has come into existence an institution unknown to newspapers: the checker.

The checker, or researcher, is usually a girl in her twenties, usually from some Eastern college, pleasant-looking but not a *femme fatale*. She may be from college unqualified for anything, but looking for an "interesting" job. After a few years she usually feels, bitterly and rightly, that nobody appreciates her work. Her work consists of assembling newspaper clippings and other research material early in the week and then checking the writer's story at the end of the week. The beginning of the week is lackadaisical, and so is the research, but toward the end, when typewriters clack behind closed doors and editors snarl at intruders, there are midnight hamburgers and

In fifteen years as a journalist, Otto Fricke has worked on four newspapers, a wire service, and two magazines. His analyses of the press have appeared in "The Reporter" and elsewhere, and his second novel, "The Loner," deals in part with a newspaper's involvement in a kidnapping case. It was published by Crown in June.

is in the ladies' room. For the checker gets no credit if the story is right, but she gets the blame if it is wrong. It doesn't matter if the story is wanted or meretricious, if it misinterprets or misses the point of the week's news. That is the responsibility of the editors. What matters—and what seems to attract most of the hostile letters to the editors—is whether a championship poodle stands thirty-six or forty inches high, whether the eyes of Prince Juan Carlos of Spain are blue or brown, whether the population of some city in Texas is 15,000 or 18,000.

The first question about this fetish of facts, which no newsmagazine ever questions, is whether these facts, researched and verified at such enormous trouble and expense, really matter. Obviously, there is an important difference between saying that Charles de Gaulle accepts Britain's entry into the Common Market, which a number of prominent reporters used to report, and saying that de Gaulle opposes Britain's entering the Common Market, which mysteriously turned out to be the case. But how much does it really matter whether a newsmagazine reports that de Gaulle is sixty-seven or sixty-eight years old, six foot one or six feet two, that he smokes Gaulloises or Chesterfields, that he eats a brioche or a melon for breakfast, that Madame de Gaulle puts fresh roses or does not put fresh roses on his desk every day? Judging by the legend of the police reporter, the city editor, and judging by the amount of space the newsmagazines devote to such minutiae, it matters very much to provide "the facts" and to provide them straight." Despite the public statements of principle, however, the men who usually care the least about such details are the men who actually write and edit the newsmagazines.

Hawks Wheel over Cyprus

There is an essential difference between a news story, as understood by a newspaperman or a wire-service writer, and the newsmagazine story. The purpose of the conventional news story is to tell what happened. It starts with the most important information and continues into increasingly inconsequential details, not only because the reader may not read beyond the first paragraph but because an editor working on galley proofs a few minutes before press time likes to be able to cut freely from the end of the story. A newsmagazine is very different. It is written and edited to be read consecutively from beginning to end. Each of its stories is designed, following the classical theories of Edgar Allan Poe, to create

one emotional effect. The news, what happened that week, may be told in the beginning, the middle, or the end; for the purpose is not to throw information at the reader but to seduce him into reading the whole story, and into accepting the dramatic (and often political) point being made.

In beginning a story, the newsmagazine writer often relies on certain traditional procedures of his special craft. They change little from year to year, but, for purposes of examination, we might select the first three issues of *Time* and *Newsweek* last May.

"Flowers were in bloom on the crumbling towers of St. Hilarion, and hawks turned soundlessly high above Kyrenia." This is *Time's* beginning for a story on civil strife in Cyprus. The "weather lead" is always a favorite because it creates a dramatic tone; because, by so obviously avoiding the news, it implicitly promises the reader more important things to come.

Then there is the "moving-vehicle lead," most often a description of a plane landing. In one of these May issues, *Time* began a story this way: "One foggy morning in Berlin, a yellow Mercedes from the Soviet zone drew up at the tollgate at the Heerstrasse crossing point." *Newsweek's* beginning was almost identical: "Shortly after 5 o'clock in the morning a heavily shrouded black Mercedes bearing license tags issued by the Allied Control Commission in Germany rolled quietly into the no man's land between the Western and Russian sectors of Berlin." (There is no real contradiction between the black Mercedes and the yellow Mercedes, for the magazines were focusing on two different vehicles involved in an exchange of spies.)

Another favorite is the "narrative" opening involving an unidentified person: "The hooded, gambler eyes tracked the jurors as they filed into the courtroom" (*Newsweek*, on the trial of Roy Cohn); or the provocative quote involving an unidentified object: "'She's in there,' pointed one proud Pinkerton. 'She's the most magnificent thing I've ever seen'" (*Time*, on the appearance of Michelangelo's Pietà at the New York World's Fair). Occasionally, the newsmagazine writer just gets bored with it all: "There was a sense of *déjà vu* about the whole affair—an uncanny paramnesic feeling that all of this had happened before" (*Time*, on the May Day Parade in Moscow).

The writer had some reason to be bored. Presumably assigned to write a full-page lead story on the week's events in Eastern Europe, he had only two things to say—that nothing much had happened at the May Day Parade, and that the

Romanians were playing off the Russians against the Chinese for their own benefit. In elaborating on this, he engaged in some characteristic news-magazine equivocation: "Dej is playing a double game in the Sino-Soviet conflict, one that could lead to plenty of trouble—or perhaps to a certain amount of freedom." But though the story has nothing much to say, it absolutely bristles with the facts that newsmagazines use as a substitute for reality. It tells us what Khrushchev was wearing (a Homburg) and what he had been eating lately (cabbage rather than meat). It tells us how to pronounce the name of Romania's Galati steel combine (Galatz) and what its rolling mill cost (\$42 million). It gives us a figure for Romanian industrial growth (15 per cent) and a translation for the name of the Romanian Communist newspaper *Scinteia* (*Spark*). And to persuade us that the activity in Romania is important, the story reports as alphabetical fact that "every Communist from Auckland to Zanzibar took note of it."

As a rule, facts are not scattered around so indiscriminately, like sequins ornamenting some drab material, for their main function in a news-magazine story is to illustrate a dramatic thesis. When *Newsweek* begins a story on an African "summit conference," for example, it is apt to open with a variation of the moving-vehicle lead, which might be called the crowd-gathering lead: "Some came in sleek Italian suits from the Via Condotti . . ." Did any African premier really wear clothing from the Via Condotti? The problem would never arise on an ordinary newspaper, since it doesn't particularly matter where the African statesmen buy their clothes. But since the news-magazine writer starts with a dramatic concept—the African leaders are a self-indulgent lot—he needs a dramatic concept to illustrate it.

An even more characteristic opening dramatized *Time*'s cover story on Henry Cabot Lodge:

In the early-morning gloom of Saigon's muggy pre-monsoon season, an alarm clock shrills in the stillness of a second-floor bedroom at 38 Phung Khac Khoan Street. The Brahmin from Boston arises, breakfasts on mango or papaya, sticks a snub-nosed .38-cal. Smith & Wesson revolver into a shoulder holster, and leaves for the office.

This is a fine example of the well-trained virtuoso at work, not only disguising the subject of the story but combining a series of insignificant facts into a cadenza of exotic weather, breakfast food, strange street names, and gunplay. The author was so pleased with the results that he went on repeating himself for three paragraphs, which disclosed that the temperature that day was

ninety degrees, with 90 per cent humidity, that Lodge's moving vehicle was a Checker Marathon sedan, that the U.S. Embassy building is located at 39 Nam Nghi Boulevard, and that Lodge's office desk contains yet another gun, a .357 Smith & Wesson Magnum. There are two reasons for his inundation of minutiae. The first—based on the theory that knowledge of lesser facts increases knowledge of major facts—is to prove that Lodge knows everything there is to know about Lodge. The second—based on the theory that a man who carries a gun is tough and aggressive—is to dramatize the basic thesis, that Lodge would be a good Republican candidate for President.

In Search of the Zip

But what does the specific fact itself matter? Does it matter whether Lodge carries a .38-cal. Smith & Wesson or a Luger or a pearl-handled derringer? Does it make any difference whether he lives on the second floor of 38 Phung Khac Khoan Street or the third floor of some other building? The newsmagazines have provided their own answer by evolving a unique system which makes it theoretically possible to write an entire news story without any facts at all. This is the technique of the "zip." It takes various forms. Kuming (a deliberate misspelling of "coming" to warn copy editors, proofreaders, and printers not to use the word itself), or TK, meaning To Know, or, in the case of statistics, 00 (the number of zeros is purely optional). This technique enables the writer to ignore all facts and concentrate on the drama. If he is describing some backward country, for example, he can safely write that 40 per cent of its people are ravaged by TK disease. It obviously doesn't matter too much whether the rate of illiteracy is 80 per cent or 90 per cent; the statistic will sound equally authoritative. It is the checker who is responsible for facts, and she will fill in any gaps.

Filling in the "zips" is sometimes costly. A former news-magazine writer, for example, recalled some problems that arose when he was writing a cover story on General Naguib, then the President of Egypt. Naguib, he wrote, was such a modest man that his name did not appear among the people listed in *Who's Who in the Middle East*. Moreover, Naguib disliked luxury and had refused to live in the royal palace, surrounded by a 100-foot-high wall. A cable—as the writer told the story—duly went to the Cairo stringer. There was no answer. Indignant at the stringer's carelessness, the editors changed the copy so that

her of the missing facts was needed. A week later, came a cable saying something like this:

AM IN JAIL AND ALLOWED SEND ONLY ONE CABLE SINCE WAS ARRESTED WHILE MEASURING FIFTEEN FOOT WALL OUTSIDE FAROUKS PALACE AND HAVE JUST FINISHED COUNTING THIRTYEIGHT THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED TWENTYTWO AMES WHOS WHO IN MIDEAST

When both the writer and the researcher accept this as a game, the search for the key fact can become pure fantasy. On one occasion, for example, a newsmagazine editor wrote into a piece copy: "There are 00 trees in Russia." The archer took a creative delight in such an insoluble problem. From the Soviet government, he ascertained the number of acres officially listed as forests; from some Washington agency he ascertained the average number of trees per acre of forests. The result was a wholly improbable but wholly unchallengeable statistic for the number of trees in Russia.

In the normal case of the 00, however, someone from a government agency to get the official answer. The results are sometimes equally strange. A *Newsweek* researcher recalls the story of the 17,000-man Sudanese army, which a writer had described as a 100-man Sudanese army." No newspaper editors could fill in the figure, and telephone calls to the Sudanese Embassy in Washington indicated that nobody there could either. The editors may well have been surprised that anyone should want to know such a figure. As the publication deadline approached, an editor finally instructed the checker to make "an educated guess." The story appeared with a reference to something like "the 17,000-man Sudanese army." There were no complaints. The *Newsweek* story duly reached Khartoum, where the press complaisantly repeated it and commented on it. Digests of the Sudanese press returned to Washington, and one Sudanese Embassy official happily telephoned the *Newsweek* researcher to report that he was able to tell her the exact number of men in the Sudanese army: seventeen thousand.

Documenting the Dream

When you go beyond the Des Moines police department, you find yourself dealing more and more with the equivalent of the Sudanese Embassy. "Facts," which are supposed to form the basis of news, are often simply unknown. Yet in any issue of any magazine of journalism, you find the most impressive statistics—00 per

cent of the people of Brazil are illiterate, or the per capita income of the Burmese is \$00.00.

Newsmagazine writers are very skilled in the popular sport of statistics. With the cooperation of various partisan sources, they make comparative projections of the American and Russian gross national product in 1970—when nobody has more than a vague estimate of what these figures will be even in 1965. The birth-control lobby issues horrendous statistics about the number of human beings who will be living on every cubic yard of earth in the year 2000, and yet all such projections are based heavily on the estimated future populations of China and India, estimates that vary even today by hundreds of millions. All over the world, in fact, most estimates of population, illiteracy, illness, industrial growth, or per capita income are little more than wild guesses. "Let's not guess, let's know," the assistant city editor in Des Moines used to say, expressing a characteristically American desire for certainty. At one point during one of the periodic crises in Laos, however, an American correspondent bitterly complained to a Laotian government spokesman that he had spoken to sixteen government officials and got sixteen different versions of the facts. The Laotian was bewildered. It seemed perfectly natural to him, he said, that if you spoke to sixteen different officials you would get sixteen different answers.

The Laotian was wise in acknowledging and answering the first fundamental question about the fetish of facts: Does it really matter which "fact" is to be officially certified as "true"? He was equally wise in acknowledging and answering a second question: Does anyone really know which "fact" is "true"? He was equally wise in raising a third question, and implying an answer: Every man sees the "facts" according to his own interests.

Governments and business corporations have long acknowledged this by employing public-relations men and "information officers" to make sure that any facts make them look virtuous. *Time* once quoted a French spokesman's poetic definition of his job: "*Mentir et démentir*" (to lie and to deny). And in the world of newsmagazines, seeking the certainty of unascertainable facts, official government statistics carry a surprising weight. On one occasion, for instance, I was writing a story about the economic problems of Sicily, and I wrote that approximately 30 per cent of the inhabitants were unemployed, which I believed to be roughly true. When I saw the story in print, I read that something like 8 per cent of the Sicilians were unemployed. In other words, one of Europe's poorest areas was scarcely worse off than the

United States—but this was the official statistic that the Italian government had given to the researcher. “After all,” as one of the researchers once said, “we have to protect ourselves.”

The basic purpose of the newsmagazines’ facts, however, is not to report the unemployment statistics in Sicily, or the shopping habits of African statesmen, but to provide an *appearance* of documentation for what are essentially essays. The *Time* cover story on Lodge, for example, with its fact-choked lead, eventually arrives at the question of whether the Republicans might nominate Goldwater because no Republican can defeat President Johnson anyway. “This defeatist attitude is pretty silly,” comments *Time*, *The Weekly Newsmagazine*. “Sure as his political moves have been, Johnson could still stumble politically. And healthy as the President may seem, there is always that dread possibility of disablement or worse. The Republican nomination is therefore nothing to give away for the mere asking.” After that Olympian declaration, the *Time* story goes on to outline the Lodge supporters’ hopes for their candidate’s triumphant return to the United States. “A foolish fantasy?” *Time* wonders. “Perhaps. But that is one of the most enchanting things about U.S. politics: dreams can and do come true.”

Unfortunately, the perils of prophecy are high. The week after the Lodge story, which assumed that the Ambassador would sweep onward from a victory in the Oregon primary, *Time* had to rush out with a cover story that began, a little hysterically: “Battling Nelson did it! Battered, bloodied, beaten, taunted, hooted, and laughed at during bitter, frustrating months, Republican Nelson Rockefeller never gave up, never stopped swinging.” This story, too, concluded with a warning to Republicans not to accept defeat: “Nelson Rockefeller doesn’t think like that—and in Oregon he demonstrated that perhaps it is a pretty poor way of thinking.” No man waits for *Time*, however, and when Barry Goldwater finally won the Republican nomination, the editors declared that it had been inevitable: “Goldwater won the presidential nomination by arduously cultivating support at the precinct and county levels . . . What helped clinch it for Goldwater was the fact that a strong conservative tide was running in the U.S., fed by a deep disquiet at the grass roots over the role of an ever-expanding Government. Goldwater and the tide came together, and the one could not have succeeded without the other.”

On a less exalted plane, the typical newsmagazine story almost invariably reaches a point here the writer drops the factual ballast and

summarizes his views on the importance of the week’s events. And there is nothing wrong about this. In view of the general inadequacy of American newspapers and the ignorance of the American public, an informed evaluation of the week’s news is something to be commended. But if the reality were candidly admitted, it would antagonize the newsmagazine readers. The English, who read newspapers on a scale that should shame most Americans, appreciate magazines that frankly comment on a body of presumed knowledge, such as *The Economist*, *The New Statesman*, or *The Spectator*. Most Americans, however, taught to believe that they should assimilate the “facts” for themselves, reject such American counterparts as *The New Republic* and *The Nation*. They accept the newsmagazines not as magazines of commentary or interpretation but as magazines which will tell them yet more facts, “the real story.”

News Break or News Lea?

Here is the flaw in the newsmagazines’ equation of fact and truth. For if you assume that nobody really knows or cares how many men there are in the Sudanese army, as newsmagazine editors do every time they use the term “00,” you acknowledge the hypocrisy of your claim to be simply reporting the facts; then you take on the sacred role of providing not the facts but “the truth.” (It is worth noting that newsmagazine reporters chronically complain that their “files”—the reports they send in—are ignored when the final story is written.) Apart from the size of the Sudanese army, what is really going on in the Sudan? Apart from the number of trees growing on the steppes, what is really going on in Russia? Or in London and Paris and Washington?

It is in the major political capitals, where the major news is made, that the myth of the police reporter in pursuit of the facts has become particularly irrelevant. A skillful police reporter turned loose in the Pentagon not only wouldn’t be able to get the right answer, he wouldn’t even be able to find the person who knew the answer. The officials of the State Department or the Quai d’Orsay speak only to people they know well. And the reporter who persuades himself that he represents the so-called “Fourth Estate” very often becomes an unofficial and perhaps unconscious spokesman for the government he is assigned to cover. At the very least, the capital correspondent thinks he is the intermediary divinely chosen to interpret the activities of politicians to the

torate; quite often, he acquires a vocation to create and inspire the politicians themselves; why does he realize that in representing a "Fourth Estate" he serves the government as an instrument for leaks, propaganda, and outright lies? After all, if you're having a candlelit dinner with a Secretary of State, isn't it the better part of valor to assume that anything he tells you is truth?"

The situation remains much the same from one administration to another, but one incident that seems most illustrative occurred a few years ago. At a time when no Berlin crisis was visible in the daily press, the Washington bureau manager of a newsmagazine telephoned his superiors to say that a major Berlin crisis was imminent. Having had access to the President, he reported that "the only thing on the President's mind" was a melodramatic plan to evacuate U. S. students from Berlin, to mobilize reserves, and to have as though war were imminent. This was a little puzzling since the Russians apparently hadn't done anything about Berlin recently, but the newsmagazine was so impressed by the President's supposed anxiety that it printed a major article about the supposed "emergency plan." When the issue appeared, the President was reported to have telephoned an executive of the magazine and asked how he could jeopardize the national interest with such an article. He even announced publicly that he was calling in the FBI to investigate the Pentagon to see who had leaked such a serious story to the magazine. The editors, who had thought they were acting for rather than against the national interest, were very much embarrassed. But the FBI somehow never succeeded in finding or punishing the culprit who leaked the story.

It remained for the *New York Times*, one of the bedrocks of independent journalism in Washington, to suggest that the President had called in the FBI to investigate the leaking of a highly sensitive "emergency plan" so that the Russians might think it was a real emergency plan. Not long after this, the President was on the air, urging Americans to build bomb shelters because of the impending Berlin crisis. And the newsmagazine, which spends tens of thousands of dollars every year to verify the per capita income of nonexistent nations in Thailand, was left wiping the pie off its face. It could only wipe in dignified silence. Unlike the daily newspaper, which can publish a sensational "leak" one day and the official denial the next, the newsmagazine purports to tell not just the facts but the inside, authoritative, "real" story, and thus it remains peculiarly vulnerable

to inside, authoritative, real propaganda. It cannot deny what it has authoritatively told as the truth without denying itself.

My Own de Gaulle

And yet the myth survives—we must report the facts. Every statement must be checked and double-checked. One day in March of 1958, when it seemed that France was drifting toward chaos, a newsmagazine editor assigned me to write a generally sympathetic story about Charles de Gaulle and his views on France's future. Our Paris bureau chief was an ardent Gaullist and sent a long file to explain de Gaulle's policies. And since I had long been an admirer of de Gaulle, I felt no misgivings about writing an article outlining the hopeful prospects for a Gaullist France. But there was nothing in the Paris file and nothing in de Gaulle's own writing that seemed to provide an adequate summary of the Gaullist contempt for the Fourth Republic. And so I ended with a note of typical newsmagazine rhetoric, that France's main problem was to remake itself. This, I concluded, "involves a change in outlook and atmosphere, an end to the meanness, corruption, and squabbling that have darkened the past decade." When I saw the published version, I saw to my surprise that my own rhetoric had somehow become de Gaulle's rhetoric. "This, he adds," it said, referring to de Gaulle, "'involves a change in outlook and atmosphere . . .'" And so on. When I asked the researcher how my words had become de Gaulle's words, she said that the quotation marks had been added by an editor, who had answered her protests by saying, "Well, that's his idea, isn't it? He *could* have said it."

So the matter rested, for a few weeks, and then I went on vacation. During my vacation, the army and the mob seized control of Algiers, and France shook, and de Gaulle announced his readiness to return to power, and the researcher sent me a page torn from the *New York Herald Tribune*, quoting de Gaulle on every known issue. And what was his view on the basic condition of France? France must remake itself, he said, and this "involves a change in outlook and atmosphere, an end to the meanness, corruption, and squabbling that have darkened the past decade."

By now, I can only assume that this statement is a documented "fact," like the "fact" that there are 00 men in the Sudanese army and 00 trees in Russia. Until some Laotian, who never met a Des Moines police reporter, suggests that neither facts nor news is necessarily the truth.

Sense and Nonsense About Nutrition

by Fredrick J. Stare, M.D.

America the Gullible is willing to believe almost any myth about diet—perhaps because we (like most primitive peoples) secretly suspect there is something magical in nearly every kind of food.

QUESTION: A radio broadcaster says that lack of vitamin E in the diet of a father before conception may cause abnormalities in his children. Should he take extra vitamin E as a precautionary measure?

ANSWER: *He should not. There is no scientific evidence to support this notion.*

QUESTION: I have been told that the sugar in dates is not absorbed in the bloodstream and is therefore safe for diabetics. True?

ANSWER: *You have been told, but not the truth. The sugar in dates is well absorbed, as is the sugar in all foods.*

QUESTION: Will two teaspoons of apple-cider vinegar taken in a glass of water at each meal thin your blood?

ANSWER: *What makes you think your blood needs thinning, or thickening? In either case, vinegar would have no effect on it. Moreover, if you added honey to the vinegar it would not affect any arthritis you may have, and most of us have some.*

I have a thousand such questions in my files. And new ones keep coming in response to a syndicated column I have been writing for the

past four years. To my surprise I have found there is little difference between the queries from people of modest schooling and those from college graduates. Indeed, I am beginning to think that the better educated a man is, the greater his skill in summoning up pseudoscience to support the latest food fad.

To be sure, he never uses this term. He takes his delusions seriously, as did our forebears who—from earliest recorded history—have attributed magical powers, both good and bad, to food. Sea salt was perhaps the first nutritional myth to gain a commercial foothold in this country. In a delightful book on quackery, Dr. James H. Young reports that a Massachusetts Bay colonist was fined five pounds in 1630 for vending sea water to cure scurvy. Today, although the Food and Drug Administration has brought numerous actions against the purveyors, sea-salt tablets are still widely sold, mainly to elderly people who believe they will restore vigor and cure assorted ailments.

Of course, they can do no such thing. Nor is there any evidence that beets build blood (not even Harvard beets). Fish and celery are not brain foods; and yogurt—alas—will not keep you young, though all of us in our mid-fifties wish it would.

In a few instances, the seemingly uncanny powers of certain foods have been scientifically explained. We now know, for example, that limes or lemons cured scurvy because of their vitamin C content. Rice polishings prevented beriberi because of the vitamin B₁, or thiamine they provided. An ancient treatment for goiter was drinking

burned sponge, which is a rich source of iodine. Sometimes a half-truth or a distorted scientific fact will give rise to a food myth. For example, carrots—as is often said—can be “good for the eyes.” But only if you have not been getting sufficient vitamin A for some time. The human body converts carotene, the yellow pigment of carrots, into this vitamin which is needed to form essential pigment (rhodopsin) of the retina. However, there is also plenty of carotene in green vegetables where its yellow color is masked by chlorophyll. So green vegetables can be equally good for the eyes.”

Will plenty of rare steak make you strong? Certainly it is rich in good quality protein. But are fish, eggs, milk—and overcooked steak. I can get equally strong on a diet of the right meats and legumes plus a small amount of animal protein to supply certain amino acids which the body cannot get from any other source. To say all this—as I have been doing for many years in writing and in person—will not, I know, have an immediate effect on your consumption of carrots or steak. Eating habits are deeply rooted in our nature and culture and it takes a long time to alter our tastes or whittle away our prejudices. Most people, in fact, have an extraordinary way of adapting scientific information to their own myths and preconceptions.

Expectant Mother Knows Best

A striking example of such perversity was reported a few years ago by Dr. Edward Wellin, anthropologist of Harvard's Department of Nutrition, after an expedition to Peru. There he studied the maternal and infant feeding practices of the 230 residents of Espinos. He described the villagers, culturally typical of the area, as “neither Indian, Spanish, nor modern Latin American but a mixture of all three.” He found them “industrious, dignified, and poor.” They had no formal schooling. But public-health officials, nurses, doctors, and teachers had been carrying on a continuing educational program among them for some years. However, Espinos mothers clung tenaciously to their own nutritional myths. They had been told by the health experts, for example, that colostrum—the secretion of the mother's breasts right after birth—is a desirable food for baby because it is high in vitamins and minerals and provides antibodies to help ward off infection. But the women of Espinos believe that colostrum blocks the milk flow, that it may foul the child's stomach and even kill it. So the mother

carefully squeezes the colostrum from her breasts and buries it in the ground.

She is also aware that her diet during pregnancy and lactation influences her health and her child's. Accordingly, she *reduces* her intake of meat, eggs, fresh fruit, and vegetables while pregnant and—as always—drinks very little milk. Her fare consists of the usual corn, beans, squash, rice, tea, and stews, despite the contrary urgings of experts.

Health workers have sung the praises of orange juice and the villagers now accept it as desirable for adults, particularly the sick, and for children of school age. But no mother will give it to a baby, being convinced that an infant who is still on milk should get nothing else.

As to vitamins in general—public-health workers and relatives living in cities have persuaded the villagers that vitamins exist and that they impart substance and vigor to certain foods. However, they interpret and apply this knowledge in their own fashion. They regard vitamins as too “strong” for infants and too “fattening” for pregnant women. Thus they endow all foods known to be very nourishing or fattening with a high vitamin content. One woman explained that although she loved beef and fish-head soup she passed up both during her pregnancy “because they had too many vitamins.”

Ludicrous as these notions may seem, not a few Americans have equally weird ideas about vitamin pills—particularly the belief that if you gulp enough of them, you will be adequately nourished. In fact, vitamins are simply catalysts which enable other nutrients to function more effectively. Furthermore—contrary to popular myth—there is no reason to increase your consumption of vitamins as you grow older. They serve primarily to help metabolize food and thus to produce energy and build, maintain, and repair body tissues. Since total food intake diminishes (or should diminish) with the years, the elderly in general have less need for vitamins than younger folk. At any age, whether a given individual needs extra vitamins is a decision for his doctor to make.

In matters of nutrition, however, all too many Americans prefer to take their counsel from TV

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commercials, an oracular voice on the radio, or a newspaper report on the latest diet fad. A women's magazine editor recently told me that his readers feel neglected unless he publishes a new diet every other month. "You need some gimmick," he said with a long sigh.

At best, most of these gimmicks are worthless. One of the most ridiculous was the Hay diet of the 1930s, which prompted a lot of people to cut and eat hay fresh from the fields. Actually the diet was the invention of W. H. Hay, M. D., whose gimmick was a prohibition against eating protein and carbohydrates at the same meal. Since many individual foods contain both these components, the injunction is senseless. But though the Hay diet is forgotten, the notion persists that meat and potatoes—or other combinations of foods—are bad for you.

Why Dieters Backslide

The opposite gimmicks are the magic pairs, such as the lamb-chop-and-grapefruit diet. Both foods, of course, are fine in themselves, but eaten exclusively they cannot possibly provide a balanced diet. Nor can bananas and skim milk.

A hardy perennial is the high-protein diet, based on the myth that only carbohydrates and fats will put weight on you because you simply burn up or excrete excess proteins. Alas, it does not work this way. Superfluous protein calories—just like any others—are stored up as body fat, and even a high-protein food like steak contains 20 to 25 per cent of fat.

Liquid diets also enjoy a recurring vogue. Although a liquid meal may be convenient if you are in a hurry, it has no special merits and some real disadvantages. For one thing, a low-residue liquid diet may cause constipation. Furthermore, an individual who has been deprived of the pleasurable texture, aroma, taste, and color of "regular" food is very likely to regain the weight lost after he forsakes his liquid fare.

Perhaps the most appealing nutrition gimmick of recent times was advanced by a gynecologist-obstetrician in his book *Calories Don't Count*, which advocates a high-fat diet. Americans have been told for years, by unimpeachable authorities, that the only known way to eliminate excess weight is to reduce one's caloric intake and increase physical activity. But this is a demanding proposition, and—like the women of Espinos—we prefer to hear what we want to hear and interpret it as we please.

The melancholy fact is that of the numerous

groups of adults who have gone on supervised weight-loss programs, no more than 15 or 20 per cent actually reduce and stay that way for two years afterward. This tendency to backslide is particularly unfortunate since there is some evidence that the hazard of overweight is related more to the process of gaining than to the overweight per se. Thus the individual who takes off and puts back ten pounds twice a year is undergoing two periods when damage to the blood vessels, leading to arteriosclerosis, may be accelerated. For this reason overweight people may be well-advised not to lose weight unless they are certain they will keep it off.

The disadvantages of on-and-off dieting were recently demonstrated in experiments at the U. S. Naval Radiological Defense Laboratory in San Francisco. In the course of a year one group of rats was put on a variety of diets and then on normal fare for several weeks. They gained more weight—with greater deposits of fat—than a control group which had been on a balanced diet throughout the period.

A potentially dangerous fad unless well supervised—preferably in a hospital—is the starvation diet. It is based on the erroneous belief that the body, under starvation conditions, can find all the nutrients it needs in its own tissues. It cannot. Fasting is an unphysiological and potentially dangerous practice if continued for more than a few days, and should never be undertaken on a do-it-yourself basis.

Probably the most publicized of the starvation diets is the one used by Dr. Edgar E. Gordo at the University of Wisconsin General Hospital. The one complete medical report on this study so far covers only a few patients, who partly starved for the relatively short period of two months. In a similar study at the University of Pennsylvania, Dr. G. G. Duncan observed that some patients on starvation diets suffered "in degrees of weakness, headaches, lightheadedness, transient waves of nausea . . ."

Before this therapy can be evaluated, more longer follow-up data is needed, and investigation not only of the physiologic but also of the psychiatric and psychosomatic effects on different types of personalities. The premature publicity given the starvation diet in the lay press seems to me unfortunate.

Those of us who have been working for nearly twenty-five years on the experimental and applied aspects of obesity do not get excited about starvation or other novel diets. We know that overweight is caused by many factors, not all of which have been identified. The end result is that the

individual consumes too many calories for the energy he expends. Possibly some genetic or hereditary elements are involved. But whatever the reason, the treatment consists of a decreased caloric intake and an increased caloric output. The main factor in weight reduction, in my opinion, is strong and continued motivation, a genuine desire to reduce and to maintain a proper weight. Such being the case it is not hard to explain why the average American adult carries fifteen pounds too many and why phony reducing diets continue to flourish.

Hollywood has long been a prime source of exotic diets and other food myths. The world of sports is a close second. Athletes themselves, in fact, are peculiarly susceptible to nutrition nonsense. This is not a new phenomenon. In the fifth century B.C., for example, Greek wrestlers switched from a more or less vegetarian diet to meat-eating after they were beaten by more carnivorous opponents. The change in diet probably had no effect on their performance; nor will wheat germ, honey, yogurt, oysters, or sunflower seeds improve your tennis game, no matter what coaches, trainers, and spectator sportsmen may tell you.

I do not deny, of course, that a food you have faith in may make you more confident and relaxed and hence improve your golf score. But this is something for the psychiatrists to explain.

I do know, however, on the basis of scientific evidence that there is no great merit in the tendency of football training tables to play up meats and dairy products, fruits and vegetables, and cut down on cereals and bread. One football player I know, now a physician, claims he lost twenty pounds between Labor Day and Thanksgiving—"obviously," he says, "because my diet was too low in carbohydrates." What *was* obvious, and he should have known it, was that his diet was too low in total calories, not just carbohydrates.

Athletes—just like everyone else—need a balanced diet, and most professional athletes today seem to know this. A few have always disregarded the rules and gotten away with it. The Boston Strong Boy, John L. Sullivan, was only one of many champion boxers who attributed his manly vigor to beer (alcohol, however, finally did him in). Babe Ruth hit sixty homers on hot dogs,

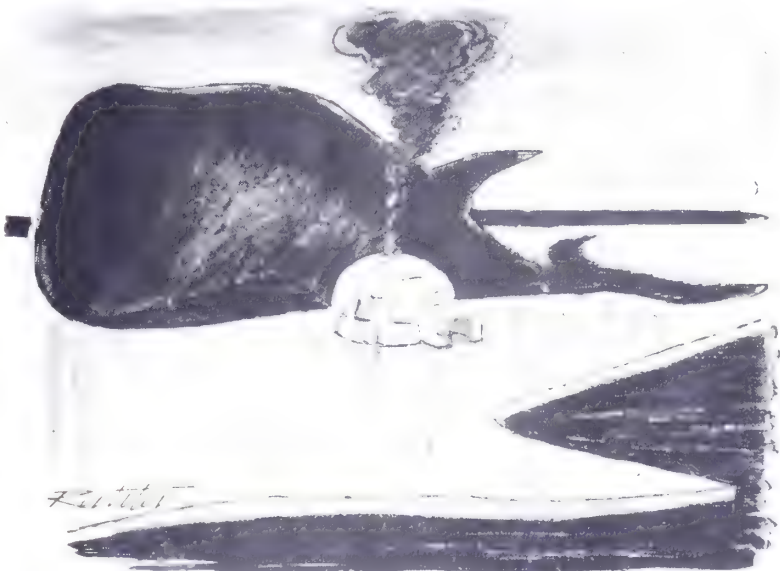
beer, soda pop, and late hours—a regime which apparently suited his temperament.

An enduring food myth is the dictum that a swimmer must not eat for several hours before a race lest the digestive process weaken his stroke. In a recent well-controlled experiment at the University of Illinois, a group of swimmers were tested when they had eaten anywhere from a half to three hours before a hundred-yard race. It turned out that no man's time was in the least affected by the length of the interval between the meal and the swim.

This is not to say that food—or the lack of it—has no direct effect on an athlete's performance. On the contrary, it is of very specific importance to him, as was brought out in a letter I received just a few weeks ago from a school athletic director.

"While running in the marathon," he wrote, "I encounter fatigue usually at a point somewhere after the fifteen-mile mark. This is eased temporarily if I have a car accompany me and give me some refreshment. At various times I have eaten hamburgers, ice-cream cones, milk shakes, etc.; but as it is most convenient and seems to work as well as anything I have tried, I usually use ginger ale.

"Once I have had a few ounces of ginger ale I can run for another half- or quarter-mile. . . . Then I have to walk again if I do not have some more. I hope that you may be able to suggest certain things that I can do diet-wise to help alleviate this problem and or tell me of something I might carry with me while running to consume,



*"I hate blubber! I have always hated blubber!
There, I've said it!"*

as it is at times difficult to have a car present and in some races is forbidden completely."

In response, I was unable to solve his transportation problem but I did assure him that ginger ale—though it has no magic properties—is an excellent source of readily digested carbohydrate needed to overcome the hypoglycemia (low blood sugar) caused by protracted physical effort. Any other soft drink containing sugar would do as well; in fact, it might be well to add more sugar. Fruit juice, tea, coffee, or coke would also do. The last two might be even better because of the small amount of stimulation from caffeine. Hamburgers, ice cream, or milk shakes would not do the job as well because of their slower digestibility and because they contain less fluid and more fat.

Butter or Bourbon?

The mere mention of fats, nowadays, conjures up one of the chief bugaboos of modern nutritional mythology. Most Americans will say unequivocally that "fats are bad for you." Scientists are far less dogmatic.

Although a great deal of research is under way on the subject, there is still disagreement as to the precise amounts of animal (saturated) or vegetable (unsaturated) fats which should be in the optimum diet. We do know that the body needs some fats and that they are in large part responsible for the flavors in our foods. Fats also "stick to the ribs" and prevent one's getting hungry again too quickly.

In ancient times, fats were the hallmark of affluence; they still are in some cultures. But in American dinner party conversation, they are objects of scorn. It may well be that the fat consumption of many Americans—around 40 to 45 per cent of the total caloric intake—should be lowered to 30 or 35 per cent. But this has not yet been proved conclusively.

If you are convinced that you should change your intake of animal or vegetable fats, or both, discuss it with your doctor before making any drastic changes in your diet. Very likely the more important problem is your total caloric intake, whether it comes from butter or bourbon.

And certainly your health—and your bank account—will not be improved by embracing one of the food fads on which Americans regularly squander a half-billion dollars a year. The tragic consequences are spelled out in human terms in hundreds of pages of testimony given this year at hearings held by the Senate Subcommittee on

Frauds and Misrepresentation Affecting the Elderly, chaired by the able Senator Harrison A. Williams, Jr.

The exploitation of nutritional pseudoscience is a highly profitable business. The food faddist is a master at confusing and misinforming the public. Often he uses the fear technique to implant in many minds the idea that the food sold in our supermarkets and neighborhood groceries or butcher shops is nutritionally inadequate, contaminated by pesticides, or otherwise dangerous to health. In the process, he builds a preference for the products obtainable at so-called health- or nature-food stores.

At the same time he sows distrust of our symbols of authority—the Public Health Service, the Food and Drug Administration, the American Medical Association, and even local physicians and dentists. The success of this technique is demonstrated by the still militant opposition to a fluoridated water supply in many communities. Half a century ago, it was well known that people who drank the water in Colorado Springs and a few other places had much better teeth and fewer cavities than the average American. Today we have established that the reason was the fluoride content of the water. Much of our water has too little fluoride, and this needs to be adjusted upward, to a level of one part per million—a process, called fluoridation. Fluoridation is no longer a scientifically controversial subject. The dental, medical, chemical, and engineering problems have all been solved to the satisfaction of those qualified to judge.

Dental caries is the most prevalent chronic disease of mankind, leading to needless suffering and eventual loss of teeth which certainly affects the nutrition of old people.

Yet in spite of the huge accumulation of evidence of the benefits of fluoridation, the opponents continue their vociferous and often successful vituperations. In Boston not long ago, they imported from Miami a popular radio personality who is also a well-known food faddist to lead their latest attack. Drs. Paul Dudley White, Benjamin Spock, and I spoke in favor of fluoridation. We lost.

This was a disheartening experience. I don't think it proves that scientists must embrace the huckster's arts. It does, however, suggest that we must sharpen our skills in making scientific information comprehensible and acceptable to the average citizen. Though there will probably always be a few believers in food magic there seems no reason why—in the end—sense should not become more palatable than nonsense.



The Bat Lady

A story by Margaret Dursin

When Mother and I came back to live in New Amherst with Grandfather and Grandmother, I was very much impressed with being a Winston child, at the malleable age of twelve, hoped that I could grow up and be a credit to the family just like Aunt Fern.

Aunt Fern was out West studying physiology at graduate school, and the family talked a great deal about her because she had begun to specialize in bats' ovaries. The comment was not approving, but I felt that anyone who occasioned so much of it as Aunt Fern must be doing something very important.

Grandfather, while believing in freedom of thought and the scientific method, felt conservatively that a female Winston might better have chosen botany as a field for study. Plants, said Aunt Louise, who had married Uncle John, handled their input and output in a much more regulated way than did mammals. Aunt Ellen said she had found it simpler to let her friends think that physiology was something you did to rehabilitate invalids, and she wasn't sure but what Fern would be happier if it had been. Grandmother said it was nice that Fern had found something that really interested her.

Bats had happened to Aunt Fern by accident.

They were not really in the family tradition. Grandfather was professor of Latin at New Amherst University. As a young man he had migrated West from Connecticut, and founded a college in a small town in Illinois where a New Englander could start at the top. After a tussle with the trustees over the relative place of the classics versus domestic science in the curriculum, he had accepted a silver tea service and a call to teach Latin in New Amherst, Indiana.

Grandfather seemed more like a college president than any of the appointees. He had a big white house at the edge of the village, and carved walnut furniture from Connecticut. He had a book-lined library where he passed out Sunday afternoon tea to students, and worked on minor political deals among the faculty members. His Petronius readings were popular with the students, who were always pleased to learn that sexy books, if old, were part of the liberal ideal of education. Officially he said that he had all the fun and none of the work of administering a university. Uncle John said that Grandfather was the first man a new president at New Amherst learned to hate.

John and Ellen and my mother and finally Fern all went to the progressive school, the university

high school, and the university, tuition free, of course. John became an engineer, Ellen married Uncle Bill who was in her class, and my mother taught school for a year and married beneath her. Father was only the third-ranking student in the graduate department of history, and Grandfather warned Mother against a man without ambition. Even when Father became assistant professor of history in an Ivy League college because of his delightful teaching personality, Grandfather prophesied that he would not go far in the academic world. Father died in 1936, and after that Grandfather always spoke very kindly of him. Uncle Bill once remarked that it was a shame that Winstons had to marry outside the family, and Aunt Ellen retorted that she'd married him to get away from that kind of remark. Mother got a job teaching third grade in the New Amherst public school, and cautioned me not to believe everything I heard at home, because the Winstons liked to talk a lot. I liked to talk too and, with the ingrained Winston habit of hopscotching between several worlds at once, I mix in what I knew then and know now.

What they were talking about then was the way Aunt Fern captured the world's record for keeping *Myotis lucifugus* alive in captivity. This was academic wild oats, for bats thrive in caves and usually die off in cages. She kept them in the refrigerator for nearly a year. She had taken advantage of the fact that bats hibernate in the winter, living on stored fat like bears. She collected her bats in the fall, and force-fed them a diet of mealworms, milk, baby food, and hamburger, and killed them off the next summer in time to come home for a short vacation between summer school and the fall term.

Grandfather thought this displayed the proper Winston spirit, and felt better about having gotten Aunt Fern a fellowship from a university that was located near caves full of bats. The bats were easily collected by cheap graduate-school labor and, as bats required little feeding or care after capture, made excellent laboratory animals.

Aunt Fern had already educated the family in all the more elementary facts about the brown bat. Bats have their own system of radar to keep them from bumping into things when they fly. They weigh only a quarter of an ounce, eat live insects, and fly around at dusk because that is when the insects are most active. People are the worst enemies bats have—which is why they do better in inaccessible caves than in barns or houses. Bats have one offspring a year, generally in June. It was this last characteristic that de-

cided Aunt Fern on the study of ovaries. A bat ovary releases only one egg a year although there are hundreds of thousands of potential eggs in every ovary. Aunt Fern wrote that she had begun work on the basic problem of why do bats ovulate.

Mother said it would be more to the point if Aunt Fern began to wonder why she ovulated. Aunt Ellen said that women who took up unmentionable subjects never got married. Grandfather said she would be famous if she found the answer.

Aunt Fern didn't find the answer. She published her doctorate on a series of negative results. Her bats—gathered in muddy caves, injected, killed, dissected, the ovaries imbedded in paraffin and sliced thin for microscopic examination—continued to behave as nature had planned. Furthermore, Aunt Fern handled her delicate subject in an irreproachably dull manner. The estrous cycle of the bat, as scientifically described by Aunt Fern, left the reader feeling, Mother said, as though she had dealt with the less attractive aspects of the small intestines and the more erudite portions of organic chemistry, and understood neither.

Aunt Fern taught physiology for a year at a Midwestern women's college until there was an opening in the physiology department at New Amherst, and then she came home. Grandfather liked the idea of two generations of teachers at the university, but Aunt Ellen said she wondered if I'd grow up with my ovaries intact.

As soon as she was established in her new laboratory in the science building, Aunt Fern started to look around for bats to continue her research. Caves were sparse in that part of Indiana. She happened to mention her problem to a man in the publicity department of the university. He made a news item out of it for the Indianapolis papers. The radio picked it up, and by the next afternoon forty-three calls had come for "the bat lady." Seven of these were from people who had wasps under the eaves. Four more had swallows in their chimneys which they wished to donate to science. Most of the rest were from farmers who had bats in their barns, or from farmers' wives who wanted the bats removed right away so the bedbugs would leave. Aunt Fern said she was tired,

Although Margaret Dursin insists that her characters are fictitious, she acknowledges that she borrowed from the career of her sister, a physiology major who experimented with bats. Mrs. Dursin, who lives in Pleasantville, New York, teaches English at Westchester Community College, and is working on her fourth novel.

of explaining that bats were very clean little creatures and did not attract bedbugs and cockroaches. Grandmother was mortified by a call from a member of her church guild who wanted to know how much Fern would charge to exterminate her attic.

"She asked," said Grandmother, looking sternly at Aunt Fern, "what I did about bugs."

Aunt Fern preferred to regard this as a cultural rather than a personal protest. She said that in some parts of Mexico bats were encouraged in order to keep insect life at a minimum.

"I told her," said Grandmother, "that soap and water and elbow grease were the best remedies I knew."

Aunt Fern took me with her on some of the bat-collecting expeditions that summer when I was sixteen. I was allowed to go along in the car, together with the more necessary collecting cage and the butterfly net, on the strict understanding that I would not air my knowledge of the ovarian cycle to anyone we met. I remember one visit where the farmhouse was white and spindly next to the huge red barn and the outbuildings, but the farmer's wife was cordial and looked at Aunt Fern's delicate features with interest.

"You aren't the professor who wants them nasty old birds—? I'll call the mister. He'll be glad to get rid of them."

"If you'll show me where they are, I can probably get them myself," said Aunt Fern.

"It's no trouble," said the woman. "He's down at the barn and so are the bats. Cleaning stable today. He'll be glad of a rest if you don't mind how he looks."

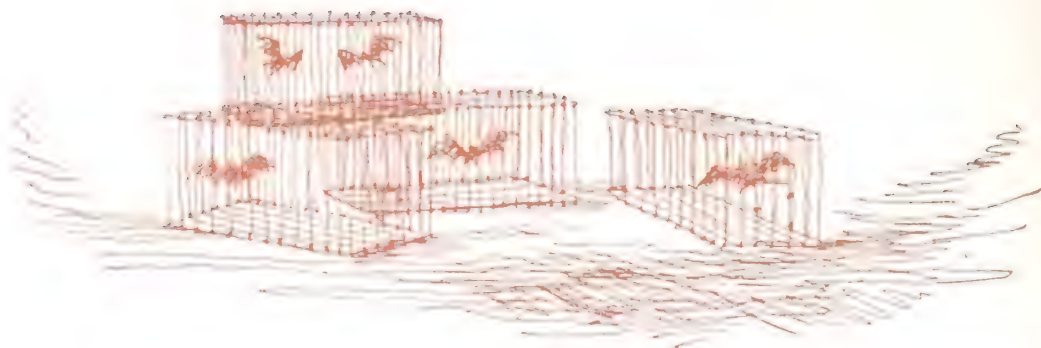
The farmer not only looked, but smelled. He brought the odor of manure up from the first floor to mingle with the fragrant smell of baled hay and the dusty odor of straw on the second floor where we stood on the earthen ramp by the open sliding door. A heifer bawled for its mother from below and some heavy animal, perhaps a bull, stamped its feet and shook the timbers. Beside the weatherbeaten man, Aunt Fern looked very childish and pretty in her enthusiasm. She wore her hair in a bun to seem mature, but the blue jeans necessary for climbing among the rafters took ten years off her age. Most girls with Aunt Fern's figure would have let the men do the climbing, but she was afraid that inexperienced help would get angry if bitten by a bat, and damage it, or bring down male bats by mistake. She had been bitten hundreds of times, she assured the farmer, but bat teeth were so tiny they didn't leave a scar. She knew just how to catch them.

The barn was dark inside as the farmer set up the ladder on the untidy floor, and I could hardly see Aunt Fern mounting into the dimness. The farmer tested the ladder for a moment and climbed up into the rafters after her. Gradually my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, and I could see Aunt Fern, hanging by one hand to the ladder, make a sudden swoop with the net and almost lose her balance as the white mesh fluttered. Then she hooked her arm through the ladder, examined the bat, and leaned down to show it to the farmer. I saw the nearly imperceptible shadow of furry wings gliding back to roost. Aunt Fern's voice rose a little at the farmer's exclamation of dismay, "Male—clean little creatures—catch insects."

I noticed the farmer's wife looking at me. "You must like your aunt a lot," she said. "Would you like to come and see the heifer. It makes me itchy to watch people on ladders." After we saw the heifer and a fierce-looking bull, we went back to the house and made lemonade for Aunt Fern and the farmer. Aunt Fern was in good spirits because she had collected ten female bats, and explained to the farmer's wife that the best way to get bats out of the house was to open a door a crack and wait for the bat to leave. The farmer's wife said that she always took a broom to bats after wrapping her hair up in a towel. Aunt Fern said that the bats' bones were very delicate, and it was better to pick them up gently by the loose skin on the back of the neck. She said she had never met with an authentic case of bats getting into hair, but she suspected the bat would be very frightened at having its feet entangled. The farmer's wife said she wasn't going to take any chances.

We drove back to the laboratory so that Aunt Fern could begin the injection series. For a few days she treated her bats as though they were newborn babies, injecting hormones at four-hour intervals, eating, sleeping, and teaching in the leftover time. She needed to maintain high hormone levels to study the effects on the production of eggs by the ovary. She had a new idea about bats. She thought it would be nice if the ovary could be made to release two eggs instead of one. Aunt Ellen said she knew a woman who had had twins and she felt very sorry for bats, but Aunt Fern explained that the bats wouldn't really have twins because they didn't live that long, and anyway she didn't keep males around.

After a while, the family grew used to Aunt Fern's negative results, and stopped paying much attention. Periodically, she published her results



in the *Journal of Experimental Physiology*, and stacks of reprints accumulated in her office. The Winstons didn't read them, but Grandfather said that solid research was the backbone of the university and would earn her a promotion in time.

If Aunt Fern had announced that she was going to elope with an undergraduate, she couldn't have caused more excitement than she did when she finally got positive results. She had gone to the laboratory after church on Sunday and was late for dinner. Uncle John and Aunt Louise, who had driven over from Fort Wayne, were hungry, so Grandmother served the soup. Aunt Fern came in just as Grandfather was serving the chicken. She sat down, very quiet and glowing. Aunt Louise said that Fern was too young to be an absent-minded professor, and Grandmother added that she did wish Fern would get home for meals on time.

Aunt Fern said she hadn't forgotten, she was just too busy counting. She had an ovary down at the laboratory that had released either one hundred and one, one hundred and three, or one hundred and four eggs. Every time she counted it came out differently. Another ovary in the series had released seventy. She had to go right back to the lab after dinner and check the rest.

Everybody talked at once. Grandfather wanted to know how she did it. Aunt Ellen said it sounded impractical to her. Uncle John said she ought to get in touch with the FBI. Think what the Axis would do if they could breed like that.

Aunt Fern began to speak very fast. She said it wasn't a question of breeding anything yet. She must have given the bats an overdose. Two eggs would be of practical interest to cattle breeders—that was what she was trying for. And, of course, she hadn't proved anything yet, although the series looked very promising. And she didn't know yet how she had done it, because it was very complicated and there were a lot of factors to investigate. She would have to try more bats, and then go on with mice and other laboratory animals. Eventually, she explained,

looking at Uncle John, if the results looked promising for human physiology, she had thought of donating an ovary for experimental purposes.

Suddenly Grandfather rose in his place and flung his napkin into the gravy boat. "Fern," he said, "I forbid you to lay eggs. I absolutely forbid you to lay eggs. I absolutely forbid it. Is that clear?" He stalked out of the room.

Mother remarked that it would certainly be a sensational experiment. Uncle John said he'd change his name first. Grandmother said that Fern had been carried away by excitement.

I was looking at Aunt Fern. Her eyes had gotten very big and black. She looked at everybody at the table as though they were strangers. From her expression, I understood that the family finally meant all the things they had been saying for years. It wasn't a joke anymore.

She slid out of her chair and ran out of the dining room. As she paused in the hall for her coat, I ran after her. I called for her to wait for me. She didn't stop, but slowed down so that I could follow. We walked in silence down the deserted Sunday afternoon street. At the corner we turned toward the university buildings. I said, "I think one hundred eggs are wonderful."

"I shouldn't have taken up bats," said Aunt Fern.

"There's nothing the matter with bats," I said. "People just don't understand."

"They're connected with witches—and superstition. Ovaries I might have gotten by with—or just bats by themselves—but two queer things are too much. I can see it now. I didn't realize I was queer. I thought I was unusual, but not queer."

"You aren't queer."

"Yes," said Aunt Fern. "Yes, I am. I've thought myself off the road. That's one thing the family knows—what you can do and what you can't do."

"But they should be proud of you."

"I suppose it is sensational from the layman's point of view," said Aunt Fern. "I just never

thought. Father would hate to have bats' ovaries and Winstons coupled in the paper. I never thought what would happen if I succeeded."

We turned in at the science building, and climbed the stairs, and Aunt Fern unlocked the door of her laboratory.

"I wish I hadn't found anything," she said, looking at the bats dead in the cage. They were gray and so was the cage. Everything in the lab was some shade of gray or white. It was not very cheerful. Aunt Fern sat down in a chair with her coat still on and just looked. "The thing," she said, "how can I stop it?"

"But you mustn't stop. All scientists have discouraging times. Look at Reed. Look at Florence Nightingale. You mustn't mind what the family says."

"But I'm family too," said Aunt Fern. "I'm a Winston. I don't want to be a sensation."

"The others do the kind of work they like. Why couldn't you do bat ovaries?"

"They don't really," said Aunt Fern. "None of them. That's why they talk so much. Ellen wanted children, and your mother ought to have married again. John likes construction work, but Louise won't let him travel. Father wanted to be president of New Amherst. That's why we're all so respectable. Respectable people don't have what they want—that's why they cling so to what they have."

"But you can have what you want."

"All I ever wanted to do was to make the family proud of me. I wanted to out-Winston the Winstons, not knock them on the head." She looked at the slide under the microscope. "And now I'm stuck with one hundred and three eggs—maybe one hundred and four. I never could count."

"Throw it out," I said. "Nobody knows."

"I can't do that," said Aunt Fern. "Where would science be if a researcher started to throw out facts that were personally unattractive?" She took off her coat and put on her white smock. "We've got work to do," she said. "You'd better go home and eat your dinner."

The family was still talking when I got home. Grandmother asked where Fern was, and I said, working. Grandfather said that physiology was closely related to medicine, and he thought he could see his way financially clear to sending Fern through medical school if she would like that. Aunt Louise said that she understood people did marvelous things with plant breeding, and there were all that land out in back of the house. Mother said that perhaps Fern hadn't discovered anything after all; one experiment could be very

misleading. Uncle John said, but why leave her in a spot where she might discover things? Grandmother said that a bright inquiring mind like Fern's should be able to find many other interesting subjects to explore.

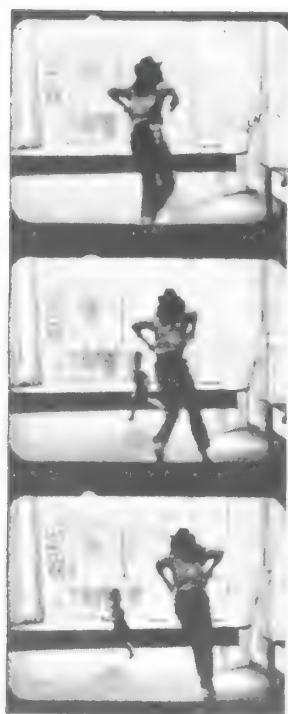
I thought then that all the Winstons always had bright inquiring minds, and perhaps, like milk, they had curdled a little from sitting too long. And I wanted to say that Aunt Fern was the brightest of all, and would know what to do better than any of the others, but right then I did not want to get into any conversation at all about Aunt Fern. I was glad my name was not Winston and that I was too young to talk at Sunday dinner.

Until Wednesday, Aunt Fern spent all her time at the lab, and only came home to sleep. She came home to dinner that night and announced that she was going to be made an associate professor. She said she had had a very satisfactory talk with Dr. Millser. He was head of the biology department, and titular head of physiology, because it was a small, specialized subject.

Aunt Fern had a soft gentle voice, and she had the Winston gift for words when she put her mind to it. She said she had shown Dr. Millser some of her experimental data and explained that, if the results were verified, the problem of released eggs would be more than the physiology personnel should be asked to cope with. She felt that it opened up quite a broad field for experiment, and she thought that it might call for collaboration on the part of many departments in the university—social science and animal husbandry, for example. She felt that the biology department was the logical place to direct such experiments.

Dr. Millser, she said, had been so interested that she had felt able to explain to him that she had been dissatisfied for some time with the division of the work load in physiology, and she would like very much to have a somewhat heavier teaching schedule with proportionally less research, provided, of course, that she had the professional recognition to go with it. Dr. Millser thought she could be an associate professor if that was what she wanted.

Within a week, the family had stopped talking about Aunt Fern's promotion, because Aunt Ellen had announced that she was going to adopt a baby. Aunt Fern said that if people were anything like bats, which was the premise on which she had based a successful career, then she would mistrust the product of an unknown ovary, and Grandfather said he hoped they wouldn't want to name it after him.



Four New Ways to Make a Movie

by Albert Bermel

Why the best American films are now being produced, not by the big Hollywood studios, but by a few lonely free lancers—working with little money but lots of fresh ideas.

A dozen years ago Morris Engel, a moderately prosperous New York photographer, surrendered to a nagging ambition: to make his own motion picture. The ambition wasn't unreasonable; Engel had already had some useful experience. He'd shot combat footage for the Navy during World War II and handled a number of movie assignments. But he did not feel ready to start shooting right away. For one thing he was dissatisfied with the quality of the prints produced by the 16-mm camera he had been using. He wanted finer definition, and to get that he needed the larger 35-mm model. But it had to be truly portable, light enough to let him travel about footloose. Thus he could set his story anywhere he pleased—in a street, a home, a store, a park, an open-air market, in the middle of a parade or on a lonely corner—and so give fiction the flavor of life.

It took about a year to raise the required cash and to develop a suitable camera. Then he and a writer friend drafted a script and went out of doors and all over New York City to film *The*

Little Fugitive. Though there had been low budget American movies, and good ones, before this, *Fugitive* marked a turning point: it was a commercial hit. The story of a small boy lost on the beach and in the amusement park at Coney Island startled the established studios and the giant movie distributors. Its immediacy, its accuracy, its realism, and its poetic qualities captured not only professional prizes but audiences in five thousand theatres across the country.

Like Engel, a number of other young directors have lately devoted themselves to independent movie-making. Their genuinely private enterprises are a world—or in most cases a continent—wide—away from Hollywood with its multimillion-dollar, blindingly colored blockbuster hacked out of best-sellers and teeming with star names, trick effects, violence masquerading as historical research, sagging gowns, propped-up chests, and will-she-won't-she situations. Such merchandise is often manufactured, as one director put it, by memorandum, financed by bank and distributed by force. It involves so weighty an administrative setup, so many specialists, that the list of credits is sometimes disguised by a separate (and costly) title film, jazzed-up enough to keep the audience from dozing off.

In contrast, an independent may well beat the bushes to collect his capital; write the script himself; audition and pick the cast himself; direct the

ing; edit, sort, and splice the "rushes"; and his own distribution arrangements for the film, calling in only one or two specialists at various stages.

Among the independents there is no cohesive American Wave, as is sometimes thought, but there are two fairly distinct and close movements. One is the New American Cinema (NAC), whose adherents subscribe to and are featured in the magazine *Film Culture*. The editors, Jonas Mekas and Adolfas Mekas, who themselves made *Of the Trees* and *Hallelujah the Hills!*, have led for an abstract, free-wheeling, rebellious movement. The NAC movies make fun of conventional behavior; they break rules; they are disordered and sometimes pretty funny. But they have attracted mostly an "in" audience.

Another movement, the Cinéma Vérité, has been based on documentaries or nonfiction, using mostly hand-held cameras to reveal people as their "natural" selves. Richard Leacock's *Primary*, for instance, observes the 1960 election in Wisconsin between John F. Kennedy and Hubert H. Humphrey. The camera dispassionately watches the candidates giving passers-by a glad hand, making speeches, and shunting voters hither and yon. *And Showman*, made by Albert and David Siegel, concerns itself with the busy life of the producer Joseph E. Levine. These "films of the moment" might be called portraits of our time.

Among the independent film-makers I have chosen to write about here—Morris Engel, Shirley Clarke, James Blue, and a director-cameraman Michael Roemer and Robert Young—are those connected with any movement. Unlike the Hollywood group, these independents hope to win large audiences and to earn a living from their work. Unlike the Cinéma Vérité school, their prime interest is in fictional features, although they have made documentaries in the past.

But they do not share any slogans or philosophy of film-making, their work has certain individual characteristics. All of them try to depict exactly what is going on in the world today without preaching about it. They want each other to pick up his own meanings, and to be inspired, not instructed. They are well versed in the history of the cinema and talk knowledgeably about the films of such masters as Chaplin,

D. W. Griffith, René Clair, Carl Dreyer, and Akira Kurosawa. They operate at a high level of craftsmanship. They all stress the importance of environment as a factor in their plots. Above all, they allow their stories to evolve from the characters, rather than from the incidents.

The Drama of Reality

The effectiveness of these techniques can be judged in four remarkable and very different films made by these independents—*Weddings and Babies*, *Nothing But a Man*, *The Olive Trees of Justice*, and *The Cool World*.

Engel's *Weddings and Babies* tells of a New York photographer in his late thirties whose future is so unpromising that he postpones his marriage to the girl he's been courting for years until she is ready to give him up in favor of another suitor. To complicate his plight further, his mother, an illiterate old Italian lady, resists being put away quietly in a rest home and wants to move in with him. The setting is New York's Italian quarter, which Engel films affectionately. His camera takes in a party, a street festival, people going about their business.

In *Nothing But a Man* Roemer and Young, the director and cameraman respectively, tell the story of a young Negro couple trying to make a life for themselves in the South. The hero has worked on a railroad repair crew and enjoyed a great deal of freedom moving about the country. His difficulties as a Negro intensify when he marries and tries to settle down in a small community where the local whites expect him to behave like a grateful slave. When he refuses he is branded as a troublemaker, loses his job, and has a hard time finding another. With the death of his father, a drunken, disillusioned ex-rebel, and the impending birth of his own first child, he is made aware of the multiple responsibilities of a man in a tense society who wants only to lead an honorable life.

James Blue's *The Olive Trees of Justice* takes place in Algeria during the last days of French rule. The hero is the son of a French colonial farmer. Blue calls the film "a kind of odyssey back into the son's memories" of his peaceful childhood twenty years before; these remembrances are interwoven and contrasted with the troubled Algeria of the early 1960s. The camera stalks through a crowded city market, dwells on the streams, hills, and vineyards of the countryside, and shifts from Moslem shacks to the comfortable homes of the French *colons*. One scene

Bermel, who is theatre critic of "The New York Times" spends most of his leisure time between watching movies and wishing current plays were good. His translations of the "One-Act plays of Molière" will be published by World Publishing Company in October.



A French colonial farmer shows his son the grapes he has grown on Algerian soil that was formerly barren—from "The Olive Trees of Justice."

shows soldiers dismantling a plastic bomb in a crowded street; the film was actually shot during the revolution or what the French obliquely call *les événements*, the events. (The studio was attacked five times by the OAS secret army. One afternoon Blue and some of his crew were in the projection room when OAS agents entered the sound booth next door, softly planted six pounds of rock-quarry dynamite, two phosphorous bombs, and two rifle grenades, sprayed gasoline over them, and lit the fuse. One crew member smelled something burning and opened the door. There should have been an almighty explosion. As it happened, the dynamite was damp.)

Shirley Clarke's most recent film, *The Cool World*, comes from Warren Miller's novel about a Harlem youngster who takes over a teen-age gang and ends up by committing murder during a rumble. But the film is equally the story of the boy's background, "the street." It shows the beauty of Harlem when rain-slicked surfaces reflect car headlights and street lamps; the squalor of Harlem, its cats prowling around garbage in the streets, its roaches and decayed tenements, its drug addiction; and the emotions of Harlem, its anger beating against its couldn't-care-less coolness, expressed sometimes in cruelty, sometimes in casual, inbred humor.

These and other independent films have benefited from technical advantages which have made equipment more flexible and less costly. For example, Engel has avoided dubbing in the dialogue when his shooting is concluded by devising a cam-

era with a metal blimp or covering it to prevent its whirring noise from being picked up by his tape recorder. The two mechanisms work independently of each other but in synchronization. Improvements have also been made in lenses, especially zoom lenses which swoop in from a wide shot to a close-up. Nitrate film has been superseded by acetate, which is not a fire hazard. Batteries have been made lighter. Microphones, magnetic recording tape, and synchronous control devices that capture the image in conjunction with the sound are now highly sensitive and well adapted to mobile work.

At the same time both critics and public have become receptive to experiments in movies. They have responded enthusiastically

to inexpensive pictures like Frank Perry's *And the Winner Is* and *Lisa* and to offbeat ones such as Jean-Luc Godard's *Breathless*, François Truffaut's *Two Women*, *Blows* and *Jules and Jim*, Stanley Kubrick's *Strangelove*, and Tony Richardson's *Tom Jones*.

This climate has proved hospitable to directors with diverse experiences and gifts. Shirley Clarke was a dancer whose interest in films was aroused almost by accident in the early 1950s when she was studying in Paris. To examine certain human movements in detail she shot film sequences in which an arm, say, was isolated from the rest of the body by a differently colored sleeve. She went on to photograph children at play in the Tuileries and the Bois de Boulogne and came up with a short film called *In Paris Parks* which she called a "dance film without dancers." Several more subjects followed—one of them, *A Moment of Love*, was screened at the Brussels World's Fair in 1958. Then she took an option on Jack Geary's play *The Connection* and converted it into her first feature-length movie.

Michael Roemer and Robert Young had produced what they call "a fairly effective, if generally amateurish film comedy" while they were undergraduates at Harvard. More than a decade later they were both on the staff of NBC Television in New York. Roemer had, meanwhile, worked for Louis de Rochemont on *The Jammer* and other films. Young had shot several TV documentaries including one that involved a four-hundred-mile trek on foot through the jungles of Angola. NBC sent Young and Ro-

mo to make a one-hour film about a living in Mafia-run slums. For some the completed documentary was put on f. Whereupon Young and Roemer left jobs to form their own movie company. ne independent movie-maker, the worst at the outset is raising the capital: need as much as a quarter of a million. This is a trifling sum compared with ets of Hollywood, but difficult to come by n who has to make his own contacts.

Blue managed to avoid this early hurdle. working in Algiers for a French movie idios Africa, when he embarked on his ent career. He had produced a series tick one-reelers—modeled on the old anett pie-flinging epics—which his Mos- tences relished. Then he happened to e *Olive Trees of Justice*. The author, egri, agreed to collaborate with him on version and the head of Studios Africa the money to finance it—only about as it turned out. After the film was the Cannes Festival in 1962, the U.S. ion Agency commissioned the young (then thirty-one) to make three short at the Alliance for Progress in Colombia, to shoot a pictorial record of last year's ts march on Washington.

who is producer as well as director of ilms, tries to find a single backer to put 'front money"—\$50,000 perhaps—and ollect the "end money" from a number of sources. He would gladly devolve this on someone else if he could because, as "It's hard to promote

Clarke's *The Cool* as produced by Fred , a former college law who took an option on and "kept dredging up I went along." He ap- some 4,000 persons, and with 150 backers for d \$300,000.

ing the film is, of course, and art of the opera- independent's schedule be as rigid as a big out to keep his expenses e must plan each day's meticulously. He may allow for some impro- effects—an inspired logue from an actor, a

brainwave on the part of a technician, a dog that strolls onto the set, an unusual "character" loafing about, or a bus, truck, or cyclist coming into camera range. But he cannot let these touches of authenticity play havoc with his plans.

Robert Hughes, another independent film-maker, has said that in realistic films "background is foreground." In other words, the locale plays an active part in the movie; it is, so to speak, an extra with a starring role. Nowadays, even Hollywood is location-conscious, though its settings are sometimes less than scrupulously authentic. And when Hollywood goes on location it often takes along its elaborate sound stages, its artificial sets, grotesquely expensive costumes, hairdressers, and cosmeticians.

The independent directors either know or get to know each locale intimately before they plan a movie. Blue had lived and worked for well over a year in Algeria before he shot his film there. Shirley Clarke talked to dozens of children and adults in Harlem before she began to work with Carl Lee on the script of *The Cool World*. Roemer and Young lived for months with Negro families in the South before they felt qualified to begin writing *Nothing But a Man*. And Engel continually studies the changing complexion of New York where all his films have been set.

A naturalistic film and setting demand natural, untheatrical speech and behavior from the actors. For this reason James Blue recruited untrained actors for *Olive Trees*, with one exception. Blue could do this with less trouble than he'd encounter here; the Screen Actors' Guild raises objections to the employment of nonprofessionals



Duke, the teen-age hero, surprises his gang pals by flaunting a real pistol—from "*The Cool World*."

FOUR NEW WAYS TO MAKE A MOVIE

...unintentionally, and so many actors are out of work at any given time. But Blue was not trying merely to save money. He believes that with a few professional and "rather than getting types" who give you an arrangement and enlargement of life, you get people who have lived life in their own ways, and this shows on their faces." He recently received a Ford Foundation grant to investigate the further use of "non-actors."

Shirley Clarke wants her actors not to perform but "simply to exist, to breathe," that is, not to act. She would be encouraged to do in a film that sells itself on its star billing. She likes directing children because "they're not old enough to have learned how to hide themselves."

Directors use both professional and nonprofessional actors, although they prefer the former. Roemer interviewed several hundred actors to play the four leads in *Nothing But a Man*. He found a very experienced actor, Gloria Foster and Ivanhoe Philippon, a non-professional, Alton Saxon, and a young actor, John S. Edwards. Engel, who has directed *The Cool World* and *The Blackboard Jungle*, says that he has used both professional and non-professional actors. He would say, from an eighty-year-

...gaged for this role had fallen sick, and Engel discovered that the actor was not the right person for the part. He then found a young actor, John S. Edwards, who was the right person for the part.

...his actors in film, and these ways form a part of his cinematic vocabulary. It seems to me that most of them can be regarded as variations on two broad types of technique. The first

...by the cutting. The camera will focus on them, then cut away suddenly and dart back in for a close-up; retreat again to take in a room or a landscape; and skip to another brief close-up or

Jean Vigo, *The Birds*, Alfred Hitchcock, *Shane*, the *Pagan Player*, Truffaut, *Tom Jones*, *The French Connection*, *The Godfather*, *Frankenheimer*, and *The Cool World*. It is swift, surprising, and amusing, and crowded with the director's subjective comments.

The second technique, associated with such films as *The World*, Dreyer, *Patric*, *Pauch*, *...*

...to let the camera dwell on an... long "takes." The result, as in most of the movies, and in Blue's, is a sense of... and exploration—curiosity assuaged by... discovery rather than by action. The first technique thus involves editing for impact, instant recognitions; the second longer-lasting impressions. There is, obviously, no hard-and-fast division between them. In all directors employ both techniques to a certain extent, and some effect compromises.

Editing is perhaps the most intricate, tricky process in making a film. More than camerawork, it determines pace. A movie, it has been said, is found or lost in the cutting. That is why independent directors are independent: they can retain the final editing on their own work. Very often a director spends four or five times as long on the editing and piecing together as on the shooting. Shirley Clarke six months to edit *The Cool World*; Engel spent nearly as long on *World* and *Blackboard Jungle*. *Nothing But a Man* was edited by Vernon Parton.

...these are the principal creative stages. But they are all involved in the director's vision of the film. One might differentiate between the director's vision and the final product of his final achievement, the completed film. The director's vision, however, will be altered unpredictably by his skill and activities of his technicians and cast.

The Spectator's

I have been discussing how the films I have been discussing do resemble one another. I have been discussing how they do not resemble one another. Roemer says that *Nothing But a Man* is an effort to let things seem to happen of their own accord, without any nudging or hammering. *The Cool World* Miss Clarke goes even further, she says, to let the spectator and the screen, a mood of masking-violence that matches the character of the hero and of Harlem itself. She tries experiments in this connection with the track, purposely making some portions of dialogue hard to follow, because she wanted the spectator to hear every syllable, just as in conversation when you sometimes miss words.

visions imply a respect imagination and intelligence for the spectator. The big on the other hand, be- "giving an audience wants," as if an audience ibly know what it wants t sees it. They presumeoviegoer will like what before, and they are disappointed with the re-to formula films that at-o reproduce one of the year's "sockeroos." The is exactly what Engel, oung and Roemer, and arke are trying to avoid. n a movie has a personal t is a private experience ared. And because it is it comes out of its own eas and insists on acquir-

own style while the director is still fash-. Hence, for all the similarities mentioned ong the visions of the four directors, the arities in their styles are much more le. Blue has remarked, "I invent my own n as I go along. Style is a summation of fects; what you can't do, you don't do. d yourself, after trying and testing, by your disadvantages into advantages." *Cool World* has already been released; *gs and Babies*, *The Olive Trees of Justice*, *hing But a Man* have not. One can only at they will soon be distributed for they thoroughly professional finish, and should to general audiences just as *Marty*, *nd Lisa*, and other low-budget movies ne.

ibuting a new movie is, however, a risky s. Every expense has shot up in recent om wages to the price of raw film stock ts. The number of features made in this lasting seventy-two minutes or longer from 260 in 1950 to 117 in 1962. Since War II the audience has shrunk to less per cent of its pre-television size; box-venues are back at about the 1945 volume cause admission prices are more than what they were then. And the newer s are mostly small art houses, with only on of the box-office potential of the huge Brandt's, and RKO emporiums built in t.

ar, the large companies—Twentieth Cen-ox, Universal, Paramount, Columbia, and



Duff Anderson makes a painful visit to the Negro ghetto in a Southern city—a scene from "Nothing But a Man."

MGM—have been slow to see the potential of the independents, and have not helped them much with financing or distribution. They have made deals with some producing firms that are nominally independent but in fact provide "packages" to order—formula films with big stars, which differ little in form or in cost from the standard Hollywood product.

As the American film industry comes out of its post-TV slump—and, according to the Motion Picture Association of America, production by the "majors" has gone up in the past two years—-independent movies with their modest overheads, realistic subject matter, and distinctive entertainment values, could contribute to the economic recovery and add a fresh dimension to American film artistry.

A number of venturesome distributors such as Lionex Films, Times Film Corporation, Zenith International, Showcorporation, Cinema Five, and Janus Films have recently come into operation. In some cases their staples have been foreign films. But the majors are now bidding heavily for the latter, and taking over the most promising entries from overseas.

The small distributors appear to be logical outlets for the American independents. They like to handle "art" movies, and three of the four pictures described here have won important awards in Europe (the fourth, *Nothing But a Man*, has been invited to this year's film festival in Venice). Once the new films are publicly shown, these honors may not be without profits, even in their own country.

The Coming Revolution in Teaching English

by Andrew Schiller

Though they may not know a noun from a participle, children can master reading and writing if they are convinced that the language they are using is the same one they have been speaking all their lives.

Modern parents complain that they can't help the kids with their homework anymore. The senile gaffers of forty or fifty have been left far behind by the physical sciences with their arcane particles and space gibberish. The youngsters don't even do long division the way we did it in the 1920s and '30s. For those thus bewildered, it is comforting to return to good old English grammar. In a world where the tables of multiplication shift treacherously underfoot, we touch solid bedrock in the eternal truth that a noun is the name of a person, place, or thing.

And it is true the grammar still taught in most American schools would look perfectly familiar to Bishop Robert Lowth, who published *A Short Introduction to English Grammar* in 1762. Nevertheless, traditional, or Latinical, or Lowthian grammar is under heavy fire from the new grammarians. There are almost as many sects among these innovators as there are in Christendom. But all of them have in common the desire to analyze language with the same rigorous precision with which the chemist analyzes compounds, and all are more or less

mathematical in style. Some of their formulations look rather terrifying to the non-initiate.

Here is one example¹:

Description: NP W + Af as A X as (NPV_c) NP. #

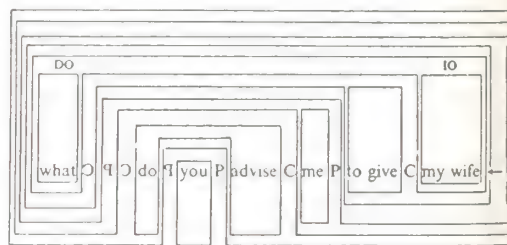
1 2 3

Condition: 2 = 4 + 5

If 3 includes NPV_c, 4 is not null

Change: 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 → 1 + 2 + 3 + 4

And now for another²:



These formulations typify the two leading (and often contending) "schools" of modern linguistic thought. The first is known as transformational grammar. Its essential assumption is that language consists of irreducible basic utterances, plus transformation laws, plus a syntax icon. The illustration is an abstract formula for generating sentences of the type, "John is taller than Bill."

¹ From Carlota S. Smith, "A Class of Complex Modifiers," *Language*, 37: 3, p. 365.

² From W. Nelson Francis, *The Structure of American English*, p. 388. Copyright © 1958 by Ronald Press Company.

second example is from phrase-structure (which some of the more condescending rationalists are already calling "classicalistics"). The interconnected boxes are a device to show how the sentence, "What advise me to give my wife for Christmas?" is analyzed. To do this, you peel the grammatical structure apart by orderly stages, much as one disassembles an automobile into body, cooling system, exhaust system, and runner, these in turn into subassemblies, and the ultimate constituents.

Diluted, such grammars are sophisticated but difficult, strong drink for graduate students, not milk for children in the grades. We do not teach school or college students this; we teach them structural grammar based on what we have learned from linguists. And I can report that youngsters who have not been taught structural grammar (diluted, of course) have not only grasped but enjoyed it—achievement comparable to making castor oil palatable. Generally, they are impressed by the simplicity with which a few principles cover a vast

area of the kind shown above may seem removed from the primary grades. But so are the theories of Einstein and Bohr. Yet modern teachers prattle easily of orbits and weight, atomic energy and space-time. In a sense, the concepts of modern linguistics, like the new grammars are based, will one day come down in a general, accessible form to adults and children. So far this has not happened. But that is an accident of history. Modern linguistics—the exact science of language—is about three or four decades behind the natural sciences in this respect.

In 1925, for example, physicists were unfamiliar with the theoretical basis of relativity. No one could then have predicted that twenty years the equations would be put into a bomb, ten years later into a hydrogen ant— and that the average teen-ager of the 40s and '60s would be as glib with his physics as his parents had been with Freudian psychology. In the same fashion the new science of language is bound to erupt into the public consciousness. When that happens, much gram-

matical theory that has been passed from generation to generation in our schools, virtually unchanged for centuries, will be laid quietly in our intellectual attic alongside astrology and alchemy.

What—if any—will be the practical benefits? Will this new information from the linguists help us in our job of teaching reading and writing? I have no doubt that it will.

At present, the teacher of traditional grammar is at a serious disadvantage compared with the science teacher. In a chemistry class, for example, students learn that the electrolysis of water produces hydrogen and oxygen in the proportion of two to one. In the laboratory they verify this for themselves. But when the grammarian asserts that a sentence must consist of a subject and a predicate, and state a complete thought, his students cannot prove this for themselves. To begin with, we cannot precisely define a "complete thought." Take the sentence, "I am going to the concert." According to the grammarian, that is a complete thought. If "complete" has its ordinary meaning, then if we subtract something, what remains should be less than complete. But the statement, "I am going," is, according to the same grammarians, still a complete thought. So is "I am."

Nor does any particular form or shape or length of sentence distinguish a complete thought from an incomplete one.

The other classic criterion of a sentence is that it names a subject and predicates something about it. This is just as slippery. Consider the sentence, "The door is open." Here we have a subject and a predicate—a complete sentence. On the other hand, consider the phrase, "the open door." Have we not given the name of a thing, place, or person? Have we not stated something about that thing? Certainly the student cannot verify this definition for himself.

Now let us take a different approach. I say to someone, "The door is open." He may reply, "I'll close it." However, if I say, "The open door . . ." he simply waits for me to continue. If I fail to go on he will laugh, believing I have fallen asleep with my mouth open. He knew after the first utterance that I was finished, that some reply or action was expected of him. He knew after the second that I was not. This was not because I said less, but because the two utterances had different formal characteristics. Take another example. If I say to you, "This is the best," you know that you can now agree or disagree. But if I say, "This is the best . . ." you will not respond until I add best *what*.

Schiller, who took his Ph.D. at Iowa in 1947, spent four years in the Army, is now associate professor of English at the University of Chicago. He had started out to be a chemical engineer, and he likes linguistics because it combines his two loves, language and

These two utterances were word for word the same but you received two different sets of signals. The difference is not merely a matter of completion and non-completion; in the second utterance you not only knew something else was coming, you knew exactly what sort of thing—namely a noun or some nominal expansion. That is, I could not possibly have completed the utterance with the word “very,” but I could have completed it with “piano” or “of all possible worlds.” From such examples the linguist concludes that it is not particularly useful to define a noun in terms of meaning. It is more useful to identify a class of words that can be placed at the end of the utterance. “This is the best . . .” He concludes also that the difference between a sentence and a non-sentence must be stated in terms other than meaning.

Stress, Pitch, Juncture

What other criteria are there? Further analysis reveals three phenomena which together differentiate “This is the best . . .” from “This is the best.” These phenomena are stress, pitch, and juncture. Understanding how they function gives us an insight into the structural linguists’ approach to language.

As to stress, in English speech four distinct degrees can readily be heard in such a phrase as “portable typewriter.” The first syllable of each word is marked by a heavy stress, but—and this is the important distinction—not equally heavy. If you ask how I wrote this article, I reply, “I used a portable TYPEwriter.” If on the other hand you ask what kind of typewriter I generally use, I say, “I use a PORTable typewriter.” So we distinguish primary and secondary stress, marked respectively ‘ and ^ . Now if we listen to the word “typewriter” we can hear that the stress on the second syllable is lighter than the first but heavier than the third. This gives us the third and fourth degrees (tertiary and minimal) marked respectively ` and ~ (though in actual transcriptions, minimals are usually left unmarked for simplicity). The two different stress patterns are indicated thus:

Q: How did you write this article?

A: I used a pórta-blē tŷpewrītēr.

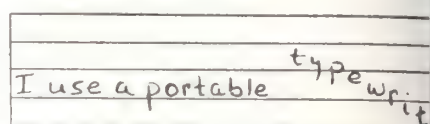
Q: What kind of typewriter do you generally use?

A: I use a pórta-blē tŷpewrītēr.

Note that the shift in stress is not random. Changes in stress affect meaning.

There are also four levels of pitch in English.

Our first sentence would look like this on a staff:



To replace the cumbersome staff, linguists press the pitch pattern in this grammatical notation:

2 3 1
I use a portable typewriter.

Suppose now that I am not going to finish the sentence with the word “typewriter”—perhaps I will continue with the clause, “since I won’t travel.” You now hear:

2 3 2
I use a portable typewriter

and you know that I am not finished. In dictating, you would use a comma after “typewriter.” On the other hand, suppose

2 3 3
I use a portable typewriter

the so-called rising inflection would tell you I was finished and had asked a question.

Pitch four is commonly used in extemporaneous speaking to indicate intense emphasis, alarm, indignation, such as:

2 4 1
Come here this instant!

A stream of speech is composed not only of sounds but of breaks in the succession of sounds. These gaps are of specific types and occur in specific places. They are part of the grammar of the utterance, like nouns and verbs, and the pitch-pause phenomenon is known as juncture.

One type of juncture enables us to distinguish “announce” from “an ounce.” In “announce” the sounds are all hooked together without break. But in “an ounce” there is a break between the second and third sounds. The same phenomenon occurs in such pairs as “anneal” and “an eagle,” “nitrates” and “night rates,” or in “gray day” and “gray day.”

This kind of “open” juncture necessarily occurs between sounds. There are also several other kinds of juncture. Consider the pair:

“Her Ladyship awaits without, Seymour.”

“Her Ladyship awaits, without Seymour.”

The commas in these sentences indicate juncture, so-called because the voice usually rises



Bobcats on a Weyerhaeuser tree farm where new trees always follow the old.

growing timber as a crop for you and your family

is grown as a managed crop on Weyerhaeuser lands wood products for you, your children and your ren. This requires continual reforestation and care- of each crop for 80 years or more.

cent years, this kind of long-range investment was l. Now it's a different story. Farsighted legislation 1944 set up a common-sense basis for timber taxa- result, 27 thousand individuals and firms are now ee crops as a business throughout the United States. s, however, are still very large.

sects and disease are constant enemies. Protection rivate road systems, fire equipment and crews, and aerial spraying to combat an insect infestation. Re- ind new and better ways to grow and protect trees o the cost of growing timber as a crop.

Despite the risks and costs, private tree farming is a sound business. It must remain so if America is to continue to enjoy the many advantages brought about through modern indus- trial forest management.

Consider the many benefits. Today about 64 million acres of private forestland are dedicated to perpetual production of timber and more acreage is being added every year. These lands are a continuing source of jobs, taxes, wood, water, wild- life and recreation. Under today's realistic tax and economic climate they can remain so forever.

Send for free Wildlife Picture Booklet describing our forestry practices and products. The booklet features a num- ber of wildlife color pictures ideal for framing, as well as interesting facts about modern forestry. Write Weyerhaeuser Company, Box A4, Tacoma, Wash. 98401.



w the great engineers Borg-Warner ped p this y alive.

*Lutheran General
 near Chicago
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 h Center. The doctors
 d of a new method,
 d in Holland,
 the patient was
 der pressure in a
 ric chamber. Could
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 hamber for them?
 at happened next
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 e today.*

*MBER, 1962, a "blue baby"
 Lutheran General Hospi-
 n estimated forty-eight
 e.
 nts had heard about an
 al chamber that was built*

for Lutheran General by the engineers at Borg-Warner—a pressure chamber that increases the oxygen level in the blood by as much as 15 times.

The doctors agreed with the baby's parents to try this chamber as a last-ditch effort.

The Chicago papers picked up the story, and for weeks the people of Chicago anxiously followed the baby's progress.

Twenty days later, the baby died of heart failure. It was a sad day.

In New York, the parents of another "blue baby" heard about the work being done by Lutheran's doctors. They flew to Chicago. Their baby needed an operation, but wasn't thought strong enough to survive it.

He did survive. The chamber helped him gain weight and strength, and when the operation was performed, it was successful. Our picture shows you how that baby looks today—eighteen-month-old James Patrick Angus of Long Island, N.Y.

James Patrick Angus became the go-ahead for a full-scale hyperbaric facility.

Supported by the John A. Hartford Foundation, the doctors of Lutheran General went back to Borg-Warner. Could the engineers of the

Research Center design three large hyperbaric chambers and the machinery to make them work? Could the engineers at Borg-Warner's York Division build the new facility?

You bet they could.

The new facility is now in operation at Lutheran General, helping doctors learn the extent to which high pressure oxygen may help patients suffering from gas gangrene, carbon monoxide poisoning and certain kinds of shock.

And they plan additional research to evaluate its effect on heart attack victims and patients suffering from strokes and from impaired circulation of arms and legs.

The great engineers at Borg-Warner are pleased to have been a part of all this. And just tickled silly about young James Patrick Angus.



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Enjoy the rich, robust flavor of versatile Coffee House . . . the Virgin Islands' only native coffee liqueur. It comes to you in an unbelievably costly handmade and hand painted ceramic decanter. Empty, this magnificent carafe is worth the price alone. Enjoy Coffee House now and enjoy this lovely decanter for years to come.

ness speech, after the gap, at the same level of pitch at which it broke off. The shift of juncture restructures the entire utterance. The word "out," for example, is an adverb in the first sentence but a preposition in the second.

Falling juncture, characterized by rise and fall of pitch, is most commonly the end-signal of a declarative sentence. We hear it after "Seymour" in both examples. Rising juncture, on the other hand, is commonly an end signal in an interrogative such as, "Her Ladyship awaits you, Seymour?" Rising juncture inside an utterance usually separates the elements of a list as in counting: "One, two, three, four . . ." or in listing: "Vanilla, chocolate, strawberry, and chocolate . . ."

Pitch, stress, and juncture together provide us with an objective way to distinguish between an incomplete utterance ("I am going . . .") and a complete one ("I am going."). The classic criterion of a "complete thought" is, at best, subjective. But the presence of certain stress-juncture patterns can be verified simply by speaking or listening.

It Accentuates the Positive

The structural approach to language has another great advantage: it is positive. The conventional grammar is negative, analyzing utterances only after they have been made, and stamping them, as the Department of Agriculture stamps meat, as acceptable for various levels of users. The structuralist, by contrast, is not trying to teach students to parse sentences that are put before them, but rather to enable them to devise sentences where none existed before.

To this end the chief teaching method is pattern practice. Nearly all English utterances can be reduced to a half-dozen or so basic patterns. One, for example, is the NVN: The boy loves the girl. The dog bites the man. Mantle hit a homer. Each sentence consists of three parts, but only two different ones, the noun and the verb. These can be expanded into noun clusters and verb clusters. The expansive devices are finite—in number, very few—but the permutations are infinite. The noun, for example, grows by an agglutivative process, fore and aft. Single word modifiers come before, in any number but not in any order. The adjective precedes the modifying noun. As we say, "The nervous police dog bit the postman," but we do not say, "The police nervous dog bit the postman." From this we can see that the difference between an adjective and a pre-

modifying noun is a real one: they pattern differently. We can verify by the simple test of speaking out loud. We can say, "The dilapidated yellow house," or, "The yellow dilapidated house," indifferently. But we cannot reverse the order of the modifiers in "The yellow ranch house."

In the post-modifying position are the adjective phrase and the adjective clause, commonly in that order. Thus, "The nervous police dog in the yard next door who is a friend of mine . . ." All of it is, essentially, an expansion by modification of the single noun, "dog." It can be schematized thus:

The	nervous	police	dog
<i>Determiner</i>	<i>Adjective</i>	<i>Noun</i>	<i>Noun</i>
in the yard next door		who is a friend of mine	
<i>Adjective Phrase</i>		<i>Adjective Clause</i>	

Abbreviating this, and inserting arrows to show the direction of modification, we arrive at the abstraction:

D \rightarrow A \rightarrow N N \leftarrow AP \leftarrow AC

In the classroom, we might simply begin with that formula and ask the students to flesh it out in real language. Then we can play around with these elements, making elaborate repetitions, substitutions, and expansions. For example, the noun within the adjective phrase can itself become the headword of a noun cluster. Take the phrase "in the front yard" and it can be expanded to "in the weedy, toy-littered front yard of that shiftless Kallikak family that's always disgracing the neighborhood." Students enjoy playing this game. Sometimes the sentences that emerge are shapely and admirable, sometimes not. If not, one can always try again, for the resources of the language are infinite. The point is that the student is learning to use these resources.

Thus, in the NVN, the N's may also be phrases or clauses. Double such a pattern into a parallel construction and you get "To err is human; to forgive, divine." The student comes to such things by stages.

Begin with a simple NVN: "You receive your earnings." Now transform the predicate N into a clause: "You receive what you earn." Now transform into parallel clauses, NCI V NCI "What you receive is what you earn." Now modify the verbs in each clause with a phrase so as to make your reference concrete. "What you receive in happiness is what you have earned in suffering."

The verb expands as well, in its own fashion.

The point of this technique is that it is concrete and positive, synthetic rather than analytic. The emphasis is on what you do rather than on what you don't do.

Talking Prose All His Life

Thus far I have spoken of the bone-structure of language, which the average child has pretty well under control by the age of five. He will add a good deal of vocabulary. And he has yet to learn to read and write, but these are coding processes for the language he already knows.

In theory, he ought to write as fluently as he speaks, once he learns the code. Many teachers ask the student simply to reproduce his speech on paper. He is told to act as his own stenographer, to write it down as he says it. But this advice the student finds astonishingly hard to put into practice. Why?

For one thing, the student does not write as much as he speaks. Who does? He does not even write enough to make the act commonplace. Ideally, he should approach a blank sheet of paper as casually as he sits at a table to eat. But of course he doesn't.

Our students hate to write. It is hate born of fear, for a composition is a deadly game between them and their teacher. Every time the student commits something to paper he incurs the risk of error. Writing at school is a maze of pitfalls—shall or will? like or as? comma or semicolon? EI or IE? Writing has been taught as an endless series of proscriptions, of things thou shalt *not* do.

The aim of the new grammarians is to convince the student that he has been talking prose all his life, to make him conscious of the linguistic devices he has been using unconsciously. We do not harry him, nag him, and pester him about trivialities of usage.

This does not mean that the linguists have opened the floodgates of illiteracy or have sanctioned the debasement of the tongue of Shakespeare, Milton, and Dwight Macdonald—as has sometimes been charged. This is sheer nonsense derived, I think, from a misunderstanding of the purpose of *descriptive* linguistics, particularly dialect geography. It is a fact that some people say, "He done it. I seen it with my own eyes." Those who chart dialects can tell you who is likely to say this, where, and when. They will not pretend that nobody says it. On the other hand, they will certainly not recommend that if you are given to this kind of speech you

apply to NBC for an announcer's job. The linguists supply data, not ethical judgments.

They are aware, too, that "I seen him" is *structurally* no different from "I seed him," "I done seen him," or even, if you insist, "I saw him." None of them can be misunderstood. All of them have the same moral content, which is zero. Once the student realizes that the teacher treats the dialect with the same indifference with which he treats his face, the ground is prepared for learning. The "I seen" speaker attests by his presence in a classroom that he wishes to become an "I saw" speaker. He may not know this, but he can be convinced. Furthermore, you do not attack his problem by picking at his usage errors. These are the mop-up operations, not the main field of battle. The teacher's basic job is to convince his students that written English is the language he has known all his life; that there is a real relationship, which you can verify and manipulate, between the sounds you make in the air and the marks you put on a paper.

I am all for teaching the dialect of the educated, whatever that may be. But languages are different wherever you go, and changing all the time. The material we deal with is alive. As a teacher I advise my student about the current status of linguistic shibboleths, just as the lawyer tells his client where he thinks he may safely chisel on taxes this year. Thus I can tell freshmen that "Who did you see at the party?" is relatively safe by now; but "I seen him" is non-U.

Don't Blame Miss Prouty

To what extent has structural grammar penetrated the curricula of American schools? The answer is, No more than slightly. On the face of it, this fact is amazing, if not un-American. Characteristically, we are enchanted by the new, contemptuous of yesterday (unless it is nostalgically "antique"). And we are automatically convinced that today's fashions represent Progress. Yet, though my children find my fountain pen as quaint as a quill, they are still being taught the grammar Thomas Jeffers learned.

Is this because modern linguistics has become so arcane that only a small group of specialists in the graduate schools know what is going on? If so, what can you expect of poor old Miss Prouty, who teaches sixth grade? But Miss Prouty is also teaching the New Mathematics and relatively up-to-date science. She does not, of course, discourse on genetics and nucleoni-

terms remotely like those of the scientists in these fields. And the new grammar would make no more technical demands on her. Don't blame Miss Prouty.

It is—as a practical matter—subject to the national Establishment which is dominated by the rebellious generation reared in the so-called repressive movement of the 1920s and '30s. The chief of this group is anti-academic, in fact anti-rational. Whatever was rigorous, traditional, practical was anathematized as undemocratic. "Adjustment" was the objective. "Democratic" education had to be good education. Hence the public shock at Sputnik I. The agonizing reversal, however, encompassed only mathematics and the sciences—at least at first. It has taken some time for the public to accept the notion (if it has yet) that an illiterate engineer cannot be a good engineer, that a comic-book style stifles young physicists no less than young artists.

It was only after huge sums of money, public or private, had been poured into an effort to make a great leap forward in the sciences that the small scattered voices of the humanities began to be heard. Now such enterprises as the nationally supported "Project English" are attempting to do for English what has been done recently for mathematics, the creation of a sequential modern curriculum from kindergarten to college. At last there is hope of bringing new vitality to our ancient discipline.

Thus far it is hope more than actuality. What is the outlook for the future? In a general way, textbooks are an indicator of classroom practice. A typical case is the 1964 college catalogue of one of the largest textbook publishers in the United States, Scott, Foresman & Company. Here under the heading "English Composition" are no less than eighteen composition texts, of which are used by scores of thousands of students, year after year. Every one of them is rational in approach. From the technical aspect from the pedagogical point of view, there is very little choice among them.

In this same catalogue we find—but under a different heading, "English Language"—*A Short Introduction to English Grammar* by the eminent linguist, James Sledd. The author calls his book "transitional" text, and says in a note to teachers who use the book that "a number of new textbooks, not one or two, are needed to prepare for some future text which might enjoy general success in the English classroom." His book, as he prophesied, has not swept the field.

Neither have his predecessors', which make a short list. Among these are Lloyd and Warfel, *American English in its Cultural Setting* (1956); Paul Roberts, *Understanding English* (1958); and the same author's *English Sentences* (1962). Admitting some marginal cases, one could double this catalogue and exhaust it.

For the high school there is Paul Roberts, *Patterns of English*, which is essentially a simpler version of the *Understanding English*. And aimed at the junior high school is Postman, Morine, and Morine, *Discovering Your Language* (1963), a brilliant presentation of modern grammar in a very simple style. It is too soon to know how wide an acceptance this book will have.

When we turn to the lower grades, we find next to nothing. In short, the entry of linguistically oriented grammars into the school system is in the form of an inverted pyramid, with the least where it is needed most.

Like the automobile manufacturers, the textbook houses are Big Business. Both must offer change within continuity. Both must be prepared with some reply to the yearly challenge, "What have you got that's new?" They are too committed to be radical, yet fearful of being left behind. The usual response to this familiar dilemma is compromise. Yet compromise is often impractical, sometimes impossible. You can't design a tight-cornering racing car which is also a gently moving living room for Aunt Tillie. So there is a basic incompatibility between rigorous linguistic analysis and the comfortable old truisms. Nevertheless it is a commonplace now for the publishers to advertise their texts as "structural" or "embodying the best of the new," and so on. The fifth edition of the *Harbrace College Handbook* (1962)—for decades one of the most widely adopted college texts—states in its introduction that "teachers of English composition welcome the new knowledge of grammar that has come from the active linguistic scholarship of the past few decades." For all that, we read in the body of the text that verbs are "indicators of action or a state of being."

The publisher, it seems, is nervously pretending to climb aboard a nonexistent bandwagon without jeopardizing his best-sellers. In short, the fraction of our students which is sent to the bookstore to buy a scientific grammar of English is about the same as the fraction of American automobile buyers which purchases all-out sports cars.

Nonetheless I believe it is inevitable that the new will eventually supplant the old, though the change will not be soon or sudden. Several aca-

demic generations will be required to teach enough teachers to teach enough teachers—and for enough of those teachers to rise to positions of administrative power where decisions on curricula are made.

What Makes an Emerson?

And in the meantime there are discouraging difficulties. For instance, the drift of information has been downward, from the graduate school to the grades. Naturally enough, experimental programs and curricular changes have been seeping down in the same direction, despite the fact that the logical way to build a curriculum is from the bottom up.

For three years we conducted a controlled so-called "structural experiment" at the University of Illinois in Chicago. A certain number of sections of freshman rhetoric were taught structural grammar, using the Lloyd-Warfel text, and later the Roberts *Understanding English*. A control group was taught conventionally. Both groups were tested not on their knowledge of grammar, however, but on their improvement in composition. The tests were elaborate and were conducted by disinterested panels of English professors and psychologists. (They of course did not know which group was which.) To the astonishment of some, the two sets of classes came out exactly even. Looked at one way, we didn't do our guinea pigs any harm; from another point of view, we did them no remarkable amount of good.

I was not surprised. I had said at the outset that structural grammar is no panacea; I say it now with authority. If I had it to do over again, I would add a third element to the experiment: a group of students who were taught nothing at all. My prediction is that they would run nose to nose with the others.

We haven't had the nerve to try this experiment, for fear it might put us out of business. My contention is that this has already happened, for we have no more business teaching basic grammar (new or old-fashioned) in colleges than a college mathematics department has teaching the multiplication tables. We never agreed to do it, exactly, but we have taken the job by default. The trouble is that we can't do it. Our students are too old.

We college professors complain that they can't read and write. After a year or more of heroic struggle, we leave them pretty much as we found them. We blame the high schools, the teachers'

colleges, our culture—hot rods, TV, comic books, conformity, togetherness—and none of these recriminations teaches a single student how to read and write.

College instructors, at least, have a valid excuse. If they don't teach English composition very well, it is for the excellent reason that they are trying to train the dog after he has grown up. What we have got to do first of all is to get grammar back in the grammar school.

At this point I hear the voice of the opposition: "We really taught them in the old days." I agree. A cumbersome and inaccurate system is better than no system at all. In fact, some of those old-fashioned rhetoric teachers did very well indeed.

I am thinking now of Professor Edward Tyng Channing, who once occupied the chair of Rhetoric at Harvard College. Among his students were R. W. Emerson, Henry Thoreau, James Lowell, Edward Everett Hale, Charles Sumner, Oliver Wendell Holmes. . . . He produced some pretty good writers, and he taught them out of Lindley Murray's uncompromisingly Latin grammar. But Professor Channing did very well enough with what he had. Professor Schiller, with all the apparatus of structural linguistics at his disposal—cannot make any comparable claim.

I conclude from this, in all humility, that Professor Channing got a high percentage of Emersons, Thoreaus, and Lowells in his classes, and I do not. Emersons, whether Channing teaches them, or I teach them, turn into Emersons. We can help them sometimes; we probably can't hurt them too much harm—but we can't make them. They have the language in their bones.

The good student always had sense enough to ignore grammar. His intuition of the language overrode the theory. But what of poor John, who can't read? I'm afraid an occasional reference to a predicate nominative or the subjunctive mood won't help him much. Now that we have undertaken to educate everybody, we need a grammar that really works.

Structural linguistics has given us the tools; we have to learn to use them. In the past fifty years some of us have brought this theoretical information down to the college freshman level. The next step is the high schools—and we have a very thin end of a wedge in there. But the final objective is the grammar schools. When that day comes that we have finally reinstated grammar—a rational grammar—as a body of subject matter in our elementary schools, on that day we college professors will have reconquered our own territory.

The Case for an Independent Quebec

by Jacqueline Moore

*it-up resentments have erupted in
lence, and many French Canadians
o believe that Quebec must sever her
with Canada, although that could
ll economic disaster.*

When I left Quebec to live in the United States in the spring of 1959, Maurice Duplessis was still alive. He was then the premier of a corrupt and backward Canadian province, twice the size of Texas, where idiots, convicts, and married women were legally prohibited from making contracts, where the dead voted several times in each election, where labor was plentiful, cheap, and undisciplined, and an \$18 government license to sell liquor might be had for a \$30,000 bribe. For almost a quarter-century (with a hiatus after the wartime defeat) Maurice Duplessis, a dictator, ruled five million people as if they were children. He was not an indulgent father. On one occasion he demanded that the Vatican remove the bishop Joseph Charbonneau of Montreal, a cardinal prelate who had dared to oppose him. Charbonneau was exiled to British Columbia. Duplessis, believing himself infallible, acted as his own attorney-general and trusted neither his ministers nor the members of his National Union

party to run the government except under his direct supervision.

On September 7, 1959, Maurice Duplessis died of a cerebral hemorrhage and Paul Sauvé took over as Quebec's premier. Sauvé was the one National Union minister whom Duplessis had never been able to browbeat, and he promised to reform the government. He had made an impressive start when in January 1960 he died of a heart attack. The National Union chose as his successor an old Duplessis henchman named Antonio Barrette. Quebec, however, repudiated Barrette at the polls, and in June 1960 the provincial Liberal party came to power for the first time since 1944 with the slogan *Il faut que ça change*—it has to change.

It was in a sobering atmosphere of national disunity and provincial unrest that a forty-eight-year-old lawyer named Jean Lesage became the new Liberal premier of Quebec. The province has always been an indigestible lump in English Canada's throat but at least French Canadians know who and what they are. Other Canadians seem increasingly unsure of their national identity. In a recent survey 29 per cent said they wanted to join the United States and 65 per cent said they favored economic union with the U. S. Canadians have had two minority governments in succession. They could not agree on an official

Canadian flag or a national anthem, so they solved the dilemma by having neither. On one point, though, English Canadians do agree: they consider French Canadians second-class citizens.

In the summer of 1960 Quebec was underdeveloped territory. Its people were undereducated and underemployed. They were ready to try anything to transform their province into a modern, industrialized state. The main difficulty was how to pay for progress. Although direct taxation is a right granted the provinces by Canada's constitution, the federal government was collecting most of the nation's taxes and returning only a fraction of this money to the provinces. Quebec was broke. As Lesage prepared to challenge Ottawa's fiscal authority, trouble flared at home.

A rebellious group of young men, fed up with Quebec's minority status as compared with the nine English-speaking provinces, demanded that Quebec secede from Canada and become an independent republic. They called themselves Separatists but no one took them seriously. French Canadians make up a third of Canada's 18,500,000 population, and those living in Quebec believed that despite their difficulties with Ottawa, Quebec's future belonged with the country which will celebrate its one-hundredth birthday in 1967.

But as the months passed, Separatists ceased to be regarded as harmless hotheads. Their slogans appeared on walls and fences: *Vive Canada Français! Québec Libre!* They wrote books, made speeches, formed Separatist parties, demonstrated. Dr. Marcel Chaput, one of their leaders, went on a hunger strike to raise money for the cause. In thirty-three days of fasting he raised \$100,000 and lost forty-one pounds of his original 245.

Then, bombs exploded in Montreal. A man was killed; another maimed. Arms were stolen from military supply depots. Young men joined an underground army called the *Front de Libération Québécoise*. The Montreal Police Department organized an antiterrorist squad. Queen Elizabeth II was warned by Separatists not to visit Quebec this October—her safety could not be guaranteed.

Premier Jean Lesage worked fast to get his Liberal program passed in the provincial legislature before the Separatists, trading on the people's discontent, gained any more popular sup-

port. He raised the school-leaving age to fifteen, lowered the voting age to eighteen, nationalized private power companies, started free hospital insurance, devised a province-wide old-age pension plan, enlarged the rights of married women, eliminated corrupt election practices, and named the first Minister of Education in Quebec history.

But the Separatists still remained, growing stronger, and what was once inconceivable is now considered possible. This year, the Lesage government decided to appoint a committee to study the effects of independence, and Lester Pearson, the Prime Minister of Canada, announced shortly afterwards that the federal government might do the same. An ugly, anti-French sentiment is growing in the English provinces. There is real danger of a civil war if Quebec tries to secede.

No Opinions, Only Sentiment

As the news from Canada grew more disturbing, I decided to return to see for myself what was happening in the province where I was born. I found a Quebec I scarcely recognized.

The mood among English Canadians there was one of hostile uncertainty: It can't possibly happen here—but it may. What do the French want for God's sake? How much *can* we give them without destroying Canada? An independent Quebec would cut us in half, like Pakistan. The United States won't let it happen—the Americans would never let French Canadians control the St. Lawrence River.

Arrogance, formerly an English Canadian trait, seems to have been transferred to the French. Many of my more temperate English friends are sending their children to French schools now, but, conversely, many young French Canadians refuse to speak English anymore, though they speak it fluently. A French student tells me his design for a uniquely Canadian flag: "nine beavers urinating on a frog."

The new breed of French Canadian is proud of his race. "We used to be anti-English," one told me. "Now, we're pro-French." They no longer feel inferior to those English-speaking Canadians who have ruled their economic lives since they were conquered by the British in 1759.

"Last year's bombs blasted more than mail boxes," a young journalist explained. "They blasted English complacency. Five years ago we couldn't get Ottawa to send out bilingual government checks. Now, everyone here is taking French lessons. But it's too late. We no longer give

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whether the Anglo-Saxons learn French." The hope bolsters sagging English morale in Quebec: the hope that the "average French Canadian" will not buy this dream of independence if going to cost him money and lower his standard of living—which has only recently begun to rise. No one knows for sure how the majority of French Canadians feel. Trade unionists are solidly against Separatism, but when I pointed out this fact to a young Separatist he said, "They were solidly against Duplessis," he said. "And they tried to convince union members not to vote for him. But the workers elected their leaders and voted National Union anyway because they admired Duplessis' style. They will ignore their leaders again."

Wilfred Laurier, the great French Canadian statesman, once said Quebec does "not have feelings, only sentiments." It is precisely this emotional approach to their problems which makes it so difficult to predict how French Canadians will react, finally, to the issue of Separatism. Only the idea of independence has always appealed to them. ("We are all Separatists at heart," a Quebec politician has said.) But no one can predict whether this sentiment is strong enough today to make French Canadians choose independence as the ultimate solution of their minority status. Perhaps they only intend to use the threat of secession as a weapon to force changes in the Canadian constitution. Many of the people to whom I spoke, however, said they were willing to pay the economic price of independence.

"We want to get out in the world on our own," a Separatist told me. "We don't exist now. What's a French Canadian mean, say, to a Mexican? We want to build something that resembles us, so that the world knows us. Independence is harder than being governed by others. We know that, but as a grown-up, we're willing to take on the responsibility."

The new self-confidence of French Canadians is expressed by a joke making the rounds in Quebec. A French Canadian is drowning in a swimming pool. "Help!" he screams. Two other French Canadians hear the scream but do nothing. A second "Help!" rings out, then a third, still no response. Finally, one French Canadian turns to the other. "Instead of learning English," he says, "he'd have done better to learn to swim."

One of the first persons I arranged to see in Montreal when I went home was Gérard Pelletier, the forty-four-year-old editor-in-chief of *La Presse*, Montreal's biggest French daily.

Pelletier does not want Canada to break up. He

doesn't think an independent Quebec could survive as a small drop of French water in a vast American sea, and he is passionately attached to the idea of French Canadian survival. "The thing that all French Canadians have in common," he said, "is a desire to maintain our national identity. It is precisely because this identity is threatened that Separatism has become so attractive an alternative. It's a symptom of our hidden discontent. Personally, I don't believe it's the answer to our problems. What's more, so many Separatists seem to favor some form of totalitarian state. I would consider independence a disaster, politically."

The Results of Being Despised

Much as he is opposed to the idea of a separate Quebec, Pelletier does not condone the treatment his people have received. Speaking of the English, he said: "They have had ninety-seven years since Confederation to make Canada a truly bilingual country and they have done nothing. The Separatists have scared them. Perhaps the threat of secession will force changes as nothing else has been able to do."

The idea that Confederation was a bad bargain for the French has led some people to throw out the baby with the bath water. I had an odd conversation with a French poet. "There is no Canada," he told me. "It's a myth. It doesn't exist."

"Then what are you?" I asked.

"I'm a Quebecer," he said.

"And what am I?" I asked.

"That's your problem," he replied.

It might have been amusing to bring this young poet along on the day I went to tea in Westmount, Montreal's well-to-do English suburb. The English-speaking matrons around the tea table were accustomed to dealing with French Canadian maids, taxi-drivers, and postmen, and they discussed Quebec's malaise as if they were planters' wives in Kenya. They complained of uppity salesgirls who refused to serve them in English. They decided the French were impossible, that "something" should be done about them. One woman said she was not going to be able to fly her Union Jack on the lawn at her summer cottage. "They tore a lot of flags down last year and I don't want any unpleasantness," she said. "But I won't let on why I'm not flying the flag. I'll just say the halyard's broken, or something." She paused. "I can't understand it. We've never had any trouble with the Union Jack

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No. of Plants	Firm	No. of Plants	Firm	No. of Plants	Firm	No. of Plants
	Textile Products					
	A. Bunasano	1	Lovable Company	5	Van Raalte	7
	Ace Bag & Burlap Co.	1	Loyal Novelty Co.	2	Veamount Specialty	1
	Air Baby, Inc.	1	Lucien Pinet Upholstery	1	Vogue Bridals	1
	Angus Mfg. Co.	2	M. Hoffman & Co.	1	W. R. Fromm Corp.	1
	Annin & Co.	1	M.K.M. Hosiery & Knitting Mills	8	Warner Brothers	2
	Ansonia Mills, Inc.	1	M. Sherman & Co.	1	Wear Rite Brassiere Mfg. Co., Inc.	1
	Applique, Inc.	2	Maid-Rite Novelty Corp.	3	Wilker Brothers	1
	Art Textiles	1	Maidenform Brassiere Co.	14	William Gluckin	5
	Bali Brassiere & Co.	2	Manhattan Shirt Co.	1	Wolfe & Victor Novelties	2
	Baylis Brothers Co.	1	Max H. Kahn Curtain Corp.	1	Wonderknot Corp. (Blumont)	1
	Beau Bra Foundations	2	McKunzie Pajama Corp.	1	York Glove Mills	1
	★Beaunit Mills, Inc.	1	Melody Bra & Girdle Co.	1	Youthcraft Creations	3
	Belle Maid Foundations	1	Messing Knitwear Co., Inc.	1		
	Belleclair Novelty, Inc.	1	Miller Dress Factory	1	Tobacco Manufacturers	
	Bestform Foundations	3	M'Lady Sportswear	1	Bayuk Cigars, Inc.	1
	Biflex Foundations	2	★Mohasco Industries	3	Blackstone Cigar	1
	Bobbie Brooks, Inc.	2	Movie Star, Inc.	1	★Consolidated Cigar Corp.	8
	★Burlington Industries	1	Nan Flower Lingerie	1	D.W.G. Cigar Corp.	2
	B.V.D. Corp.	5	National Industrial Laundries, Inc.	2	General Cigar Co., Inc.	2
	Cadillac Coverall Co.	1	Nylon Undies	3	Hartman Tobacco Co. of P.R.	2
	Canterbury Belt, Ltd.	1	P&L Embroidery	1		
	Capitol Ornaments	1	Panoramic Trading Mfg.	1	Miscellaneous	
	Carnival Creations, Inc.	1	Paragon Art & Linen	1	Allan Mfg. Co.	2
	Carol Anne Lingerie Corp.	1	Penn Products, Inc.	1	★American Hardware	1
	Carter Industrial Laundry	1	Perfect Brassiere Co., Inc.	5	Booth Leasing Corp.	1
	Character Foundations, Inc.	3	Perry Lingerie Co.	1	Brumberger Co., Inc.	2
	Chelsea Lingerie, Inc.	1	Peter Pan Mfg. Co.	5	★Brunswick Corp.	2
	Chevett, Inc.	2	Picardy Mills, Inc.	2	D. Arnold Assoc.	1
	Clayton Supply, Inc.	2	Plaza Mills, Inc.	2	Delta Brush Mfg. Corp.	2
	Colfax Industries, Inc.	2	Premier Gloves	1	DeLuxe Reading Corp.	1
	Colonial Corp. of America	2	R.E.A. Coverall Laundry	1	Dirlyte Co. of America	1
	Contessa Lingerie, Inc.	1	Reliance International Corp.	1	Drackett Company	1
	Cooper Textile Mills	1	Rhodia, Inc.	1	Elmer Handicaps, Inc.	1
	Coyne Industrial Supply	1	Ritefit Mfg. Co.	1	Empire Brush Corp.	1
	Crescendoe Gloves, Inc.	1	Robert Reis & Co.	1	Evans Rule Co.	2
	Dauray Textiles	1	Rosenau Brothers, Inc.	1	Fidalgo Sales Co.	1
	DeLuxe Girdlecraft	1	Rugrofters, Inc.	1	H. Goodman & Sons, Inc.	1
	Delightform Mfg. Corp.	2	S&R Infants Wear	1	Hayman & Lindberg	1
	Designer's Knitting Mills	1	Sagner Sons, Inc.	1	Henry Gonzales	1
	Designer's Workroom, Inc.	1	Secret Charm	1	Huisman Brothers	1
	Detroit Overall Mfg. Co.	1	Seymour Frankl	1	Ideal Mfg. Co., Inc.	1
	Dorset Embroidery	1	Sidney Gould, Ltd.	1	International Swimming Pool Corp.	1
	Eastern States Wool Corp.	1	Sokres, Inc.	2	J. DeBeer & Sons	1
	Edwin Balder Assoc.	2	Sonjay Mills	2	Joseph Markowitz, Inc.	1
	Exquisite Form Brassiere	8	Spirite Mfg. Co.	1	L.M.D. Jewelry Mfg. Co.	1
	Fabrini Imports	1	Splendor Form Co.	4	Lazare-Kaplan & Sons	1
	Famous Cotton	1	Sportswear Hosiery Mills	1	Linochine Products Corp.	1
	Felco Athletic Co., Inc.	1	Star Overall Uniforms Mfg. Corp.	1	Margolis Setting Corp.	1
	Fetzger, Inc.	1	Star Union Pajama (Pajama Corp. of Tenn.)	1	Monogram Precision Instruments	1
	Fiesta Model Wear, Inc.	1	★Stanley-Warner	3	Perrygraph Corp.	1
	Figure Builder Foundations	1	Stein Uniforms	2	Playmaster, Inc.	1
	Flora Mfg.	1	Super Form Brassiere Co., Inc.	1	★Philadelphia & Reading Corp.	1
	Fordham-Bardell Shirt Co.	1	Tech-Aero Foam Products	1	Robert Berwald & Assoc.	1
	Forever Yours	1	Tennessee Knitting Mills	3	Royal Bead Novelty Co., Inc.	1
	Fownes Brothers Co.	3	Textile Bag & Specialty	1	Sani-Smoke, Inc.	1
	Fuhrman-Levitt, Inc.	1	The French Worsted Co.	2	Scandia Silver Co.	1
	Geimart Knitting Mills	3	Threads, Inc.	1	Scolding Locks Corp.	1
	Gem Lingerie	1	Tiny Town Togs	2	Sobel Brothers, Inc.	1
	Goodline Sportswear, Inc.	1	Top Form Mills	1	Solo Products Corp.	3
	Grandoe Glove Corp.	1	Toscony	1	Tober Baseball Mfg. Co.	1
	Greystone Knitwear	3	United Cellular Products	2	Valencia Jewelry, Inc.	1
	Griffin Garment Co.	1	United Covering Corp.	1	★Wilson	1
	Gutman-Lahn Glove Co.	2	Universal Elastic Corp.	1	Winsted Steel Balls Sales Corp.	1
	Harwood Mfg. Corp.	4	V&D Machine Embroidery	1		
	Herman Hollander, Inc.	1				
	I. J. Dorfman	1				
	India Textile Assoc., Ltd.	1				
	International Stretch Products	1				
	J. A. Garcia	2				
	Jacobs Brothers, Inc.	1				
	Jantzen, Inc.	1				
	Jeffries Processors, Inc.	1				
	K&A (Elizabeth Kugelman)	1				
	★Kayser-Roth Corp.	8				
	Kulin Waste Products	1				
	L&W Brassiere Co.	2				
	Lady Marlene Bras	4				
	Lady Suzanne Foundations, Inc.	1				
	Lambert Products, Inc.	2				
	Langston Bag Co.	1				
	Lassie Togs, Inc.	2				
	Lebanon Shoulder Strap Co.	1				
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Burning the Laboratory

by Robert Pack

For months I have been planning it.
The time has come, nothing having changed.
Almost like clockwork, the watchman, shortly
After midnight, begins to doze, his head bobbing
On his shoulders like a swimmer.

Occasionally a twitch will wake him, hair
Falling into his eyes—but I must chance that.
About one-thirty, Dr. Wunsch, always last,
Will leave, followed by his hunched back
And unfinished thoughts. He ignores the watch-
man

Who, in his sleep, expects him, dreaming
The truth. I will smack the watchman's head
With a pipe (hopefully not injuring him),
Take his keys and, guided by the floor-plan
(Sent to me by the State as a public service),
I will, in less than four minutes, achieve
The basement where I will set three time-bombs
I have myself made: one by the heating plant;
One by the electrical control unit;
And one just for good luck. I will leave
By the delivery entrance in the back.
If all goes well, the building should not
Collapse, but fires should break out all over,
Though, of course, I cannot know how
The various chemicals and equipment
Will react. Perhaps, on the second floor,
The fixed brains of the white rats will jerk open,
Prescribed memories and the tinkered past
Will fall away; perhaps their pink eyes
Will darken, their foreheads widen to admit
A thought, and, in a miraculous elixir
Of smoky flames, perhaps a saving word
Will shape the split, groping lips of a leader.
It is possible. Like peace.

at the golf club, and we have several French Canadian caddies."

I myself am of mixed blood—half French, half Irish—and I find it difficult to control my anger when English Canadians discuss French Canadians in this way, or as priest-ridden, uneducated, inferior, dishonest—which are among the more common epithets. It is true that when I lived there, Quebec politics seemed to bear out this harsh description. But Quebec's character was forced on her by history. Abandoned by France and conquered by Britain, the original French settlers were allowed to keep their language, re-

ligion, and civil laws; but they nevertheless found themselves a despised minority in a country they once had ruled. It was *they* who had to learn English to get work, even though 82 per cent of the province of Quebec is French-speaking by birth. Only Quebec had both English and French public schools, and responsible jobs in Ottawa almost always went to English Canadians. The same discrimination was practiced in the business world, and a French Canadian was forced to adopt the manners and language of the English if he wished to get ahead. More than 50 per cent of Quebec's manufacturing industry and 80 per cent of her mining industry are still controlled by non-French Canadians.

As a result of such factors the French Canadian Quebec developed their feelings of inferiority and their sense of persecution. They resisted progress because progress meant change—and change would threaten their ethnic survival. They clung to the Roman Catholic Church as a defense against Protestant anglicization. Any demagogue, who promised to protect their rights and was blamed Ottawa for their misery—as Duplessis did—could be certain of their allegiance. It was only since Duplessis' death that French Canadian horizon has widened to include its government in the list of things to be improved.

André Laurendeau, a respected French Canadian journalist, has given an acid explanation: English Quebec's bland indifference to the corruption in successive provincial governments. Laurendeau wrote that "Quebec's Anglophobia [English-speakers] behave like the British in one of their African colonies. They surround the Negro King but they let him behave as he pleases. Occasionally, he will be permitted to cut off his head if it's customary. It would never occur to them to demand of a Negro King that he conform to the high moral and political standards of the British. The Negro King must collaborate and protect the interests of the British. With that taken care of, the rest counts for little. Does the little King violate the rules of democracy? Well, what could one expect from such a primitive creature?"

Two Voices in the Church

The Church is a powerful guardian of French Canadian culture and morals, but it, too, has been put on the defensive. In August 1960, when Pope John was beginning to liberate Catholic thought, a French Canadian teacher, who was later identified as Brother Pierre Jérôme, wrote a bo-

The Impertinences of Brother Anonymous which he attacked Quebec's backward, church-schools, the bad French spoken by her citizens (the "language of defeat," he called it), and reactionary clerical domination of the province.

"To work with the axe," he wrote, "though I like to. . . . We are a servile race; our loins broken two hundred years ago, and it is time to break them."

Months after the book's appearance, it had sold more than 100,000 copies. Shortly after-ward Brother Anonymous was required to go to Montreal "to continue his theological studies."

It was 1960, when the Church still felt strong enough to discipline one of its members. This year, I was told, Brother Anonymous is back home. Paul-Emile Cardinal Léger of Montreal, Quebec's senior churchman, is a liberal, like most of the younger priests, but his conservative bishops are horrified at the erosion of clerical power, particularly in the field of education. The ecclesiastic split has made it difficult for the Church to speak with one voice and so she has chosen to remain officially silent as old values are torn from the province.

When I lived there, many intellectuals were anticlerical because Quebec was a tightly controlled clerical state. But these men believed in religion, even as they fought the Church's clerical power. This is no longer true, especially among university students.

"We're not anticlerical anymore," a young man told me. "We're simply not religious."

As the Church's authority weakens among students and intellectuals; with the Separatists fighting for power, Quebec is nearing her time of dissolution.

Pierre Lesage, who once served as Minister of Northern Affairs in the federal government, is asking the federal government to decentralize itself in order to stem the tide of Separatism. The Lesage plan—which he calls cooperative federalism—envisions a bicultural country with Quebec subservient to Ottawa. Quebec would not spend her own money, get out of as many joint federal-provincial plans as is feasible, be consulted as an equal partner on matters of national policy. His position is somewhat similar to that of the extremist defenders of states' rights in the United States, and to English-speaking Canadians he sometimes sounds like a Separatist. The current Lesage slogan is *Maîtres de Nous*, which means Masters in Our Own

the man whom English Canadians fear the

most is a forty-two-year-old political phenomenon named René Lévesque who is Minister for Natural Resources in the Lesage government. Lévesque's power in the province goes far beyond the limits of his job and last spring an English-language magazine demanded his arrest for sedition because he told a student audience in Montreal that the use of guns and dynamite was immoral and that Quebec's future status must be achieved without them "as much as possible." It was the last four words which got him into difficulties with the English. Lévesque is frank, sometimes to the point of indiscretion, but he is no advocate of violence and has consistently opposed the use of arms. His left-of-center political philosophy which appeals strongly to young French Canadians is another mark against him in English Canada. And his insistence that one-third of the country can no longer be ruled by the other two-thirds has made his name anathema in the other provinces.

"Permanently Disgusted"

The difference between the Lesage and Lévesque positions is more one of degree than anything else. They both want a self-governing Quebec but Lévesque goes further in the powers he would give the province. When I lunched with him in Montreal, he said he believed it might be possible to keep Quebec within Confederation—so long as everyone realized the status quo was dead. If, however, Quebec could not achieve the freedom she wanted within the context of a federated Canada, then Lévesque saw no choice for her but to get out.

Until he went into politics, Lévesque was a popular political commentator for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, a job which has made his face and personality as familiar to Quebecers as Ed Sullivan's. He was not an ardent nationalist when I first met him, fifteen years ago. What had changed him so?

"The CBC strike," he told me. "It convinced me the French-English partnership in Canada was a myth."

That strike, which began in late December 1958, involved seventy-four producers of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's French network. They went out on strike for the right to join a union. The strike was long and bitter; English-speaking producers and English unions did not support it. During the strike, René Lévesque wrote an article in which he criticized the English press for their handling of strike news

and said he did not believe Ottawa would have let the strike drag on so long if the English network had been involved. "Some of us," he wrote, "maybe a lot of us, will come out of this permanently disgusted with a certain ideal called National Unity."

A year later, he went into politics and became the leading radical in Jean Lesage's reform-minded government.

Bitterly opposed to the Lesage government is the RIN, the *Rassemblement pour l'Indépendance Nationale*. The RIN is the dominant party to emerge from among the half-dozen Separatist groups born in the early days of the movement. The party is led by men under forty, supported by men under forty, and dedicated to establishing the Republic of Quebec before Canada's hundredth birthday in 1967. The RIN is an unknown force since it has yet to be tested extensively at the polls, but the party plans to run candidates in the next provincial election which must come by 1966.

André d'Allemagne, the party's first president, is a thirty-four-year-old advertising copywriter who wrote his master's thesis on the ill effects of speaking two languages. When we talked, d'Allemagne told me he would like to see Quebec a republic modeled on Sweden's welfare state. The RIN hopes, he said, to elect enough deputies to the next provincial legislature to constitute a majority in favor of independence. They would then vote Quebec out of Confederation.

D'Allemagne is opposed to violence but he would fight if Quebec were attacked for seceding. He is not troubled by the problems independence would create and he feels sure Quebec could survive. "Look at all the nations that have won independence since World War II," he said. "Not one of them has the natural resources we have. Of course we'd survive. The master always has told his slave he wouldn't know how to run his own life. They told Nasser he couldn't run the Suez Canal, remember?"

Raymond Aron, a leading Parisian intellectual, has visited Quebec and pronounced himself as satisfied that the province could go it alone. Some economists agree with him, others don't, and the word "viable" is one you hear often in discussion.

More Than Water Pistols

Economic questions are of little interest, however, to the militant young members of Quebec's underground army—boys like Richard Bizier. The former elevator operator was released from

jail last February after serving six months for planting a time bomb in an Air Force building. I found him singing in a café in Montreal. He is nineteen, blond and baby-faced, with a shy, English smile. His months in prison have left no visible mark and it is impossible to believe he ever handled anything more dangerous than a water pistol. A journalist friend told me the café was rumored to be a recruiting center for the underground army. Certainly the patrons were of military age. Bizier is their hero. They roared when his name was announced: "Rich-ard Bi-zier, Rich-ard Bi-zier." The young terrorist stepped forward to the microphone and began to sing. The words belied the childish look of his face. His message was clear: "English, get out. If you won't, we'll make you."

Other performers followed him onstage with belligerent Separatist songs in which the audience joined. When the show was over, everyone stood up. I hesitated, then intercepting a look from a pair of angry brown eyes, rose as well. The young men raised their right arms, spread two fingers in the old Churchillian victory salute, and sang a new French-language anthem for Quebec which ends with the words: "Quebec's history is the one we'll make together."

The next time I saw Bizier, he was in the thick of an angry demonstration protesting Victoria Day—a Canadian holiday commemorating Queen Victoria's birthday. On that occasion police on horseback charged the demonstrators and arrested three hundred of them. On that day too a bomb was found on Victoria Bridge, which spans the St. Lawrence at Montreal. Every week there is a new incident though Quebec newspapers now lay down minor acts. It is no longer news when a young man is caught daubing a wall with wheel-wash, or an English school receives a threatening call.

As the Separatist fire smolders, one wonders if it will flare up—and what will fan the flames. In the English provinces, anti-French feeling is now so strong it is doubtful whether Canada could find a way to remake the constitution to Quebec's taste without incurring the wrath of the other nine provinces. The English Canadians to whom I spoke in Quebec hope some magic formula may be found. However, most are not optimistic. Certainly, Quebec will never submit to anglicization in order to save Canada. In that case, there is no other possibility but that at some future date she will demand her independence. How that demand will be met by English Canadians is the worried thought with which I left my new province.

The Author as Hero, Martyr, and Saint

The Making of a Writer, Part II

by Jean-Paul Sartre

Translated by Bernard Frechtman

My grandfather, Charles Schweitzer, had never taken himself for a writer, but the French language still filled him with wonder at the age of thirty because he had had a hard time learning it and it did not quite belong to him. He played with words, took pleasure in the words, loved to produce them, and his relentless diction did not leave a single syllable. When he had time, his words would arrange themselves in bouquets. He was only ready to shed luster on family and academic occasions by works written for the occasion.*

While my grandmother and my mother and I were in Arcachon during the summer, my grandfather would write to us three times a week, two letters for his wife Louise, a postscript for his daughter Anne-Marie, and a whole letter in verse for me. In order to make me fully aware of my good fortune, my mother learned and taught me the rules of prosody. Someone taught me to scribble out a versified reply. I was urged to finish it, and she helped. The two women sent off the letter

Jean-Paul Sartre's maternal grandfather, the father of an Alsatian schoolteacher, was a scholar and teacher of German. On the Sartre side, Jean-Paul was the son of a young naval officer who died during the war's first year (1905). He grew up in his grandfather's household. (See Part I of this narrative, in the last month.)—*The Editors*

and laughed till the tears came at the thought of the recipient's astonishment. I received by return mail a poem to my glory; I replied with a poem. The habit was formed.

I asked for and was given a notebook and a bottle of purple ink. I inscribed on the cover: *Novel Notebook*. The first story I completed was entitled "For a Butterfly." A scientist, his daughter, and an athletic young explorer sailed up the Amazon in search of a precious butterfly. The argument, the characters, the particulars of the adventures, and even the title were borrowed from a picture story I had recently read. This cold-blooded plagiarism freed me from misgivings; everything was necessarily true since I invented nothing. I did not aspire to be published, but I had contrived to be printed in advance, and I did not pen a line that was not guaranteed by my model.

I was never completely taken in by this "automatic writing." But I also enjoyed the game for its own sake. Being an only child, I could play it by myself. Now and then, I would stop writing. I would pretend to hesitate; I would pucker my brow, assume a moonstruck expression, so as to feel I was a writer.

Other writers, Boussenard and Jules Verne, for example, did not miss an opportunity to be

...and, at the most critical moments, they would break off the story to go into a description of a poisonous plant, of a native dwelling. As reader, I skipped these didactic passages; as author, I padded my novels with them. I meant to teach my contemporaries everything that I didn't know: the customs of the Fuegians, the flora of Africa, the climate of the desert. The collector of butterflies and his daughter, who had been separated by a stroke of fate and were then aboard the same ship without knowing it and victims of the same shipwreck, clung to the same life buoy, raised their heads, and cried out, "Daisy!" "Papa!" Alas, a shark was on the prowl for fresh meat: it drew near; its belly shone in the waves. Would the unfortunate pair escape death? I went to get volume Pr-Z of the Big Larousse, carried it painfully to my desk, opened it to the right page, and, starting a new paragraph, copied out, word for word: "Sharks are common in the South Atlantic. These big sea fish, which are very voracious, are sometimes forty feet long and weigh as much as eight tons. . . ."

Charles Schweitzer had never approved of what he called my "unwholesome reading matter." When my mother informed him that I had begun to write, he was at first delighted, expecting, I suppose, an account of our family life with pungent observations and adorably naïve remarks. He took my notebook, leafed through it, scowled, and left the dining room, furious at finding a repetition of the "nonsense" of my favorite gazettes. Eventually, he agreed to my writings.

Barely tolerated, my literary activities became semi-clandestine. Nevertheless, I continued them diligently. My plots grew complicated. I introduced the most varied episodes; I indiscriminately poured everything I read, good or bad, into these catchalls. The stories suffered as a result. Nevertheless, I gained thereby, for I had to join things up, which meant inventing, and I consequently did less plagiarizing. In addition, I split myself in two. The year before, when I "played movies," I played my own role, I threw myself body and soul into the imaginary, and I thought more than once that I would be completely swallowed up in it.

Jean-Paul Sartre's novel, "Nausea," published just before World War II, brought him immediate fame in France; since the war, his plays, novels, and philosophical essays expressing his Existentialist views have placed him among the world's foremost writers. These two articles are adapted from "The Words"—an autobiographical volume which is already a literary sensation in France and which George Braziller, Inc. will bring out in the United States on October 7.

As author, he had made well of myself; I projected my epic dreams upon him. All the same, the ~~same~~ ^{fact} that he did not have my name, and referred to him only in the third person. Instead of endowing him with my gestures, I fashioned for him, by means of words, a body that I made an effort to see. This sudden "distancing" might have frightened me; it charmed me. I was delighted to be *him* without his quite being me.

I was tempted to say I would have remained sincere if I had stuck to my clandestine existence. But I was yanked away from it. I was reaching the age when bourgeois children were supposed to show the first signs of their vocation. We had been informed long before that my Schweitzer cousins, in Guérigny, would be engineers, like their father. There was not another minute to lose. Charles' friend Mme. Picard wanted to be the first to discover the sign I bore on my brow. "The child will be a writer," she said with conviction. My mother looked at me closely. "You think so, Blanche? You think so?" But in the evening, as I jumped up and down on my bed in my nightshirt, she hugged my shoulders hard and said with a smile, "My little man will be a writer!" My grandfather was informed very cautiously. An outburst was feared. He merely nodded.

One evening, he announced that he wanted to talk to me man to man. The women withdrew. He sat me on his lap and spoke to me very seriously. I would be a writer, that was understood; I knew him well enough not to fear that he would oppose my wishes. But I had to know exactly what I was in for: literature did not fill a man's belly. Did I know that famous writers had died of hunger? That others had sold themselves in order to eat? If I wanted to remain independent, I would have well to choose a second profession. Teaching was a man's leisure. Scholarly interests went hand in hand with those of men of letters. I would move back and forth from one priestly function to the other. I would live in close contact with the great writers. At one and the same time, I would read their works to my pupils and draw upon them for inspiration. I would beguile my provincial solitude by composing poems, by translating Horace into blank verse. I would write short literary articles for the local papers, a brilliant essay on the teaching of Greek for the *Pedagogic Review*, another on the psychology of adolescents. Until my death, unpublished works would be found among my papers, a meditation on the sea, a dramatic comedy, a few sensitive and scholarly papers.

monuments of Aurillac, enough to fill a volume that would be edited by former pupils. Charles had flung his arms wide open and at him from afar, "Here comes the new Hugo; a budding Shakespeare!" I would now be industrial designer or a teacher of literature. I was careful not to. For the first time, I was with the patriarch. He seemed forbidding the more venerable in that he had forgotten to adore me. He was Moses dictating the law. My law. He had mentioned my vocation in order to point out its disadvantages. I knew that he took it for granted. Had he known that my pages would be drenched with ink, that I would roll on the rug, my bourgeoisie would have been shocked. He condemned me of my vocation by giving me to understand that such showy disorders were not in order for me: in order to discuss Aurillac or Aurillac, there was no need, alas, of fever or delirium. Others would heave the immortal sobs of the twentieth century. I resigned myself to never be struck by thunder or lightning; I would shine in my life by virtue of my domestic qualities, my docility, my steadiness. The craft of writing was sold to me as an adult activity, so ponderous, so trifling, and, at bottom, so lackluster, so uninteresting that I didn't doubt for a moment that it was in store for me. I said to myself both, "This is all it is," and, "I'm gifted." Like all writers, I confused disenchantment with truth. I knew that I'm not a gifted writer. I've been lazy, I've been called labored. So I am; my life is a week of sweat and effort; I grant that they are in the nostrils of our aristocrats. I've often written them against myself, which means I've written everybody,* with an intentness of mind that has ended by becoming high blood pressure. The commandments were sewn into my skin; if I go a day without writing, the scar burns me; I write too easily, it also burns me.

The fact is this: apart from a few old men who keep their pens in Eau de Cologne and little boys who write like butchers, all writers have a fault. That's due to the nature of the Word: one speaks in one's own language, one writes in another language. I conclude from this that all writers are alike in our profession: we're all galley slaves, we're all tattooed. Besides, the reader has realized that I loathe my childhood and what has survived of it. I wouldn't listen to my father's voice, that recorded voice which

is self-indulgent, and those who are also self-indulgent will like you. Tear your neighbor to pieces, and other neighbors will laugh. But if you beat your neighbor, all souls will cry out.

wakes me with a start and drives me to my table, if it were not my own, if, between the ages of eight and ten, I had not arrogantly assumed responsibility for the supposedly imperative mandate that I had received in all humility.

When I was eight, I launched out upon a simple and mad operation that shifted the course of my life: I palmed off on the writer the sacred powers of the hero.

At the source of this was a discovery, or rather a reminiscence, for I had had a foreboding of it two years earlier: great writers are akin to knights errant in that both elicit passionate signs of gratitude. If only a writer lived long enough, he invariably ended by receiving a letter from an unknown person who *thanked him*. From then on, thanks kept pouring in; they piled up on his desk, cluttered his home. In themselves, these gratifications did not interest me; they reminded me too much of the family play-acting. There was, however, a certain drawing that staggered me: the famous novelist Dickens is going to land in New York in a few hours; the ship on which he is sailing can be seen in the distance; the crowd is gathered on the pier to welcome him; it opens all its mouths and waves a thousand caps; it is so dense that children are suffocating; yet it is lonely, an orphan and a widow, depopulated by the mere absence of the man for whom it is waiting. I murmured, "There's someone missing here. It's Dickens!" And my eyes filled with tears. "So it's true," I said to myself, "they're *needed*!"

But then . . . what about me? Me, whose mission it was to write? Well, they were waiting for me. I, the imaginary child, was becoming a true paladin whose exploits would be real books. I was being summoned! People were awaiting my work, the first volume of which, despite my zeal, would not come out before 1935. Perhaps I was already being missed in certain places. But no, it was too soon. I was the bright object of a desire that was still unborn, and I gladly consented to remain incognito for a while. At times, my grandmother would take me with her to her circulating library, and it would amuse me to see tall, pensive, unsatisfied ladies gliding from wall to wall in search of the author who would satisfy them. He was not to be found, since he was I, that youngster who was standing under their very noses and whom they didn't even look at.

I sharpened my talent, well and good. But what purpose would it serve? Human beings needed me — *to do what?* I had the misfortune to question

Look at Me

I AM adored, I thought, hence I am adorable. What can be more simple, since the world is well made? I am told I am good-looking. I believe it. . . . Dozens of photos are made of me, and my mother retouches them with colored pencils. In one of them which has survived, I am pink and blond, with curls; I am round-cheeked, and my expression displays a kindly deference toward the established order; my mouth is puffed with hypocritical arrogance—I know my worth.

myself about my role and destination. I asked, "Well, what's it all about?" and I thought then and there that all was lost. It was about *nothing*. Wanting to be a hero is not enough. Neither courage nor the gift suffices: there must be hydras and dragons. There were none in sight. Voltaire and Rousseau had slashed about them in their day; the reason was that there still were tyrants. From his exile in Guernsey, Hugo had thundered against Napoleon III, whom my grandfather had taught me to hate. But I found no merit in proclaiming my hatred, since that emperor had been dead for forty years. About contemporary history Charles said nothing. Though he was pro-Dreyfus, he never spoke to me about the affair. French politics, as he saw it, was not at all in a bad way. That cut me to the heart. I had armed myself to defend mankind against terrible dangers, and everyone assured me that it was quietly on its way to perfection.

But once again it was Charles who came to the rescue. Unwittingly, of course. Two years before, in an effort to awaken me to the spirit of humanism, he had set forth certain Ideas about which he no longer said a word for fear of encouraging my folly but which had remained graven in my mind. They quietly regained their virulence and, in order to save what was essential, little by little transformed the writer-knight into a writer-martyr. I have spoken of how Charles, that minister manqué, faithful to his father's will, had retained the Divine and invested it in Culture. The product of that amalgam was the Holy Ghost, patron of arts and letters, of dead and modern languages, and of the Direct Method of teaching—a white dove that gratified the Schweitzer family with its apparitions, that fluttered, on Sundays, over organs and orchestras and perched, on working days, on my grandfather's head. Charles' earlier remarks assembled in my head and composed a Discourse. The World was a prey to Evil; there is only one way of salvation: to die to one's

self and to the World, to contemplate the impossible Ideas from the vantage point of a wreck. The priesthood took mankind in hand and saved it by the reversibility of merits: the wild beasts of mundane life, large and small, had full leisure to kill each other or to live a dazed and truthless existence, since writers and artists meditated for them on Goodness and Beauty. In order to rescue the entire species from animality, only a few conditions were required: that the relics of dead scholars—paintings, books, statues—be preserved in guarded places; that there remain at least one living scholar to carry on with the book and manufacture future relics.

Filthy twaddle. I gulped it down without quite understanding it; I still believed in it at the age of twenty. Because of it, for a long time I regarded works of art as metaphysical events, the birth of which affected the universe. I dug up that fierce religion and made it mine in order to gild my dull vocation. I confused literature with prayer. I made a human sacrifice of it. My brothers, I decided, were quite simply asking me to devote my pen to their redemption. If I opened my eyes every morning, if, when I ran to the window, I saw ladies and gentlemen passing in the street, still alive, it was because a man who was dying in a room had struggled from twilight to dawn to write an immortal page that earned him that one-day reprieve. He would start again at nightfall, this evening, tomorrow, until he died of exhaustion. I would carry on for him.

One writes for one's neighbors or for God. I decided to write for God with the purpose of saving my neighbors. I wanted gratitude and peace.

The Holy Ghost was observing me. It so happened that he had just reached a decision to turn to Heaven and abandon human beings. I had barely time enough to offer myself; I showed him the wounds of my soul, the tears that drenched my paper; he looked over my shoulder and read, and his anger subsided. Was he appeased by the depth of my suffering or by the magnificence of the work? I said to myself of the work, but secretly thought, by the suffering.

The Holy Ghost and I held secret meetings. "You'll write," he said to me.

I wrung my hands. "What is there about you, Lord, that has made you choose me?"

"Nothing in particular."

"Then, why me?"

"For no reason."

"Do I at least have an aptitude for writing?"

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I AM DELIGHTED

with the record I have received through the RCA Victor Record Club. This set saves me a great deal of time and money, and gives me the music I want to hear."

—J. R. DAY, PHOENIX, ARIZ.

"... the attention I received was so marvelous. A bonus is that I have received some first-class recordings. You make the party as pleasure as you like, with such nice people."

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Records for only 98¢

Send No Money Now!

Yes, you can choose 4 of these fine RCA Victor records for only 98¢ plus a shipping charge. You simply accept a trial membership in the **RCA Victor Record Club** and agree to buy as few as 5 records within a year.



Q. What is a trial membership?

A. It is an introductory period in which you enjoy Club savings and convenience. You agree to buy 5 RCA Victor records at Club prices within a year. When you do, your trial membership is over. You are then free to continue in the Club or not, as you prefer.

Q. What are Club prices?

A. They are usually \$3.98 for popular or country & western records, \$4.98 for classical. Add \$1 extra for stereo.

Q. Do I get any records free?

A. Yes. As soon as you buy 5 RCA Victor records at Club prices, you begin to earn dividend records — 1 record of your choice FREE for every 2 you buy! In effect, for each dollar's worth of records you buy, you get 50¢ worth of records FREE!

Q. What kind of records do I get?

A. The best. You get the recording excellence of RCA Victor—the most trusted name in sound—and world-famous RCA Victor artists and performances. You have more than 900 records to choose from, the very cream of the fabulous RCA Victor catalog!

And not only do you get a much wider selection of great RCA Victor records through the Club than you are likely to find elsewhere, but you shop in the relaxed comfort of your own home.

Q. Must I buy a record every month?

A. No. You accept only the selections you want. Otherwise you simply return the handy card sent in advance for your convenience.

Q. Do I get "members-only" benefits?

A. You certainly do! First, you get a FREE subscription to Reader's Digest Music Guide, the Club's monthly magazine. You also get the chance to buy "Club Specials"—records created exclusively for members by outstanding artists. These superb 12" LP records cannot be bought elsewhere at any price. They are yours for as little as \$1.89 each with a regular Club purchase.

Q. How do I join?

A. Choose 4 records from those shown here. Write their numbers on the postage-free card attached to this ad and mail it today.

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c/o Reader's Digest Music, Inc., Pleasantville, New York 10570

8 35 2

Yes! Start my trial membership in the RCA Victor Record Club by sending me the 4 records indicated below. Bill me later for 98¢. I agree to purchase 5 more RCA Victor Records within a year at regular Club prices. (A small shipping charge will be added to each order.) Then for as long as I choose I will receive one record of my choice FREE for every two I buy.

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

STEREO

Please check here if you have stereophonic equipment and want these and future records in stereo.

Please check the kind of music you like best:

☐ Popular ☐ Classical ☐ Country & Western

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Offer good only in United States and Canada.

marked Ⓔ are electronically reproduced for stereo.

forward to receiving our next records from
and our satisfaction with being a member
claimed to all friends and relatives."

—MRS. PETER M. WILLIAMS, CINCINNATI, OHIO

"Not at all. Do you think that the great works are born of flowing pens?"

"Lord, since I'm such a nonentity, how could I write a book?"

"By buckling down to it."

"Does that mean anyone can write?"

"Anyone. But you're the one I've chosen."

This faking was very convenient. It enabled me to proclaim my insignificance and at the same time to venerate in myself the author of future masterpieces. I was elected, branded, but without talent; everything would come from my sorrows and long patience. My first book would create a scandal as soon as it came out. I would become a public enemy; I would be insulted by the local papers; shopkeepers would refuse to serve me; fanatics would throw stones at my windows; I would have to flee in order to escape being lynched.

The story had two endings; I would choose one or the other, depending on my mood. When I was feeling low, I would see myself dying on an iron cot, hated by everyone, desperate, in the very hour when Glory was blowing its trumpet. At other times, I would grant myself a bit of happiness. At the age of fifty, in order to try out a new pen, I would write my name on a manuscript, which shortly thereafter would be mislaid. Someone would find it, in an attic, in the gutter, in a closet of the house which I had just left. He would read it. Overwhelmed by it, he would take it to Arthème Fayard, the famous publisher of my idol, Michel Zévaco.* A triumph—ten thousand copies snapped up in two days. What remorse in people's hearts! A hundred reporters would go looking for me and not find me.

Recluse that I was, I would remain unaware for a long time of this sudden shift of opinion. Finally, one day, I enter a café to come in out of the rain. I notice a newspaper lying nearby and what do I see? "Jean-Paul Sartre, the masked writer, the bard of Aurillac, the poet of the sea." On page three, a six-column spread in capitals. I rejoice. No—I am voluptuously forlorn. In any case, I return home. With the help of my landlady, I tie up the trunk containing the notebooks and ship it to Fayard without giving my address. At this point in my story, I would pause in order to launch out into delicious schemes. If I sent the package from the city in which I lived, the reporters would discover my retreat in no time. I therefore took the trunk to Paris and had it delivered to the publisher by a forwarding agent.

* Author of popular cloak-and-sword romances which were serialized in *Le Matin* in Sartre's boyhood.—*The Editors*.

Before taking the train, I went back to the street of my childhood, the Rue Le Goff, the Rue Siffert, the Luxembourg. I was attracted by the café Balzar; I remembered that my grandfather—who had since died—had sometimes taken me there in 1913. We would sit side by side on the bench; everyone would look at us knowingly; he would order a glass of beer and a small one for me; I felt I was loved. Now fifty years old and nostalgic, I pushed open the door of the café and asked for a small glass of beer. At the next table, some beautiful young women were talking animatedly; my name was mentioned.

"Ah!" said one of them, "he may be old but he may be homely, but what does it matter? I would give thirty years of my life to become his wife!"

I looked at her with a proud, sad smile; she smiled back in surprise, I got up, I disappeared.

I spent a lot of time touching up that ending and a hundred others which I spare the reader. One can recognize, projected into a future or into my childhood itself, my situation, the connection of my sixth year, and the mopiness of my appreciated paladins. I was still moping at the age of nine, and enjoying it immensely—by inventing, the inexorable martyr-that-I-was kept by a misunderstanding which the Holy Ghost himself seemed to have tired of. Why not tell my ravishing admirer my name? Ah, I would have to wait myself, she comes too late. But since she comes in any case? Well, it's because I'm too poor. Too poor? What about the royalties? The rejection did not faze me; I had written to him instructing him to distribute the money that was due me to the poor. Nevertheless, I could not finish the story. Well then, I would pass away in my little room, abandoned by all, but with my Mission accomplished.

I am struck by one thing in that oft-repeated story: the day I see my name in the paper, the thing snaps, I'm finished; I sadly enjoy myself but I stop writing. The two denouements of the same thing: whether I die in order to live or to glory or whether glory comes first and then death, the eagerness to write involves a refusal to live.

I can see that, despite the bluffing and the mad enterprise of writing in order to be forgiven for my existence had a certain value. The proof is that I'm still writing fifty years later. But if I go back to the origins, I see a flight forward, a simpleminded kind of heroism. Yes, more than the epic, more than martyrdom, it was death that I was seeking. For a long

had been afraid of ending as I had begun, anywhere, in any which way, and I feared that this due decease would be only a reflection of my due birth. My vocation changed everything. Viewed from the height of my tomb, my birth appeared to me as a necessary evil, as a quite provisional embodiment that prepared for my disfiguration. In order to be reborn, I had to die; in order to write, I needed a brain, eyes, ears. When the work was done, those organs would be automatically resorbed. Around 1955, the cocoon would burst open, twenty-five folio butterflies would emerge from it, flapping all their wings, and would go and alight on a shelf of the National Library. Those butterflies would be no other than I: I, twenty-five volumes, eight thousand pages of text, three hundred engravings, including a portrait of the author. My books are made of leather and cardboard, my parchment-skinned flesh smells of glue and mushrooms, I sit in state through a hundred thirty sheets of paper, thoroughly at ease. I am reborn, at last become a whole man, thinking, talking, singing, thundering, a man who asserts himself with the preemptory inertia of matter. They take me down, open me, spread me flat on a table, smooth me, and sometimes make me bleed. I let them, and then suddenly I flash, I shine, I command attention from a distance; powers shoot through time and space; they conquer the wicked, protect the good. No one can resist or ignore me.

This hocus-pocus succeeded: I buried death under the shroud of glory. I secretly harked back to the life which I found tedious. I looked at it through future eyes and it appeared to me as a shining and wonderful story that I had lived through mankind, a story that, thanks to me, no one need relive and that had only to be related. I was in an actual state of frenzy; I chose as my theme the past of a great immortal and I tried to go backwards. I became completely posthumous.

I grabbed hold of time, pushed it head over heels, and everything became clear. It began with a little book which was bedizened with gold and somewhat faded gilt ornamentation on the thick pages of which had a corpselike quality. It was entitled *The Childhood of Famous People*. A label certified that my uncle Georges had received it in 1885 as second prize in arithmetic. I had a feeling that that book was going to be the ruin of me, I hated it, I was afraid of it. It seemed quite harmless. The book en-

couraged young readers; good conduct and filial piety lead to everything, even to becoming Rembrandt or Mozart. The author recounted, in the form of short narratives, the very ordinary occupations of no less ordinary but sensitive and pious boys who were called Johann Sebastian, Jean-Jacques, or Jean-Baptiste, and who gave joy to their families as I did to mine. But the poison was this: without ever mentioning the name of Bach, Rousseau, or Molière, the author made a point of constantly inserting allusions to their future greatness, of recalling casually, by means of a detail, their most famous works or deeds, of contriving his accounts so artfully that it was impossible to understand the most trivial incident without relating it to subsequent events. He introduced into the tumult of everyday life a great, fabulous silence which transfigured everything—the future.

A certain Sanzio was dying to see the Pope; he was so eager that he was taken to the public square one day when the Pope was due to pass by. The youngster turned pale and stared. Finally, someone said to him: "I suppose you're satisfied, Raffaello. Did you at least take a good look at our Holy Father?" But the boy replied with a wild look: "What Holy Father? All I saw was colors!" Another day, little Miguel, who wanted to become a soldier, was sitting under a tree and enjoying a novel about chivalry when suddenly he was startled by a loud clash: an old lunatic of the neighborhood, a ruined squire, was capering on an old nag and thrusting his rusty lance at a windmill. At dinner, Miguel related the incident with such sweet, funny faces that he made everyone roar with laughter. But later, alone in his room, he threw his novel on the floor, stamped on it, and sobbed for a long time.

Those children lived in a state of error. They thought they were acting and talking at random, whereas the real purpose of their slightest remarks was to announce their destiny. The author and I smiled tenderly at each other over their heads. I read the lives of those falsely mediocre children as God had conceived them—starting at the end. At first, I exulted; they were my brothers; their glory would be mine. And then everything turned upside down; I would find myself on the other side of the page, *inside the book*. Jean-Paul's childhood resembled that of Jean-Jacques and of Johann Sebastian, and nothing happened to him that was not broadly premonitory. But this time it was at my grand-nephews that the author was winking. I was being seen, from death to birth, by those future children whom I did not imagine, and I was send-

ing, — the pages which to me were undecipherable.

I could not get out of the book. I had long since finished reading it, but I remained a character in it. I spied on myself. An hour before, I had chatted with my mother; what had I augured? I would remember some of my remarks; I would repeat them aloud; that got me nowhere. The sentences slipped by, impenetrable. To my own ears, my voice had a foreign ring; a thieving angel was pirating my thoughts in my very head, and that angel was none other than a light-haired little boy of the thirty-first century who was sitting at a window and observing me through a book. With loving horror, I felt his gaze pinning me down in my century. I shammed for him; I concocted double-edged remarks which I let fall in public. Anne-Marie would find me at my desk, scribbling away. She would say, "It's so dark! My little darling is ruining his eyes." It was an opportunity to reply in all innocence, "I could write even in the dark." She would laugh, would call me her little silly, would put on the light; the trick was done; we were both unaware that I had just informed the year 3000 of my future infirmity. Yes, toward the end of my life, more blind than Beethoven was deaf, I would work gropingly on my last book.

Faith, even when profound, is never entire. One must constantly prop it up, or at least refrain from ruining it. I was consecrated, illustrious. I *had* my tomb in Père Lachaise Cemetery and perhaps in the Pantheon; an avenue was named after me in Paris, as were public squares in the provinces and in foreign countries. Yet, at the core of my optimism I had a sneaking feeling that I lacked substance. At Saint Anne's Psychiatric Clinic, a patient cried out in bed, "I'm a prince! Arrest the Grand Duke!" Someone went up to him and whispered in his ear, "Blow your nose!" and he blew his nose. He was asked, "What's your occupation?" He answered quietly, "Shoemaker," and started shouting again. I imagine that we're all like that man. In any case, at the beginning of my ninth year, I resembled him—I was a prince and a shoemaker.

Two years later, I would have been considered cured. The prince had disappeared; the shoemaker believed in nothing; I had even stopped writing. The "novel notebooks" had been thrown out, mislaid, or burned and had made way for grammar, arithmetic, and dictation notebooks. If someone had crept into my head, which was open to all the winds, he would have come upon a few

busts, a stray multiplication table, and the names of three, thirty-two counties with the chief town of each but not the sub-prefecture, a rose calendar, rosarosarosamrososaerosaerosa, some historical and literary monuments, a few polite maxims engraved on stelae, and sometimes, like a soft fog of mist hovering over this sad garden, a sad and idle reverie. Not a single female orphan. No sign of a gallant knight. The words *hero*, *martyr*, and *saint* were not inscribed anywhere, not repeated by any voice. The former hero received satisfactory health reports every term: child of average intelligence, very well-behaved, not gifted for the exact sciences, imaginative but not excessively so, sensitive; quite normal, despite a certain affectedness which, moreover, was on the wane. But I had gone completely mad. Two events, one public and the other private, were to blame.

The first was a genuine surprise: in July 14, there were still a few evildoers; but suddenly on August 2, virtue took over and reigned: all Frenchmen became good. I was thrilled; France was putting on an act for me, I put on an act for France. Yet the war soon bored me; it upset my life so little that I probably would have forgiven about it, but I took a dislike to it when I realized it was ruining my reading matter. My favorite publications disappeared from the newsstands: Arnould Galopin, Jo Valle, and Jean de la Hire abandoned their favorite heroes—those engineers, my brothers, who went around the world in a biplane, in a seaplane, and who fought one or three against a hundred; the prewar colonialist novels were replaced by war novels full of cabin boys, young Alsatians, regimental messengers. I detested those newcomers. I regarded the adventurers in the jungle as child prodigies because they massacred natives, who, after all, are adults; being a child prodigy myself, I recognized

Man's Best Friend

FAILING a child, one can take a poodle. Last year, at the dogs' cemetery, I recognized my grandfather's maxims in the trembling discourse that runs from grave to grave: dogs know how to love; they are gentler than human beings, more faithful; they have tact, a flawless instinct that enables them to recognize good, to distinguish the good from the wicked. "Polonius," said one unconsolated mistress, "you are better than I. You would not have survived me. I survive you." An American friend was with me. With a burst of indignation, he kicked a cement dog and broke its ear. He was right. When one loves children and animals too much, one loves them against human beings.

self in them. But everything that happened to these soldier children was outside of themselves. I envied the brave poilus who stroked his head and protected him, the child prodigy relapsed into childhood; and I relapsed with him. From time to time, the author, out of pity, would ask me to carry a message; the Germans would capture me; I had a few proud pat answers with which to reply; and then I would escape; I would get back my lines; my mission was accomplished. I would be congratulated, of course, but without enthusiasm, and I failed to see the dazzled eyes of the widows and orphans in the paternalistic gaze of the general. I had lost initiative; battles of the war would be won without me; adults retained their monopoly on heroism. Even worse, my heroism was reduced to the rank of the most elementary duty.

But that wasn't the worst of it. Until then, I had either confirmed or belied what I had called my "lucubrations." Africa was vast, empty, and underpopulated; information was lacking; nobody was in a position to prove that the explorers weren't there, that they weren't mistaking pygmies during the very hour that I was relating their combat. In that ill-omened month of October, I witnessed, helplessly, the confusion of fiction and reality: the Kaiser, in my story I wrote, had given the order to cease fire; therefore, in all good logic, peace *had* to be declared that autumn; but it so happened that the newspapers and the adults kept repeating morning, noon, and night that we were settling into war and that it was going to drag on. I felt humiliated—I was an imposter: I was writing nonsense that no one would want to believe; in short, I had covered the imagination. For the first time in my life, I reread myself. My face got red. Was I who had indulged in those childish fantasies? I was almost ready to give up literature. Finally, I took my notebook to the beach and buried it in the sand. The embarrassment blew over; I regained confidence; I was dedicated, there was no question about it; quite simply, belles lettres had a secret, which they would some day reveal to me. Until then, my age required that I be exactly reserved. I stopped writing.

The second event took place in October 1915. I was ten years and three months old. It was no longer possible to keep me sheltered from the world. Charles Schweitzer swallowed his grudge and registered me in the Lycée Henri IV as a day pupil. In the first composition, I was last. Young feu-

dalist that I was, I regarded teaching as a personal bond. I was disconcerted by the ex cathedra courses which were addressed to one and all, by the democratic coldness of the law. Subjected to those constant comparisons, my fancied superiority vanished. There was always someone who answered more quickly or better than I. I was too loved to have doubts about myself. I wholeheartedly admired my classmates and did not envy them. My turn would come. At the age of fifty. In short, I was ruining myself without suffering. Seized with barren panic, I would zealously turn in extremely bad work. My grandfather had begun to frown. My mother hastily asked for an appointment with M. Ollivier, my official teacher. He refused to give me private lessons, but promised to "follow up" on me. That was all I asked for. I would watch his eyes in class; he spoke only for me—I was sure of it. I thought he liked me; I liked him; a few kind words did the rest; I became, without effort, a rather good student.

My schoolwork left me no time for writing. My new acquaintances made me lose all desire for it. I had playmates at last! I who had been left out of things in the park was adopted the very first day as if it were the most natural thing in the world. I couldn't get over it. We played ball between the Hotel of Great Men and the statue of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. To whom would my friend Meyre have tossed the ball after making a feint at Grégoire if I hadn't been present, *I, then and there?* How dull and dismal my dreams of glory seemed compared to these flashes of intuition that revealed to me my necessity.

One morning in 1917, in La Rochelle, I was waiting for some schoolmates with whom I was to go to the lycée. They were late. After a while, not knowing what else to do to occupy my mind, I decided to think of the Almighty. Immediately He tumbled into the blue and disappeared without giving any explanation. He doesn't exist, I said to myself with polite surprise, and I thought the matter was settled. In a way, it was, since never have I had the slightest temptation to bring Him back to life.

But the Other One remained, the Invisible One, the Holy Ghost, the one who guaranteed my mandate and who ran my life with his great anonymous and sacred powers. I had all the more difficulty getting rid of him in that he had installed himself at the back of my head in the doctored notions which I used in my effort to understand, to situate, and to justify myself. For a long time, to write was to ask death and my masked religion

The Rotten Bond

THERE is no good father, that's the rule. Don't lay the blame on men but on the bond of paternity, which is rotten. To beget children.

Had my father lived, he would have lain on me at full length and would have crushed me. As luck had it, he died young. Amidst Aeneas and his fellows who carry their Anchises on their backs, I move from shore to shore, alone and eating those invisible begetters who bestraddle

to preserve my life from chance. I was of the Church. As a militant, I wanted to save myself by works; as a mystic, I attempted to reveal the silence of being by a thwarted rustling of words, and, what was most important, I confused things with their names—that amounts to believing. I saw everything wrong. As long as the situation continued, I felt I was out of trouble.

At the age of thirty, I executed the master-stroke of writing in *Nelson*—quite sincerely, be-

of my fellowmen, and of exonerating my own. I

placency, the texture of my life. At the same time, I was *I*, the elect, chronicler of Hell, a glass-and-

s. Later, I gladly demonstrated that

thereby transfigured and became my most per-

unhappy state. Dogmatic though I was, I doubted

everything except that I was the elect of doubt.

ered my ugliness—which for a long time was my

negative principle, the quicklime in which the

wonderful child was dissolved. I shall also explain

the reason why I came to think systematically

against myself, to the extent of measuring the

obvious truth of an idea by the displeasure it

caused me. The retrospective illusion has been

smashed to bits; martyrdom, salvation, and mortality are falling to pieces; the edifice is going to wrack and ruin; I collared the Holy in the cellar and threw him out; atheism is cruel and long-range affair—I think I've carried it through. I see clearly. I've lost my illusions, know what my real jobs are. I surely deserve prize for good citizenship. For the last ten years or so, I've been a man who's been waking cured of a long, bitter-sweet madness, and I can't get over the fact, a man who can't think his old ways without laughing and who doesn't know what to do with himself.

I've given up the office but not the frock: I write. What else can I do?

It's a habit, and besides, it's my profession. For a long time, I took my pen for a sword; now know we're powerless. No matter. I will and will keep writing books; they're needed: the same, they do serve some purpose. Culture doesn't save anything or anyone, it doesn't justify. But it's a product of man: he projects himself into it, he recognizes himself in it: the critical mirror alone offers him his image. Moreover, that old, crumbling structure, my imposture is also my character—one gets rid of a neurosis, one doesn't get cured of one's self. Though they are worn out, blurred, humiliated, thrust aside, ignored, all of the child's traits are still to be found in the quinquagenarian. Most of the time they lie low, they bide their time; at the moment of inattention, they rise up and enter disguised. I claim sincerely to be writing for my time, but my present notoriety annoys me. It's not glory, since I'm alive, and yet it's enough to belie my old dreams: could it be that I still harbor them secretly? I have. I think I adapted them; since I've lost the chance of dying unknown, I sometimes flatter myself that I'm

Let's drop that. My grandmother would say, "Gently, mortals, be discreet."

What I like about my madness is that it protected me from the very beginning against the charms of the "elite." Never have I thought that I was the happy possessor of a "talent": my sole concern has been to save myself—nothing in my hands, nothing up my sleeve—by work and faith. As a result, my pure choice did not raise me above anyone. Without equipment, without tools, I set all of me to work in order to save all of myself. If I relegate impossible Salvation to the past, what remains? A whole man, composed of all men and as good as all of them and no better than any.



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he to talk to him.

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until your children are self-supporting. This time
a time when living expenses are highest and
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by Joseph Kraft



CHIEF TA. ARMSTRONG

The Hidden Change in Congress

A new kind of majority has taken over control from the Conservative Coalition which ruled both Houses for decades.

The ballyhoo of the Presidential campaign has eclipsed a political change of the first importance. Or, perhaps, it is only the strange locale that has obscured the event. For the change has taken place in that supposed shrine of immobility, the United States Congress.

A year ago the Congress was being universally denounced as the "sick man" of American government. The civil-rights and tax bills were both snared in delaying maneuvers. Half the regular appropriations measures were, five months after the start of the fiscal year, still unpassed. The foreign-aid program had been gutted over the united opposition of the Administration and the majority and minority leadership in the Senate. In a notable speech on the floor, Senator Dodd of Connecticut assailed the leaders of both parties. Even the most resilient of politicians, Senator Dirksen of Illinois, was on the defensive. The Congress, he said, was "like an old scow; it does not move very fast; it does not move very far at one time; but it does not sink."

Indeed not. In the past year the old scow has taken on the look of a souped-up racer whirling round the track at Indianapolis. The Congress has passed the first serious civil-

rights bill in history. It has passed the first tax bill ever designed to work against the business cycle. It has broken new ground in social legislation with passage of the anti-poverty bill, the mass-transit bill, the wilderness bill, and a whole series of smaller measures in health and education. The foreign-aid program, also for the first time in history, went through virtually unscathed. Appropriations cuts averaged one-fifth of those made last year. Not since the famous "hundred days" of the early New Deal has there been a more productive session of the Congress. But how did it happen that the "sick man" was cured so rapidly?

Goldwaterites are not the only people who like easy answers to hard questions; oversimplification is the rule in politics, and it is only normal that there should emerge a naïve explanation for the metamorphosis of the Congress. It lies in the view that everything has changed because of the "legislative wizardry of Johnson."

Actually there has been no magic and no miracles. For example, on the most important vote of the session, the cloture vote that preceded passage of the civil-rights bill, the President won over only one of the five Democratic Senators assigned to him for special treatment. He himself has repeatedly deprecated in private the term "legislative wizardry." And rightly so. For what has happened is more complex, more important, and probably more enduring than any

feat of legerdemain. What has happened is that the old coalition of Midwestern and Southern Democrats has torn asunder. The Northerners and a portion of the Democrats have been lined up in a new majority—the majority of the new coalition.

To understand how the new coalition came to be, it is necessary to make a distinction between two views of the Congress. One is the "out" view, held widely in the country and notably by the liberal academic. In this view, the Congress is controlled by a Club or Establishment of senior politicians representing the big districts in the small state, hence out of touch with public opinion. Because the Club is behind dense procedural screens, it can cross party lines with impunity and even defy the rulings of the voters. In the long run, procedural reforms inside the Congress will make it necessary to make the legislature responsible for Presidential leadership. At the same time, it is said, the President must make his legislative program appealing over the head of the Congress to the people. It's a theory. But, of course, it was the genesis of the counter-revolution.

The "in" view of the Congress is the view generally held in Washington, and among professional politicians. In this view, the things a President has asked the Congress—foreign aid, civil rights, deficit spending—command support in the country and a genuine need is not readily apparent. The background of the society. Moreover, all such proposals are vulnerable to traditional arguments stressing the cost against the state, the waste, and that sort of thing. A legislator stands to benefit from a given measure, but his instinct is to be against it. Or he holds himself open to attack on his home grounds. For example, Miller, the late Representative from the First District of California, in an extraordinary box office performance, said: "Every district has an economic outburst any incumbent can outshout any incumbent."

From the "in" view of the Congress, the central problem of the President is to woo legislators from positions dear to

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WASHINGTON IN

stituents. To achieve that are many possible avenue ments, flattery, arm-twisti and other contracts, fav sideration on bureaucrati involving local interests. thing the President mus to take issues to the cour fan public interest by and intensifying the line is to alert constituents a increase their general pressure on their represe make it easy for the legis along, the President mu whispers inaudible to th must walk in sneakers-

Wooing S

It is by these tactics th the ter-coalition was put toge dent Kennedy started to pr His program reflected the ine of the urban Democrati North, and he had their po pocket. But to achieve a needed, especially in th least a portion of th strength. From first t cordingly, he moved quic to the Southern interes transaction was the co agreement negotiated administration in 1961. Th have little noted, nor l bered, that agreement powerful Georgia Congre Vinson, well understood competitive conditions e cotton mills in his distri

Even under Kennedy, of the South was not wit On the first important le of the New Frontier, the ninety-nine Southern De in the House followed M voting for the succe to expand the Rules om Seventy-three Southern Den followed Wilbur Mills of putting the tax bill t House. The civil-rights l of the House Judiciary because Jack Brooks of Frank Chelf of Kentu from casting votes that killed the measure.

Still, because Kennedy so much a product of North, it was not easy fuzz and blur issues in made possible Southern



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By Mary Jean Kempner

And beginning in November . . .

*A Revealing Self-portrait Drawn from
the Forthcoming Volume of
Simone de Beauvoir's Autobiography:*

THE FORCE OF CIRCUMSTANCE

In the first of two *Harper's* articles, Madame de Beauvoir writes about her life with Jean-Paul Sartre in postwar Paris and the nature of their thirty-year relationship. Then in December, she recounts another life she pursued in Chicago's slums, on a riverboat cruising down the Mississippi, in New Orleans' French Quarter, and in Mexico City. From these experiences she drew much of the material for her two best-known works—*The Mandarins* and *The Second Sex*.

WASHINGTON INSIDE

peatedly, the zeal of his followers charged his legislative program with explosive proposals. His proposal for a new Department of Urban Affairs became the civil rights—and went down to defeat. The 1961 education bill linked with a religious issue went down to defeat. The "dis" program became entangled in the spending issue—and also went down to defeat. And when the civil rights issue came nakedly to the surface after the Birmingham riots of 1963, Southerners in both the House and Senate began the stall tactics that produced paralysis.

Lyndon Johnson followed a wily strategy—but he had the advantage of being a Southerner, therefore that much easier to get Southerners to support. He proved vastly upon the tactics. At outset, he went through the motions of seeming to curb spending from a hypothetical budget to give Southerners, and Senator Byrd of Virginia, for helping him on the tax bill. He needed urban measures preceded them with a cotton row dear to Dixie. When the urban program looked to be in trouble on racial grounds, he put it in the hands of a Georgia Congressman, a drum. At all times he was applying pressures or laying on with a trowel. And he had nounctions about giving ground to liberal sentiment. That handful of know-nothings in the South began complaining the poverty program was too radical. The Administration served up the man supposed by the Senate (because of his name) to be Adam Yarmolinsky, a Washington lawyer who scheduled to be deputy director of the poverty program.

Will L.

Very occasionally these brought spectacular results. A foreign-aid bill went through in part to a bookkeeping device suggested by a Mississippi Congressman who had never supported the program, and who, indeed, politically dead if his known back home. Presidential approval of a small bill led

INGTON INSIGHT

take the lead in the Senate the antipoverty bill, and for good measure—for to equalize interest securities sold in the tes with the rates abroad. ic change in voting pat- ever, was almost invisible. ample is afforded by the -appropriation bill in the 1963, the committee ver- ent back for cuts by a vote. This year the committee s upheld by a vote of 211- the course of the year, ee Democratic votes had d up for the aid program. seven came from Georgia, Kentucky, and five from general, the number of Democrats voting with the tion's counter-coalition in jumped from an average ty to an average of about. But because of the Ken- work, the marginal shift ve. The spectacular record s built on a shift of about use seats, mainly from Georgia.

the new majority, the ma- he counter-coalition, stick No one can be sure. Still, if crats hold their present ne wind is fair. For Presi- on has been playing mid- story. If he has made it the Southerners to break Northern Republicans and counter-coalition, history een at work. At bottom, d the Southern Democrats ublicans was the need for vil-rights questions. But rights has become a na- a peculiarly Southern, he newer men from the particular do not feel stake everything on the outworn racial customs. ongressman from Atlanta final passage of the civil- Even in the other cham- Senator Russell of Georgia Southerners in a grip of ranks broke immediately vil-rights bill was passed. s heavy civil-rights com- e antipoverty program, on te in the Senate, was ap- eleven of the twenty-two s.



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Heading Toward Postcivilization

(Boulding, Berkner, Ellul, Snow, Murdoch, Bellow)

by Paul Pickrel

Writers on technology and society can be roughly divided into two groups, which might be designated by the kind of labels they give each other, the overreachers and the soreheads. The overreachers are usually technologists themselves and have the great advantage of understanding at least a part of the technological enterprise; they know something of the excitement of discovery and the thrill of achievement that go into such marvels of the age as nuclear weapons and television. The soreheads are usually not technologists and have the hardly less great advantage of understanding some of the human implications of technology; they see their children growing up under the shadow of nuclear weapons and with the overstimulating boredom of television.

Kenneth Boulding, author of *The Meaning of the Twentieth Century: The Great Transition* (Harper & Row, \$4.50), and L.V. Berkner, author of *The Scientific Age: The Impact of Science on Society* (Yale Press, \$4), are both overreachers. Their overreaching begins with the titles of their books. Both are rather slight essays which, except for a certain amount of purely ritualistic mastication, make no attempt to chew the immense mouthfuls that their titles bite off. Yet the arguments of the two essays, within their rather narrow limits, are highly intelligent and well informed; they are also curiously complementary and probably irrefutable.

Boulding, an economist at the University of Michigan, believes that we are now at the end of civilization as we have known it and headed for something he calls postcivilization.

The civilization that historical man created was the product of cities; when agriculture developed to the point where it could produce surpluses (about 3000 B.C.), cities were possible, and in them gathered the priests and kings, the tax collectors and military strategists, the sages and artists, and all their train of surrogates and progeny, who through fifty centuries created that extraordinary fabric of art and thought, of conquest and glory, of piety and passion, which for so long seemed the noblest achievement of man.

But the triumph of technology, Boulding argues, means the end of cities. Posthistorical man will live in a world universally suburbanized. It will be all one vast middle class with nothing to be the middle of. The underdeveloped will be as developed as anybody else; the underprivileged as privileged as anybody else; the great objective of social entropy will have been achieved.

The Plan

Berkner shows why Boulding's apocalypse has to be realized, and has a good many practical suggestions about how it is to be done. A distinguished scientist himself, Berkner initiated the great effort at joint research known as the International Geophysical Year, and as president of the Graduate Research Center of the Southwest he is very actively engaged in the suburbanization of American education in the service of technology.

Berkner argues that we need far more highly trained technologists (called, by a sublime anachronism, doctors of philosophy) than can be

turned out by the old universities of the Northeast, Middle West, and West Coast, and that new training centers for such training be established in this country in the South and Southwest. Of course right, given the nature of technological enterprise, and the discussions of the problems of training centers—problems of the relation between private and public funds for their support, for the continuing training of doctoral fellows, and so on—is obviously judicious.

Berkner is a bit testy with those who do not share his vision of the future; he speaks impatiently of people "whose ideas have no established validity than the man on the street" and ascribes the public simply must accept technical value judgments." Any reader, especially if he suspects there is no such thing as a value judgment, may feel a resentment at being treated like that has wandered into the International Symposium on Peace Through Improved Curing Bacon: it is, for his life.

No one proposes to imitate the Greeks by killing the messengers bringing unwelcome news. Whether Boulding and Berkner would word of the triumph of time are only telling us what we know in our bones anyway. Men of high intelligence and

Paul Pickrel, who has reviewed for "Harper's" for many years, is a lecturer in English at Yale and a past editor of "The Yale

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training, undoubtedly devoted to the public good as they see it. What they need is a little more shallow pessimism. Of the grander pessimism, the imagination of vast disaster that comes so easily to the technological mind, they have a plenty. They can scare their readers with pictures of an overpopulated and overweaponed world waiting for the overkill as well as the next writer. But they say nothing of the countless little ways in which experience is impoverished every day.

Their prose, however, and even their arguments betray them. Berkner, for instance, in the course of advocating continuous training for technologists, asserts that the human mind "simply rusts if allowed to lie fallow." That is more than an absurdly mixed metaphor; it is an unsuccessful attempt to deal with two concepts of mind. The first is a technological concept; it sees the mind as an instrument or tool (a kind of primitive computer, perhaps) which has no function but utility; it is a hard and solid object that will waste with disuse. The second is an organic concept of mind; it sees the mind as a field where the rain falls and the wind blows and disregarded flowers bloom; but growth is possible, life can be sustained there. Lying fallow may be an essential condition of future productivity. Many men of genius have recorded periods of fallowness; the mathematician Poincaré said that only then did his discoveries come.

Boulding too embraces a theory of mind that his text cannot live with consistently. He sees our progress into postcivilization as a slow but accelerating and altogether praiseworthy triumph of scientific knowledge over all the other kinds of knowledge—folk or ceremonial or literary or whatever. So he puts his hopes for the future—he calls it his

major policy recommendation—in a massive research project to investigate peace: the expected appeal to scientific knowledge. At the same time his recurrent image of what is needed is somewhat different: he thinks that nations must give up resorting to wars to settle their collective differences, as a few hundred years ago men gave up dueling to settle their individual disputes. But that was a change in manners, in ceremonial knowledge, and the Ford Foundation's twenty-million-dollar study of the obsolescence of combative techniques in the resolution of interpersonal conflict probably came too late to have much effect on it.

"Calculation . . .," Boulding writes, "is the enemy of the irrational." That may be so, but there seems to be a good deal of evidence to the contrary. People who work on assembly lines or in highly routinized offices, for instance, seem to be more interested in gambling than people whose work has some built-in chanciness, like gardeners, publishers, and archaeologists. The bushmen of the Kalahari Desert, who keep no vital statistics, do a better job of controlling population growth than the Dutch, whose statistics (I am told) are admirable.

A Long and Level Look

Jacques Ellul, author of *The Technological Society* (Knopf, \$10.95), is presumably not himself a technologist; he is a French sociologist, a Catholic layman active in the ecumenical movement, a leader of the French resistance in the war, and—one is tempted to add, after reading his book—a great man. Certainly he has written a magnificent book. It was originally published ten years ago in France, but the text has been brought up to date and the translation by John Wilkinson is excellent.

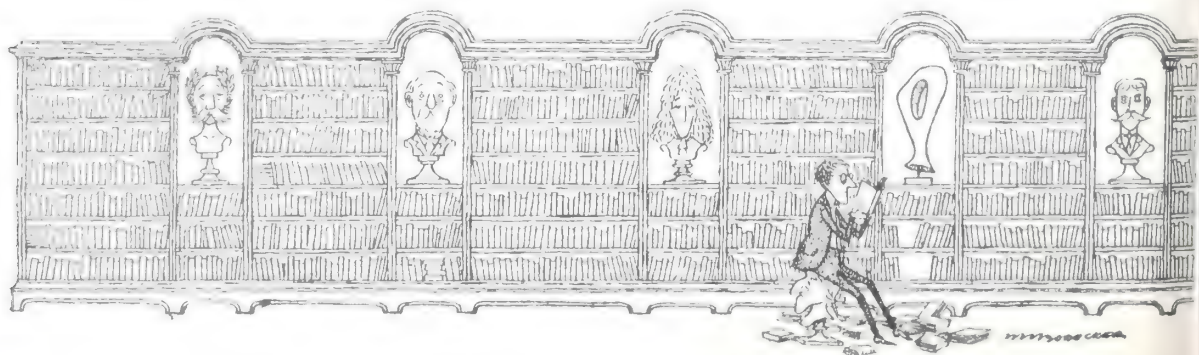
What Ellul is concerned with is

the universalizing of the technical principle, the adoption of efficiency as the only criterion of behavior. He scolds no one, but he insists that he is just as much a technological man as his readers. In monumental calm and thoroughness he goes through human activity after activity and shows how it has been changed—rendered efficient—and improved in the process.

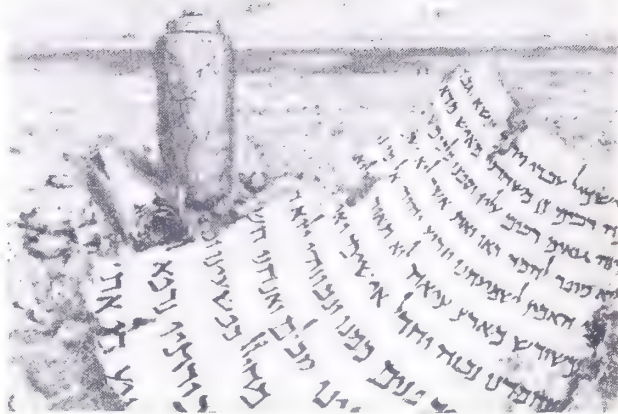
It takes weeks to read the book because at the end of every paragraph you look up to think of a way to refute the argument; but in the end you think of additional evidence that might have been adduced and of telling examples than those Ellul has chosen. You want to believe in the completeness of the attack, but you are simply paranoid, or that he has got hold of one of those principles which by explaining everything explain nothing. But worth these hopes perish of nature. Ellul leaves the possibility of terrors to the technologists; he leaves with the little terrors that are for anyone to see who cares.

Take conversation. This is certainly the most common activity in the world is now. But technology is making it obsolete. When a man works and passes between his activities in controlled tempo, an ancient source of talk with a fellowman, and an ancient way of their shared condition, is blighted.

The next step, which Ellul discusses, is the technicizing of conversation. One principle, borrowed from psychotherapy, has been vulgarized: let the other person say about what interests him. This principle is faulty, not because the other person is not interested in anything on scientific grounds; a scientific principle must be applicable



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The Shakespeare tetracentenary is finally drawing to a close, and is anyone sorry to see these revels end? The Bardolatry which Shaw so bitterly deplored has never been at as high a pitch as it was this past spring. Shakespeare has always run the gravest risk at the hands of his admirers; and this year the foundations, the Johnson administration, the television *conferenciers*, the slick, chic magazines—all of them wrapped Will in their fond and deadly embraces. "Dear friend, for Jesus' sake forbear . . ."

Did anything useful emerge from this high-toned orgy? A handful of exciting productions certainly. A few more radio plays, of which the latest, and by all odds the liveliest, is Jan Kott's *Shakespeare Our Contemporary*.

Jan Kott is a Polish poet, critic, and intellectual who has often translated the plays of Sartre and Ionesco. The title of Mr. Kott's book neatly sums up both his critical message and his achievement, his means and his end. Briefly, what Mr. Kott has done is to relate plays of Shakespeare to the theatre of Beckett, Ionesco, and Genet; to the art of film; to our mid-century universe of concentration camps, ruined cities, and grotesque malaise. Mr. Kott's is not the complete Shakespeare, by any means, nor even the Essential Shakespeare. It can, however, be called Existential Shakespeare.

One important theatrical production has already been inspired by a chapter from this book—the Royal Shakespeare Company's recent production of *King Lear* starring Paul Scofield. Others will surely be on the way, for Mr. Kott has shown us brilliant new ways of staging Shakespeare as well as new ways of reading him.

It is altogether possible that Jan Kott's *Shakespeare Our Contemporary* may one day be counted the only lasting accomplishment of the Bard's 400th year.

L.L. Day

EDITORIAL LARGE

Shakespeare Our Contemporary (\$4.50) by Jan Kott (translated by E. V. Rieu) is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 17. Copies are available at your local bookseller, including any of the 24 Doubleday Book Shops, or direct from the publisher at 1750 Northern Boulevard, Manhasset, New York.

THE NEW BOOKS

one trained in its use, and obviously when each of two people tries to let the other talk about what interests him there will not be much conversation. My major policy recommendation is a massive, indeed a brutal research project to investigate the conditions of conversation.

What everyone counts on in the great transformation that society is now going through is some unconquerable greatness in ourselves that cannot be destroyed. But Ellul shows that when technique comes into conflict with the organic, technique prevails. When bakeries could not be mechanized, it was not technology that was defeated; a new substance took the old name of bread, and people accepted it as such. More recently a food processor invented a machine for harvesting tomatoes and then developed tomatoes that could be harvested by the machine.

The dimension of life that demands ecstasy—gratitude or violence—can be made to serve the technological order, Ellul thinks. In his opinion the outrages of the Nazis represented a very crude adaptation to technique; the whole thing can be done much more suavely with experience. Here he may be wrong; the violence that seems so much a part of the technological order may not be transitory. On the other hand, the intellectual Luddites—those who would crush or evade the principle of efficiency to realize other things they value—look more and more harmlessly ornamental. Ellul believes that a great deal of modern literature which nominally protests the sway of technique (through what Boulding calls the "salacious exploitation" of sex) actually serves it by absorbing the fantasies of the reader that might otherwise prove socially inconvenient. The Beatnik, in his analysis, serves the technological order by showing how little depth of feeling and significant action can be achieved outside it.

Novelist Laureate

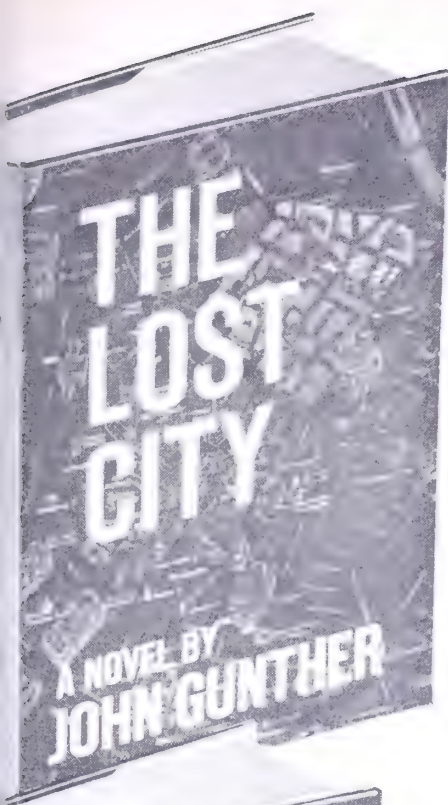
The novelist laureate of the technological society, as well as one of its major mystagogues since the publication of *The Two Cultures*, is C. P. Snow, whose new book, *Corridors of Power* (Scribner, \$5.95), is the cur-

rent Book-of-the-Month Club selection. The book has a superb survey of British politics in that period (the middle 1950s) when the British decided not to go on competing with the great powers of East and West in nuclear armaments—that is, when a great nation chose, if forced to choose, the route of de-urbanization.

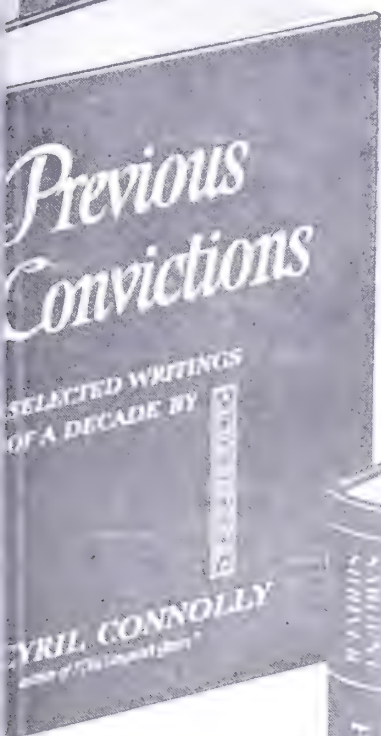
But the treatment of this subject is remarkably tedious, because the novel simply does not take in any significant way. Snow provides revelations of the world of "politics," that sacrosanct inner circle where great politicians and their ranking civil servants and Prize-winners in science make their reaching decisions amid the complexities of "technology, politics, and moral conscience, military force." What he has in fact written is a rather limp account of an ambitious young politician not quite out of the top drawer socially who, in a phrase, overmarries himself and ends up with woman trouble. His story involves no issue that Trollope would have had the slightest trouble understanding, and Trollope, over, would have known how to make a story out of it.

To illustrate: one character in the novel is a great industrialist, and the reader constantly expects to see him do something that will reveal the power of influence great industrialists have on the making of major political decisions in the world of "politics." But the only significant action the industrialist takes is to hire a rival firm to fire a petty black who is about as relevant to the story as Betsy Ross. Or again: one character disagrees with the other social grounds (there is no technological issue in the novel), but on political grounds. But there is not only indeed not one line, of intelligent change of opinion between the two men who disagree is simply dismissed as a madman and his opinion dismissed as contemptible.

At the time it seemed as if British decision was in large part economic since there were not the resources available both to pay the enormous costs of nuclear competition and to buy the social services that the country expected. But no one could deduce from Snow's pages that such a



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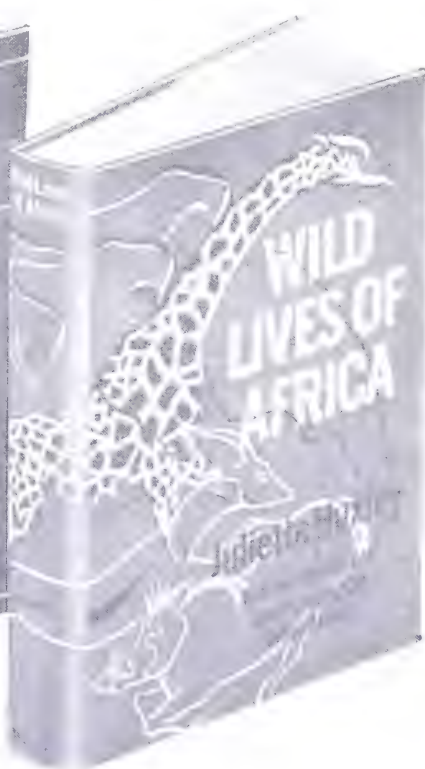
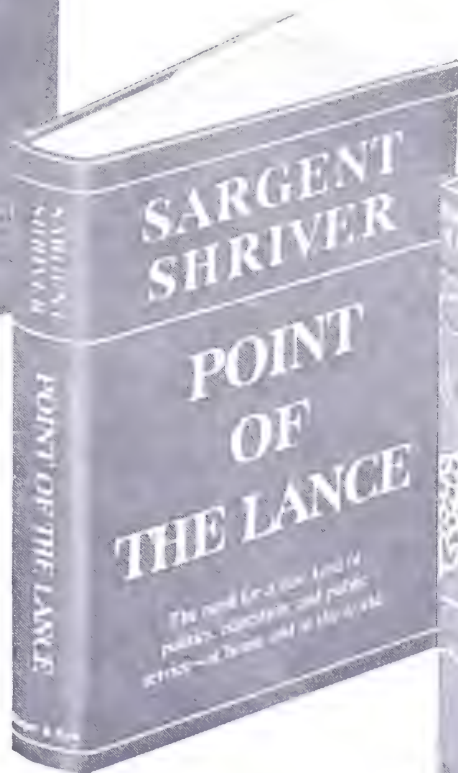


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issue. The reader of *Corridors of Power* never gets any nearer to "closed politics" than a certain number of views of costly English interiors and glimpses of men with resounding titles addressing one another by their first names. What interests Snow in this book, in spite of its pretensions to the contrary, is not technology and society but that old preoccupation of novelists as different — and as great — as Thackeray and Proust: social snobbery.

The Italian Girl by Iris Murdoch

Iris Murdoch is a novelist very little concerned with the kind of public life

is interested in prescientific dimen-

chantment and possession. In the best of her work the predictable everyday world offers at most a kind of surface tension that will bear up only those who are extraordinarily light and sure of foot: one misstep and it's down, down into depths and abysses where the light is strange and the distances are immeasurable and unblinking creatures float slowly by without a sound. Or eat you up.

Her newest book — she is very prolific — is *The Italian Girl* (Viking, \$4.50), a macabre fairy tale for very adult adults. The main character is a man in early middle age, an engraver in London who has reduced his life in accordance with the strictest commandments of common sense. He goes back to the English village where he grew up to attend his mother's funeral, not because he is very strong on filial piety or any other emotion, but because there is an estate involved. But the old home- stead has fallen into the hands of his brother and his brother's curious — not to say bizarre — collection of relatives and retainers. Everyone is bewitched or bewitching or both, and with one crashing misstep the sojourner from London breaks through the surface tension that has so long sustained him: he plunges, panic-stricken, into dimensions of experience that he has hoped to escape forever, but out of them he is reborn to life.

This is a wildly imaginative modern gothic tale, a little uneven in execution (the ending is impatient), but it will remind Miss Murdoch's

admirers of her earlier work, bold and sinister playfulness, convention.

Testament of a Son by Saul Bellow

If Bellow's *Testament of a Son* describes the shape of the modern contemporary society is then Saul Bellow's *Herzog* (\$5) shows what it feels like. Bellow's speaker in the book hardly be called a narrator; there is hardly any narration. *Herzog*, a historical man in posthistory, a survivor of civilization stranded in postcivilization, with a past stretching back generations who has to tell his story — that is, his life — in the

Herzog, understandably, is a little out of his mind; he has a good deal of his time writing landish, brilliant letters to people, ranging from his first and only old friend who passed him on the street, to speaking, to Eisenhower and Bhavé. Of course he never finishes them, never finishes them; the gestures that replace in despair.

In many ways *Herzog's* relation to the world strikingly contrasts with *Buddha's* and *Berke's* — them he thinks that "for intellectuals have grasped the principles behind the quiet transformation" of the age exhibits the technological revolution—he has a splendid scene bringing the rat population under control by feeding contraceptives.

But the prevailing mood of the book is a feeling of the irreducibility of the human. *Herzog* does not tend to know how much of feeling is private neurosis and how much is social engineering. In many ways a sick man and he is in many ways a foolish man who knows it: but both folly and are defined by the world he lives in.

If a hundred years from now are still readers interested in it was like to be a sensitive, intelligent and imaginative man, willing to keep sane and make the world in that remote year 1964, they can turn to *Herzog* find out.

per Wayfarer

by Robert Hatch

ography, by Charles Chaplin & Schuster, \$6.95.

Chaplin can show you glows; can only tell you is more not perfunctory and banal. Role of the contrast comes his book:

do I remember Holy Communion one hot summer's day and a silver cup containing degenerate juice that passed along congregation—and Mother's restraining hand when I doo much of it.

a paragraph later:

interim of one year seemed ne of travail. Now we existed less twilight.

his persistent making and of tone, Chaplin's autobiography becomes an exercise in ecination. The reader must author's lapses of attention keep himself alert to seize in a considerable dish of It is not, then, a great the greatness of the man ough it.

World War I and for a than ten years thereafter, the baggy pants, platter by, cane, and brush mous- s the most beloved folk e world had ever known. Looking back, it astonishes then, we never speculated man who had created our panion. Fairbanks. Pick- ty Arbuckle. William S. knew that these were orking in Hollywood and etacular lives that from ime spilled over into the aplin was the Tramp; it cur to us to ask further. eaking of how the children think it was true also of nts. The dapper wayfarer,

atch writes movie reviews Nation" and was formerly itic for "Horizon." He is izing editor of "The Na-

The Swivel Chair



One of the many benefits of the Anglo-American publishing alliance is the chance to read book reviewers in trans-Atlantic translation. Two books published first in England weighed in with an eloquent press. From the British Isles **Purpose in Politics** (\$4.95) by Harold Wilson was launched impressively.

"Mr. Wilson's speeches and articles, collected in **Purpose in Politics** . . . will prove his debating brilliance on topics like the Common Market and foreign policy." *London News*

"They have bite, they have wit, sometimes they have foresight. They show a combination of economic expertise with political emotion possibly unmatched since Gladstone."

— *Glasgow Herald*

"This book *does* tell you more about the man Wilson. You can hear a speech, like it or not, and forget it. But read a dozen or more speeches, years later, and the impact is enormous. This book shows Wilson not simply as the man of exceptional intellect — which most people know — but as a man of deeply impressive character."

— *Daily Herald*

And in America, ahead of publication, one of the best of the booksellers' editorial services made this pre-publication report to the trade: "Wilson is without doubt a brilliant, skillful, and altogether reliable politician, as this collection of his speeches and articles from the past seven years quite clearly demonstrates. . . . As an introduction to a man



whose name may soon adorn our headlines this is a useful volume."

— Virginia Kirkus

Our former Ambassador to India, John Kenneth Galbraith, translated his title **The Scotch** into **Made to Last** for his British

publisher (to whom Scotch is a drink). It was published late in July in England and Scotland, and not since the theft of the Stone of Scone has the Kingdom been so united. *The Observer* called it "an enchanting little book . . .



ten times more valuable a social document than most of the heavy volumes of the sociologists." The *Sunday Telegraph* said the author writes, "Like Burns . . . affectionately from within, sardonically from without." And the Scots agreed. The *Glasgow Herald* called Professor Galbraith "as sophisticated and intelligent a Scot as ever put pen to paper."

And on this side of the Atlantic **The Scotch** (\$3.95) has been called " . . . a captivating recollection of his ancestral background, his upbringing on the Canadian shore of Lake Erie, and his unclouded reflections on his Scottish-Canadian forbears. . . . His pawky, pithy humor is almost always at the expense of his compatriots. Age — thanks be — has not mellowed nor distance blunted the keen edge of his satiric remembrance. . . . Of all this prestigious author's books this is at once the most accessible, delectable, and instantly quotable. It's a delight to read, even if the only Scotch you know comes in a bottle." — John Barkham.

Saturday Review Syndicate

"John Kenneth Galbraith sketches his subject with an ironic suavity much more convincing than the usual love-hate relationship between a celebrity and his native heath. . . . Some of the most hallowed inaccuracies about the Highland character are placidly exposed in this book. . . . An unexpected teaspoonful from the North American melting pot, it is served with all the aplomb of a professional writer-diplomat."

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so instantly responsive to human confrontations, so utterly excluded from participation; the innocent who used our most essential tools—a broom, a wrench, a pot of paint—as though they were toys for witty dexterity; the confiding, vulnerable little man whose kick was as sudden and as accurate as a whip; all this created an image so absolute, at once so intimate and so remote, that there seemed no possibility of going behind it.

It appears now that we were right: the Tramp was Chaplin, abstracted and purified; the extravagant slapstick, the quick pathos, the dizzy seesaw of fortune in the two-reelers had happened almost as arbitrarily to the boy as to the actor.

Young Charlie came home one night (his mother was in an asylum and he was then living in London with his father and his father's slattern mistress) to find that the adults had decamped. For days he lived in the streets, mostly frequenting a nearby yard where two woodchoppers, one a gentle giant who threw fits, cut scrap lumber into firewood with flashing, mathematical efficiency. Chaplin shared their meals—a delicacy was Welsh rarebit made from cheese rinds—and washed himself at their tap, until one day his older brother, Sydney, came home from sea, his luggage, topped by a crate of bananas, piled high on the roof of a brougham.

On his first road tour, a child among busy and hard-living actors, Chaplin was so desperately lonely that he bought a rabbit and trained it to scoot under the bed on the approach of the landlady. When his father, a variety artist, died of drink at thirty-seven, Chaplin found that with a band of crepe on his arm he could do a brisk trade in daffodils from pub to pub.

That is enough: one can find a dozen Tramp themes per chapter in this autobiography, and it is when Chaplin himself feels his life as a stageable drama that the episodes leap from the page. I do not think, though, that he has written his life in imitation of art; the art came out of it.

By the time he was twenty-five, the London street boy, inmate of workhouses and orphans' schools, was worth his first million dollars

and well on his way to world fame. It is pure rags-to-riches; it is so too good to be true, and it is a fault with Alger reality which is invariably omitted the price of the road to glory). We should know how high Chaplin must have climbed through English provincial road companies; he did not climb very high when Sennett spotted him in Scotland called *The Bow-wow*, a British then barnstorming America. But soon as he came in contact with Chaplin began to soar. He understood the medium immediately; he knew that he was more gifted than anyone else on the Sennett lot insisted that his talent be recognized—and rewarded. In a matter of months, he was inventing, directing, and starring in the first of the comedies that have unquestionably made him immortal.

Chaplin was a tough businessman and a daring bargainer; he was lost by switching studios and switched often. He loved money, a child loves it—for the instant pleasures it could buy. Because he recalls the thrill of walking in the street and buying a car as though it were a new pair of gloves. Chaplin found no private security in the fame, and bought no personal security with the wealth. He quoted Conrad to the effect that he did not want to feel like a cornered animal waiting to be clubbed. He did not know some are struck with good luck that he was one of them. (He felt, though, that he was cursed and amazed that the luck did not desert him.)

The loneliness of his childhood seems never to have lifted from Chaplin until, as he was about to become an old man, he married O'Neill, married her, and she produced the flock of handsomeness of children who now surround him. Years he attracted alarmingly many in whatever city his presence was known, but typically he shied through some back door and avoided the streets in bleak contentment of his friendlessness.

Adulation "thrills" him—but fills him with foreboding. One can sense the constant shadow of some debt unpaid. Chaplin opens with an odd little preface, how, as a very small boy, he failed his mother, and he

THE NEW BOOKS

he in its proper place. He sed on it, perhaps, to ex- e mockery he hears behind ers. Chaplin adores celebri- drops names throughout his ith shameless delight), but ely at ease with them. Peo- know him say that he is vely voluble; if you ask him picture on which he is work- will reenact the entire script, every part and not omitting illest bit of business. It is a performance and Chaplin is d if you praise it.

t perhaps for Douglas Fair- ne gathers that the people o Chaplin were those who for him. The Fairbanks rela- is easy enough to under- he roaring, extrovert Doug ways rally his little friend im, a sail, a wild ride through But his attraction to Hearst o, for Chaplin seems always had a quick nose for corrup- may have been the news- n's vulnerability to Marion that caught Chaplin's sym- because Chaplin, though he is that he was a cool-headed eems himself to have been snared. He married the first eause the lady, quite incor- imagined herself pregnant. marriage to Lita Grey he will ing, on the ground that she other of his two eldest sons. alette Goddard episode was ly a holiday from work for them; when they got back to s they went their own ways. buoyed this awkward, self- man for decades and when it l abruptly to notoriety he was ill-equipped to deal with it. secution of Chaplin in the American patriotism and egency is a scandal this era ed with forever. The most y thing about it was its fatu- plin attacked fascism very the game; he urged the of the second front to relieve t a time when public figures y conceivable political hue ing the same. Almost simul- y, a hysterical woman ac- m of being the father of her child. He had never become citizen, and in the 1950s, eCarthy and his pack were individuality, he was barrel



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doubtedly the best introduction to the work of this very humble-of-the-century playwright and novelist, who has been largely neglected in America until now. Renard's stories were deep in the French peasant life; some of his most beautiful describe the common occurrences of farm life, the pleasures of the countryside, the change of seasons, the real fascination here is in seeing his gradual transformation from the sophisticated yet earthy *vareur* who became one of the popular literary men of his time.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The editors have concentrated on the many epigrams in the book, and have omitted the longer comments on the artistic personalities of the day—Verlaine, Sarah Bernhardt, Toulouse-Lautrec, among others. Nonetheless, the epigrams ("When a sparrow has said 'Peep' it thinks it has said everything there is to say") and short character sketches ("Mallarmé writes intelligently like a madman") are in the classic French tradition of La Rochefoucauld and Proust, and it is a pleasure to have them in English.

Unfortunately, the same claims cannot be made for Julian Green's *Diary 1928-1957*. Unlike the Renard, this volume offers no introduction or explanation of the basis on which the selections were made. Even in French the journal is a curiously unrevealing portrait of one of the major Catholic writers of the last decades, author of *The Closed Garden*, *The Dark Journey*, and other novels. Green's religious doubts and eventual conversion and his friendship with André Gide should have been of great interest, but the entries are usually pronouncements about generalized states of feeling and thus never draw one into the day-by-day unfolding of a man's personality. One senses with disappointment that Green is holding almost everything back. His style, so rich and subtle in his novels, is pedestrian here, and the translation does nothing to improve it.

Roger H. Klein

Verse: Two Posthumous Volumes

The Far Field, by Theodore Roethke. Doubleday, \$3.50.

The Burning Perch, by Louis MacNeice. Oxford University Press, \$3.75.

Never in the late Mr. Roethke's work has his musical sense seemed more apparent than in these last poems. He frequently evokes here, as he did earlier, the figure of the dance. Nor has his technical mastery seemed surer. He is able to use the short line as well as the long; he can write meditative, mystical poems that are at moments childlike in their simplicity as well as songs that have a complexity and intensity of resonance. This mastery permits him to

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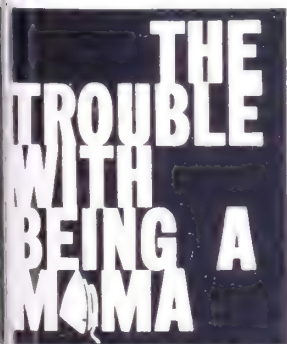
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

see all things, as he says in one poem, "through water magnified/And shimmering." He writes of the small meadow mouse nuzzled in his palm like "the thumb of a child," and of a dying geranium, limp and bedraggled, "foolish and trusting, like a sick poodle." He can depict a "delirium of birds" as well as the violence of a storm. His poetry has also never appeared more essentially American. He calls upon Walt Whitman, "maker of catalogues"; his "journey to the interior" becomes, in his "North American Sequence," bound up with his vision of America. And in a volume so concerned with death, the predominant tone is one of pure joy.

The poetry of the late Louis MacNeice has always been noted for its startling use of images drawn from contemporary life and for its powerful and original command of ordinary speech. His manner in these last poems is as direct and his idiom as fresh as ever; his rhythmic range, all the way from classical meters to nursery rhymes, is unequaled. But whereas at times in the past the casualness of his tone and his remarkable polish have seemed to detract from the emotion communicated, here, returning to the manner of his earlier poems about the London air raids, he presents a vision of the mechanized, inhuman contemporary scene that is breathtaking in its sweep. One poem, "Charon," describes a final bus trip across London when all bridges are down to the waiting ferry, with its ferryman "just as Virgil and Dante had seen him." The latter's message is: "If you want to die you will have to pay for it." The tone of that line and the power of its understatement are typical of all these poems, which leave MacNeice unmistakably in the front rank of modern poets.

William Jay Smith

Playwrights Dissected

The Life of the Drama, by Eric Bentley. Atheneum, \$5.95.

Shakespeare Our Contemporary, by Jan Kott. Doubleday, \$4.50.

Eric Bentley in his *The Life of the Drama* does for the theatre what E. M. Forster's *Aspects of the Novel*

did for that form of literature. It is to say that he toys with the fundamental questions about sketching and suggesting and for further inquiry rather than tailoring long-winded solutions to problems.

In prose that can be read for pleasure for its forceful style alone, Mr. Bentley plays with the elements of theatre—plot, character, dialogue, thought, and action—then proceeds to dissect the various kinds of drama moving from the primitive—farce and melodrama—to the more complex—tragedy, comedy—and concluding with the on-tragi-comedy, a category, in Mr. Bentley's view, which includes much of the distinctively modern work of Ibsen, Pirandello, Brecht, and C. G. L. ett. His exploration of the role of our grand dramatic monuments to the aspect of theatre that he has studied closely before—is particularly revealing.

What is remarkable about this book, as about all Mr. Bentley's, is the continuing suggestion that an intelligent man can yet find in theatre a stimulus to further reflection. Given the state of mind so habitual in the American mind, such a display is encouraging. Only slight quibble I have is in the present circumstances. Mr. Bentley has any business contemplating the eternal verities of the night might still be wielding his hatchet on the theatre's night practitioners, as he did so often in the past in the pages of *Republic* and in the literary lies.

Professor Jan Kott's *Shakespeare Our Contemporary*, on the other hand, is very much of the manner in which he has reconstituted a Shakespeare who is part dramatist and part prophet of the Absurd, part prophet of Eastern European history. This combination is not as absurd as it sounds when stated thus baldly. I would recommend Professor Kott to anyone about to embark on productions of certain of the plays he discusses, particularly *Richard III*, *Richard II*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Leopold*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*, though I would also suggest that he be taken with a large dose of

Henry

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Tormented Hero

A Mother's Kisses, by Bruce Jay Friedman. Simon & Schuster, \$4.95.

Foisting chicken soup upon children is outdated and the Jewish mother in this book knows it; instead she gorges her only son on all the "advantages" her middle-class Benson-hurst life will afford. Most notably, she wangles him an acceptance to a college after almost every school in the catalogue has turned him down. So what if it's a far cry from his dreams of "beaming, crewcut Colgate" or "poetic, leafy Brown"? For slipping him into Kansas Land Grant Agricultural, she expects generous returns—in gratitude, if not love.

But what she gets is merely a straight man's comeback to her own burlesque patter ("Who knows how to treat a son?" "You do."). Underneath this veneer and another protective layer of escapist imaginings, Joseph worries desperately about how to reconcile his mixed emotions toward her. (But his father, evidently, is too piddling a man to warrant anything more than casual dislike.) Analogous troubles torment Stern, the hero of Bruce Jay Friedman's celebrated first novel, and, apparently, Joseph's adult counterpart. In that penetrating book the man dodges the question of how to respond to his wife, by spawning an ulcer; here, the boy watches his mother humiliate him and coolly accumulates hate.

In fact, she's the essence of mother-ness—only more so, in a New York Jewish tradition. She insists on accompanying him to Kansas and when they arrive, urges: "Smell that air. Line your stomach with a little." Other grounds for Joseph's disgust are her efforts to "stay" sexy; she hennas her hair, girdles herself into size twelve, and, when the mood strikes her, dances a pathetically original shimmy, even before gentiles.

The son's passivity and the mother's vulgarity in this hopeless psychological snarl gradually wear on your nerves. Yet on the whole these Jewish caricatures act as refreshing stimulants; a provocative cross between modern myth and reality, they tempt you to wonder just where stereotypes leave off and actual people begin.

Verne Moberg



IN THE ABSENCE OF ROLLS ROYCES

the old Ottoman Empire had its own status symbols.

IN *Europe's Steppe Frontier 1500-1800*, William H. McNeill writes: "Slaves were not valued primarily for the economic usefulness of their labor. Slaves were used instead to satisfy the desire of upstart Ottoman nobles (often slaves themselves) to accumulate a large household of attendants, thus attesting their own personal greatness . . .

"SLAVES MANAGED important facets of Ottoman life. In particular, the imperial slave household administered the secular side of the sultan's government and constituted the backbone of the sultan's field army . . . The brutalized Negro field hands of the New World, who constitute the Western archetype of an enslaved population were different indeed from the slaves who strutted the streets and staffed the palaces of Constantinople."

MCNEILL POINTS OUT that Europeans enslaved by the Ottoman Empire were often snatched from miserable village serfdom to a rich, metropolitan life of opportunity and that they regularly accepted the Moslem religion of their captors without coercion.

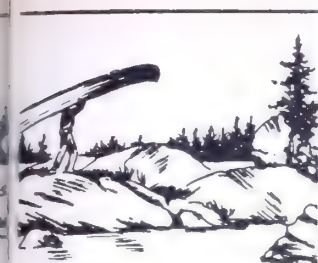
DISPLAYING the breadth of vision that so distinguished *The Rise of the West*, McNeill here treats that area of Europe where Hapsburg, Russian, and Ottoman Empires vied for power as typical "frontier" territory. He discounts traditional hostilities which assign to the Turks an exaggeratedly villainous role in this struggle.

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MUSIC *in the round*

by *Discus*

Violin and Piano; Harpsichord, Flute, and Seven Strings

An unexpected Beethoven series is retrieved from a silence of twenty years, and Bach gets two brand-new performances.

All music lovers whose memories go back to the 'thirties and 'forties remember Josef Szigeti. Szigeti would come onstage looking nine feet tall: a skinny, emaciated man with a bald head and a pleasant smile. He would manage to tuck his violin under his chin, no mean feat, because his arms seemed too long for such a physical maneuver. When he played, he seemed all elbows and fingers. A less graceful manipulator of the violin never existed. Nor was his tone all that it should be. Szigeti could rasp and squeak, and he played with all too apparent effort.

But few violinists were so universally admired. He was called the violinists' violinist, the musicians' musician. Somehow he managed to pull out of the music all that was in it, and he did it without the fearsome perfection of his virtuoso brethren. In a way he was the Schnabel of the violin. The notes, the technique—they did not count. The message, the meaning, did. How that man made music! And how he managed to hold audiences!

Joseph Szigeti is no longer as active as he used to be. But a few months ago the public received an unexpected testimonial of his art. During the war, he and the celebrated pianist Claudio Arrau played, at the Library of Congress, several programs encompassing the ten **Violin Sonatas** of Beethoven. At that time the performances were recorded for the Library of Congress archives. The acetates came to the attention of Vanguard Records, and that company

managed to secure permission for a commercial release of those invaluable documents. The result is a four-disc recording of all ten sonatas, issued at a special low price of \$11.90 (Vanguard VRS 1109/12, mono only).

These are invaluable documents for they present two important instrumentalists in a major segment of the repertoire heard under actual recital conditions. (On the discs one can hear audience noises, etc. The recorded sound, though, is quite faithful, and as "hi-fi" as anything at that date.) Arrau, the Chilean-born pianist who was trained in Germany, is considered by many to be one of the supreme artists of this century. Even those who find his playing somewhat mannered concede that his repertoire is enormous, his musical culture all-embracing, and his technique flawless.

On these records we get beautiful, moving, sensitive, and often powerful performances. Szigeti is, and remains—Szigeti. His bow is sometimes recalcitrant, some attacks do not come off, his tone is sometimes wiry. That is to be expected of his style. But also expected, and Szigeti does not disappoint, are the long line, the subtle phrase, the rhythmic spirit and freedom, the total immersion in Beethoven's world. And Arrau's work is on an equal level. Only too often, on the stage and on records, we get performances of the Beethoven violin sonatas in which the pianist is an accompanist rather than a partner—performances in which the accompanist respectfully hides under the great soloist's bow. That is death to the music, all the more in that the piano in the Beethoven violin sonatas occupies the greater role.

Arrau, being the musician he is, does not attempt to take over the pro-

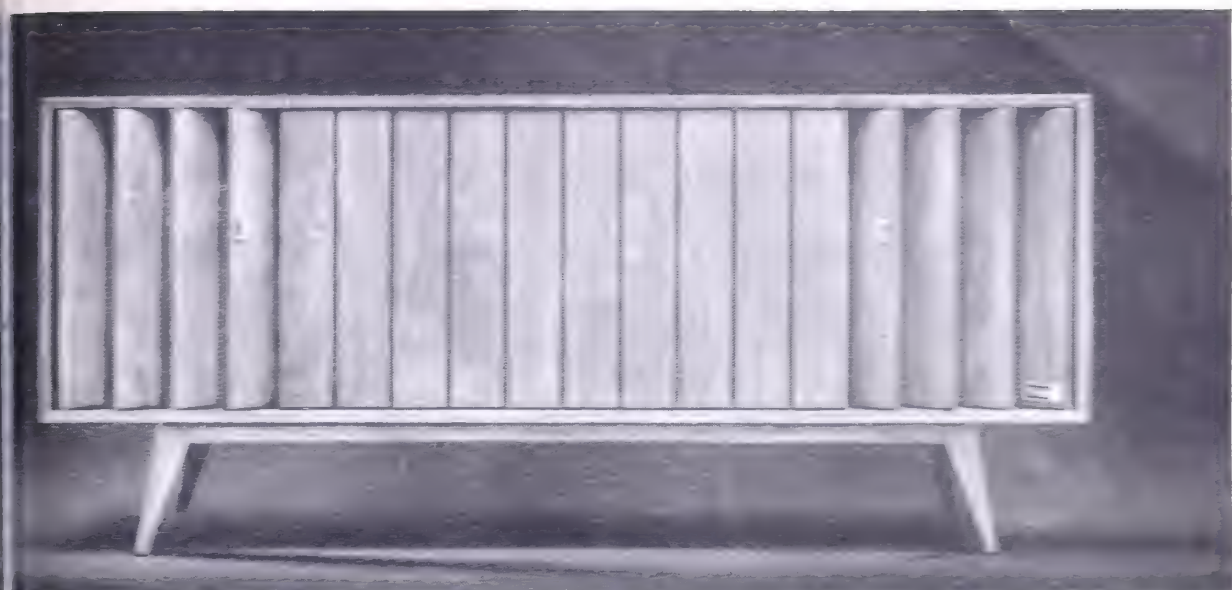
ceedings. He works closely with Szigeti and knows exactly when to retreat, when to assert himself, and how to blend his contribution for the greatest musical effect. This is unique. It is not an example of polished playing, and may be a rough spots from the violin, but it is hard to think of a performance of these ten sonatas that has equal knowledge, style, integrity, actual and emotional resource.

To pass from the second of the Bs to the first, there are two performances of unusual interest. One is the **Musical Offering** by the Wiener Solisten (Bach, BWV 658, mono; BSG 5070, stereo). The other is a performance of six **Partitas** played on the harpsichord by Glenn Gould (Columbia Masterworks, mono; M2S 693, stereo; both limited editions).

Orthodox Beethoven

The *Musical Offering* is a precursor of Bach's *Art of Fugue* and has a rather pleasant historical background. In 1747 Bach visited Potsdam and played before Frederick the Great that royal musical enthusiasm was customary in those days. His guest gave the performer a theme on which to improvise. And, since the musical (he himself played, composed, and composed), the theme was of his own manufacture. It is an orthodox theme, starting in an orthodox manner with the first three notes of the minor triad but then branching into a series of chromatics, and, of course, worked it up on a scale. Then, when he went home, he developed the theme, developed it into a series of contrapuntal exercises, his own published at his own expense, and presented it to Frederick. It is a masterpiece. There is no record of how Frederick received it.

The Wiener Solisten, conducted by Wilfried Böttcher, is a small group consisting of harpsichord, flute, seven strings. It is interesting, even frightening, to compare these ideas about Bach to those of the 19th century (even granting the difference in music). The Wiener Solisten are the best tradition of contrapuntal scholarship and execution. Their sensible tempos, they outline polyphony with clarity and have studied the scholarship, and they appreciate



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MUSIC IN THE RO

music in a dedicated man, previously the results would have been superior, and they are. Conte's ideas about baroque style were better represented than on the disc.

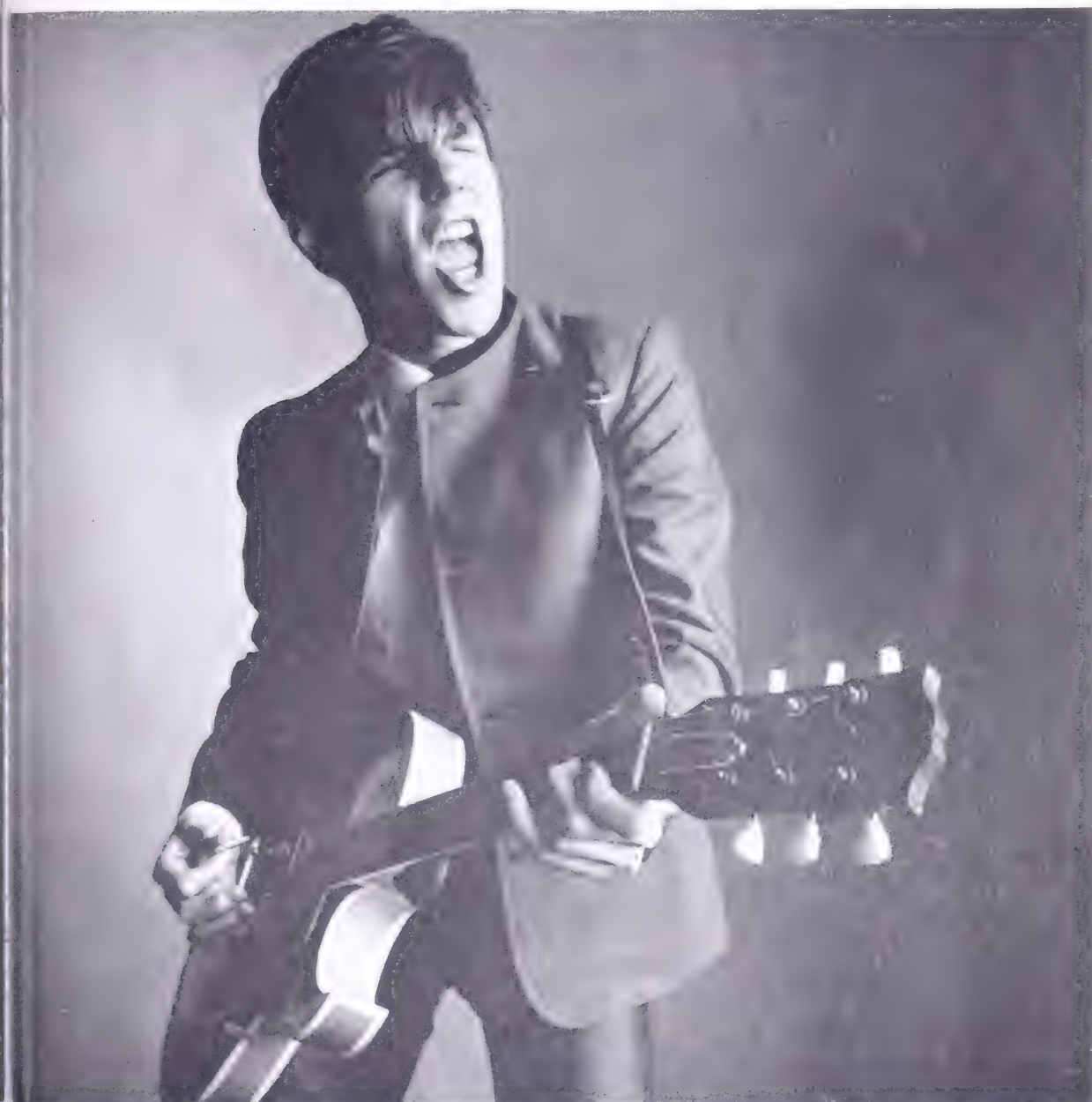
... And Uncon

And so we turn to Gould's *Partitas*. Gould too has studied the work of the scholars. But there is a difference. Instrumentalists at the Wiener Solisten are interested primarily in the ground plan of the music—its organization, its relation to the music of the period, the solution of technical problems. They are impersonal and objective: formal craftsmen doing a craft job. They keep themselves out of the music. Gould, on the other hand, applies much of the same scholarly work from much the same perspective, but throws himself into it, making it a highly personal experience.

Thus we find Gould employing kinds of unconventional accents and tempos aimed at what he perceives as musical expressivity. Some of these are so personal that many listeners feel that the pianist is exaggerating, living up with Bach-Gould rather than Bach. Where does individuality lead into eccentricity? Others, though, included, will respond to these ideas. They may not always agree, but at least they are ideas. Evidence exists—including recordings of Bach's son, Karl Philipp Emanuel—to indicate that in Bach's time was considered "romantic" and freer than the present-day Bach specialists are willing to admit.

Whether or not one agrees with Gould's ideas, there can be no disagreement about his ability to present them. Ever since his first recordings years back (of the *Variations*), it has been clear that this young man was mad about Bach. His scales are perfect, the control to weight the notes to a point where it is true that his left hand seems as independent as his right. He also has free, responsive rhythm and a musicality that, if somewhat cocky and self-indulgent, is nevertheless always in control. Of how many musicians can we say this?

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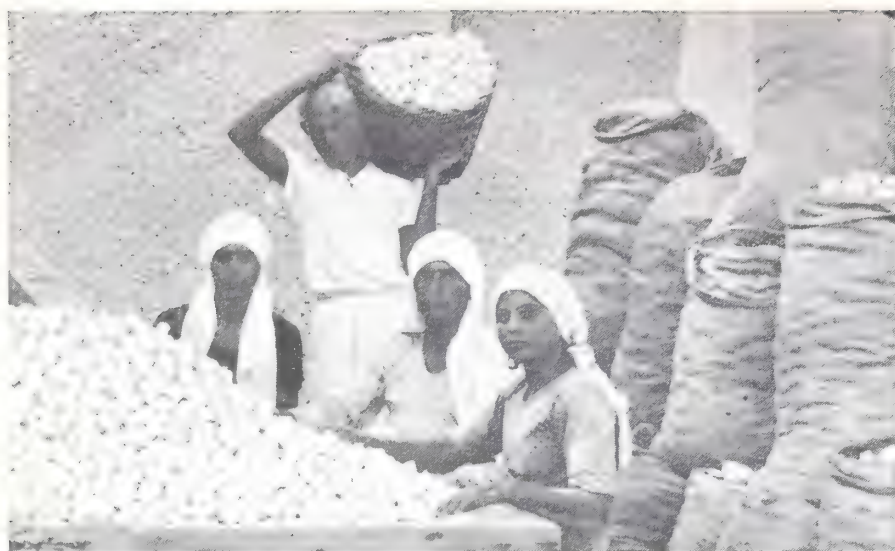
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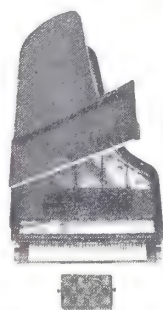
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JAZZ no

by Eric Larrabee

Lif' D

Recorded jazz began as the imitation of Negro music by whites. What the recent reissues emphasize is how pervasive and effective that exploitation was. As every child knows by now, the first recording of record was made in February 1917 by the group of New Orleans whites who call themselves the Original Dixieland Band. What I had not realized until encountering the curiously titled Columbia and Odeon anthologies—Brownlee's, Bayersdorfer's, Droit's, Parenti's, the New Orleans Owls, the Halfway House, the Original Crescent City Jazzers—were.

All were playing and recording in the early 'twenties, by date they superficially seem competitive with the earliest preserved work of Negroes—Oliver, Armstrong, Pettie, Williams, Dodds, Ory, et al.—who lacked the flair for merchandising in a predominately P-P-P (protestant) country. For whites had their greatest success abroad; all the ODJB 1919 recordings were English (the first album) and even today the recondite collection (the Odeon series) is an English import. The distance makes the heart more glad.

"Across the gulf of time," wrote an Englishman of the first heard the ODJB, "I hold in memory of its breathtakingness and peremptory attack. Sadly, the second moral one can draw from these pioneers preserved is that 'breathtakingness' is an evanescent quality. To listen to old records now seems as we look at old photographs, a hope of penetrating their meaning and hearing or seeing something which their makers did not consciously intend to tell.

Jazz Odyssey, Vol. I. The Sound of New Orleans. Columbia Jazz Sounds of the Twenties I-IV. Odeon PMC 1166, 1171, 1177. The Original Dixieland Band. Riverside 156/157.

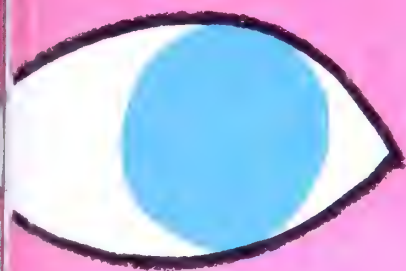
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Question of Fidelity

Autobiography of

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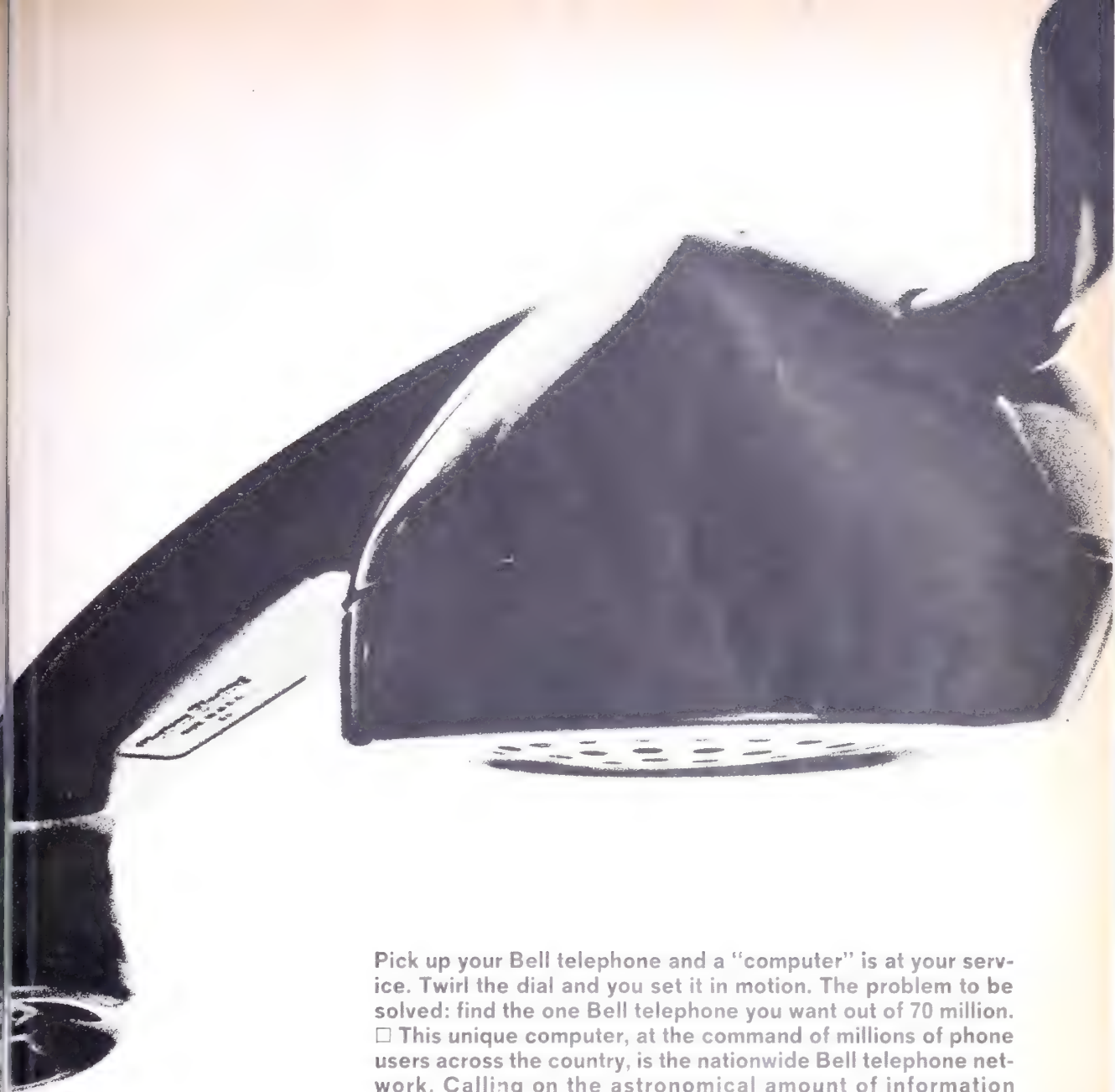
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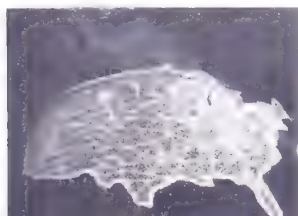
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Check all answers you think are correct.)

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want to give your money a
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hope to get a second income
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after giving first call to liv-
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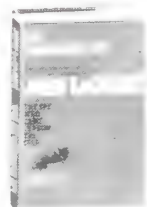
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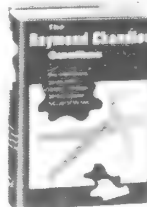
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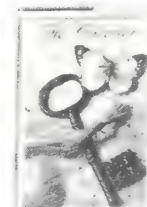
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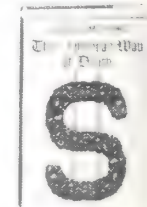
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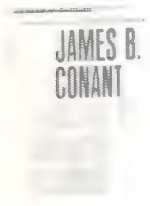
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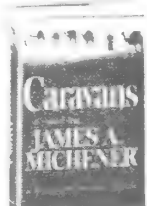
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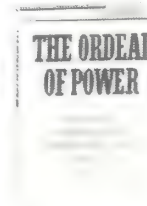
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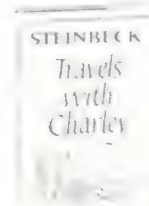
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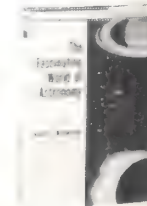
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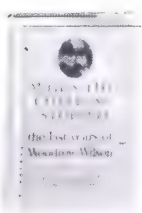
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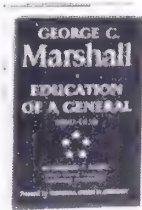
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Skeleton Key

Napoleon's Egyptian campaign of 1799 was not an unqualified success from a military standpoint, but it had one fortunate side effect on history. One of Bonaparte's officers stumbled across a tablet inscribed with curious characters—and had the good sense not to throw it away.

That tablet was the Rosetta stone, and it was the key that unlocked the hieroglyphic language of early Egypt for subsequent generations of archeologists.

If Wall Street has a Rosetta stone, we like to think it's an advertisement that we first ran about fifteen years ago and have been updating and reprinting in booklet form ever since. It's called *"What Everybody Ought to Know About This Stock and Bond Business,"* and it was written to take the mystery out of investing and to define the vocabulary of the stock market in words anyone can understand. It must do the trick, too, because there are at least 5,000,000 copies in print, and the demand goes on and on.

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Static on the Airwaves

We egghead newscasters who have become sandwiched between the Beach Boys and The Animals cringe when we consider our new position in broadcasting. We who are instructed to "write down" to our listeners squirm at our role. To those of us who would like to see radio serve the public interest, Desmond Smith's voice has struck home [*"American Radio Today: The Listener Be Damned,"* September]. For while it may be true that the leaders of broadcasting today pledge allegiance to the president of the National Association of Broadcasters, the sad truth is that the man they really respect is still George Washington.

CONCERNED BROADCASTER

Radio is not so lucrative as Mr. Smith leads us to believe. Using the NAB's most recent figures, I find the profit from a \$150,000 annual sales station to be \$9,900 rather than \$25,000 to \$30,000 net quoted. . . .

With the small-town station the typical one, managers like myself have to attend meetings, church, and fund-raising drives together with our citizens and leaders, including the Smiths among us. It is not through a hard shell of commercialism that we survive; it is through hard work with our communities, providing them with what they want in programming, and at the same time selling goods for the people paying for that programming, the advertisers. As long as one realizes its dependency on the other, there will be good radio, and the bad clams will be weeded out—in the long run. The FCC, which I support too, continues to take its toll of my time and money with vast reports which seldom seem to be read when submitted; and with

LETTERS

the power to make my life's work and investment valueless with a stroke of the federal pen. But the great equalizer is competition from better media.

JOSEPH D. O'NEILL
Pres. and General Manager
Radio Station WOHI & WOIF
East Liverpool, Ohio

Mr. Smith's article describes accurately enough the sad condition of contemporary radio broadcasting, but to what purpose? Does he believe that the protests of fifty thousand letter writers are going to have any impact on an industry that exists by peddling gratification to a hundred million noncritical consumers? . . .

I don't believe this is really a concern for cultured readers. If we actually believe in the dignity of the individual, then we must cease to leave to the individual the initiative and responsibility to turn the dial on the radio off when it insults his intelligence. Let's instead imitate *Harper's* by calling for general creative writing and cease blaming mass phenomena for failure to be what they can never be.

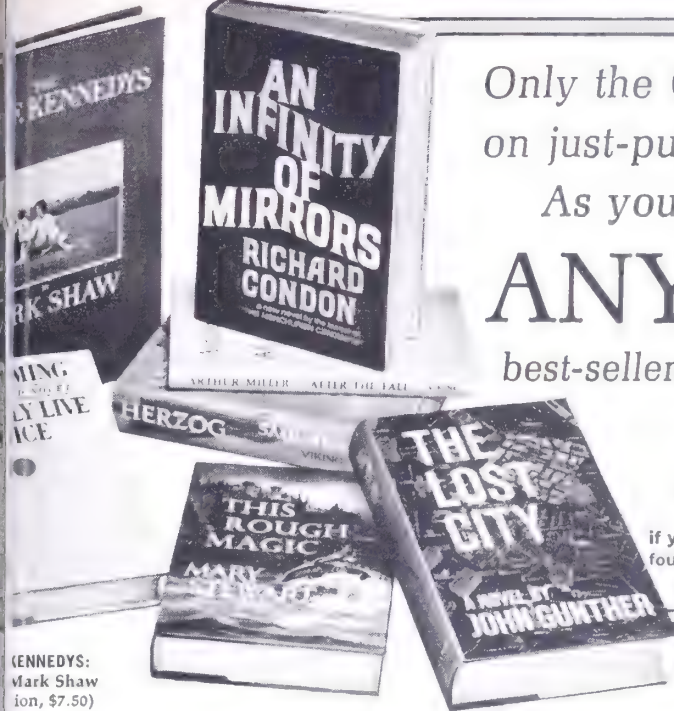
F. C. ROBERTSON
Willoughby, Ohio

Desmond Smith's interesting article reminded me again how fortunate we are here to have the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, a government-owned network that is able to operate with an amazing amount of political influence, . . . in the public interest and free from gross commercialism. . . . The U. S. would do well to consider such an alternative to *"American Radio Today."*

MRS. JOANNE
Edmonton, Alberta

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LETTERS

one key paragraph, but that is exactly what Desmond Smith did. He states:

It is a lucrative business, as evidenced by the fact that local radio stations have increased fivefold in the last dozen years or so. The rush to get a station has grown so frenzied that in 1962 the FCC announced a partial freeze on new licenses; still 14,000 Americans filed license applications in 1963.

According to the FCC, there were 2,420 stations in operation in 1952 and at the end of 1963 there were 3,860. Consequently, the rise did not even double.

The reason the FCC announced the "partial freeze" on new licenses was that it wanted to reevaluate the engineering standards under which new applications were granted.

According to the FCC's report to Congress, only 45—not 11,000—applications for licenses for new stations were filed in 1963. (What Mr. Smith has undoubtedly done is to interpret the FCC's published figure of 14,519 "broadcast service applications" to mean applications for new stations. However, all of these applications—with the exception of the 45—were routine applications filed by *existing* stations.)

Other grievous errors are liberally sprinkled throughout the article:

1. He states that "the public is simply unaware of its rights" to protest the grant of new applications or applications for renewal of license. The fact is that applicants are required to publish notice of the filing of their major applications in a local newspaper and advise the public that it has the right to protest a grant; they are also required to broadcast announcements concerning these applications.

2. He continuously refers to the FCC's budget as "inadequate." He ignores the fact that the FCC has gotten from Congress practically every penny it has ever requested for its operations. . . .

3. He says, "Last year the FCC's monitoring bureau logged dozens of stations which were crowding as much as thirty minutes of commercials into a broadcasting hour." The FCC has no "monitoring bureau" and, as far as I know, the FCC has never publicly announced any such conclusions.

4. He states that the National Association of Broadcasters (on the ground that such "would mean financial ruin to station) the proposed FCC action to codify, in its regulations, the number of spot announcements which a station should carry is not true. The NAB's argument was based upon the FCC's power, under the Communications Act, to adopt such regulation.

Incidentally, there were a large number of small stations in small cities of 5,000 and 10,000 people that opposed the FCC's proposal, on the ground that it would mean financial ruin to them. There are approximately 1,000 cities in the U.S. where the *only* daily mass communications medium is the local radio station. A large number of these stations could not survive Mr. Smith's proposals were adopted.

MARCUS
Washington, D.C.

DESMOND SMITH REPLIES:

Mr. Cohn, a communication lawyer, must be reading the wrong books. First if he would look at the 1963 FCC *Annual Report* would note (p. 75): "Between 1952 and 1962 the number of authorized AM stations has grown from less than 1,000 to nearly 4,000." In addition, of course, there is FM (which in 1962 grossed nearly \$14 million). The additional 1,000 stations neglected Mr. Cohn.

Secondly, the result of the ridiculous postwar policy with respect to radio station licenses was a chronically overcrowded spectrum in the major cities. Subsequently when the FCC lowered the boom which could it say—"We laid an egg." Instead it announced a reevaluation of engineering standards. The FCC has since spelled out quite clearly what these standards are—power and coverage. In sum, no more crowding.

Thirdly, I stick by my FCC figure of 14,000 license applications. What Mr. Cohn is correct in stating that only 45 AM applications for new stations, he is being mighty ignorant. Obviously, with the freedom who in their right minds are going to apply for a new station, especially if they expect to get one in a potentially profitable market? The answer is



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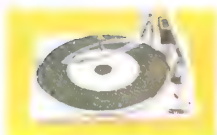
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LETTERS

the frantic wheeling and the radio station brokerage. As Mr. Cohn well knows, the change of ownership needs a new application. But why go through this? Significantly, Mr. Cohn, a man who has been around the industry for many more years than I, sets up no argument to counter my thesis that the general public of radio broadcasters today will never be damned."

Virtuous Lawmakers

The risk of being accused of graft, crime, and corruption would like to respond to "The Legislature: A Study in Corruption" by State Senator Paul Simon, [Chicago Tribune, September 10]. I am a registered lobbyist in the Illinois legislature for a number of years and I believe I am an honest person. I believe that most of the members of the legislature are honest men and women. . . .

It is not fair for them to be judged by the actions of a few bad apples. Neither should a few bad apples distort the overall picture, but they do. I have a record of progressive legislation. For example, in 1975, the Illinois legislature passed far-reaching legislation reorganizing the state's court system, creating the State Environmental Protection Commission, the Department of Mental Health and Substance Abuse, the Department of Children and Family Services, set up a commission to study gun control, . . . and outlawed pinball machines. . . .

RICHARD LOCKHART, President, Industrial Engineering Associates
Chicago, Ill.

Ballet's Svengali

In your article "Ballet in America: One-man Show?" [by Rosalyn Krokover and Harold C. Schonberg, September 10] an absurd and dishonest argument by two intelligent writers who should know better.

The authors' opening statement is dishonest: "To the majority of Americans there is but one ballet company, and George Balanchine is its prophet." To the majority of Americans there is no company, and further, George Balanchine—to the majority of

Americans—is almost totally unknown.

This makes the problem they set up a fairly specious one. Does Mr. Balanchine dominate the art to its disadvantage? If not Mr. B., then who? The questions, of course, are silly in the larger context of the real problem, which is that ballet is still the most special of all the arts in America, and that its audience is limited, indeed. In the meanwhile, while we await the educated and cultured audience of tomorrow, let us not shed tears over the fact that the New York City Ballet has, in Mr. Balanchine, a man of extraordinary talent and perhaps even of genius. Those qualities, of course, have always been difficult for Americans to face, but when the Americans are distinguished and highly influential critics, as well as lovers of ballet, we are all in serious difficulties.

ROBERT KOTLOWITZ
Senior Ed., *Show*
New York, N.Y.

THE AUTHORS REPLY:

We have raised many specific points that Mr. Kotlowitz has grandly ignored. Emotion is no substitute for facts or logic, and we simply do not understand his letter. Balanchine is about as well known as any creative figure in America, what with the full apparatus of publicity (cover story in *Time*, *New Yorker* profile, homage in all the serious magazines, newspaper interviews, and reviews by the thousands) holding him constantly in the spotlight. Performances in other cities by the New York City Ballet Company have introduced Balanchine and his work to audiences outside of New York. Mr. Kotlowitz is quibbling. To the majority of Americans there is but one native company, and Balanchine is its prophet. . . . Balanchine dominates the art of ballet in America, and nobody in the field will deny it. Whether or not that domination is the best thing for American ballet is a matter to be argued. We are not happy with the situation, and have given our reasons.

ROSALYN KROKOVER
HAROLD C. SCHONBERG
New York, N. Y.

I was disappointed that the Schonbergs did not mention Ted



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LETTERS

Shawn and his significant contributions to the dance in America. His work at Jacob's Pillow Festival, though not confined to ballet, should have been recognized. . . .

PAULINE J. L. J.
Mt. Clemens, Mich.

Thank you for "Ballet in America." After one attends a Ballet performance, the New York City Ballet looks like a company of puppets, . . . mere technicians living year after year in motion pictures according to the hints of Balanchine. Can you imagine an opera company with only one opera and singing the repertoire of one composer? God forbid.

MRS. ETEL
Allsbrook, N.Y.

City of Brother Love

. . . I regret very very much that the disturbances in Philadelphia during the last week in August occurred at the very time that the article by Nathaniel Burt [in the Renaissance in Philadelphia, September] was reaching the stands. This explosion had nothing to do with civil rights, nothing to do with "Renaissance in Philadelphia." . . . All of this that overcrowding, poor schools, completely 100 per cent segregation of all Negroes in this area, with 25,000 unemployed, rejected boys and girls with no work and less hope for the future, frustrated with no help in turn for succor were at the heart of the cause of this urban holocaust.

RAYMOND PACE A. J.
Judge, Court of Common Pleas
Philadelphia

Nipponese House

I just read John Fischer's Chair, "The Japanese Intellectual" [September]. I lived with these Japanese intellectuals for years, while we were studying together in Banaras, India.

Mr. Fischer seems to think that these intellectuals hold a wrong view of life, that they are wrong, when it has proved "wrong." . . . Marxism needs a closed ideological system, to be an aggregate of insights.

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LETTERS

cerned with state planning. . . . Japan is the prime example in Asia of what state planning can do to release traditionally bound and hidden initiative. . . . General MacArthur, with one stroke, broke the back of the landed aristocracy, took their land without offering compensation, and distributed it to the tenants, in the most successful and thoroughgoing Marxist reform ever known, giving buying power to the average farmer.

I caught no note in Mr. Fischer's article of genuine understanding of the Japanese intellectual's desire to help China. Can't he allow for some honest idealism? The Japanese do not view China as "Red" but as masses of poverty-stricken people desperately raising themselves. Rather than serve the interests of the wealthy people across the sea, the Japanese feel life would have more meaning if Japan's tremendous talents could, through planning, be harnessed to industrialize all of Asia. They do not think this would make China more able to "attack" other countries, but feel it would bring China into maturity more quickly, bringing liberalizations, such as in Yugoslavia. . . .

STAN MUMFORD

Teaching Fellow, Sociology Dept.
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Pa.

Accurate, clear, fair, and insight-
ful, "The Japanese Intellectuals"
hits the nail on the head. There is
more than a six weeks' stay behind
it. Japan has been my major interest
since 1917, when I first arrived in
Tokyo, completely ignorant of every-
thing concerning Japan. After my
fifth year there I began unlearning
what I had learned so far, and am
still at it. Mr. Fischer's handling of
the whole question—which under-
lies so much possible misunderstanding
internationally—is a delight.

DOUGLAS G. HARING

Emeritus Prof. of Anthropology
Syracuse University
Syracuse, N.Y.

Contrary Barry

The articles by Richard H. Ro-
vere ["The Minds of Barry Gold-
water," September] and Governor
Edmund G. Brown ["How to Put the

States Back in Business,"
ber] highlight the contrast
viewpoints on the subject
versus federal powers. . . .

Governor Brown, unlike
Goldwater, does not regard
state relationships with alarm
power struggle between anta-
sovereignities. His proposed
of Governors . . . envisions a
ic society in which the state
play an increasingly importan-
in shaping the future of our
try. . . .

Senator Goldwater under-
stands, on the other hand, at
matter how nostalgic he may
about the past, we can never
drift back to the kind of pro-
ism that served our nation
poses during a less complicated
And yet, no matter which
minds of Barry Goldwater
to, he is consistent in his so-
morbid fear of federal power
perhaps, when it comes to
rattling. Whatever the cause
obsession, one nevertheless
if the Senator has arrived at a
ture understanding of the
problems with which our country
confronted. . . .

LELAND J. IZAI

Presiding Judge
The Municipal Court
San Francisco, Calif.

Mr. Rovere's article on Gold-
water is the poorest attempt at slander
one of the few Americans who
guts that I have had the misfortune
of reading. . . .

Your magazine, its editor
Mr. Rovere are all exemplars
members of the liberal establish-
ment would have us continue to fight
undeclared and secret war
explaining to anyone why we
fighting it and without aiming
victory; have us elect a man
White House who uses the taxpayer's
money to add to our already
enormous welfare burden . . . ; vote
a man more inconsistent than
Goldwater ever could be (Where
did he stand in 1960 on civil rights?
for the advancement of commun-
ism—in short vote *against* Amer-
ica all she has ever stood for.
wholeheartedly support Gold-
water's candidacy.

DANIEL G. SAMPSON
Chicago, Ill.



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How to Spot an Extremist

Or, Two Good Books for the Price of One

by John Fischer

The most useful book I have read this fall is *The Strange Tactics of Extremism* by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet. (W.W. Norton, \$4.50.)

They are a husband-and-wife writing team who have invested most of their energies during the past decade in a scholarly study of communism. The end product was three books—*What We Must Know About Communism*, *The War Called Peace*, and *The Iron Curtain*—which probably are the most accurate, concise, and readable sources of information for the ordinary citizen on the aims and methods of the extreme left.

This background served them well when they decided a year and a half ago to undertake a similar study of the extreme right. For they discovered that the tactics (and often the immediate goals) of the extremists at both ends of the spectrum are remarkably alike—sometimes by deliberate imitation, sometimes just because the minds of extremists seem to work in much the same way, whatever their crusade of the moment may be. (As many historians of the last half-century have noted, such characters often leap from one end of the scale to the other, without ever pausing in the Moderate Center. Thus a number of German Communists of the 'twenties became blood-thirsty Nazis a few years later; while, in this country, several once-flaming Trotskyites or Stalinoids such as the late Louis Budenz eventually became ornaments of right-wing organizations.)

The typical American—outgoing, generous, trustful, busy, and usually pretty careless about matters outside his business and family—is peculiarly vulnerable to the extremists of

both varieties, because they habitually attack from ambush. They try to conceal their true identity as long as possible behind the false whiskers of some worthy cause. Thus, many a good-natured fellow got himself entangled during the 'thirties and 'forties in a Communist-front organization because he contributed a dollar or signed a petition for Peace, the Spanish Loyalists, Social Justice, an Anti-fascist League, or an All-purpose Uplift Society. And so today thousands of well-meaning people are supporting what purports to be a militantly anti-Communist organization or a reverend defender of The True Christian Faith or an educational-reform outfit, without ever realizing that they have been hooked by the extreme right.

The value of the new Overstreet book is that it shows how to recognize this kind of deception—now operating from the concealment of literally hundreds of seemingly innocuous organizations—just as their earlier books told how to see through the typical Communist subterfuges. Like their previous work, it is balanced, fair-minded, and scrupulously documented, and you don't have to be a professional political scientist to read it with profit.

Plots Everywhere

One telltale sign of the extremist, as the Overstreets point out, is a conspiratorial mind. To the radical leftist, every model change by the automobile companies looks like a plot by Big Business to exploit the consumer through planned obsolescence. To the radical rightist, a proposal to fluoridate the town water

supply is a Soviet plot to poison American people. The least scribes foreign aid as an intricate scheme to enslave the undeveloped countries; the rightist sees it as a sneaky plan to banish the United States. Both, of course, violently against it.

And both are convinced that the government—and the churches, and all other established institutions—are secretly dominated by The Enemy. In the classic phrase, government means the executive committee of the capitalist ruling class; and, in Bircher's view, its chief members including Eisenhower and recent Presidents—are conscious of the Communist conspiracy.

It follows that the extremist adopts conspiratorial tactics immediately because he believes that this is the only quick route to power and the annihilation of the conspirators on the other side. Therefore, extremist organizations keep their membership secret, in small cells or "study groups," publish no financial reports, emphasize unquestioning obedience to the leader (who is infallible), demand an all-absorbing devotion to The Cause. They devote enormous effort to infiltrating other organizations—from the Parent-Teacher Association to the Young Republican Club—and those which they cannot take over they try to disrupt and destroy. They urge their members to write constantly to the newspaper (and broadcasting stations and magazines) without disclosing the group they are speaking for (such letters are both anonymous and vituperative.) Another spe-



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"You're not a liberal—I'm a liberal! I'd like to see a woman for President who's both Negro and Jewish."

the anonymous phone call, threatening or obscene, in the middle of the night to people they disagree with.

For they cannot tolerate disagreement in even the slightest degree. It is characteristic of the extremist that he possesses The Truth, bottled at 110 proof, and anyone who does not swallow it straight is automatically suspect. The worst sin in the Marxist catalogue, for example, is "deviationism," and anyone who swerves an inch from the Party line is condemned not only as mistaken but as wicked. In like fashion the radical rightist views any dissent as a betrayal, and as clear evidence that the dissenter is at least a Communist dupe, if not actually in the pay of Moscow. It is not surprising, the Overstreets note, that several of the right-wing leaders are ministers of fundamentalist Protestant sects, whose chief mission is to stamp out heretics and apostates—and who confuse their own politico-economic doctrines with Holy Writ. Both sides subscribe wholeheartedly to Lenin's dictum: "... the only choice is: either bourgeois or socialist ideology. There is no middle course. . . ."

One consequence is a good many schisms among the extremists of both varieties. In any country which the Communists control, they eliminate all deviationists by force; but elsewhere leftist movements tend to split with bewildering frequency. Hence the American left divided, over minute points of doctrinal interpretation, into the orthodox or

Stalinist faction, the Trotskyites, the Browderites, the Socialist Workers, the Progressive Workers, the Lovestoneites, and countless other splinter groups—a process that Dwight Macdonald described with considerable humor in his *Memoirs of a Revolutionist*. Far-right organizations have proliferated in much the same way; and, in addition, many have been started from scratch by promoters who saw the super-patriot business as an easy way to a quick buck.*

The Political Clergy

Another earmark of the extremist is the kind of target he selects. Almost always it is different in fact from what he claims it is. He shouts "Stop, thief!" and then shoots an innocent bystander.

Remember how the American Communists in their heyday proclaimed that capitalism was the enemy—but actually spent most

* Nevertheless these groups are bound together by certain unifying factors into something that can be called a single movement. One such factor is the radical-rightist line. As the Overstreet book demonstrates, it is "not laid down by any single authority," yet it varies only "in minor detail from group to group." Moreover, membership of the groups is considerably interlocked; a really enthusiastic extremist may belong to a dozen of them. And many of these organizations use each other's mailing lists, speakers, and publications.

of their energies fighting unionists, dissident leftists, and New Dealers? Their in for example, probably was in the close Wisconsin election which the veteran anti-Communist liberal, Senator Robert La Follette Jr., was defeated by Joe McCarthy. (So, at least, La Follette told a few days after the election.) McCarthy, the founding father of the modern radical right, was notoriously more interested in passing the State Department, Army, and his Senatorial career than in the pursuit of his quarry, the Communist party.

So today with McCarthy they are relatively indifferent to the fight against communism in the front lines of Southeast Asia and Central Europe. Indeed, they usually rage against those government agencies—specialists in economic aid, psychological warfare, counterinsurgency—which are actually doing the fighting. Their own belief is focused on fellow American churchmen of a different creed, the school system, the libraries, the immigrants, Jews, professors, particularly of Eastern colleges, the nationalist New York financial community, and the moderates of both parties.

A case in point, explored by the Overstreets, is that of McIntire, a minister dismissed from the United Presbyterian Church, who then founded a church of his own, plus a theological seminary and curious organizations which named the American Council of Christian Churches and the International Council of Christian Churches. Their main function apparently is to fight two much less well-known groups with similar names—the National Council of Churches and the World Council of Churches. McIntire regards these as heretical "outposts of guilty of flirting with 'the socialist gospel' (and therefore with socialism) and of softness toward Communism." In the name of anti-Communism he also blasts away at irrelevant targets as conservative operatives—"little outposts of Russia"—and the UNICEF low-income fund collection.

Other "religious leaders" of the extreme right whose crusades have been examined by the Overstreets are Myers G. Lowman, Edgar



David and Goliath • Designed by Don Wier • Height (with base) 9¾ inches • \$2,750.

David and Goliath

THE BATTLE is about to begin. The giant of the Philistine waits his adversary. The Old Testament says that Goliath stood six feet tall and a span"—or about 9 feet tall. His clanking coat of mail weighed "the weight of 5000 pounds of brass." And the youthful Israelite, has no coat of mail. He car-

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THE EASY CHAIR

and Billy James Hargis. Each has his own pitch, but they all share the same things: a passion to demolish anybody who does not accept their peculiar religious-political doctrine and the enjoyment of tax exemptions on religious grounds.

The Doom-shaped

One of the easiest ways to become an extremist is by the shape of the world. It is always, in the words of the streets' phrase, "doom-shaped." The extremist is pressed by a sense of tremendous urgency; if his remedy is not adopted immediately, then all is lost. —America will succumb to the forces of evil, within a matter of months, and the fall of civilization will be at hand. The nature of the imminent doom, of course, varies according to the dogmas of the extremists; some fear that the Jewish imperialists are about to unleash nuclear war, others that the KKK is ready to seize Kansas. In either case the disaster is always total, and just around the corner. People fail to grasp the horror and the seriousness of the danger exasperate the extremist into a rage of frustration.

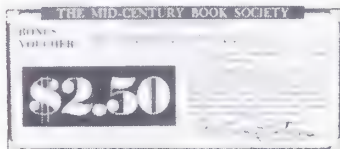
A final distinguishing mark of such zealots—left or right—is their contempt for facts. The Big Lie is their favorite weapon of theirs, just as it was of both Hitler and Stalin (and his successors). There is nothing morally wrong about this, as they say. On the contrary, when the situation is so desperate, the enemy so wicked and the truth on Our Side so absolute, it becomes a duty to use every conceivable weapon, including lies. This tactic can backfire, of course, if used too recklessly. Communists found it hard to convince many Americans that F. D. Roosevelt was really a "fascist," and when the John Birch Society portrays Eisenhower as a Communist it is more likely to discredit itself than Ike. Nevertheless—when used with some ingenuity for plausibility—innuendo, suggestion, and false accusation often prove pretty effective. This is particularly true in those areas—such as the stretches of the South and the West where the ordinary citizen has no easy way to check the facts. The local press and broadcasting activities give poor news coverage

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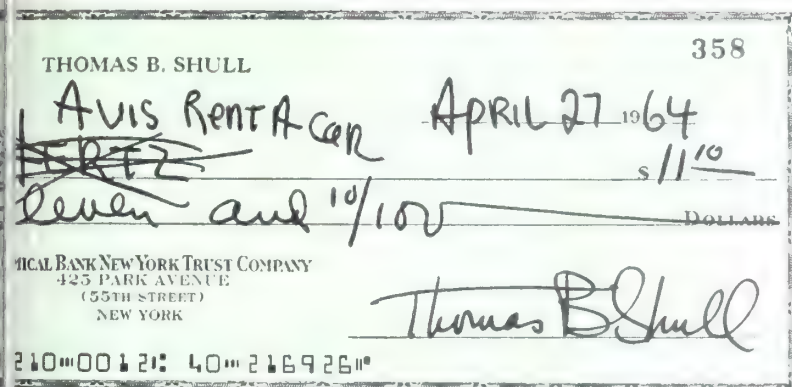
they are both owned by the same proprietor, and if he himself is a radical rightist, then how can he find out what is really going on in the world? This is the situation in a woefully large number of communities; and it is hardly surprising that they are where the extreme broadcasters and hot-gospeled preachers have their heaviest impact.

The main conclusion demonstrated by the Overstreets—with a wealth of evidence—is that the tactics of extremism are themselves subversive no matter what cause they pretend to serve. For they undermine the very foundations of American community life—our long traditions of tolerance, of respect for the rights of fellow, of willingness to compromise, and of regard for the truth. Wherever they are employed, rational discussion becomes impossible. Wherever they are used, they have, temporarily, in a few communities—orderly government becomes impossible. The radical rightist always argues that his ends justify his means; but the very means he uses are bound to destroy the society he claims to protect. To violate that basic principle of American politics which was perhaps best expressed by Judge Learned Brandeis: "The spirit of liberty is the spirit which is not too sure that it is right."

As Richard Hofstadter points out elsewhere in this issue (page 10), the paranoid style is nothing new in American politics. It breaks out in a fever whenever the country is especially troubled, frustrated, or upset by a period of rapid change. So far, we have always recovered. I have no doubt that we shall again, but the current attack may well prove to be unusually prolonged and debilitating, simply because the period of frustration and rapid change is likely to go on indefinitely. Consequently, it may be imperative for the great majority of Americans in the center to wait complacently as we are inclined to do—for the extremist fever to burn itself out. Maybe this time we ought to do something positive to limit the disease, and to hasten the national recovery of the body politic.

One way to start is to read *Strange Tactics of Extremism*, a good prophylactic against contagion, and anyone who is fa-

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by
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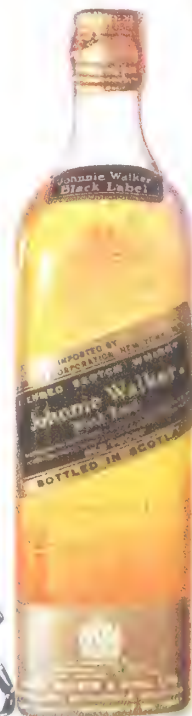
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After Hours



Gitars, Folk Songs, and Halls of Ivy

by Arnold Shaw

ough Peter, Paul, and Mary, Kingston Trio, and Joan Baez evoke the hysteria caused by Beatles, "frenzy" is the word by the *New York Times* in ascribing the current folk-song revival. Following statistics support this: more than six million young Americans are today strumming guitars, in fact, not the piano, as it has been for most of the twentieth century, but the guitar; more than ten million viewers were weekly viewers of this past season's TV hootenanny show. For a time, the "hootenanny" possessed such magical properties that two Carnegie folk concerts sold out in advance at prior announcement of a performer. This year's New York Folk Festival outsold its sister festival by thirty thousand admissions. The Hollywood Bowl concert broke all attendance records and was also a gathering of folk fans. In short, from coast to coast, in houses, concert halls, and coliseums, Americans are flocking to a sound of lusty young voices accompanied by banjos, guitars, and acoustic instruments like the mountain dulcimer, the autoharp, and the

Dobro or "Bluegrass" guitar; not infrequently, by such improvised instruments as washboards, spoons, wine jugs, and the Brownie Bass—a device made of an overturned wash-tub, a broomstick at one side, and a single string stretched from the center of the tub to the top of the broom handle. The variety of instruments is itself a cue to the scope of the present revival, which runs the gamut from French love ballads to Irish rebel songs, country blues to Bluegrass to Israeli horas, indigenous Appalachian mountain tunes to topical songs of protest. What is most significant, however, is not the magnitude of the renaissance but its depth, for it signalizes an unmistakable shift in the outlook of young people.

Since the end of World War I there have been at least three major folk-song revivals. The 'twenties were the era of the Great Collectors, yielding much of the material later popularized. John A. Lomax, Cecil J. Sharp, John Jacob Niles, and Carl Sandburg were the pioneers in collecting indigenous American songs of the prairie and mountains. More than twenty different collections of Negro spirituals were published, as well as W. C. Handy's famous collection of traditional and original

Blues, and Sigmund Spaeth's and Dailey Paskman's compilation of old-time minstrel songs.

In many ways the folk revival of the late 'thirties and early 'forties was closer to the present renaissance than to that of the 'twenties. Rediscovery of the past was embedded in criticism of the present; if it was nostalgic, it nevertheless looked to the future. And it, too, was informed by the image of the common man, inspired by the New Deal and the rise of the labor unions. This was the era of Josh White, a favorite of FDR and the first entertainer to treat folk tunes as art songs on a nightclub floor. Although bell-like diction and matinee-idol sexuality contributed to White's success, three of his most effective numbers were *The House I Live In*, the painfully humorous *One Meat Ball*, and *Strange Fruit*, the epic protest against lynching. It was also the era of Burl Ives—son of an Illinois tenant farmer—who came to public attention in a Broadway "hootenanny," *Sing Out Sweet Land*; his popular image was formed by such songs as *Blue Tail Fly* and *Wayfarin' Stranger*.

Three seminal figures emerged from the folk revival in the so-called Swing Era. Creator of many earthy blues, Big Bill Broonzy is perhaps best remembered for his biting protest against discrimination: "Now, if you're white/ you're all right/ If you're brown/ Stick aroun'! But if you're black/ Git back! Git back! Git back!" It was he who gave the classic response when asked whether his songs were truly folk: "Never heard no horse sing 'em!" Another son of an ex-slave, Huddie Ledbetter, became known as Leadbelly because he had "guts of steel and could out-work, outsing, and outlast" every other prisoner on chain gangs where sentences for murder and attempted homicide had consigned him. Freed by the Governor of Texas when he heard his ballad, *Plea for Mercy*, Leadbelly went on to bill himself "King of the Twelve String Guitar."

As a businessman, Arnold Shaw has helped to create many hit songs. He is also a musicologist and the author of a biography of Harry Belafonte and of a scholarly study of "The Lingo of Tin Pan Alley."

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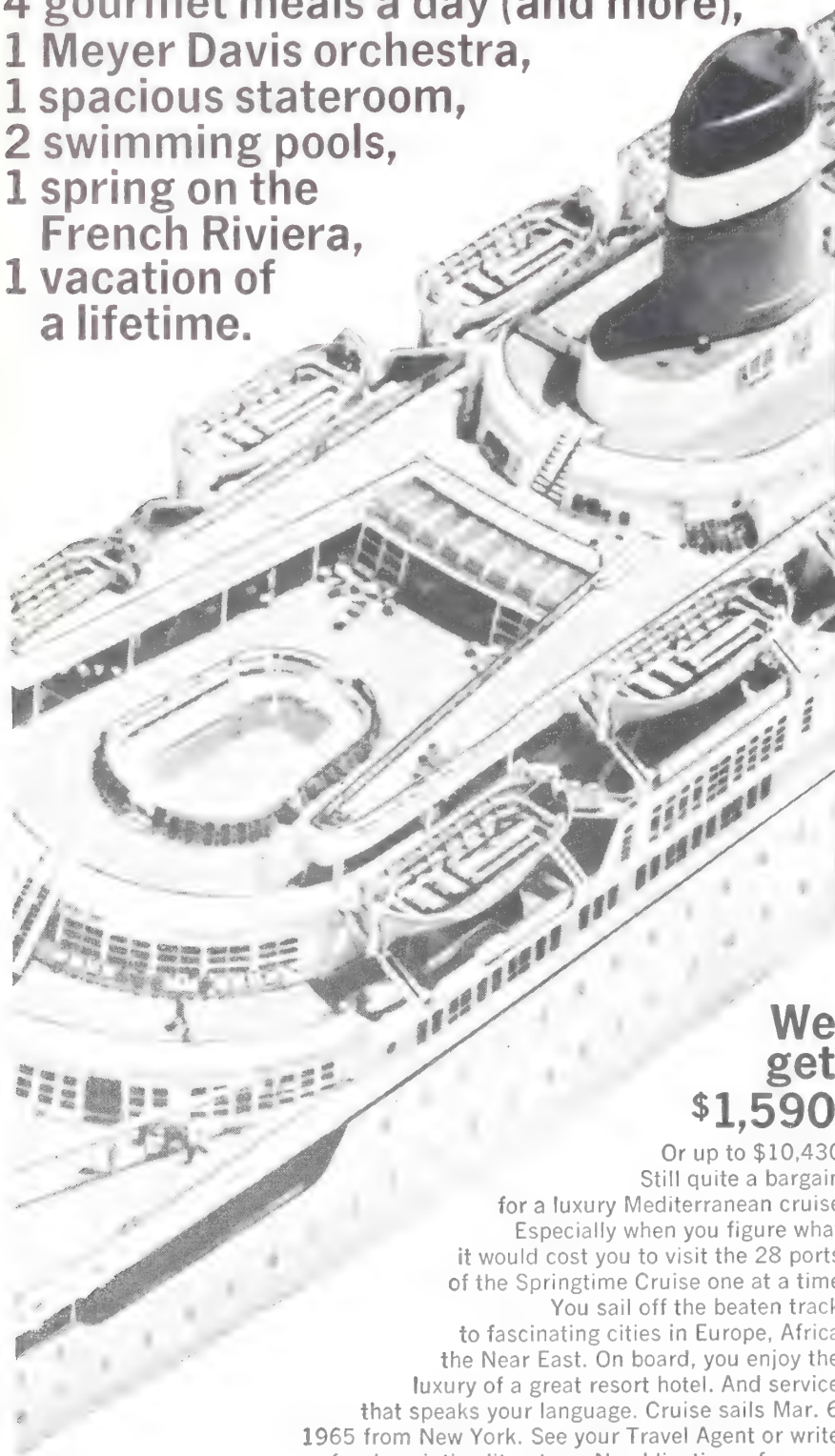
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AFTER HOURS

As protégé of curator John
max, he enriched the folk a
of the Library of Congress w
cordings of several hundred
including *Good Night Irene*, th
ging *Rock Island Line*, and *M
Special*, a great prison blues.

In the 'forties, when Le be
lived in Manhattan, he playe
for a time to the prolific writer
songs include *This Land Is Yo
Land*, regarded as the folk sge
anthem, and *So Long, It's Bee
to Know You*, anthem of the sn
sessed dust-bowl farmer. A dep
Woody Guthrie came to
strength from Leadbelly, as
twenty years later in 1961 you
Dylan, the foremost writer on
folk scene, journeyed to New Y
to visit Guthrie, his idol.

Although Guthrie wrote may
chanting children's tunes, li
wonderful *Little Sacka Sugar* he
remembered for the type of pi
song in *Talking Union*, an allm
recorded with The Almanacs. In
The Almanacs, sans Guthrie, lea
The Weavers, a group that ro
teorically with a series of Le b
and Guthrie hits (also *Tzena*,
and *On Top of Old Smoky*),
fall victim three years later
entertainment blacklist of th
Carthy era. A "nearly complet
lection of Woodrow Wilson Gu
songs has recently been compil
edited by Pete Seeger, who
with Guthrie in The Almanac
was lead tenor of The Weav
a dedication written from a
hospital bed where he lies incre
ill, Guthrie describes his goal.

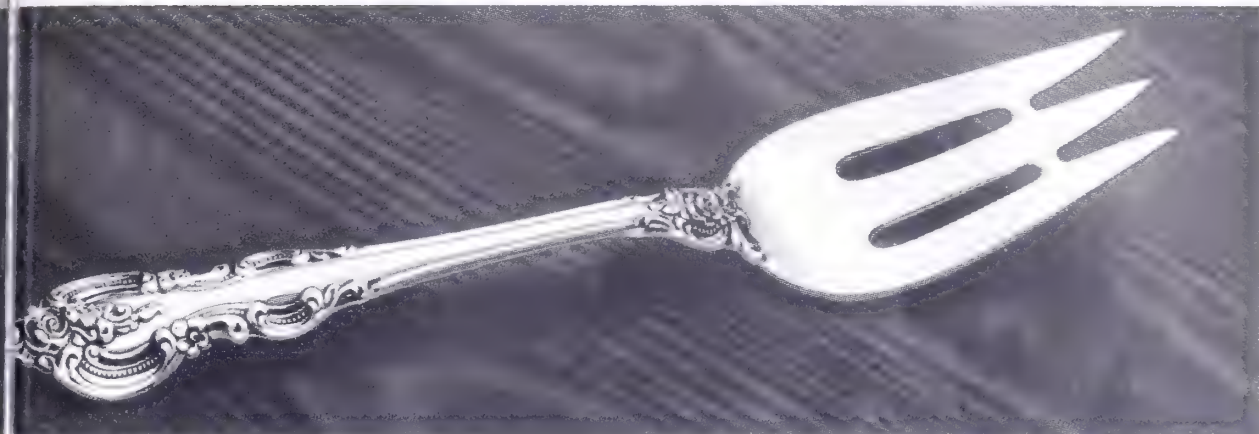
"I am out to sing songs th
prove to you that this is your
and that . . . no matter how ha
run you down and rolled over y
matter what color, what size y
how you are built, I am out
songs that make you take pri
yourself and in your work."

Although various folk figur
groups—Harry Belafonte, Th
riers, The Weavers—emerged
years between 1945 and the or
the current revival, World V
seemed to bring an end to th
trend as it did to the Swing Er
Big Bands of Goodman, Artie
etc., were superseded by the Bi
lads of Frank Sinatra and Per
mo. Yielding its functional cha
as dance music, jazz became m



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AFTER HOURS

combo pop, and then cool, sneaky, numb, jazz. When the new generation wanted to dance, they had to turn to raucous, driving rock 'n' roll, a vocal amalgam of Negro and white hillbilly.

The present revival began when a group of ex-collegiate musicians recorded the ditty of a returning War vet hanged for the murder of his sweetheart. As sung by the Kingston Trio, *Tom Dooley* sold over a million records, propelled the folkies to stardom, and ignited the folk revival that had grown up on the fringe of the rock 'n' roll and was now in college. Folk music, a rural quality, rock 'n' roll prepared the ground for the folk craze. Folk music, the beauty and poetry of folk music, it embodied its ebullient rhythms, simple, angular harmonies, stark, primitive melodies. Music it permitted teen-agers to discharge their feelings of conflict with the older generation and led them to new values through folk music.

Look Magazine attributes the rise of folk to the dearth of good tunes and the confused, confused character of contemporary jazz in a still dominated by the juvenility of rock 'n' roll. But obviously, teen-agers and pre-teen-agers are "sent" by The Beatles to constitute the audience of folk. Neither is it the choice of the older generation comprising the loyal followers of Lawrence Welk and Miller. To the age-group in between, the hootenanny doubtless grew out of its appeal by inviting the listener to participate. And the guitarists, tired of being sung at, played at, want to make the music, as swains once did around the parlor grand.

The largest and most vocal audience for folk material is undoubtedly on campus. Folk-song clubs, mushroomed and folk festivals being held at many colleges and universities, among them, UCLA, Berkeley, and Chicago. Last summer's Newport Folk Festival was probably collegiate in make-up. A number of the youngsters who made up the 45,000 admissions, the Newport represented a financial outlay, which is one of the reasons that the city fathers provided sleeping space on the streets at a dollar a head. On the last

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AFTER HOURS

ing of the three-day fest, myself walking behind fou attired in sloppy Harvard As a large can of orange was their breakfast—pass mouth to mouth, one colle served, "You see, I told y you get used to the hunger pa forty-eight hours." While has become in part a soc for the college crowd, not u journey some centuries ag o Canterbury pilgrims, it is a less a commitment of the d o

This fact has led observe ferent as *Variety* and *Time* o profounder motivations into h revival than a mere change cal taste. "Collegians want s deal with what's going on in today," the Bible of show said. According to *Time*, "o root seekers . . . discern in f the fine basic values of A life." Oscar Brand, who has a WNYC folk program for n a decade, sees an analogy e folk songs and westerns, s make it easy to choose betw and wrong. "The youth of to by the insecurity and gen morality of the times," he "have turned to the stability simplicity implicit in th songs."

The most articulate, the mo and the most popular of the writers is a twenty-three singer-instrumentalist, "a between a beatnik and a che out of Duluth, Minnesota: lan. Reviewing a recent over v negie Hall concert, *Variety* unsympathetically that the held nothing for Dylan b complaints against the past and "complaints against warin Nazis, poverty, injustice, com hootenannies, blacklisting, pic ing, atom fallout, hard sweethearts, Fabian, and th and buying of soap. Nowh there one word of hope or i Noting that Dylan was bor year of Pearl Harbor, the concluded that, unlike the ge that came back from World and Korea seeking seren happiness, the younger ge "seems to be in bitter, voc against the world today."

To date, Dylan has record

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albums of his charged material in a droll, talking-blues style. All have appeared on best-seller charts. Last year his moving rights-of-man ballad, *Blowin' in the Wind*, was among the Top Ten for many weeks. This came as such a shock to music business pros that a coin-machine trade paper commented: "Dylan has clearly established that his brand of seemingly noncommercial music is in reality a commodity the public wants. Dylan cannot be divorced from the protest issues he sings about. Far more than any other folk singer today, he is a derivative of . . . a time he earnestly believes is corrupt."

Dylan's is scarcely the only voice of protest on the current folk scene. Malvina Reynolds of the San Francisco Bay area has dealt with fallout in a delicately ironic ballad, *What Have They Done to the Rain*. Tom Paxton has written sardonically of war in *The Willing Recruit*. *Where Have All the Flowers Gone*, recently recorded by Marlene Dietrich, is an increasingly popular anti-war ballad by Pete Seeger, whose stirring song, *If I Had a Hammer*, has been a hit for Peter, Paul, and Mary as well as for Trini Lopez. In *Ira Hayes*, recorded by country singer Johnny Cash, Peter La Farge has told the tragic story of the American Indian who helped raise the flag on Iwo Jima.

Among performers who gravitate toward socially oriented material are the Chad Mitchell Trio, who define folk music as "an expression of the times preserved in music," and who feel that their Trio comes closest to being folk when they sing songs like their spoof of *The John Birch Society* and their anti-Nazi version of *The Twelve Days of Christmas*, both of which "express our time and involve issues that concern us."

There is no question that the folk renaissance is infinitely broader than just topical or protest songs. It seems clear that the folk revival reflects the troubling search of young people for new, positive ideas. As the union and liberal movements of the 'thirties and 'forties once stirred the imagination of the college generation, so today the nationwide campaign against racial inequality has caused a ferment on the campus. The Old Baptist song, *O Ship of Zion*, which became *Union Train* in the depres-

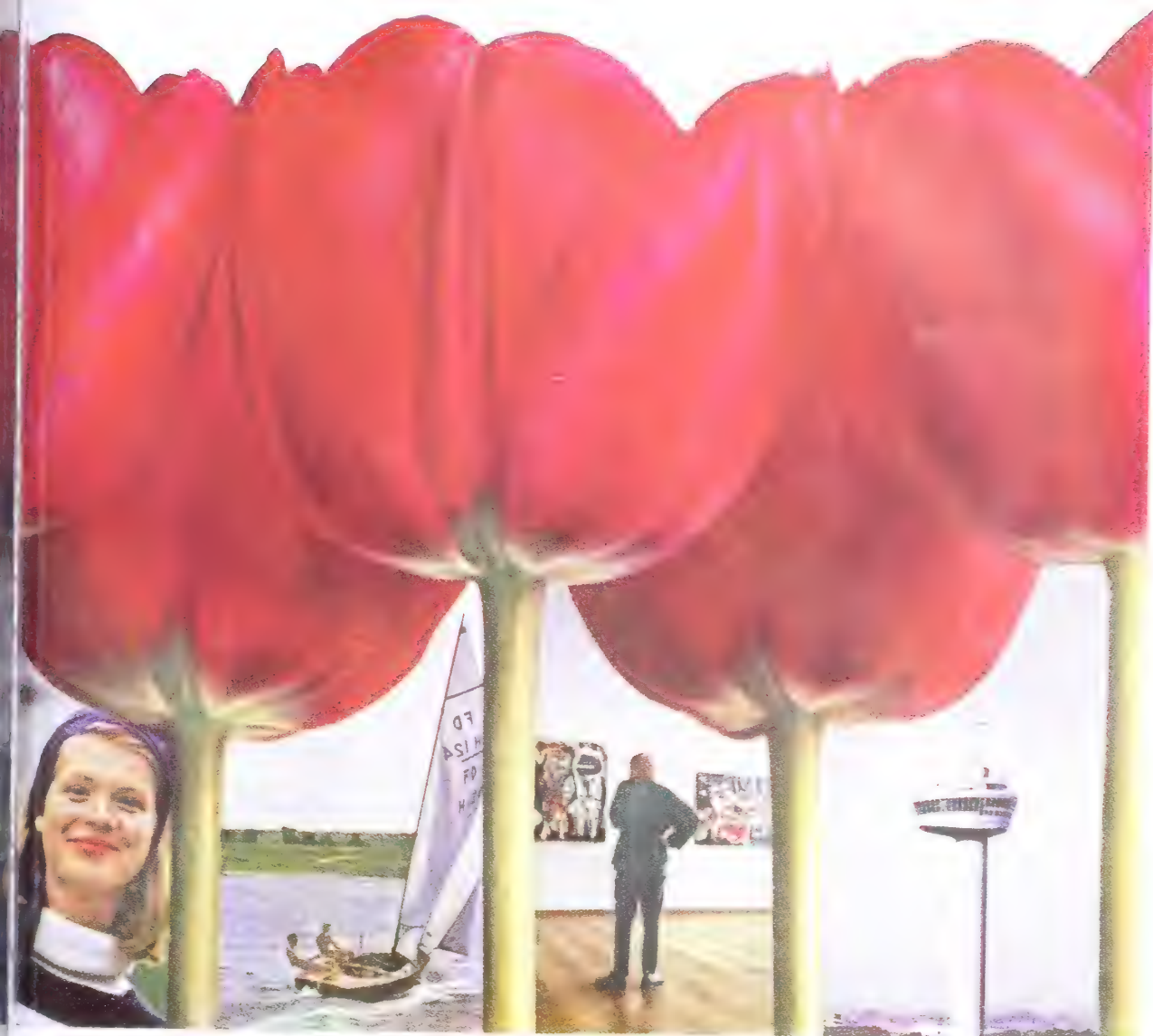
sion, has become *Freedom*. The Freedom Singers, a field secretaries of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, audiences that applaud The Freedom Singers and join in their songs are not unaware that each member of the group has served a jail sentence for civil-rights activities. In contrast with the era of cool jazz, we are again in a period of communal participation.

The high seriousness and dedication of the folk artist and fan inevitably to strictures and counterpoint in jazz but not in the areas of popular music. The status of The Kingston Trio is mentioned by purists, for example, because of the secondary source of material, and also because of its slick style. The Trio argue

"After all, what is etymology? what is true in the time and place sung. Why should we imitate the belly's inflections when we have little in common with his background and experience?" Ed McCullough's repertoire runs from romantic to the ribald, laughs at the idea that a folk singer must come from the hills and learn tunes at his mother's knee; he suggests that urban folksters call themselves "city singers," which is close to the definition favored by Peter, Paul, and Mary. "We're urban folk singers," says Peter. "We try to make folk music significant for today."

The traditional definition of folk music emphasizes two components: known origin and oral transmission. Implicit is a third concept: subject matter or experience indigenous to the singer's background. Even today there are a certain number of folk singers who are, in this pure sense, such as Jean Ritchie, whose tender, dulcimer-accompanied ballads come out of a Kentucky ground she has described in *The Family of the Cumberlands*. Mance Lipscomb, an elderly Valley sharecropper, who worked the land all his life and functioned as a "songster" on Sundays, accumulated a rich storehouse of regional songs, downy, drags, shouts, jubilation blues. The danger inherent in restricting folk music to ethnic origins is suggested by a recent recording of another country blues singer.

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AFTER HOURS

Hopkins: "The white boys have the voices for blues. I'm afraid to let go of them—raid it makes them too a fool. . . . It isn't white music."

There are exceptions, most purists are a singer who immerses himself in material and milieu may be able to re-create a given time among such reporters and writers are the New Lost Seven, a trio of college-bred musicians, who effectively re-create the "timey" string-band music of the late contemporary Bluegrass. There are also the Greenbriar Band, their Manhattan-based trio, who won banjo and band competition at the Annual Old Time Convention in North Carolina whose music has been acknowledged as a true re-creation of the style popularized by Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs of the Foggy Mountain Boys. When he performs, Alan Lomax, son of pioneer folklorist Alan Lomax, is an authentic re-creation of his labors as a collector of folk songs of North America, as they do the past three years. Take him along with Pete Seeger of the current revival. The best and the best-known (and best-rewarded) consists of popularizers or professional musicians whose primary interest is to entertain. The spellbinders of the folk scene, they help build an audience of "ethnics" and the "authentic." While this group does not represent the representation (Odetta, Leon Bibb, etc.) it is pretty white and Ivy League. Of many performers of the folk scene, some college degrees that they said: "Once they went to the higher education; now they join a folk-singing group." The case of The Brothers Four (of Washington), The New Lost Seven (Wesleyan) and, to the point, of Joan Baez, who has a career in a Harvard coffee house, some singers have taken simply by way of jazz, the case of Brother John Seelye played with Dizzy Gillespie, with Mahalia Jackson, and a style that is a cross between Southern Holy Roller and City Folk.

March on Washington in

August 1963, as the swelling assemblage waited for the signal to proceed from the Washington to the Lincoln monument, various folk singers entertained the crowd. Among these were Peter, Paul, and Mary; Bob Dylan; Odetta; and Josh White. The first voice heard was that of slender, long-haired, olive-complexioned Joan Baez, regarded as the first lady of folk music at the age of twenty-three. In May she had gone to Birmingham to join the demonstrations against segregation. Yet her repertoire belongs to no one school.

"I don't care very much about where a song came from or why," she has said. "All I care about is how it sounds and the feeling of it. I'm not a pure folk singer. I couldn't be. But I try to be an honest one."

And Seeger has said of the present craze: "No one sector has charge of the situation, not the Right nor the Left, the cynic nor the romanticist, the purist nor the hybridist, the scholar nor the fan, the money-maker nor the money-spurner."

What "has charge" is the kind of values that figure in Joan Baez's approach to her material. The current concern among performers and audiences is with the canons of integrity, honesty, genuine feeling that were dismissed as "corny" not too long ago—most of all, perhaps, by our young people. These values apparently become important when people are trying to move forward, as in the massive effort to eliminate racial inequality. At such critical moments, songs become weapons, editorials, instruments to hearten and inspire. Alongside the popular songs of personal desire and hurt, new songs develop and old songs are revived, expressing communal experience, frustrations, dreams. Nor is this literature a grim one. It has, in fact, a rich vein of humor, described as "a grin with a bite in it," a smile with a thought in it. One can hear it in Malvina Reynolds' brittle satire of suburbia, *Little Boxes*—all the same and all made of ticky-tacky.

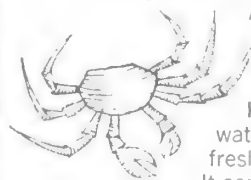
Whether one sings, listens, ponders or just beats time, the folk frenzy is a matter for rejoicing, reflecting as it does an affirmative change in the temper of the college generation, a still-to-be-assessed turn from cool spectatorism to active involvement.

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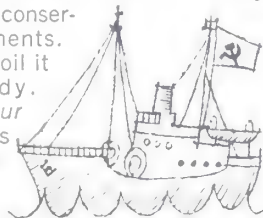
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WASHINGTON INSIGHT

by Joseph Kraft



Johnson's Next Four Years

A forecast of the Administration's probable course—if LBJ wins the election—and the popular, but unheroic, brand of leadership he is likely to offer.

The question that has to be asked all over again this year. What kind of

quite himself in the White House. He has been operating with a program handed down to him in almost every detail by his predecessor. He has been using an inherited Cabinet and staff: even his chief speechwriter, Richard Goodwin, is a hold-over. And he has been working behind a mask—the Yeatsian mask of the "sixty-year-old smiling, public man"—imposed by the harrowing circumstances of the succession.

Apart from special circumstances, moreover, there is a genuine enigma about Lyndon Johnson. He does not lend himself to the type-casting that has made other Presidents, rightly or wrongly, seem so familiar. He is not, as Hoover was, an engineer type; he is not, as Roosevelt was, a patrician type; he is not, as Truman was, a gutsy little fighter. He is not any recognizable type at all.

On the contrary, he has systematically and passionately avoided classification. A Southerner by any normal rule, he insisted on being called a Westerner. As Minority Leader in the Senate, he announced that the function of the opposition was not to oppose. The famous credo

that he gave to *The Texas Quarterly* in 1958 was in fact a disclaimer—an un-testament to a non-faith. He assigned to himself enough labels to make Proteus dizzy: free man, American, Senator, Democrat, liberal, conservative, Texan, taxpayer, rancher, businessman, consumer, voter, parent. "At the very heart of my beliefs," he wrote, "is a rebellion against this very process of classifying, labeling, and filing Americans under headings."

Even in the White House there has been incongruity between man and office. It is commonly agreed that in his public handling of the transition, of the Congress, and of almost all domestic and foreign issues, the President has been magnificent. But incontrovertible reports from behind the scenes tell of a man overbearing and full of himself, more crafty than honest, and prone to discuss the most fateful subjects in the crassest terms. "Never," one official has commented, "have I seen a man make decisions of such quality, and still have so little idea of who he is."

The one certain thing about Lyndon Johnson is that he has at all times stood where the American people have stood. He was in the forefront of the New Deal during New Deal days. He was a leading exponent of a strong foreign policy during the hot and cold wars. He was a paragon of cooperation during the Eisenhower Era of Good Feeling. It is typical of him that he moved against Senator McCarthy just as everybody else began to move; and that he seized the space issue when it seized the public im-

agination. The formula that he repeated over and over again, accepting the Democratic nomination for President—the American people are for such and such, Lyndon Johnson is behind it the clear truth.

For the unmistakable wellsprings of Johnsonian leadership, that Lyndon Johnson was the American people who the American people want. He instinctively reacts to the conditions, events, and problems of most other Americans. He draws strength from the many factions and forces that surround him. He leans, not against, but behind the wind. He fits the ideal of democratic leadership that transcends the clever, the man of heroic or charismatic leadership. He is that rare thing—a genuine leader.

A Reporter

In keeping with that kinship, the first feature of the Johnson Administration is a visible broadening of the group. The Great Society has a far wider base than the Frontier. Waiting in the ready are two factions of opinion that were virtual during the past few years: there is a genuinely conservative faction. It includes a Southern Western element with and for what the President like the "whales" in the Congress includes the segment of the community that has run the standard raised over the party by Barry Goldwater.



Fred's in the kitchen making a snack.

What's he having this time?



Sure you want to hear?

As his mother I feel obliged to.



Pickle and anchovy on whole wheat raisin bread.

How could he!



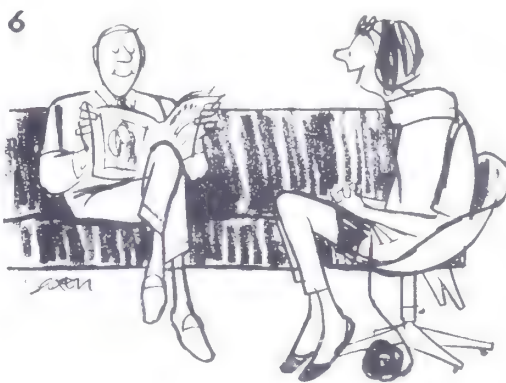
He said it was democratic—he and Brother voted for it over tuna fish on chocolate graham cracker.

They think of nothing but eating.



I like to see children enjoying their food.

Sometimes I wonder what I'd be able to feed them if we couldn't count on your income.



The way I've arranged it, you'd have all the groceries you'd need as long as you need them, if I weren't here. My Equitable Living Insurance policy would take care of that—and all the other expenses in raising a brace of big eaters.

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WASHINGTON IN: GI

these elements head up in the influence of a strong, highly conservative Texan taken over Mr. Johnson state and much of his old constituency. For the future, the tall, handsome Governor John Connally will long shadow in national life.

Almost simultaneously, there has emerged a counterpoint inside Democratic ranks. The Stevensonian liberals have asserted themselves. They occupy an important corner of the old. Thanks to the decline of their influence, they have gained strength in such major areas as California, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin. They have importance among the younger members of the White House staff, notably Hubert H. Humphrey, they have a newly raised to national status.

The entry of these new liberal conservative factions into the political mix implies a major change of procedure. During the past years, policy was generated by a narrow internal dialogue restricted in scope to the Administration and the bureaucracy, incomprehensible to most. Now it will be the product of an open scuffling between ideological factions employing obvious arguments of right and left. Against this background, the President must assert himself as a strong, active, unrivaled in his feel for the builder and great doer, the one who can bring order out of chaos, out of conflict. He may not emerge as a popular hero, but he will be admired for the things he does.

Novel as that arrangement may seem, however, it does not necessarily foreshadow a dramatic break with the past. On the contrary, some of the delicate flavors of the New Frontier are bound to remain in the scuffle, the main lines to be confirmed in a larger struggle of forces. Continuity has the hand over change in foreign and domestic policy, and even the cast of leading Washington players.

In foreign policy, the delicate cultivation of the nonco-

SILENCER

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WASHINGTON INSIGHT

left abroad. President Kennedy took all kinds of pains (including, preeminently, the pain of absorbing anti-American pinpricks) in order to make life easier for Nehru in India, Sukarno in Indonesia, Betancourt in Venezuela, and Sekou Touré in Guinea. His enthusiasm for their cause, however, is not shared by President Johnson, by the conservative faction, or even by the great mass of Americans. The popular disposition in particular is not to accept any slighting of this country's good name.

In Panama, in the affair of Tonkin Gulf, and in the use of T-28s in Laos, the President has already shown a capacity to deal harshly with those who would challenge American prestige and power. In Brazil and in the Congo, he has embraced regimes that, while pro-American, are far too conservative for the tastes of most of the other countries in Latin America and Africa. And almost certainly, the change that has already taken place in American foreign policy will be confirmed. The brief rapport that marked this country's relations with the Third World is probably over.

To the Summit?

But rapport with the Third World was not the central feature of the Kennedy foreign policy. The central feature was the dialogue with the Soviet Union, initiated implicitly in the Cuban missiles crisis, and confirmed explicitly in the test-ban agreement. President Johnson has already extended the dialogue in the simultaneous cutbacks of nuclear production. With the backing of public opinion, and of his liberal faction, he will almost certainly deepen and widen the dialogue still further.

The major diplomatic event of 1965, indeed, shapes up as a summit meeting between President Johnson and Premier Khrushchev. Together they can confirm an easing of tension which Americans desire for its own sake, and which the Russians seem to want for the sake of settling scores with the Chinese Communists. Very likely, they will make new progress in arms control. The President can further develop the policy of closer ties with East-

ern Europe set out in his last summer at Lexington, Mass. He may be able to set the stage for a resolution of the conflict in Vietnam, perhaps in a United Nations context. He can perhaps deal out with Mr. Khrushchev a true understanding for joint efforts to restrain Fidel Castro. And he even be able to confirm an all-visible Soviet reluctance to stir troubles in the Southern Cone—thus minimizing the effects of strained relations between the country and the Third World.

Within the context of American-Soviet rapprochement, the Johnson Administration can also add itself to the unfinished business of Western Europe. The occasion of giving a new lift to European politics is offered by the potential expiration of the North Atlantic Treaty in 1969. Long before then, and perhaps quite soon, the Administration, present, with appropriate flourish, a program for reorganizing NATO. The fulcrum of this will probably be a revamping of the executive, giving special places to the British, the French, the West Germans, and the Italians. In the process of considering change, all political, military, economic and financial arrangements of the Atlantic Community countries will be up for review. And there are opened anew the opportunities closed by General de Gaulle in January 1963, to make a unified European force relevant to the rest of the world.

Spend and Spend, If Necessary

In domestic affairs, the policy feature of the New Frontier is what Benjamin Bradlee called "special grace." In cultural prizes, White House events, and in everything he said, President Johnson promoted distinction. The first better be faced that, despite his valiant efforts, all that is good in the pedestrian prose is now the dead weight of Washington. Wit has given away the boffola. "The open-toe shoe and the white-sock set," as the wife of a famous Southern correspondent put it not long ago, has taken over.

The central effort of the Johnson Administration, however, was directed to promote economic



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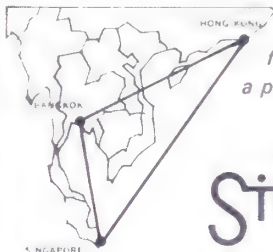
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WASHINGTON INSIGHT

(through that monument to Keynesian economics, the tax cut thereby to enrich opportunity for all segments of American society. President Johnson and virtually the factions around him have accepted that program without reservation. Mr. Johnson made no announcement of the tax cut the first day of his business on his accession to office. Though a budgetary deficit still impends, he has already opened the way for another cut—a cut in excise taxes—in the near future. A program to return a portion of the federal tax take to the state and local governments is being worked up by Presidential task force. And there is every reason to believe that, if necessary to maintain general prosperity, he will spend and spend and spend.

Moreover, the President and his liberal backers are especially sensitive to the needs of the special groups that benefit only slightly from the lift given to the general economy. The billion-dollar poverty program instituted this year will probably double itself in the year to come and perhaps again in the year after that. An opening for the financing of medical care for the aged through Social Security has already been made, and it will be very surprising if Mr. Johnson concludes a future without putting into effect the Medicare program. If the usual formula is made to mute the civil rights issue, an especially potent possibility can be expected for that popular (and liberal) American favorite—unemployment. As a former schoolteacher who worked his way through college and who never tires of reminding people that his alma mater is not Harvard but Southwest Texas Teacher's College, Johnson is notably partial to the claims of education. It is, he once said, "man's only hope." He knows of the relation between more schooling and employment in an increasingly automated economy. He has observed that the civil-rights battle lifted the race albatross from the neck of educational measures. As a Protestant he is under no compulsion to prove his neutrality by discriminating against the Catholic separation of the school system. The true Johnson monument is apt to be a major program of federal aid to education that will finance, for all Americans that are capable of it, schooling for

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These strong, time-tested institutions should have the same opportunity to serve the public and to grow as commercial banks, savings and loan associations, credit unions.

This is what many business leaders and government officials believe. Yet, under present laws, mutual savings banks alone are prevented from doing business in 32 states.

One answer: federal chartering. What do you think? Please read the facts and send us your opinion.

There are 180 of these thrift institutions in Massachusetts, 125 in New York and 71 in Connecticut, you can find a single mutual savings bank in as populous states as California, Illinois, Florida and Texas. It is an unfortunate situation, that those who live in the 32 states without savings banks states, but the development of the entire country has been clearly demonstrated over the past 148 years that mutual savings banks are almost everywhere, per capita savings are higher and there is more capital available for low-cost home loans. That the only way a mutual savings bank can be started is through federal charter. Other financial institutions, such as commercial banks,

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Mutual Savings Banks have an unsurpassed record in safeguarding the funds of these "creditors." What's more, where these banks now exist per capita savings tend to be higher, borrowing costs lower.

savings and loan associations and credit unions are not restricted in this way. If state charters are not available they can always apply for federal charters. Only savings banks, which now have over \$51 billion in assets and over 22 million savings accounts, are barred from this common means of extending their services.

The Congress is considering a bill, supported by the Administration and by members of both political parties, that would permit federal chartering of new mutual savings banks.



IS YOUR STATE MISSING? Only 18 states now grant charters for savings banks.

Many public and private groups have expressed their approval of this proposal. They include the President's Committee on Financial Institutions (consisting of 11 federal agencies) and the Commission on Money and Credit. What do you think?



CHARTER BILL? Savings banking in Washington for hearings on Federal

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WASHINGTON IN

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All these things, of course, cannot be accomplished without the President's help. For his conservative bent, the President will undoubtedly bow in the direction of the rights of the states, at least in order. The Congress also has a toll. Together with the interest groups, it will certainly and probably get, even the control over the regulatory agencies. Besides the regulatory agencies, other major government departments will be attractive to the interest groups. One of the Justice Department with its mergers, and over prosecution investigations—notably in the field. Then, despite the reservationists are sure to see the removal of Secretary of the Interior with its influence over policy in the resources field.

The President will probably see a stronger figure than Andrew Brezzez to head the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. With his more broadly based administration, he will feel the need to maintain Republicans Douglas and John McCone at the top and the Central Intelligence Agency respectively. But Willard V. Lord will undoubtedly stay at the Department, if he does not move where in the Cabinet; he is more making himself felt as a man in the Johnson system of government: the McNamara domestic side. And unless he is moved to posts deemed more important, central foreign-policy to the Secretary of State Dean Rusk, Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, the White House Special Assistant for National Security Affairs, George Bundy—are seen in place. If anything, their presence has already been deepened at a regular, well-attended foreign-affairs luncheon with the President.

A clean sweep, in sum, is the cards at all. Though there is little prospect for radical change in a Johnson Administration, it will consolidate recent advances on a large scale. Unless soiled by corruption, it gives promise of being one of the most active and effective in American history.



What makes a newspaper great?

residential election hailed something new in politics. The Minnesota Poll of Public Opinion, undertaken by the Minneapolis Tribune, undertook a nationwide scientific probe of political trends. It has enjoyed remarkable success. In 1960, for example, it indicated 50.5% of Minnesota voters would vote for F. Kennedy; 50.7% actually did!

The Minnesota Poll explores the labyrinth of opinion far beyond politics. Since 1944, its 65 pollsters have queried—door to door—163,000 Minnesotans on such varied and controversial subjects as civil rights, Sunday closing laws, sex education, wheat to Russia. A carefully constructed poll reflects all areas of Minnesota (population 4.5 million) from the industrial Twin Cities to rich farms to lumber towns just a couple of hours from Canada.

Minneapolis Tribune readers aren't the only ones who follow the Minnesota Poll. Findings are reviewed by government officials, quoted by national magazines, studied by economists and educators. Frequently the results of the Poll turn up in the Congressional Record.

The noted Dr. George H. Gallup, on the Minnesota Poll's 20th Anniversary in March 1964, said, "Of all the polls I see, from all over the world, none words its questions as objectively as the Minnesota Poll." Dr. Gallup owns up to having borrowed a technique or two from the Minnesota Poll.

The Minnesota Poll is part of that unceasing effort of good newspapers to inform the public, completely and objectively, about the vital issues which affect their lives. It's another reason the Minneapolis Tribune and Minneapolis Star continue to be the strongest, most influential medium in the nation's 14th market.

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The computer, new farm tool

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Jaguar: A different breed of cat.

Harper's

magazine

The Question of Fidelity

By Simone de Beauvoir

Translated by Richard Howard

We were liberated. And I kept saying to myself: It's all over. It's all over; everything's ending. Once again I wandered after midnight in the mild September air; the bistros were closed early, but when we left the terrace of the Rhumerie or the smoky little red inferno of Fontana, we had the sidewalks, the benches, the trees. With our friends, talking, drinking, laughing, night and day we celebrated deliverance. And all the others who were waiting too, near or far, became our friends. A sense of brotherhood! The tall soldiers, dressed in khaki and chewing their gum, were living proof that you could cross the seas again. They had been there, and often they stumbled; stumbling, they danced at night in the bistros and laughed with loud laughs, showing teeth white as children's. Genet, who had had no sympathy with the Germans but who detested idylls, declared loudly

on the terrace of the Rhumerie that these costumed civilians had no style; stiff in their black-and-green carapaces, the German occupiers had been something else! For me, the carefree young Americans were freedom incarnate: our own and also the freedom that was about to spread—we had no doubts on this score—throughout the world. Once Hitler and Mussolini had been overthrown and Franco and Salazar driven out, Europe would be cleansed of fascism for good. France was taking the path of socialism. We believed that the country had been shaken deeply enough to permit a radical remodeling of its structure without new convulsions. *Combat*, the newspaper that Camus edited, expressed our hopes by displaying as its motto: "From Resistance to Revolution."

This victory was to efface our old defeats, it was ours, and the future it opened up was ours

too. The men now in power had been in the Resistance and, to a greater or lesser extent, we knew them all; we could count many of the important figures in the press and the radio as close friends; politics had become a family matter, and we expected to have a hand in it. "Politics is no longer dissociated from individuals," Camus wrote; "it is man's direct address to other men." We were writers, and that was our job, to address ourselves to other men. Before the war, few intellectuals had tried to understand their epoch; all—or almost all—had failed in the attempt; it was our turn to carry the torch.

I knew then that my destiny was bound to that of all other people; freedom, oppression, the happiness and misery of men were a matter of intimate concern to me. But I had no philosophical ambition; on the other hand, Jean-Paul Sartre, in *Being and Nothingness*, had sketched a total description of existence whose value depended

on his own situation, and he intended to continue this work; he would have to establish his position not only through theoretical speculations, but also by practical choices; hence he found himself committed to action in a much more radical way than myself. We always discussed his attitudes together, and sometimes I influenced him. But it was through him that these problems, in all their urgency and all their subtlety, presented themselves to me.

Materially, the situation had grown even worse than the year before; transportation was in chaos; there was a shortage of food, coal, gas, and electricity. When it got cold, Sartre wore an old, threadbare duffel coat. One of his pre-war camp friends sold me a rabbit coat that kept me warm; but, except for a black suit that I kept on special occasions, I had only the oldest of clothes to put on underneath, and I continued wearing shoes with wooden soles. Moreover, this didn't matter to me in the least. Ever since I had fallen off my bicycle, I had had a tooth missing; the gap was quite visible, and I didn't even think about having a false one put in. What was the point? In any case, I was old, I was thirty-six; a fact I noted without the slightest bitterness. The flood of events and activities constantly took me out of myself, and I was the least of my worries.

Because of this general poverty, very little was happening in the realm of literature, the arts, and the theatre. Nevertheless, the organizers of the Salon d'Automne made it into a great cultural exhibition—a retrospective of post-war paintings. The canvases had been packed away in the corners of studios and in the dealers' cellars because of the Germans, and it was a great event to see them brought out into the light of day. A whole section was devoted to Picasso; we visited him quite often and knew all his recent work, but here all his work of the past fifteen years was gathered together. There were beautiful canvases by Braque, Marquet, Matisse, Dubuffet, Gromaire, Villon, and the astonishing "Jou" of Francis Guber; the surrealists exhibited by Dominguez, Masson, Miró, Max Ernst. Look as ever to the Salon d'Automne, the bourgeoisie arrived in droves, but this time they were it offered their usual fare; in front of the Picasso, they snickered.

There were not many books coming out. *L'Arbalète* published a collection of texts, most translated by Marcel Duhamel, by American authors, some unknown—Henry Miller, Horacio McCoy, Nathanael West, Damon Runyon, Dorothy Baker—and some known—Hemingway, Richard Wright, Thomas Wolfe, Thornton Wilder, Erskine

Simone de Beauvoir

Simone de Beauvoir has—in her mid-fifties—an almost legendary reputation as a writer and "high priestess" of the Existentialist movement in Paris. Since her early twenties, she has been associated intellectually and personally with Jean-Paul Sartre, who later became the major exponent of this movement and one of the world's leading men of letters. (Excerpts from his new autobiography, describing "The Making of a Writer," appeared in the September and October issues of *Harper's*.)

An account of their relationship during the postwar years—and their philosophical explorations with Camus and a number of other prominent writers—is published here for the first time in the United States. This article and another to appear next month, which will tell more about Madame de Beauvoir's American experiences, are adapted from her new autobiographical work, *The Force of Circumstance* (*La Force des Choses*), which G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish in the spring.

It has been said that her zest for life equals "Sartre's disgust for it" and that, like Sartre, she considers writing to be a kind of salvation; her works include four novels, a play, five volumes of essays and journals, and three of autobiography.

Madame de Beauvoir is best known for *The Mandarins*—the Goncourt Prize novel based on the milieu she discusses in "The Question of Fidelity"—and for *The Second Sex*, her encyclopedic study of myths and realities associated with the human female. Philip Wylie has called *The Second Sex* "one of the few great books of our era."

well, and Saroyan. Several new English writers were being mentioned—Auden, Spender, Graham Greene—but nothing was known about them yet.

I sent my novel *The Blood of Others* to Gallimard; Sartre gave them *The Age of Reason* and *The Reprieve*. My *Pyrrhus et Cinéas* was published; it was one of the first books to appear after the Liberation; in the general euphoria, and because we had been starved for philosophy and literature for four years, this slender essay was very well received. I began to write again. I had all my time to myself because Sartre, who had asked for a leave of absence from the Sorbonne, was earning money from the cinema and the theatre. We had always pooled our resources; we continued to do so; and I was no longer obliged to worry about food. I have so often advised women to be independent and said that independence begins in the purse, that I feel I must explain this attitude which at the time seemed to speak for itself. My material autonomy was assured, since if the need arose I could always go back to my teaching post; it would have seemed stupid and even criminal to sacrifice precious hours in order to prove to myself, day after day, that I still had this autonomy.

The year before we had conceived two projects: an encyclopedia and a review. Sartre did not pursue the first one, but he held fast to the second. The little magazines *Esprit*, *Confluences*, and *Poésie 44* were interesting enough but inadequate to express the age we were living in. We had to find something else. Sartre himself has given an account of his intentions: "If truth be told, I thought, then we should seek it, as Gide and de Beauvoir, nowhere except everywhere. Every social product and every attitude—from the most intimate to the most public—are allusive embodiments of it. An anecdote reflects a whole epoch as much as a political constitution does. We could be hunters of meaning, we would tell the truth about the world and about our lives." In September, we formed an editorial committee; Camus was too absorbed by *Combat* to be a member; Malraux refused; it was made up of Raymond Aron, Michel Leiris, Merleau-Ponty, Albert Ollivier, Jean Paulhan, Sartre, and myself. In those days, none of these names clashed. We tried to find a title. Leiris, who still retained a taste for scandal from the surrealist days of his youth, proposed a name in that vein: *Grabuge* ("Squabble"); we didn't use it because, although we certainly wanted to disturb people, we also wanted to be constructive. The title was to convey our positive commitment to

the present; so many newspapers had been saying the same things for so many years that there was scarcely anything left to choose between them. We agreed on *Les Temps Modernes*; it was dull, but the reference to the Chaplin film pleased us. And then, Paulhan pointed out in his mock-serious tone, from which real seriousness was not excluded, it is important to be able to refer to a review by its initials, as in the case of the *N.R.F.* (*Nouvelle Revue Française*); and *T.M.* had a good ring to it.

Thanks to Sartre's renown and to the controversy that his theory of commitment (engagement) provoked, we had a great many readers, and *Les Temps Modernes* had a lasting success. It was very useful to have at hand the means of expressing at once our impatience, our surprise, our approval. In a review, it is possible to catch the news on the wing; to address one's friends and refute one's adversaries almost as quickly as in private correspondence. I would read an article that made me angry and say to myself immediately, "I must answer that!" That's how all the essays I wrote for *Les Temps Modernes* came into being.

* * *

Sartre came back from his first trip to America and told me about it. First, his arrival at the Waldorf—his lumber jacket caused a sensation. A tailor had been summoned immediately. Then he told me about the cities, the country, the bars, the jazz; he had been shown around America by plane; in the Grand Canyon the pilot had asked every now and then, "Have I got room? Is the wing clear?" Apart from the economic system, segregation, and racism, there were many things that shocked him—the Americans' conformism, their scale of values, their myths, their optimism, their avoidance of anything tragic; but he had felt a great deal of sympathy for most of the people he had come into contact with. He had been struck by Roosevelt's personality during an interview the President had given to a group of Frenchmen a few days before his death.

He was surprised to learn that certain intellectuals were worried about the rise of fascism in the country; in various places, in fact, he had been told things were by no means reassuring. During lunch one day, Ford's director of public relations had cheerfully referred to the coming war with the U.S.S.R. "But there is no frontier between America and Russia; where will you fight?" one of the Communist journalists asked. "In Europe," he replied, quite simply.

This remark startled the Frenchmen there, but they did not take it seriously. The American people did not appear to be at all bellicose.

The "Existentialist Offensive"

The *Blood of Others* was labeled not only a "Resistance novel" but also an "Existentialist novel." Henceforth this label was to be affixed automatically to any work by Sartre or myself. During a discussion organized during the summer by the Cerf publishing house, Sartre had refused to allow this adjective to be applied to him: "My philosophy is a philosophy of existence; I don't even know what Existentialism is." I shared his irritation. I had written my novels before I had even encountered the term Existentialist; my inspiration came from my own experience, not from a system. But our protests were in vain. In the end, we took the epithet that everyone used for us and used it for our own purposes. So, without having planned it, what we launched early that fall turned out to be an "Existentialist offensive." In the weeks following the publication of my novel, Sartre's *The Age of Reason* and *The Reprieve* appeared, as well as the first numbers of *Les Temps Modernes*. He gave a lecture—"Is Existentialism a Humanism?"—and I gave one at the Club Maintenant on the novel and metaphysics. *Les Bouches Inutiles* had its premiere. We were astonished by the furor we caused. Sartre was now hurled brutally into the arena of celebrity, and my name was associated with his. A week never passed without the newspapers' discussing us. In the streets photographers fired away at us, and strangers rushed up to speak to us. At the Flore, people stared at us and whispered. When Sartre gave his lecture, so many people turned up that they couldn't all get into the lecture hall; there was a frenzied crush and some women fainted.

This uproar was partly a result of the "inflation" that Sartre was denouncing at that very moment; now a second-class power, France was exalting her most characteristic national products—*haute couture* and literature—with an eye on the export market. Even the humblest piece of writing was greeted by cries of acclaim, and its author immediately surrounded by an enormous fuss; other countries were affected by the racket and seemed only too happy to make it even louder. However, if circumstances happened to be so favorable to Sartre, it was no accident; there existed, at least at first glance, a remark-

able agreement between what he was offering the public and what the public wanted. His petit bourgeois readers had lost their faith, too, in perpetual peace, in eternal progress, in unchanging essences; they had discovered history in its most terrible form. Existentialism, struggling to reconcile history and morality, authorized them to accept their transitory condition without renouncing a certain absolute, to face horror and absurdity while still retaining their human dignity, to preserve their individuality. It seemed to offer the solution they had dreamed of.

In fact, it did not; and it was for this reason that Sartre's success was always as ambiguous as it was voluminous. In Sartre the bourgeoisie recognized themselves without consenting to the self-transcendence he exemplified; he was speaking their language, and using it to tell them things they did not want to hear. They came to him, and came back to him, because he was asking the questions that they were asking themselves; they ran away because his answers shocked them.

How Sartre Reacted to Fame

A celebrity and a scandal at the same moment, it was not without uneasiness that Sartre accepted a fame which, exceeding all his old ambitions, also contradicted them. Although he had wanted posterity's approval, he had not expected to reach more than a very small public in his lifetime; a new fact, the advent of "one world," transformed him into an author of world fame. He had imagined that *Nausea* would not be translated for many years; as a result of modern techniques, the rapidity of communications, his works were already appearing in a dozen languages. It was a great shock for a writer reared in the old tradition, who had viewed the solitude of Baudelaire, of Stendhal, of Kafka, as the necessary price of their genius. Far from the circulation of his books being a guarantee of their worth, there were so many mediocre books achieving success that success seemed almost the sign of mediocrity. Compared to Baudelaire's obscurity, the inane glory that had burst on Sartre had something annoying about it.

And its price was high. He received worldwide and unexpected attention, but saw himself robbed of that of future generations; by accepting that loss he nourished the secret hope that everything would be restored. "The rejection of posterity would give me posterity."

He left himself wide open to attack by re-

ining faithful to the rule we had decided on—react to the situation without assuming a role. He made no change in his habits—he lived in his hotel and in the cafés, he gave no thought to how he was dressed, he avoided Society; not only was he not married, but we both led such independent lives that it was impossible to think of our relationship as a classic example of “free love.” If these eccentricities would have been forgiven only Sartre had taken shelter behind his role as writer. He has never done so; and, in the surprise of his metamorphosis, it never occurred to him that he should at least take his new status into account. This simplicity earned him many friends. But public opinion was shocked.

I had grown used to living inside a writer's skin, and nowadays scarcely ever caught myself looking at this new character and saying, It's me. At first I enjoyed seeing my name in the papers, and for a while the fuss about us and my role as a Parisian figure gave me a good deal of amusement. In many ways, of course, I found it unpleasant. Not that I was oversensitive when people called me “la grande Sartreuse” or “*Notre-toute de Sartre*.” I just laughed, but certain looks men gave me left their mark—looks that implied complicity with the Existentialist and therefore dissolute woman they took me for. On the whole, however, I wasn't much affected by publicity at the time and I enjoyed my newfound notoriety. It did not astonish me; it seemed to me quite normal that the Liberation should have transformed my life along with the rest of the world. Nor did I exaggerate it; it was very modest compared with Sartre's. I observed this difference without envy, because he meant too much to me for me to be jealous of him, and also because it seemed to me quite justified.

More Truthful Than Words

Sartre was going back to New York. On his last visit he had met a young woman there, half-separated from her husband and, despite her brilliant position in the world, not very satisfied with her life; they had been very attracted to each other. When told about my existence she had desired that when he went back to France they should forget each other; his feelings for her were too strong for him to accept this; he had written to her from Paris and she had replied. In order to see her again, he had had himself invited back by some American universities. After his return, Sartre talked to me a great deal about M. At present, their attachment was

mutual, and they envisaged spending two or three months together every year. So be it; separations held no terror for me. But he evoked the weeks he had spent with her in New York with such gaiety that I grew uneasy; suddenly I wondered if M. was more important to him than I was. In a relationship that has lasted for fifteen years, how much is a matter of mere habit? What concessions does it imply? I knew my answer—not Sartre's.

According to his accounts, M. shared completely all his reactions, his emotions, his irritations, his desires. When they went out together she always wanted to stop, to go on again, at exactly the same moment he did. Perhaps this indicated a harmony between them at a depth at which Sartre and I did not meet, and perhaps that harmony was more important to him than our understanding. One day on the way to a luncheon, I asked, “Frankly, who means the most to you, M. or I?” He told me, “M. means an enormous amount to me, but I am with you.” His answer took my breath away. I understood it to mean, “I am respecting our pact, don't ask more of me than that.” Such a reply put the whole future in question. It was all I could do to shake hands, to smile, to eat. I saw that Sartre was watching me uneasily; I pulled myself together, but I felt that the lunch would never be over. That afternoon, Sartre explained what he had meant: we had always taken action to be more truthful than words, and that is why, instead of launching into a long explanation, he had invoked the evidence of a simple fact. I believed him.

* * *

My essay was finished, and I was asking myself, What now? I sat in the Deux Magots and gazed at the blank sheet of paper in front of me. I felt the need to write in my fingertips, and the taste of the words in my throat, but I didn't know where to start, or what. “How wild you look!” a friend said to me at one point. “It's because I want to write and I don't know what.” “Write anything.” In fact, I wanted to write about myself. Sacrificial essays, in which the author strips himself bare without excuses, appealed to me. I let the idea begin to take shape, made a few notes, and talked to Sartre about it. I realized that the first question to come up was, What has it meant to me to be a woman? At first I thought I could dispose of that pretty quickly. I had never had any feeling of inferiority; no one had ever said to me, “You think that way because you're a woman”; my femininity had never been

irksome to me in any way. "For me," I said to Sartre, "you might almost say it just hasn't counted." "All the same, you weren't brought up in the same way as a boy would have been; you should look into it further." I looked, and it was a revelation: this world was a masculine world, my childhood had been nourished by myths forged by men, and I hadn't reacted to them in at all the same way I should have done if I had been a boy. I was so interested in this discovery that I abandoned my project for a personal confession in order to give all my attention to finding out about the condition of woman in its broadest terms. I went to the Bibliothèque Nationale to do some reading, and what I studied were the myths of femininity.

The Writer's Responsibility

In October, a tumultuous newcomer burst into our group: Arthur Koestler, whose play *Twilight Bar* was about to be put on in Paris. Friends of his had assured us that his anti-Stalinism had not forced him over to the right; he had told an American newspaper that if he had been a Frenchman he would rather live in exile in Patagonia than under de Gaulle's dictatorship.

We met first at the Pont Royal. He accosted Sartre with pleasing simplicity, "Hello, I'm Koestler." We saw him next in the apartment where Sartre had just gone to live with his mother in the Place Saint-Germain-des-Près. In a peremptory tone, softened by an almost feminine smile, he told Sartre, "You are a better novelist than I am, but not such a good philosopher." He was in the process of writing a summa of philosophy whose main outlines he described to us—he wanted to assure man a margin of freedom without departing from physiological materialism. Taking his inspiration from works which we both knew, he explained to us that the systems governed by the cerebellum, the thalamus, and the lower brain overlapped but did not rigidly control each other; between the lower and the upper parts there must be room for a "bubble" of liberty. I thought to myself that Koestler was certainly a better novelist than he was a philosopher; he made me want to laugh when he talked about the thalamus, because he pronounced it *thalamoose*, and I couldn't help thinking of the cakes I used to eat as a child, called *talmouses*.

During the three or four weeks he spent in Paris, we met Koestler often. One evening we had dinner with him and his wife, Mamaine, and

Camus and his wife, Francine, and then went on to a little dance hall in the Rue des Gravilliers; then he issued an imperious invitation to the Scheherazade; normally neither Camus nor I would ever have set foot in that sort of place. Koestler ordered zakuski, vodka, champagne.

The following afternoon, Sartre was to give a lecture at the Sorbonne, under the aegis of UNESCO, on "The Writer's Responsibility," and he hadn't yet prepared it. But the alcohol, the gypsy music, and above all the heat of our discussions made him lose track of the time. Camus returned to a theme very dear to him, "If only it were possible to tell the truth!" Koestler grew gloomy as he listened to "Dark Eyes." "It's impossible to be friends if you differ about politics!" he said in an accusing tone. He rehashed his old grudges against Stalin's Russia, accusing Sartre and even Camus of trying to compromise with the Soviets. We didn't take his lugubriousness seriously; we were not aware of the passionate depths of his anticommunism. While Koestler continued his monologue, Camus said to us, "What we have in common, you and I, is that for us, individuals come first; we prefer the concrete to the abstract, people to doctrines, we place friendship above politics." We agreed, with an exaltation partly caused by alcohol and the lateness of the hour. Koestler repeated, "Impossible! Impossible!" And I replied, in a low voice, but clearly, "It is possible; and we are one proof of it at this very moment, since, despite all our dissensions, we are so happy to be together." Politics had opened abysses between some people and ourselves but we still thought that nothing separated us from Camus except a few nuances of terminology.

At four in the morning, we went to have something to eat and some more to drink at a bistro in Les Halles. Koestler was very jumpy; whether in irritation or in fun, he threw a crust of bread across the table and hit Mamaine right in the eye; he apologized and sobered up a bit. Sartre kept giggling. "To think that in a few hours I'm going to give a talk on the writer's responsibility!" and Camus laughed. I was laughing too, but alcohol has always made me much more inclined to weep, and when I found myself alone with Sartre in the streets of Paris at dawn I began to sob over the tragedy of the human condition; as we crossed the Seine, I leaned on the parapet of the bridge. "I don't see why we don't throw ourselves into the river!" "All right, then, let's throw ourselves in!" said Sartre, who was finding my tears contagious and had shed a few himself. We got home at about eight in the morning. When I saw Sartre again at four in the

ternoon, his face was ravaged; he had slept for two or three hours and then stuffed himself full of Orthedrin in order to get his lecture prepared. I thought to myself as I went into the packed amphitheatre, "If they had seen Sartre at this morning!"

* * *

In November, *The Victors* opened. Sartre had written this play a year before; at the time when the ex-collaborators were beginning to show themselves again, he had wanted to refresh people's memories. He had thought a great deal about torture for four whole years; alone, and among friends, he asked himself, Should I not speak about it too? What would be the best way to handle it? He had also pondered a great deal about the relation between the torturer and his victim. All these thoughts that haunted him he threw into his play.

The tortures in *The Victors* took place almost entirely behind the scenery; seen from the wings they weren't very frightening, and even made us laugh, since the martyr, Vitold, always famished at that hour, would hurl himself at a sandwich as soon as he got off-stage and bolt it between shrieks. On opening night I was in the audience, and everything changed—Vitold's shrieks seemed almost intolerable. Mme. Stève Passeur stood up and shouted, "It's a disgrace!" In the orchestra, people even came to blows. Aron's wife left at intermission, having almost fainted, and he followed her. The meaning of this uproar was clear—the bourgeoisie was initiating reunification, and to awaken such unpleasant memories seemed the height of bad taste. Sartre himself was strongly affected by the anxiety he was causing; the first few nights, when it came time for the torture scene, he would drink whiskey to ward it off, and he often zigzagged a bit on his way home.

The Communists, generally speaking, had supported *The Victors*. Yet at a lunch organized by Sartre's theatrical agent, the publisher Nagel, Ilya Ehrenburg reproached Sartre bitterly for having depicted his members of the Resistance as cowards and traitors. Sartre couldn't believe his ears. "Have you read the play?" Ehrenburg admitted that he had merely skimmed through the first scene or two, but his mind was made up. "If I got that impression, there must have been some reason for it."

Money presented problems for me. I respect it because for most people it is hard to earn; when I realized, during the course of that year, that from now on Sartre would have a lot of it, I

was alarmed. It was our duty to use it to the best advantage; but how were we to choose among all those who needed it? We discussed our new responsibilities uneasily. In fact, we evaded them.

Sartre had never taken money seriously, he loathed counting. He had neither the time nor the inclination to turn himself into a philanthropic institution; besides which, there is something unpleasant about charity when it has been carefully thought out. He gave away most of what he earned, but as chance dictated—to friends, to people he met, to people who wrote and asked. I thought it a pity he should be so feckless about his generosity, and I soothed my uneasiness by spending as little as possible on myself. For my forthcoming lecture tour of America I needed a dress; I bought one at a little place I knew; it was a knit and, I thought, ravishing, but expensive, 25,000 francs. "It's my first concession," I told Sartre, and then burst into tears.

My friends laughed at me, but I understand myself. I still imagined—in spite of having demonstrated the opposite in *The Blood of Others*—that there existed a way of not being involved in social injustice, and I thought we were to blame for not trying to find it. In fact, there is no such thing, and in the end I came round to thinking that Sartre's solution was as good as any other. Yet he himself was not satisfied with it, for he found it a burden to be privileged. Our tastes were lower-middle-class, our style of life continued to be modest. All the same, we did go to restaurants and bars frequented by the wealthy, and we would meet right-wing people in them. Without ever getting used to our new position, little by little—whether for good or for bad—I grew less hesitant about benefiting from it; it was all so contingent, the way the money came and went! On the whole, the way in which I decided to permit myself certain "concessions" and refuse others was decidedly arbitrary; but it seems to me impossible to establish any coherent principle of behavior in this area.

Disquieting Americans

I was not planning to write a book about America, but I wanted to have a good look at it when I went over on my lecture tour; I knew its literature and, despite my dismaying accent, I spoke English fluently. I had a few friends over there and Sartre gave me some addresses. At last I flew over.

In New York I met M. She was about to leave for Paris, where she would remain until my return. She was as charming as Sartre had described her, and she had the prettiest smile in the world.

I was prepared to love America; it was the "homeland of capitalism," yes; but it had helped save Europe from fascism. The atomic bomb assured it world leadership and freed it from all fear; books written by certain American liberals had convinced me that a large section of the nation had a clear and serene awareness of its responsibilities. The reality was a great shock to me.

There flourished among almost all the intellectuals, even those who claimed to be of the left, an Americanism worthy to rank with the chauvinism of my father. They approved of all Truman's speeches. Their anticommunism verged on neurosis; their attitude toward Europe, toward France, was one of arrogant condescension. From Harvard to New Orleans, from Washington to Los Angeles, I heard students, teachers, and journalists seriously wondering whether it would not be better to drop their bombs on Moscow before the U.S.S.R. was in a position to fight back. It was explained to me that in order to defend freedom it was becoming necessary to suppress it; the witch-hunt was getting under way.

What I found most disquieting was the inertia of all these people ceaselessly nagged by the wildest propaganda. No one, as far as I know, was talking about the Organization Man yet; but that was the American whom I described in my reports, in terms scarcely different from those used later by American sociologists. Another of my surprises was the American woman; even if it is true that the spirit of revenge in her has been exasperated to the point of making her a "praying mantis," she still remains a dependent and relative being; America is a masculine world. These observations, and the importance I granted them, are such that my American experience still remains valid in my eyes today.

All the same, I met a few writers, more or less intimate friends of Richard Wright, with whom I got on very well; they were sincerely pacifist and progressive, and though they were mistrustful of Russia and Stalin, they were free with their criticisms of their own country. And yet they loved so many things about it and taught me to become so attached to it myself that I adopted its history, its literature, and its beauties almost as my own.

America became still closer to me when I be-

came attached to Nelson Algren toward the end of my stay. Although I related this affair—very approximately—in *The Mandarins*, I return to it, not out of any taste for gossip, but in order to examine more closely a problem that in *The Prime of Life*, the second volume of my autobiography, I took to be too easily resolved: Is there any possible reconciliation between fidelity and freedom? And if so, at what price?

Often preached, rarely practiced, complete fidelity is usually experienced by those who impose it on themselves as a mutilation; they console themselves for it by sublimations or by drink. Traditionally, marriage used to allow the man a few "adventures on the side" without reciprocity; nowadays, many women have become aware of their rights and of the condition necessary for their happiness; if there is nothing in their own lives to compensate for masculine inconstancy, they will fall prey to jealousy and boredom.

There are many couples who conclude more or less the same pact as that of Sartre and myself—to maintain throughout all deviations from the main path a "certain fidelity." "I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion." Such an undertaking has its risks—it is always possible that one of the partners may prefer a new attachment to the old one, the other partner then considering himself or herself unjustly betrayed; in place of two free persons, a victim and a torturer confront each other.

If the two allies allow themselves only passing sexual liaisons, then there is no difficulty, but it also means that the freedom they allow themselves is not worthy of the name. Sartre and I have been more ambitious; it has been our wish to experience "contingent loves"; but there is one question we have deliberately avoided: How would the third person feel about our arrangement? It often happened that the third person accommodated himself to it without difficulty; our union left plenty of room for loving friendships and fleeting affairs. But if the protagonist wanted more, then conflicts would break out.

On this point, an unavoidable discretion compromised the exact truthfulness of the picture painted in *The Prime of Life*; for although my understanding with Sartre has lasted for more than thirty years, it has not done so without some losses and upsets in which the "others" always suffered. This defect in our system manifested itself with particular acuity during the period I will relate next.

To be concluded in December.

Help! Help!

by Charlton Ogburn, Jr.



The mail has brought a report from the Board of Supervisors accounting for all the expenditures of the county in the present fiscal year and presenting a breakdown of the budget for the coming fiscal year as well as describing the operations of the county administration. This is the kind of thing the American citizen is too apt to be ignorant of, says a publication of the League of Women Voters which I have been trying to find time to finish.

"I have a lot of reading for tonight," I remark to my wife. There is especially the magazine section of the Sunday paper I have saved for three weeks because of the article in it on "How Well do YOU Know Your Federal Judiciary?" which probably tells about circuit judges and so forth.

"Tonight's the PTA Book Fair," she says. Ah, yes. "That reminds me. There's the citizens' association meeting on Tuesday—on the application to rezone the Davis tract for an apartment building. I'm supposed to get some information from the Planning Commission."

"Don't you think in view of all this I'd better return that library book, *The History of the American Presidency*?" she asks.

"No, no." There are Presidents I know nothing about, absolutely nothing, like Millard Fillmore. And Zachary Taylor, or Tyler. "I've got to read it. But I suppose you might as well return the other, *The Girl Who Knew Too Much*. I can ask the librarian how it turns out."

In addition to the backlog of reading, there is a full program for Saturday's daylight hours, beginning with the lawn. The lawn has not been mowed for eight days, which is too long in the season of rapid growth, as the garden editor of the newspaper has several times pointed out. That means I shall have to unscrew the wheels of the mower and set them lower to increase the cutting height; otherwise, the editor emphasizes, the crowns of the grass plants will be dangerously exposed to the sun. Afterwards the wheels will have to be reset at their regular position and the lawn mowed again in a few days. . . . The level of

oil in the mower will have to be checked, too. The repairman gave me a lecture on maintenance when I took the machine in, the last time it refused to start, and the oil in the reservoir proved to be black because I had neglected to change it when I should have.

The question of the level of oil in the mower connects with something in my mind. What? The level of water in the car battery? Oh—the battery cables. The terminals of the cables, where they are bolted onto the battery poles, are encrusted with a greenish-white crystalline stuff. The service-station man said they should be unbolted and dipped into a solution of baking soda, and I'd be amazed at how clean they'd come out. He said it should be done without delay, and the terminals should be coated with petroleum jelly when I'd replaced them. Otherwise the car might suddenly not start. . . . I could see long lines of homeward-bound commuter traffic brought to a standstill behind me, the shirt-sleeved drivers honking beligerently.

This is the weekend for spraying for holly leaf miners. The garden editor went all out on this. If you miss the right period—and it lasts only a few days—you cannot make up for it and the trees may suffer severe setbacks as well as present an unsightly appearance until the following spring. Also the boxwood should be kept under surveillance and sprayed the moment you detect small flies hovering in front of the foliage, for these are the psyllas, whose eggs hatch into box leaf miners unless the plants are treated with nicotine sulfate in a molasses solution. The editor was sarcastic about homeowners who jeopardize the health of expensive shrubs, which may take years to replace, by failure to follow a simple, year-around regimen.

Not to Be Put Off Much . . .

The trouble is that I did not see my way to repairing the spray last fall, so presumably it will gush instead of misting. By disassembling it, I may be able to tell what the matter is, but even if I can, it will probably mean sending off to the factory for a new part.

Sometime during the weekend I've got to get to my desk. There have been urgent notices from all four conservation organizations I contribute to—maybe it's five—about crucial bills before Congress and the imperative need to let the representatives of the people know without delay the strength of public support for the conservationists' position. The issues involve the threat to ir-

replaceable natural treasures by the mining; sheep-raising, lumbering, petroleum, building, and hotel interests; by the agencies of the government (the Army Engineers, the Air Force, the Bureau of Reclamation, the Bureau of Public Roads, the Fish and Wildlife Service); and by the skiing, motoring, motorboating, shooting, and vandalist elements of the public itself. All are issues I feel intensely about, and on each one I am enjoined to write my Representative, my two Senators, and the chairmen of the committees and subcommittees concerned in both Houses. I do not know the names of those in the latter categories, but fortunately they are supplied in the notices I have received. The letters—copies of which are in each case quite reasonably requested by the organizations which sent the notices—cannot be put off much longer. It is painful for me to reflect how little I shall be doing even in writing *all* the letters. Other men—better citizens—are composing articles on the issues and actually testifying before the committees.

Also, I must not let another day go by without writing the sponsors of "Through the Ages with Brush and Palette." If the public does not respond to worthwhile programs when they are offered, it is useless to expect the potentialities of television ever to be realized.

I do not know why I cannot seem to get more done, why I am not more efficient. If I took that course in rapid reading, I could get through the newspapers faster. They say you can not only read the newspaper in a third of the time but can actually understand better and remember what you read about the factions in Laos and the measures taken by the Federal Reserve Board. It's something to think about.

Says my wife, "I hate to bring this up, but I did promise to remind you that you wanted to bind the cold-water pipes in the basement with insulating tape before the hot weather sets in and they start to drip."

I had forgotten that. I can't seem to remember the most obvious things anymore. "There's a job at the top of the house, too," I tell her. "I've got to get up on the roof and clean out the gutters. The paper last Saturday warned about accumula-

Charlton Ogburn, Jr. now lives near New York, and manages to extract enough time from his duties as a good citizen to write good books. These include "The Marauders" (about the Burma campaign in World War II) and a novel, scheduled for publication early next year, "The Gold of the River Sea." After the war, he served eleven years in the State Department.

of flower tassels at this time of year where there are oaks and hickories around the house." "Don't you think maybe you're reading the Real Estate section too much?"

"Taking chances with conditions like these can be costly. Matted tassels can clog downspouts and remain soaked in the gutters with resultant deterioration even of corrosion-resistant metal." I suddenly recall—I don't know what made me think of it—that the car has gone several thousand miles past 24,000, when the tires were due for their third rotation.

Later, I have hardly settled down to a job that has been hanging over me when the telephone

showed how, if you pay a quarter of your income in taxes—federal, state, and local—every time you spend nine dollars you are really spending twelve because to have nine dollars to spend you have to earn twelve. "So if I can keep from spending ten dollars by doing an hour's work, I've really made over thirteen dollars—which is way above my ordinary hourly rate of pay. That's how this leaflet—it's put out by the credit union and called *Solving Your Problems Through Solvency*—made clear you should look at it."

"So by not having the plumber ten times a day you can grow rich."

I ignore this unconstructive interjection. "The



ings and my wife, answering it, informs me that Mrs. Cook has called. "I told her you were out," she reports, "in case you want to think up an excuse. She called to remind you that the foreign-affairs discussion group meets on Thursday. . . . I wouldn't it really be a saving if you got a plumber to do that work?"

"We have a hose attachment to the kitchen sink with a sort of showerhead on it which you can wash dishes with. Only, for the second time now, the hose has split where it joins the nozzle and the assembly has to be taken apart and repaired with rubber cement and tape. I explain that a plumber would charge at least ten dollars and that ten dollars saved is even more than ten dollars earned. A leaflet on the subject which I read

leaflet also pointed out that whenever you refrain from spending nine dollars, you've earned a year's interest on two hundred dollars. . . . Besides, *you* work all the time."

"A woman with young children has to."

"She doesn't have to make her own dresses."

"I do, if I'm to have them the way I want them. And besides, fifty dollars saved is more than fifty dollars earned. If you figure the taxes—"

"She doesn't have to go around the neighborhood collecting for the National Symphony, the Red Cross, and the United Givers Fund."

"Now that I've done them, I've finished," she replied. "Everyone has to do these things once."

"And once each yet to come for the Cancer Society, the Heart Fund, Muscular Dystrophy—"

"We're talking about Mrs. Cook. I'm going to tell her you can't make it. She wanted you to give a presentation on the situation in Bukavu."

"Where's that?"

"Mrs. Cook says it's the capital of strife-torn Kivu Province, in the Congo."

But the preservation of our democratic way of life, the future of freedom, and our very survival as a nation depend upon an enlightened and alert citizenry. "What," I ask, "would happen if no one thought about the Congo?"

"You *couldn't* go if you were sick."

I shake my head. Sickness is a contingency I do not like to talk about. "Reading up on the Congo is the least I can do. Think how hard Mrs. Cook works to keep this thing going. And then there are those young Americans on the firing line in South Vietnam."

My Body and Me

I never let my wife know how I worry over the possibility of a protracted illness and its effect upon my ability to hold up my end of things. To maintain a high level of resistance to infection, I try to do calisthenics every day without fail. I bought a booklet at the drugstore on exercises practiced by the Canadian Air Force to which only twelve minutes a day need be allocated, and for a time I did these. Then my wife read something about isometric exercises which can be sandwiched between, or even merged with, other, ordinary activities. They consist simply of tensing a set of muscles or opposing one set to another and holding the tension for six seconds, or for the time it takes to count "one chimpanzee, two chimpanzees," etc., to the number of six. You can press your hands together hard or draw in your stomach as far back as possible while getting gasoline for your car. At such times, of course, you have to be careful not to let yourself count chimpanzees aloud from force of habit, and there is one exercise in particular that, after a rather embarrassing experience—for I have gone over to this technique of "working for your muscles so your muscles can work for you," as it was expressed in the instructions my wife found—I make a special point of reserving for moments of assured privacy. In this, the tongue is stuck out with the object of touching the nose with it while the exerciser strains to the utmost for the usual count. The purpose is to strengthen the muscles that support the jaw and give a firm line to the jaw. In the words of the health column of the newspaper in which these exercises were

described, "For a breadwinner, as well as for charmer of the fair sex, it is obviously important to look young as well as to think young in the youth-oriented society of ours."

Times of light, nonincapacitating illness can course be turned to good account. For instance, acting on the suggestion of a Sunday-supplement article on "Broadening Your Child's Horizons" I have been buying postage stamps for the girl for the past four or five years (two each of every new issue) against the day when they will be enough to mount them properly in an album. Now it turns out that all the stamps are stuck together as solidly as a piece of log—surely a woeful discovery. They will all have to be steamed apart and dried.

Another task awaiting that "rainy day, healthy wise" (to quote the author of that syndicated column, "Your Body and You"), is sorting out photographs and labeling them. We have the great accumulation, all mixed up, some in envelopes, some in boxes, and very few of them dated except by internal evidence. We had read more than once, though not always in the same words, that if you can leave your children nothing else you can leave them a representative pictorial record of their early years. To my shame, I must admit that recently I've been in danger of letting slide the irrecoverable opportunity to secure the record. I suppose it's a matter of not wanting to be reminded of the morass of photographs and negatives that has to be taken in hand or of the injunction that occurs midway in my photography manual, which is as far as I have got in it: "Take a deep breath and prepare for a shock," it warns. "It is time for you to get out of the drugstore class and do your own developing and printing." It is a weakness on my part to put off facing this necessity.

If I could boost my reading rate to a couple of thousand words a minute, I'd have time for more things other than reading and more time also for reading the books every educated man is expected to have read, such as the writings of Plautus and Marcus Aurelius, Sir Thomas Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, Edmund Spenser's *The Faerie Queene*, *The Sir Roger de Coverley Papers* by Joseph Addison and Richard Steele, Samuel Richardson's *Pamela*, the essays of Thomas Babington Macaulay—works like those. Actually, I am at the present moment embarked on both *The History of the American Presidency* (as I said) and *The Mill on the Floss*, by George Eliot, but my rate of progress is not encouraging.

What chiefly deters me from taking the rapid reading course is the fear that I might not be

to keep it up because of lack of time—though realize the truth of what we are told, that the busy man *always* has time. Then there'd be the abandoned instructional materials to remind me of my dereliction. I am thinking of a book in a red jacket that is in plain sight almost anywhere in the living room. It is *Must RELAX*, by Edmund Jacobson, which recommended to me when tension—*anxiety*, *ess* you could call it—began to interfere *essly* with my sleep. The trouble was that the *appy* Dr. Jacobson prescribes is extremely *consuming* ("For each period of practice, rule, about an hour of seclusion is best"), even to read the entire book appeared to be *than* I could manage without defaulting on *ations* the nonfulfillment of which was *keep-* me awake. But I am holding onto the book, *ving* that sooner or later I am really going *ave* to pull myself together and relax. *erhaps*," says my wife—it is after the PTA *ing*—"we'll have time to read in bed for a *le*."

A Casual Affair with Nature

after a preliminary discussion of whether *as* really necessary for her to agree to help *in* the school library for another term, we *ere* down to a luxury by which we both set *re* store. I have with me a mimeographed *tin* from a citizens' council organized to *eat* pollution in the river near which we *for* I know I cannot readily get to sleep if *off* reading it any longer. I have put it off *ar* because of a psychological block easily *able* to my having failed to attend the last *ing* of the organization, at which a new *ady* body was to have been elected. *o* you remember," asks my companion, put- *down* the *New York Times Book Review* *the* following Sunday (it comes to us five *x* days early and there have been times when *ave* actually finished it before it has appeared

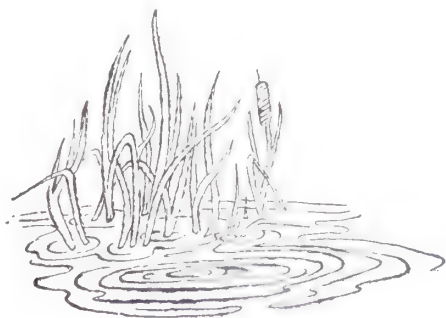
on the newsstands!), "the walks we used to have along the canal, before the girls were born, and before we decided to avoid financial overcommitment by buying an old farmhouse and remodeling it ourselves?"

I remember, of course, and confess as much. But I remember also the feeling I had that I had "let down" some of my friends whom I particularly admired. One of these had, indeed, spoken in my hearing, quite slightly, of those who were "content to have a mere casual affair with nature." They themselves were spending their weekends locating every bird's nest in selected types of habitat—"five acres of Virginia pine forest with a bordering strip of mixed hardwoods" or "three acres of meadowland and hedgerow including a reed-grown pond of approx. 20,000 square feet." They knew I had accessible to me a five-acre tract of abandoned field, northern in slope, reverting to blackberry, sumac, and smilax with an incipient future overstory of red maple, tuliptree, and hickory about which I was doing nothing. I was not even turning out for the dawn-and-dusk starling-check, at which dispersed observers were plotting on maps the course and magnitude of flights of starlings to and from their metropolitan roosts. My wife and I had just returned from our honeymoon.

"Oh—here's the book by that Cranston Carstairs," she exclaims, having gone back to her reading. "The one he was talking about all the time. *Epistle from the Romans*. 'In unsparing, shocking detail, the author of last year's best-seller, *The Business of Fun*, draws a frightening parallel between Rome in the days of its wildest license and pleasure-bent, luxury-loving, leisure-rich America today.' You remember. He was at the Whartons'. He'd just come back from six months in Europe—so he could be here for the parties his publisher is giving. . . . Why, what's the matter?"

"What do you mean," I ask after clearing my throat, "'What's the matter?'"

"It was just that for a second you looked like one of the girls when she's about to cry."



The Greatest Bridge of Them All

by Mary Jean Kempner

Form rarely follows function with the elegance, power, and simplicity of the new bridge across the portal to New York—a monumental achievement of engineering and a glory to the eye.

On November twenty-first, the longest, heaviest suspension bridge in the world—and possibly one of the great works of art of our day—will officially join Brooklyn and Staten Island across the Narrows. According to its designer, the Verrazano Narrows Bridge was conceived “as an enormous object drawn as faintly as possible.” Because of its extreme length, the builders of the new bridge in New York’s harbor had to take into consideration the curvature of the earth. Although its towers were built exactly perpendicular to the earth’s surface, they are $1\frac{5}{8}$ inches further apart at their summits than at their bases.

From the top of this faintly drawn line—some seventy stories up—one looks to the north about seven miles to the Statue of Liberty and Manhattan, to the south to the gray sweep of the Atlantic. Before construction was completed, the visitor could ride in open-cage elevators that swayed between the legs of the towers, up sixty-six stories, and then climb a ladder the last four flights to the summit. As one looked down along the sweep of the catwalks, ocean liners sailing under the bridge seemed like bathtub toys and construction barges like hyphens.

This bridge, which is sixty feet longer than the Golden Gate, will collect fifty-cent tolls from some 12,600,000 cars in its first year, and from an estimated 48,000,000 cars once its twin decks are put in full operation. Experts calculate that any bumper-to-bumper load would amount to more than a third of the bridge’s carrying capacity. Four suspension cables—the four thin ribbons drawn across the sky—make this possible. These cables consist of 104,432 pencil-thick steel wires, each one strong enough to dangle a seven-passenger Cadillac. The weight of the suspension structure, which includes the double-deck roadway, totals 51,000 tons.

As much steel went into the bridge’s towers as was used in the Empire State Building, all stapled together with three million rivets and six million bolts. No one bothered to calculate the millions of additional bolts and rivets that were used in the superstructure. According to the *Engineering News Record*, a journal that might well be expected to take such matters in stride, “The mass of the structure, no matter how impressive, is insignificant compared with its complexity. Its individual components are numbered in tens of millions, each with its own place and its sequence of placement.”

Verrazano, for whom the Narrows Bridge was partially named, was a little-known Florentine privateer. (Some New Yorkers disapprove of naming such a monumental bridge after him and contend that he ended his life swinging from a rope.) Supposedly in the service of Francis I, King of France, Verrazano sailed into New York



O. WINSTON TINK

Enough wire to stretch more than halfway from Staten Island to the moon joins Staten Island across the Narrows with Brooklyn. The cables of the Verrazano Bridge alone weigh 38,000 tons.

harbor in 1524, named the spot Angoulême, and described it to his master as "a very agreeable situation located within two small hills in the midst of which flowed a great river." If it accomplishes nothing else, christening the world's greatest bridge after such an elusive character testifies to the power of the Italian vote in New York State.

Legislation approving the construction of the bridge at the Narrows was signed by Governor Averell Harriman in 1955. The price tag was \$325 million, a sum which was raised through three bond issues, redeemable in twenty-five years. According to Robert Moses, chairman of the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority (a public-benefit corporation responsible for all New York bridges), "This wasn't a new idea, it just took guts to bull it through."

Commissioner Moses, who can, and repeatedly does, transform himself from charmer to autocrat practically between two commas, thrives on his vicissitudes as a stormy petrel. "There's always opposition to anything constructive in this town. . . . It's crowded and you're bound to step on some arthritic toes," he says, adding, "A bridge isn't a trestle, it's a thoroughfare. You've got to carry traffic a considerable distance to get them off, maybe a mile on either end. . . . Well, this inconveniences some people, unfortunately."

What Is Not in the Textbooks

Othmar H. Ammann, who thirty-three years ago designed the George Washington Bridge and has designed practically every other major suspension bridge around New York since then, has been suspected by bridge men at the Narrows of watching them work—through a spy glass as he stood at his office window in lower Manhattan. At eighty-five, Ammann is a slight man, straight and slim. He was born in Switzerland and, although he came to America to live in 1904, he still speaks with a trace of an accent. Courtly and modest, he seems fifteen years younger than his chronological age as he talks, simply and patiently, about suspended bridges—which, in a way, is talking about his life. Even at home, he keeps a wind tunnel for testing models.

Ammann considers a solely scientific approach to building long-span suspension bridges somewhat inhibiting. He lays enormous stress on personal judgment. Wind tunnels, for instance, and model testing are excellent tools, as far as they go. Computers are time-savers. "But," he says, "empirical-analytical knowledge is essential,

and the well-calculated hunch, that can't be passed along in textbooks, is invaluable."

He wanted to make the Narrows Bridge as inconspicuous as possible, and he has probably succeeded, in his terms, in minimizing its size. But for the uninitiated, it is hard to imagine a structure looking bigger, as seen from the top of its towers, or from a barge down on the water or glimpsed from a distance as it looms over the horizon. Many of those who became acquainted with the bridge while the towers were coated on with weathered red lead, urged that it be painted that color. There were those who wanted a golden bridge. Ammann insisted that it be painted "the color of atmosphere and water." It took 36,240 gallons of special gray paint to provide his desired coat of anonymity.

Aesthetic considerations are reflected in the phases of Ammann's drafting. The two anchorage blocks in which the cables are secured rise to the height of a ten-story building. Each anchorage was hand-cleaned and polished by men in bosun's chairs; each could easily house the colossal statues at Abu Simbel within the unadorned elegance of its hollow, wing-shaped mass.

The basic structural principles with which Ammann works can be traced back to ancient jungle people. Facing a chasm, and hoping for better hunting, a man threw a sturdy length of vine over a stump on the far cliff. Securing the end on his side, he was then able to scramble across. Later, he discovered that several such vines tied together provided greater security and that branches laid transversely across such natural cables produced a roadway of sorts. Bridges of this kind, used by pedestrians and pack-carrying llamas, were described with considerable respect by sixteenth-century European explorers on their return from Peru.

Today's suspension bridge, unlike the lassowired stump, is best compared to an old-fashioned clothesline, anchored at either end, then raised over two crocheted sticks and adjusted to a desired height and tension. Until fairly recently, however, there was always the possibility that a suspension bridge might develop the shaking (acute oscillation) or, worse still, collapse. The

Mary Jean Kempner, who has written about Eskimos, polar bears, and Byzantine churches for "Harper's," was a correspondent with the Navy in World War II. She reports that he climb up the ladders to the top of one of the towers of the Verrazano Bridge was pretty unnerving; her hard hat kept slipping down over her eyes.

ce of herds of driven cattle or of marching sometimes precipitated such disasters. In any, Ammann told me, a small suspension re nervously warns pedestrians today: "It ictly forbidden to jump up and down on this e."

fore the opening in 1931 of the George ington Bridge over the Hudson, Governor d E. Smith telephoned Ammann to inquire, what tentatively, if it was safe to allow a hment of troops participating in the cere- es to remain in step as they marched across. ann reassured the Governor by telling him, regiment of elephants marching in step n't affect this bridge."

dence was a villain but not the only one. twenty-four years ago, skilled engineers still working on assumptions that advanced dynamics have only recently confirmed or adicted. In 1940, for instance, a stylish new ge opened in Tacoma, Washington. It was nously popular from the start, both for im good looks and for the flexibility which ed it the affectionate nickname of "Gallop- Gertie." Unfortunately, four months after pening, Galloping Gertie collapsed, miracu- y without fatalities. Wind, slimness, and e flexibility were her undoing.

t only was knowledge limited but materials often inadequate. Today, however, the U.S. Corporation—whose subsidiary, American ge, built the 6,690-foot structure over the ows—claims that "properly protected steel ose to immortal." These companies should ; for ever since 1948, when they started on the Delaware Memorial Bridge, they been involved every year in some major ension-bridge project, either in this country road. They are now working on a bridge over agus River in Portugal, which will be the est suspension bridge in Europe; still on the ing boards are plans to span the Orinoco R in Venezuela with South America's largest ended structure.

Steel in Its Infancy

one of these bridges might exist today had ot been for the engineering genius of a orn, compulsive young German, John Roe- who emigrated to America in the nineteenth y. It was Roebling who devised a method aking suspension cables out of iron wires. eally, the process remains standard procedure is day, although the material has changed



O. WINSTON LINK

"Spinning" the bridge cables wasn't spinning at all. A flying wheel carried the wires from one anchorage to the other until more than 26,000 parallel strands formed each of the four cables.

from iron to steel. Roebling made further engineering history with his railroad bridge at Niagara, in which he used the first true stiffening truss—something like a whalebone corset for bridges. According to the late David B. Steinman, one of America's most distinguished engineers, this was "the first important advance in suspension-bridge design in two thousand years." Bridge building was Roebling's life; his single-mindedness was such that when informed that his wife had given birth to a child while he was away working on the Niagara Bridge, he is supposed to have asked peevishly, "Why wasn't I told she was pregnant?"

When there was little more than a whisper about a bridge between Manhattan and Brooklyn, Roebling determined to get this job, which proved to be his masterpiece. Furthermore, he planned to use steel wires, which were both lighter and stronger than iron, for his cables. Steel had been considered more or less a precious metal until 1857 when the Bessemer process made economical steel production possible. Ten years later, Roebling was its enthusiastic advocate. Steel, he in-

sisted, made the 1,600-foot suspended span required for the Brooklyn Bridge practical. He even predicted the possibility of 3,000-foot spans; his hypothesis was: "The longer the span, the more steel is required to secure stability against strain and stress." The length of the main suspended span of the Narrows Bridge is 4,260 feet. According to the American Bridge Company engineers 5,000 feet may be the limit for suspended structures until a lighter, equally strong steel is developed, and they add, "Steel, of course, is in its infancy."

It was no slight undertaking to provide this new monster bridge with a footing strong enough to carry its destined weight. Underwater foundations were laid on a firm stratum of sand which was found at 170 feet below mean low tide on the Brooklyn side and at 105 feet at Staten Island. (Geologic profiles, obtained by meticulous borings, showed no sign of solid rock for at least 300 feet below mean low tide on the Brooklyn side.) It took sixteen months to complete the great supportive underwater platforms of reinforced concrete and steel, which measured 129 feet in width and 229 feet in length. Upon each of these were set 32-foot-tall, granite-faced concrete bases—like hassocks—on which the legs of the towers rested.

For economy's sake, bids for the towers were invited for either tower alone or for both combined. The lowest combination of bids resulted in the Staten Island tower going to Bethlehem Steel Corporation and the Brooklyn tower to Harris Structural Steel. These slightly tapered, majestic towers, 690 feet high, have enough give to respond longitudinally to critical changes in weather or severe loading. Ammann envisaged them as having "ultimate simplicity of form and a clear expression of function." And indeed they have just that.

Winding from Ball to Hank

Once the anchorages and the towers—the crotched sticks—were in place, work started on the suspension cables—the clothesline. As a preliminary step, twenty-four heavy steel ropes were towed by barge from one shore of the Narrows to the other, then hoisted up and made fast to the towers. Cyclone-fencing braced with transverse timbers—like the branches of the Peruvian vine cables—was then rolled out over these steel ropes to form a catwalk on which the men could work.

The cables which were to hold up this bridge—

and have held up most suspension bridges since Roebling's day—are not, as many people imagine, ropes made of twisted wire strands. The strength of these suspension cables lies in the multiplicity of wires—26,108 in each of the four cables of the Narrows Bridge—laid precisely parallel to each other. Roebling called the process of laying the wires "air-spinning," which is, in point of fact, a misnomer. Spinning cable has no resemblance to spinning wool. It isn't even spinning; it is, in fact, the reverse of grandma's practice of converting a hank of yarn into a ball aided by the outstretched arms of any available person. In making suspension cable one starts with the ball—a twenty-five-ton reel carrying a hundred miles of wire—and proceeds to convert this ball into a continuous hank.

At either side of the Narrows, wires were drawn from their reels and made fast to eye-bars (like giant thumbtacks embedded in the anchorages) and then looped onto wheels. The wire-carrying wheels, four feet in diameter and towed by diesel-powered hauling-ropes, traveled from one anchorage to the other, making a 7,205-foot trip in twelve minutes. On their arrival at the opposite shore, the wires were again made fast around other eye-bars—the equivalent of grandma's borrowed arms—and the wheel then proceeded to repeat its wire-laying journey.

"Spinning" continued from early morning until close to midnight, five days a week for three months, except when weather interfered. (Bridge workers walk off a job if it's raining.) Although there were often as many as six hundred men working on the bridge, it usually looked empty, and was almost silent, except for the eerie sound of a cowbell fastened to the spokes of the spinning wheels to warn the men of their approach. And certain nights, immediately after the spinning crews had left the job, a third shift, the "graveyard boys," worked until six in the morning. At these hours, the steel throughout the bridge would have settled to an even temperature, regardless of the day's extremes. With mathematical precision and what they call "eyeball judgment," this crew of twenty-six men adjusted the wires and banded them—428 wires to a strand, 61 strands to a cable. Once a cable was completely assembled, in cross section it appeared to be a hexagon. Only after it was compacted by a hydraulic machine, did it acquire its cylindrical shape and a somewhat reduced diameter of three feet.

As far as the cables were concerned, there remained only a few finishing steps. Each cable was slathered with red lead, the finest anti-rust



O. WINSTON LINK

The bridge deck was not built straight across. A balanced pull on the great towers had to be maintained. Two sections were installed in each end-span to every four sections in the center.

tection, and as fast as this solution was plied, the cable was mechanically wrapped—the guides on a fishing rod—with thin galvanized steel wire. Even before this wrapping process was completed, as soon as the cables had been spun and compacted, the catwalks were fastened directly onto them. The twenty-four ropes that previously supported these catwalks were removed and retailored. Like picture frames, they were spaced-out and hung along the length of the cables ready to serve as suspenders for the massive steel and concrete roadway-decks. Barges were used to transport all such steel units to the bridge site, where they were hoisted up and set in their intricately precise pattern. The bridge wasn't built straight across; a balanced pull had to be maintained on the clothesline as well as the crotched sticks. In order to achieve this symmetry, two sections were installed in each end-span to every four sections placed in the center. Each of the deck units weighed 388 tons and was designed to fit exactly into its sequence of placement. Sometimes, however, one hung aloft for quite a while—in one instance overnight—until bridge men working with hydraulic cranes maneuvered it into place.

In spite of all this activity, during the five years it took to build this bridge (the Brooklyn

Bridge took thirteen), navigation through the Narrows proceeded almost normally. For sixteen days in 1962, the Coast Guard stopped all shipping for a two-hour period morning and afternoon while the steel ropes for the catwalks were towed across the Narrows and hoisted into place; subsequently the Coast Guard issued a "slow order" (a maximum of five knots) for eighteen months during cable-spinning and until all the steel deck-units were hoisted into place.

The Men on Top

Ironworkers, as the men who build such steel bridges are called, (steelworkers are mill men) are a mixed lot. Young or grizzled, they share a cool detachment which is essential for work "on top" of such bridges. Bravado is frowned upon. David Rees, the project manager at the Narrows, prefers his crews "to have conquered fear but not to have forgotten it. . . . A fellow without fear is without imagination, and that's a dangerous man," he says.

Acrophobia, the morbid fear of height, reveals itself almost instantaneously, which explains why bridge foremen say they can tell in three minutes whether a man's qualified for "high ironwork." If

he is qualified, it is usually only a matter of time and practice before he acquires the sure-footed competence to walk perpendicularly up a steel beam, with only his hands and the friction of his heavy, rubber-soled boots against the steel to support his climb. (Rather like a repairman going up a telephone pole, only minus the spikes.) A legend has been built around the surefootedness that makes Indians especially good iron men. They are good, but no better than others. A group of Mohawk Indians, however, traditionally go into high ironwork; about fifty of them worked on the Narrows Bridge and added to the legend by stories they told in a Brooklyn bar and grill appropriately called The Tepee.

Ironworkers on this particular job were paid \$5.80 an hour plus 15 per cent (a sum made up of 5 per cent welfare, 4 per cent pension, 6 per cent in lieu of vacations) and \$8-a-day traveling allowance. Before getting an iron man's union card, however, the men must serve a two-year apprenticeship and earn certain night-school credits. Such apprentices are often accredited by the union for temporary jobs at 60 per cent of full union wages. Two hundred and twenty-nine "go-fors"—as they are called, because someone is always sending them on errands—worked on the Narrows job.

According to several iron men, as soon as the sidewalk superintendents became aware of the size of the bridge, the onlookers started asking,

"How many guys are you going to kill . . . maybe a hundred?" Bridge crews consider such talk more insolent than ghoulish. Only two men were killed. (The Brooklyn Bridge cost the lives of about twenty.) Safety rules were stringent, detailed, and varied. No bifocals were permitted. Finger rings were forbidden because they might catch in tools and machinery. An interval of six feet was maintained between men on ladders. When working aloft, men fastened their safety lines except when traveling from one point to another, which they did with a swift facility, as though they were crossing a street. The few women reporters who rode the tower elevators were ordered to wear slacks because they might otherwise "distract the men and make them careless."

Outside Commissioner Moses' office at the World's Fair last summer, a countdown machine chattered incessantly: the Narrows Bridge would open in 145 days, 17 hours, 3 minutes, 10 seconds. Actually, it will open a few days ahead of schedule, on a Saturday forenoon so as to allow the greatest number of people to be on hand. Scattered among the crowd of curious spectators, Governors, and other dignitaries, will be the bridge men seeing their bridge probably for the first time as others see it. It won't be theirs anymore. But surely they will be amazed by this giant that they put together, a definitive testament to the structural arts.

Harper's Magazine, November 1964

O. WINSTON LINK—JUNE 10, 1964



The Paranoid Style in American Politics

by Richard Hofstadter

It had been around a long time before the Radical Right discovered it—and its targets have ranged from “the international bankers” to Masons, Jesuits, and munitions makers.

American politics has often been an arena for angry minds. In recent years we have seen angry minds at work mainly among extreme right-wingers, who have now demonstrated in the Goldwater movement how much political leverage can be got out of the animosities and passions of a small minority. But behind this I believe there is a style of mind that is far from new and that is not necessarily right-wing. I call it the paranoid style simply because no other word adequately evokes the sense of heated exaggeration, suspiciousness, and conspiratorial fantasy that I have in mind. In using the expression “paranoid style” I am not speaking in a clinical sense, but borrowing a clinical term for other purposes. I have neither the competence nor the desire to classify any figures of the past or present as certifiable lunatics. In fact, the idea of the paranoid style as a force in politics would have little contemporary relevance or historical value if it were applied only to men with profoundly disturbed minds. It is the use of paranoid modes of expression by more or less normal

people that makes the phenomenon significant.

Of course this term is pejorative, and it is meant to be; the paranoid style has a greater affinity for bad causes than good. But nothing really prevents a sound program or demand from being advocated in the paranoid style. Style has more to do with the way in which ideas are believed and advocated than with the truth or falsity of their content. I am interested here in getting at our political psychology through our political rhetoric. The paranoid style is an old and recurrent phenomenon in our public life which has been frequently linked with movements of suspicious discontent.

Here is Senator McCarthy, speaking in June 1951 about the parlous situation of the United States:

How can we account for our present situation unless we believe that men high in this government are concerting to deliver us to disaster? This must be the product of a great conspiracy on a scale so immense as to dwarf any previous such venture in the history of man. A conspiracy of infamy so black that, when it is finally exposed, its principals shall be forever deserving of the maledictions of all honest men. . . . What can be made of this unbroken series of decisions and acts contributing to the strategy of defeat? They cannot be attributed to incompetence. . . . The laws of probability would dictate that part of . . . [the] decisions would serve the country's interest.

Now turn back fifty years to a manifesto signed in 1895 by a number of leaders of the Populist party:

As early as 1865-66 a conspiracy was entered into between the gold gamblers of Europe and America. . . . For nearly thirty years these conspirators have kept the people quarreling over less important matters while they have pursued with unrelenting zeal their one central purpose. . . . Every device of treachery, every resource of statecraft, and every artifice known to the secret cabals of the international gold ring are being used to deal a blow to the prosperity of the people and the financial and commercial independence of the country.

Next, a Texas newspaper article of 1855:

. . . It is a notorious fact that the Monarchs of Europe and the Pope of Rome are at this very moment plotting our destruction and threatening the extinction of our political, civil, and religious institutions. We have the best reasons for believing that corruption has found its way into our Executive Chamber, and that our Executive head is tainted with the infectious venom of Catholicism. . . . The Pope has recently sent his ambassador of state to this country on a secret commission, the effect of which is an extraordinary boldness of the Catholic Church throughout the United States. . . . These minions of the Pope are boldly insulting our Senators; reprimanding our Statesmen; propagating the adulterous union of Church and State; abusing with foul calumny all governments but Catholic; and spewing out the bitterest execrations on all Protestantism. The Catholics in the United States receive from abroad more than \$200,000 annually for the propagation of their creed. Add to this the vast revenue collected here. . . .

These quotations give the keynote of the style. In the history of the United States one finds it, for example, in the anti-Masonic movement, the nativist and anti-Catholic movement, in certain spokesmen of abolitionism who regarded the United States as being in the grip of a slaveholders' conspiracy, in many alarmists about the Mormons, in some Greenback and Populist writers who constructed a great conspiracy of international bankers, in the exposure of a munitions makers' conspiracy of World War I, in the popular left-wing press, in the contemporary

American right wing, and on both sides of the race controversy today, among White Citizens Councils and Black Muslims. I do not propose to try to trace the variations of the paranoid style that can be found in all these movements, but will confine myself to a few leading episodes in our past history in which the style emerged in full and archetypal splendor.

Illuminism and Masonry

I begin with a particularly revealing episode—the panic that broke out in some quarters at the end of the eighteenth century over the allegedly subversive activities of the Bavarian Illuminati. This panic was a part of the general reaction to the French Revolution. In the United States it was heightened by the response of certain men, mostly in New England and among the established clergy, to the rise of Jeffersonian democracy. Illuminism had been started in 1776 by Adam Weishaupt, a professor of law at the University of Ingolstadt. Its teachings today seem to be no more than another version of Enlightenment rationalism, spiced with the anticlerical atmosphere of eighteenth-century Bavaria. It was a somewhat naïve and utopian movement which aspired ultimately to bring the human race under the rules of reason. Its humanitarian rationalism appears to have acquired a fairly wide influence in Masonic lodges.

Americans first learned of Illuminism in 1799 from a volume published in Edinburgh (later reprinted in New York) under the title, *Proofs of a Conspiracy Against All the Religions and Governments of Europe, Carried on in the Secret Meetings of Free Masons, Illuminati, and Reading Societies*. Its author was a well-known Scottish scientist, John Robison, who had himself been a somewhat casual adherent of Masonry in Britain, but whose imagination had been inflamed by what he considered to be the far less innocent Masonic movement on the Continent. Robison seems to have made his work as factual as he could, but when he came to estimating the moral character and the political influence of Illuminism, he made the characteristic paranoid leap into fantasy. The association, he thought, was formed “for the express purpose of ROOTING OUT ALL RELIGIOUS ESTABLISHMENTS, AND OVERTURNING ALL THE EXISTING GOVERNMENTS OF EUROPE.” It had become “one great and wicked project fermenting and working all over Europe, and to it he attributed a central role in bringing about the French Revolution. He saw it as

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line, anti-Christian movement, given to the adoption of women, the cultivation of sensual pleasures, and the violation of property rights. Members had plans for making a tea that induced abortion—a secret substance that “blinds the eyes when spurted in the face,” and a device that sounds like a stench bomb—a “method for purging a bedchamber with pestilential vapours.” These notions were quick to make themselves at home in America. In May 1798, a minister of the Massachusetts Congregational establishment in Boston, Jedidiah Morse, delivered a timely sermon to the young country, which was then sharply divided between Jeffersonians and Federalists, Francophiles and Anglomans. Having read Robison, Morse was convinced that the United States was the victim of a Jacobinical plot touched off by Illuminism, and that the country should be armed to defend itself. His warnings were heeded throughout New England wherever Federalists brooded about the rising tide of religious infidelity or Jeffersonian democracy. Timothy Dwight, the president of Yale, followed Morse’s sermon with a Fourth-of-July discourse on *The Duty of Americans in the Present Crisis*, in which he held forth against the Antichrist in his own glowing rhetoric. Soon the pulpits of New England were ringing with denunciations of the Illuminati, as though the country were swarming with them.

The anti-Masonic movement of the late 1820s and the 1830s took up and extended the obsession with conspiracy. At first, this movement may seem to be no more than an extension or repetition of the anti-Masonic theme sounded in the outburst against the Bavarian Illuminati. But whereas the panic of the 1790s was confined mainly to New England and linked to an ultraconservative point of view, the later anti-Masonic movement affected many parts of the northern United States, and was intimately linked with popular democracy and rural egalitarianism. Although anti-Masonry happened to be anti-Jacksonian (Jackson was a Mason), it manifested the same animus against the closure of opportunity for the common man and against aristocratic institutions as one finds in the Jacksonian crusade against the Bank of the United States.

The anti-Masonic movement was a product not merely of natural enthusiasm but also of the vicissitudes of party politics. It was joined and led by a great many men who did not fully share its original anti-Masonic feelings. It attracted the support of several reputable statesmen who had only mild sympathy with its fundamental bias, but who as politicians could not

afford to ignore it. Still, it was a folk movement of considerable power, and the rural enthusiasts who provided its real impetus believed in it wholeheartedly.

As a secret society, Masonry was considered to be a standing conspiracy against republican government. It was held to be particularly liable to treason—for example, Aaron Burr’s famous conspiracy was alleged to have been conducted by Masons. Masonry was accused of constituting a separate system of loyalty, a separate imperium within the framework of federal and state governments, which was inconsistent with loyalty to them. Quite plausibly it was argued that the Masons had set up a jurisdiction of their own, with their own obligations and punishments, liable to enforcement even by the penalty of death. So basic was the conflict felt to be between secrecy and democracy that other, more innocent societies such as Phi Beta Kappa came under attack.

Since Masons were pledged to come to each other’s aid under circumstances of distress, and to extend fraternal indulgence at all times, it was held that the order nullified the enforcement of regular law. Masonic constables, sheriffs, juries, and judges must all be in league with Masonic criminals and fugitives. The press was believed to have been so “muzzled” by Masonic editors and proprietors that news of Masonic malfeasance could be suppressed. At a moment when almost every alleged citadel of privilege in America was under democratic assault, Masonry was attacked as a fraternity of the privileged, closing business opportunities and nearly monopolizing political offices.

Certain elements of truth and reality there may have been in these views of Masonry. What must be emphasized here, however, is the apocalyptic and absolutistic framework in which this hostility was commonly expressed. Anti-Masons were not content simply to say that secret societies were rather a bad idea. The author of the standard exposition of anti-Masonry declared that Freemasonry was “not only the most abominable but also the most dangerous institution that ever was imposed on man. . . . It may truly be said to be HELL’S MASTER PIECE.”

The Jesuit Threat

Fear of a Masonic plot had hardly been quieted when the rumors arose of a Catholic plot against American values. One meets here again the same frame of mind, but a different villain. The anti-

The Paranoid Style in Action

The John Birch Society is attempting to suppress a television series about the United Nations by means of a mass letter-writing campaign to the sponsor, . . . The Xerox Corporation. The corporation, however, intends to go ahead with the programs. . . .

The July issue of the John Birch Society Bulletin . . . said an "avalanche of mail ought to convince them of the unwisdom of their proposed action—just as United Air Lines was persuaded to back down and take the U.N. insignia off their planes." (A United Air Lines spokesman confirmed that the U.N. emblem was removed from its planes, following "considerable public reaction against it.")

Birch official John Rousselot said, . . . "We hate to see a corporation of this country promote the U.N. when we know that it is an instrument of the Soviet Communist conspiracy."

—San Francisco *Chronicle*, July 31, 1964

Catholic movement converged with a growing nativism, and while they were not identical, together they cut such a wide swath in American life that they were bound to embrace many moderates to whom the paranoid style, in its full glory, did not appeal. Moreover, we need not dismiss out of hand as totally parochial or mean-spirited the desire of Yankee Americans to maintain an ethnically and religiously homogeneous society nor the particular Protestant commitments to individualism and freedom that were brought into play. But the movement had a large paranoid infusion, and the most influential anti-Catholic militants certainly had a strong affinity for the paranoid style.

Two books which appeared in 1835 described the new danger to the American way of life and may be taken as expressions of the anti-Catholic mentality. One, *Foreign Conspiracies against the Liberties of the United States*, was from the hand of the celebrated painter and inventor of the telegraph, S. F. B. Morse. "A conspiracy exists," Morse proclaimed, and "its plans are already in operation . . . we are attacked in a vulnerable quarter which cannot be defended by our ships, our forts, or our armies." The main source of the

conspiracy Morse found in Metternich's government: "*Austria is now acting in this country. She has devised a grand scheme. She has organized great plan for doing something here. . . . She has her Jesuit missionaries traveling through the land; she has supplied them with money, and has furnished a fountain for a regular supply. Were the plot successful, Morse said, some scion of the House of Hapsburg would soon be installed as Emperor of the United States.*"

"It is an ascertained fact," wrote another Protestant militant,

that Jesuits are prowling about all parts of the United States in every possible disguise, expressly to ascertain the advantageous situation and modes to disseminate Popery. A minister of the Gospel from Ohio has informed us that he discovered one carrying on his devices, his congregation; and he says that the western country swarms with them under the name of puppet show men, dancing masters, music teachers, peddlers of images and ornaments, barrel organ players, and similar practitioners.

Lyman Beecher, the elder of a famous family and the father of Harriet Beecher Stowe, wrote in the same year his *Plea for the West*, in which he considered the possibility that the Christian millennium might come in the American state. Everything depended, in his judgment, upon what influences dominated the great West, where the future of the country lay. There Protestantism was engaged in a life-or-death struggle with Catholicism. "Whatever we do, it must be done quickly. . . ." A great tide of immigration, hostile to free institutions, was sweeping in upon the country, subsidized and sent by "the potentates of Europe," multiplying tumult and violence, filling jails, crowding poorhouses, quadrupling taxation, and sending increasing thousands of voters to "lay their inexperienced hand upon the helm of our power."

Anti-Catholicism has always been the pornography of the Puritan. Whereas the anti-Mason had envisaged drinking bouts and had entertained themselves with sado-masochistic fantasies about the actual enforcement of grisly Masonic oaths, the anti-Catholics invented an immense lore about libertine priests, the confessional as a opportunity for seduction, licentious convents and monasteries. Probably the most widely read contemporary book in the United States before *Uncle*

* Many anti-Masons had been fascinated by the penalties invoked if Masons failed to live up to their obligations. My own favorite is the oath attributed to a royal archmason who invited "having my skull smote off, and my brains exposed to the scorching rays of the sun."

Cabin was a work supposedly written by Maria Monk, entitled *Awful Disclosures*, appeared in 1836. The author, who purported to have escaped from the Hotel Dieu in Montreal after five years there as a nun, reported her convent life in elaborate and circumstantial detail. She reported having been told by the Mother Superior that she "obey the priests in all things"; to her astonishment and horror," she soon found the nature of such obedience was. Infants of convent liaisons were baptized and then, she said, so that they might ascend at once to heaven. Her book, hotly attacked and defended, continued to be read and believed even after her father gave testimony that Maria had been somewhat addled ever since childhood after she had jammed a pencil into her head. Maria died in 1849, after having been arrested in a Montreal hotel as a pickpocket.

Anti-Catholicism, like anti-Masonry, mixed its fortunes with American party politics, and it remains an enduring factor in American politics. The American Protective Association of the 1890s mixed it with ideological variations more suited to the times—the depression of 1893, for example, was alleged to be an intentional creation of the Catholics who began it by starting a run on the banks. Some spokesmen of the movement circulated a bogus encyclical attributed to Leo XIII instructing American Catholics on a certain day in 1893 to exterminate all heretics, and at that time many anti-Catholics daily expected a nationwide uprising. The myth of an impending Catholic war of mutilation and extermination of Protestants persisted into the twentieth century.

Why They Feel Dispossessed

After our historically discontinuous examples of the paranoid style, we now take the jump to the contemporary right wing, we find some rather important differences from the nineteenth-century movements. The spokesmen of these earlier movements felt that they stood for principles and personal types that were still in possession of their country—that they were fending off threats to a still established way of life. In the modern right wing, as Daniel Bell has said, it feels dispossessed: America has been largely taken away from them and their kind, though they are determined to try to repossess it and to prevent the final destructive act of subversion. The old American virtues have already been eaten away by cosmopolitans and

intellectuals; the old competitive capitalism has been gradually undermined by socialist and communist schemers; the old national security and independence have been destroyed by treasonous plots, having as their most powerful agents not merely outsiders and foreigners as of old but major statesmen who are at the very centers of American power. Their predecessors had discovered conspiracies; the modern radical right finds conspiracy to be betrayal from on high.

Important changes may also be traced to the effects of the mass media. The villains of the modern right are much more vivid than those of their paranoid predecessors, much better known to the public; the literature of the paranoid style is by the same token richer and more circumstantial in personal description and personal invective. For the vaguely delineated villains of the anti-Masons, for the obscure and disguised Jesuit agents, the little-known papal delegates of the anti-Catholics, for the shadowy international bankers of the monetary conspiracies, we may now substitute eminent public figures like Presidents Roosevelt, Truman, and Eisenhower, Secretaries of State like Marshall, Acheson, and Dulles, Justices of the Supreme Court like Frankfurter and Warren, and the whole battery of lesser but still famous and vivid alleged conspirators headed by Alger Hiss.

Events since 1939 have given the contemporary right-wing paranoid a vast theatre for his imagination, full of rich and proliferating detail, replete with realistic cues and undeniable proofs of the validity of his suspicions. The theatre of action is now the entire world, and he can draw not only on the events of World War II, but also on those of the Korean War and the Cold War. Any historian of warfare knows it is in good part a comedy of errors and a museum of incompetence; but if for every error and every act of incompetence one can substitute an act of treason, many points of fascinating interpretation are open to the paranoid imagination. In the end, the real mystery, for one who reads the primary works of paranoid scholarship, is not how the United States has been brought to its present dangerous position but how it has managed to survive at all.

The basic elements of contemporary right-wing thought can be reduced to three: First, there has been the now-familiar sustained conspiracy, running over more than a generation, and reaching its climax in Roosevelt's New Deal, to undermine free capitalism, to bring the economy under the direction of the federal government, and to

pave the way for socialism or communism. A great many right-wingers would agree with Frank Chodorov, the author of *The Income Tax: The Root of All Evil*, that this campaign began with the passage of the income-tax amendment to the Constitution in 1913.

The second contention is that top government officialdom has been so infiltrated by Communists that American policy, at least since the days leading up to Pearl Harbor, has been dominated by men who were shrewdly and consistently selling out American national interests.

Finally, the country is infused with a network of Communist agents, just as in the old days it was infiltrated by Jesuit agents, so that the whole apparatus of education, religion, the press, and the mass media is engaged in a common effort to paralyze the resistance of loyal Americans.

Perhaps the most representative document of the McCarthyist phase was a long indictment of Secretary of State George C. Marshall, delivered in 1951 in the Senate by Senator McCarthy, and later published in a somewhat different form. McCarthy pictured Marshall as the focal figure in a betrayal of American interests stretching in time from the strategic plans for World War II to the formulation of the Marshall Plan. Marshall was associated with practically every American failure or defeat, McCarthy insisted, and none of this was either accident or incompetence. There was a "baffling pattern" of Marshall's interventions in the war, which always conduced to the well-being of the Kremlin. The sharp decline in America's relative strength from 1945 to 1951 did not "just happen"; it was "brought about, step by step, by will and intention," the consequence not of mistakes but of a treasonous conspiracy, "a conspiracy on a scale so immense as to dwarf any previous such venture in the history of man."

Today, the mantle of McCarthy has fallen on a retired candy manufacturer, Robert H. Welch, Jr., who is less strategically placed and has a much smaller but better organized following than the Senator. A few years ago Welch proclaimed that "Communist influences are now in almost complete control of our government"—note the care and scrupulousness of that "almost." He has offered a full scale interpretation of our recent history in which Communists figure at every turn: They started a run on American banks in 1933 that forced their closure; they contrived the recognition of the Soviet Union by the United States in the same year, just in time to save the Soviets from economic collapse; they have stirred up the fuss over segregation in the South; they

have taken over the Supreme Court and made "one of the most important agencies of Communism."

Close attention to history wins for Mr. Welch an insight into affairs that is given to few of us. "For many reasons and after a lot of study he wrote some years ago, "I personally believe [John Foster] Dulles to be a Communist agent. The job of Professor Arthur F. Burns as head of Eisenhower's Council of Economic Advisers was "merely a cover-up for Burns's liaison work between Eisenhower and some of his Communist bosses." Eisenhower's brother Milton was "actually [his] superior and boss within the Communist party." As for Eisenhower himself, Welch characterized him, in words that have made the candy manufacturer famous, as "a dedicated conscious agent of the Communist conspiracy"—in conclusion, he added, "based on an accumulation of detailed evidence so extensive and so palpable that it seems to put this conviction beyond all reasonable doubt."

Emulating the Enemy

The paranoid spokesman sees the fate of conspiracy in apocalyptic terms—he traffics in the birth and death of whole worlds, whole political orders, whole systems of human values. He is always manning the barricades of civilization. He constantly lives at a turning point. Like religious millennialists he expresses the anxiety of those who are living through the last days, and he is sometimes disposed to set a date for the apocalypse. ("Time is running out," said Welch in 1951. "Evidence is piling up on many sides and from many sources that October 1952 is the fatal month when Stalin will attack.")

As a member of the avant-garde who is capable of perceiving the conspiracy before it is fully obvious to an as yet unaroused public, the paranoid is a militant leader. He does not see social conflict as something to be mediated and compromised, in the manner of the working politician. Since what is at stake is always a conflict between absolute good and absolute evil, what is necessary is not compromise but the will to fight things out to a finish. Since the enemy is thought of as being totally evil and totally unappeasable, he must be totally eliminated—if not from the world, at least from the theatre of operations in which the paranoid directs his attention. The demand for total triumph leads to the formulation of hopelessly unrealistic goals, and since the goals are not even remotely attainable, failure

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stantly heightens the paranoid's sense of frustration. Even partial success leaves him with same feeling of powerlessness with which he began, and this in turn only strengthens his awareness of the vast and terrifying quality of the enemy he opposes.

His enemy is clearly delineated: he is a perfect model of malice, a kind of amoral super-sinister, ubiquitous, powerful, cruel, sensual, luxury-loving. Unlike the rest of us, the enemy is not caught in the toils of the vast mechanism of history, himself a victim of his desires, his limitations. He wills, indeed manufactures, the mechanism of history, or tries to deflect the normal course of history in any way. He makes crises, starts runs on banks, causes depressions, manufactures disasters, and enjoys and profits from the misery he produced. The paranoid's interpretation of history is distinctly personal: decisive events are taken as part of the stream of history, but as consequences of someone's will. Very often the enemy is held to possess some especially effective use of power: he controls the press; he has unlimited funds; he has a new secret for influencing the mind (brainwashing); he has a special technique for seduction (the Catholic confessional).

It is hard to resist the conclusion that this enemy is on many counts a projection of the self; the ideal and the unacceptable aspects of the self are attributed to him. The enemy may be the metropolitan intellectual, but the paranoid will look to him in the apparatus of scholarship, even in pedantry. Secret organizations set up to counter secret organizations give the same flattery. The Ku Klux Klan imitated Catholicism to the extent of donning priestly vestments, developing elaborate ritual and an equally elaborate hierarchy. The John Birch Society emulates Communist cells and quasi-secret operation through "front" groups, and preaches a ruthless prosecution of the ideological war along lines very similar to those it finds in the Communist enemy.* Secret agents of the various fundamentalist anti-Communist "crusades" openly express their ad-

In his recent book, *How to Win an Election*, Henry C. Shadegg cites a statement attributed to Chiang Kai-shek: "Give me just two or three men in a village and I will take the village." Shadegg comments: "In the Goldwater campaigns of 1952 and 1958 and in all other campaigns where I have acted as a consultant I have followed the advice of Mao Tse-tung." "I would suggest," writes Senator Goldwater in *Why Not Victory?* "that we analyze and copy the strategy of the enemy; theirs has failed and ours has not."

miration for the dedication and discipline the Communist cause calls forth.

On the other hand, the sexual freedom often attributed to the enemy, his lack of moral inhibition, his possession of especially effective techniques for fulfilling his desires, give exponents of the paranoid style an opportunity to project and express unacknowledgeable aspects of their own psychological concerns. Catholics and Mormons—later, Negroes and Jews—have lent themselves to a preoccupation with illicit sex. Very often the fantasies of true believers reveal strong sado-masochistic outlets, vividly expressed, for example, in the delight of anti-Masons with the cruelty of Masonic punishments.

Renegades and Pedants

A special significance attaches to the figure of the renegade from the enemy cause. The anti-Masonic movement seemed at times to be the creation of ex-Masons; certainly the highest significance was attributed to their revelations, and every word they said was believed. Anti-Catholicism used the runaway nun and the apostate priest; the place of ex-Communists in the avant-garde anti-Communist movements of our time is well known. In some part, the special authority accorded the renegade derives from the obsession with secrecy so characteristic of such movements: the renegade is the man or woman who has been in the arcanum, and brings forth with him or her the final verification of suspicions which might otherwise have been doubted by a skeptical world. But I think there is a deeper eschatological significance that attaches to the person of the renegade: in the spiritual wrestling match between good and evil which is the paranoid's archetypal model of the world, the renegade is living proof that all the conversions are not made by the wrong side. He brings with him the promise of redemption and victory.

A final characteristic of the paranoid style is related to the quality of its pedantry. One of the impressive things about paranoid literature is the contrast between its fantasied conclusions and the almost touching concern with factuality it invariably shows. It produces heroic strivings for evidence to prove that the unbelievable is the only thing that can be believed. Of course, there are highbrow, lowbrow, and middlebrow paranoids, as there are likely to be in any political tendency. But respectable paranoid literature not only starts from certain moral commitments that can indeed be justified but also carefully and all but

obsessively accumulates "evidence." The difference between this "evidence" and that commonly employed by others is that it seems less a means of entering into normal political controversy than a means of warding off the profane intrusions of the secular political world. The paranoid seems to have little expectation of actually convincing a hostile world, but he can accumulate evidence in order to protect his cherished convictions from it.

Paranoid writing begins with certain broad defensible judgments. There *was* something to be said for the anti-Masons. After all, a secret society composed of influential men bound by special obligations could conceivably pose some kind of threat to the civil order in which they were embedded. There *was* also something to be said for the Protestant principles of individuality and freedom, as well as for the nativist desire to develop in North America a homogeneous civilization. Again, in our time an actual laxity in security allowed some Communists to find a place in governmental circles, and innumerable decisions of World War II and the Cold War could be faulted.

The higher paranoid scholarship is nothing if not coherent—in fact the paranoid mind is far more coherent than the real world. It is nothing if not scholarly in technique. McCarthy's 96-page pamphlet, *McCarthyism*, contains no less than 313 footnote references, and Mr. Welch's incredible assault on Eisenhower, *The Politician*, has one hundred pages of bibliography and notes. The entire right-wing movement of our time is a parade of experts, study groups, monographs, footnotes, and bibliographies. Sometimes the right-wing striving for scholarly depth and an inclusive world view has startling consequences: Mr. Welch, for example, has charged that the popularity of Arnold Toynbee's historical work is the consequence of a plot on the part of Fabians, "Labour party bosses in England," and various members of the Anglo-American "liberal establishment" to overshadow the much more truthful and illuminating work of Oswald Spengler.

The Double Sufferer

The paranoid style is not confined to our own country and time; it is an international phenomenon. Studying the millennial sects of Europe from the eleventh to the sixteenth century, Norman Cohn believed he found a persistent psychic complex that corresponds broadly with what I have been considering—a style made up of cer-

tain preoccupations and fantasies: "the megalomaniac view of oneself as the Elect, wholly good and abominably persecuted, yet assured of ultimate triumph; the attribution of gigantic and demonic powers to the adversary; the refusal to accept the ineluctable limitations and imperfections of human existence, such as transience, dissent, conflict, fallibility whether intellectual or moral; the obsession with inerrable prophecies . . . systematized misinterpretations, always gross and often grotesque."

This glimpse across a long span of time reboldens me to make the conjecture—it is no more than that—that a mentality disposed to see the world in this way may be a persistent psychic phenomenon, more or less constantly affecting a modest minority of the population. But certain religious traditions, certain social structures and national inheritances, certain historical catastrophes or frustrations may be conducive to the release of such psychic energies, and to situations in which they can more readily be built into mass movements or political parties. In American experience ethnic and religious conflict have played been a major focus for militant and suspicious minds of this sort, but class conflicts also can mobilize such energies. Perhaps the central situation conducive to the diffusion of the paranoid tendency is a confrontation of opposed interests which are (or are felt to be) totally irreconcilable, and thus by nature not susceptible to the normal political processes of bargain and compromise. The situation becomes worse when representatives of a particular social interest—perhaps because of the very unrealistic and unrealizable nature of its demands—are shut out of the political process. Having no access to political bargaining or the making of decisions, they find their original conception that the world of power is sinister and malicious fully confirmed. They see only the consequences of power—and this through distorting lenses—and have no chance to observe its actual machinery. A distinguished historian has said that one of the most valuable things about history is that it teaches us how things do *not* happen. It is precisely this kind of awareness that the paranoid fails to develop. He has a special resistance of his own, of course, to developing such awareness, but circumstances often deprive him of exposure to events that might enlighten him—and in any case he resists enlightenment.

We are all sufferers from history, but the paranoid is a double sufferer, since he is afflicted not only by the real world, with the rest of us, but by his fantasies as well.



Waiting for the Firing Squad

by Alexis Ladas

true account of a spy, caught red-handed, sentenced to death, and awaiting his execution.

In Athens one evening just after the war, I called upon my Aunt Roxane, who was receiving me on the terrace. The sun was setting behind the Acropolis and little by little the babble of voices died down. My aunt broke the pensive silence to ask me in solemn, almost respectful tones, rare in an older relative, what it had felt like to be brought before an enemy court-martial and condemned to death.

"Extremely frightening," I replied, "just like being summoned to the headmaster's office for a spanking."

She was profoundly annoyed. In the presence of her guests, some of whom were British, she upbraided me for flippancy and immaturity; she accused me of aping Frank, the English officer who had been my cell mate after we were captured by the Italian occupation troops. To him, she said, understatement came naturally as a national characteristic, whereas to me, as a Greek, it was

an unseemly affectation. An execution was a deadly serious business and I was being facetious about it. Her sense of decorum had been outraged, and I was made to feel as if I had burst out laughing in church.

"He is quite right, you know," Frank interposed, loyally hastening to my defense. "All you have to do is grit your teeth and decide to take your medicine like a man."

Roxane was simmering like a fuse. "What childish nonsense," she spluttered. "I don't think that either of you was worthy of being shot."

Though I found myself in subtle disagreement with Frank's point of view, I thought that my aunt, as an intelligent woman, should have known better than to fall for the conventional acceptance of solemnity as a substitute for truth; after all, I said to myself, why should laughter be out of place in church? I have puzzled for a long time over the relative merits of revering without question the age-old distillates of established form, or of stirring up the mess in the glass in hopes of seeing through it less darkly. Now, almost twenty years later, I still wonder which of the two is ultimately better. But one thing I do know without a doubt: in the face of the intricate and ap-

palling notion of my own ritualistic extinction, no timeworn formula would serve, except perhaps as a crutch to help me play the man and make my exit in the admired and accepted style.

If I were to sing the national anthem at the last moment, it would be only because it might keep me from screaming at my executioners that they were making a ghastly, irreparable mistake. If I were to face the firing squad holding myself stiffly erect, it would be out of fear lest the trembling start at my knees and engulf me. For fear is a great threat to dignity; and there seems to be no good reason why one should not pamper one's self-esteem and the standard expectations of others to the extent of departing this world without any unseemly (and, incidentally, quite useless) dragging of the feet. But more important is the fact that fear destroys understanding. As a goad to thought and action it is, no doubt, sovereign; but, as a state of being it is paralysis: a death in life. And if the object is to meet one's death with understanding—neither in the dull trance of oriental fatalism, nor with the pompous posturing of occidental heroism—the vital problem, however reluctant one may be to face it, is how to flirt with fear and yet avoid his deadening embrace; how to stay fully oneself, fully sane, fully alive till one is dead.

"What did it feel like?" my Aunt Roxane had asked. The real question was "when?" When we were first caught? When it was discovered that we had been engaged in espionage? When the date of our trial was fixed? When the military court handed down its verdict? When we were moved to the condemned cells? Or later still? And these are only arbitrary, external markers. There are so many personal distinctions that are also spanned by "when": alone or with others, before or after you have begun having intimacies with fear, in hope or in despair, by night or by day, or in the deadly hour before the dawn.

"If you are caught you will be shot, and don't expect any help from us," I was told by my commanding officer before I was sent into occupied Greece. I knew this, and, though it made me feel very lonely, I thought that I accepted it. But what, in fact, did I know? There was a stereo-

typed scene in my mind's eye of a courtyard with a line of soldiers at one end and a lonely man standing against the wall at the other. But personal involvement was postponed. "There will be time enough," I thought, "to face the things you have to face, if you are caught."

And we were caught; caught without a hope of keeping our captors from learning that we had been engaged in espionage.

We tried; God how we tried, both to preserve our secret and to ignore the inevitable consequence of its equally inevitable revelation. The incriminating facts were there under a tangle heap of lies; so was the article of the military penal code which lays it down that spies are shot. It was only a question of time until the two were brought together. Meanwhile, we did our best to keep the truth at bay, to wipe out of our minds the image of blood-spattered walls.

We were not always successful; but at least we tried to treat the future lightly and impersonally. If someone else had been condemned to death, our guards found it amusing to remind us that we would not be long before we shared the same fate. There was one guard in particular who invariably came on such occasions to point his index finger at us pistol-fashion through the bars and say "boom-boom," then roll his eyes upwards and let his head drop on his chest. It was a very realistic performance, and every time it made my stomach turn. Yet for a long time my superficial response remained one of impersonal aversion and disgust. I had not yet felt the full impact of visceral involvement.

But the subconscious mind is juvenile and sultry; it goes about its secret ways to form private conclusions without regard for accuracy or for your own laborious pretenses. Little by little—if you are given time—the courtyard drama changes, the point of view shifts, the leveled rifles that you once saw in their full length become foreshortened till all that you can see are the black rings of their muzzles aiming at your heart. However bogus the imagined scene may be, it is now the scene of your own execution. Accidentally, inaccurately, the first step toward personal engagement has been taken, and there is no turning back.

"If you are given the time," I said. We had plenty of time: a year and a half from the day of our capture to the day of our trial, for the bureaucratic machinery of military justice ground slowly in the Italian army. Five hundred nights to brood on the final ritual, to embellish it, to get used to it even to become a little bored with it. There is

Alexis Ladas, a youthful member of the Greek forces in exile, was recruited by the British in 1941 and sent as an agent into occupied Greece. After his death sentence, he escaped, and commanded a raiding schooner in the Aegean. He joined the UN Secretariat in 1948, and is now with Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc., as Overseas Director of International Educational Services.

fter all, just so much that
ou can do with such a scene.
ou can make minor changes
the setting, shift the posi-
on of the characters a little,
cept or refuse the final
igarette, perfect your part-
ing words. But in time the
ind rejects further last-
minute touches, and the stage
set.

For me the detail crystal-
ized quite early (in fact, as
oon as I became convinced
e could not bluff our way
at of our predicament). It
ould be dawn and I would
e marched between two
anks of soldiers to the place
f execution: a courtyard of
acked earth encircled by high
alls with tufts of grass
rowing at their feet. I
ould be led to one end by
ne officer, while the firing
quad marched to the other
nd and faced me in a double
ne, the first rank kneeling
nd the other standing behind it. I would be wear-
ing a white shirt open at the neck—which, I had
athered from a movie about the execution of the
mperor Maximilian, was considered the proper
ress for such occasions. Without a coat, I would
ave to be careful not to shiver in the early
orning chill or the officer might think I was
fraid. He would come up and offer me a black
lk blindfold which I would courteously refuse.
would accept his cigarette with a small bow.
e would draw himself up at attention and his
yes would tell me that he regretted having to
oot a brave man. Then he would salute me
nd march away drawing his sword as he went.
he words of command would ring out, the down-
wept sword would flash in the first rays of the
in, there would be a crash of thunder, and the
artain would drop.

That is very nice as far as it goes. It is digni-
ed, respectful of tradition, and heroic in a sub-
ued way. But it doesn't go very far. When it is
question of one's last moments, the mind does
ot accept shorthand; it is insatiably curious, and
ne closer it comes to the incomprehensible, the
ore details it wants to have of the understand-
ble. God and the hereafter are profound
nd comforting notions, but they must remain
ague and elusive. In concrete physical terms with



dimensions and geographical
locations they become absurd-
ities, and it is precisely with
these concrete attributes that
the condemned man is con-
cerned. In anticipation, the
volley of the firing squad does
not usher in theological ques-
tions; it merely poses a child-
ish riddle: "Clearly the world
is inconceivable without me,
and yet in imagining my
death now, I know that the
world will go on after I am
shot dead. The curtain will
not drop with the crash of
the rifles. I will have to be
picked up, hauled away, and
buried. I, who walked into this
yard under my own power,
will have become a piece of
garbage to be disposed of be-
cause I am dead. But the dead
cannot think, and yet I am
thinking of events after my
death."

That is the unique charac-
teristic of death by execution:

the indecent consequence of a long foreknowl-
edge of the sharp moment of one's passing.
There is no hope of a blurred transition, no
happy ignorance of the fateful instant; there is
the certainty that one moment you will be your-
self, the next a mangled corpse whose claims to
kinship you regard with deep distaste. It is partly
because he shies away from such an unnatural
association that the condemned man tries to apply
the brakes so as not to overshoot the moment of
execution. Some achieve it by making their minds
blank, others by cultivating a progressive leth-
argy timed to reach its lowest ebb on the fatal
date. (There was one who did it so successfully
that he managed to die in his sleep the night be-
fore they came to take him.)

For me the conscious trick—or perhaps the un-
conscious act of rebellion—lay in spreading out
the time between the order to fire and my own
loss of consciousness. That moment was analyzed
in every detail and examined in slow motion.
Down came the uplifted sword, and twelve index
fingers squeezed their respective triggers with
agonizing slowness. Firing pins snapped forward,
starting the complex chemical response of ful-
minate of mercury. Twelve little jets of flame
shot out to fire twelve powder charges. Expand-
ing gases strained against the steel constraint of

breech and chamber, finding their road of least resistance forward. Lead bullets started moving with ponderous deliberation; they gathered momentum in the tortuous barrels and revealed themselves to me for the first time leaving the black-ringed muzzles of the rifles as angry hornets buzzing out of their nests. They flew in a swarm toward my chest, toward that white expanse of ritual shirt I had so carefully preserved for the occasion. Looking down, I saw their ugly noses puckering the cloth, twisting against the flesh, and disappearing to leave a constellation of black holes where they had burrowed in my chest. There would be no time for me to see the blood begin to flow; I would be dead.

It was a comforting thought. The knowledge that I would be oblivious to the messy aftermath went a long way toward reconciling me to the lugubrious farce. It even gave me a feeling of immunity, as if I carried a notebook in my hip pocket which would protect me from the worst pain of the headmaster's caning.

For months I lived with this scene, and gradually came to be gentled by it to the point where I would willingly conjure it up before falling asleep. It even became possible to think quietly of the others being marched away at dawn, and hope that they too had found the way to die sanely. There was a brief flurry of panic the day our indictments were handed out. Seeing it there in black and white that I—specifically I who was twenty-three years old—was accused of espionage, and that espionage was punishable by death, proved very frightening. For a while I thought that I would not survive the day, so difficult had it become to breathe, so convinced was I that my racing heart would burst. But I managed to totter back to the cell and lie down on my bunk. Deliberately, I evoked my talismanic scene of execution and little by little it calmed me down. Next day I dug out the white shirt, and gave it a last wash. Then I was quite ready. When the guards came to handcuff us for the journey to the court-martial I went without much fear, yet without fatalistic resignation or a false sense of heroism.

Our trial, involving an English captain as it did, was quite an occasion in occupied Athens. For propaganda reasons it was thrown open to the public and was attended by everybody who was anybody. The sight of my mother in the audience unsettled me a little; her presence tended to seduce me back to the childish and false illusion of safety and away from the security of concrete reality accepted absolutely. How could I really bring myself to believe that Mother would let them shoot

me? Impossible, until I saw her lips trembling and her eyes full of tears as they had been when Father died, and it occurred to me that she had not been able to stop that either.

Captain Frank M, my English cell mate, behaved splendidly: he was completely fearless, and even taunted the judges though he knew it might cost him his life. I wasn't too bad either; I managed to control my knees, and made, I believe, quite a decent showing. When the court adjourned to consider its verdict, I found that I could walk and smile at my relations with a fatalistic calm amounting to lightheartedness.

In less than half an hour the judges had turned. All four colonels as well as the president general, whose chins had previously been graced with stubble, were freshly shaven. Clearly, arriving at a verdict had not demanded too much soul-searching of them. The president put on his hat and stood up to pronounce sentence on Captain M.

"... *condannato a la pena di morte mediante fucilazione al petto*," he intoned. Frank was to die with his chest full of holes. Frank smiled an imperturbable, almost deprecating smile.

Then my turn came and I drew myself up stiff to attention. I think I could have died quite well at that moment.

"... *condannato a la pena di morte mediante fucilazione a la schiena*."

Having been captured in civilian clothes, I was to be shot in the back in the dishonorable manner reserved for spies.

I was utterly and completely shattered. The headmaster had found my notebook and confiscated it; the familiar scene of execution to which I had become so accustomed was snatched away from me. In my mind's eye I found myself turning around so that all I could see was a blank wall while dreadful preparations were being made behind my back. In my imagination I heard the words of command, the shuffling of feet, the clank of breech-blocks, the crash of the volley. There was an agonizing interval of suspense, and then a searing pain in my back. I felt the bullets tearing through my lungs. Looking down, I saw them pucker my shirt outwards, rip through the cloth and crash into the wall before me. They left ugly gashes in my chest, and this time I could see the blood pouring out of them. I had overshot the mark and was living after death.

My knees began to tremble violently. They trembled till the day we escaped. Sometimes they do it still, after all these years.

I don't think that dying will be easy for me. One can't use the same trick twice.

Ten Answers

Letter from an October Afternoon, Part II

by Marianne Moore

For the October Harper's, I wrote a lengthy description of an afternoon Marianne Moore and I spent together in the Yankee Stadium watching the second game of the '63 World Series. The point of it was to try to record the great American poet's rather special view—quite odd and refreshing—of baseball, which is a hobby of hers, seeing that mundane pastime in such a way that I, at least, could never look at a game quite as I had before. My description evolved as a letter to a girl in Paris—an arbitrary device perhaps, but it sufficed as a work sheet to get the details of the afternoon down. In the course of writing, a number of questions came to mind. Well, she wears two watches, and her manner, her turns of mind—anarchic and

marvelous—are such that she keeps the listener off-balance. At the end of the afternoon she professed a keen desire to see the Arctic musk-ox raised by John Teal on a Vermont farm.

She was once described as seeing "real toads in imaginary gardens," or it may have been the other way around, "imaginary toads in real gardens"—both quite applicable—so that after the regret of leaving her company, in recollection I was both charmed and puzzled. I wrote to ask her a few of the questions that occurred to me. Here are her answers. Her tremendously personal expression is always evident, something like her true conversation, though heightened: it is not unlike listening to her again . . .

GEORGE PLIMPTON

Dear Mr. Plimpton: The questions:

1. *Why do you wear two watches?*

Partly because I have a security obsession, I think—to be sure I know the time and not have to be late—along with a touch of vanity. I like trifles to harmonize. My gold watch is a Hamilton, given me by my brother (selected by me), rather pale gold, the color of a pin I usually wear, with a rosette (French-set) of small diamonds at the center—the clasp curled into a half-twist, so secure it needs no safety catch—bought for himself in New Orleans by my grandfather, William Moore, an iron-founder in Portsmouth, Ohio, who had lived in Mississippi before the Civil War, and said, I am told, "I'll never get my money out of the Confederacy; I might as well buy diamonds."

My other watch is an Eternamatic given me by Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Watson: the case, of an alloy

that an engraver in Bermuda said was the hardest substance he had, so far, engraved. A hair-fine revolving hand for timing is superimposed on the two other hands which have triangular radium-ized centers of katydid green, just below five gold dots signifying water-proof, shock-proof, temperature-proof, automatic, and another thing, I forget what. The Hamilton ticks louder than the Eternamatic, so I don't need to hold it to my ear to know it is going, but it is a trifle erratic. Since it was given me by my brother, I am attached to it. It might possess potency—like an elephant-hair. I don't feel dressed without it.

2. *You had a large handbag with you at the game. What was in it?*

A Hermes address book with an extensible very thin silver pencil; and two other pencils—a black ball-point (my name stamped in gold), retract-

able, made by a veteran who is paralyzed below the chest, who makes and sells a variety of eye-catchers as a living—Hal McColl, 101 West Club Boulevard, Durham, North Carolina. I occasionally order a pen of him since it doesn't scratch or exude spiders. In case it gave out, I had a Dixon Ticonderoga with brass cap; had a Standard ring-topped notebook and a little thing of fifteen pages with a glazed white cover, souvenir of Unz & Co., Stationers, 24 Beaver Street, New York City—given me for a trip but saved for a single special event. Then I had a miniature pair of black plastic binoculars weighing an ounce and three-quarters—bought by mail to watch a blue-jay that for two or three years had preempted a catalpa tree in a backyard adjacent to my back windows. I like to startle it by imitating it, so that it gives a sharp look round and answers uncertainly. It stays all winter.

3. *Why were you and James Thorpe walking down the railroad tracks?*

I was in charge of the Commercial Department (of the United States Industrial Indian School in Carlisle, Pennsylvania). The class had been given the day off with me responsible for its behavior, and I was taking it to the circus by a shortcut—was walking with two Indians, James Baker and James Thorpe, who were talking to me and watching that I didn't stumble on the ties. It threatened rain and I had with me a man's big cherry-handled cotton umbrella. James Thorpe, noting the heavy umbrella, said, "Miss Moore, may I carry your parasol for you?" I said, "Thank you, James"—never called him "Jim" (as too familiar) though everyone else did. I never use an umbrella for sun; was entertained by the paraphrase—also touched by the courtesy of the question. On Memorial Day we were provided with sickles and went as a body to the School cemetery to cut grass—tall and dry on the graves; a by no means solemn occasion!

4. *Did you ever watch him play football? Was he idolized in the school?*

He was liked by all—*liked* in italics, rather than venerated or idolized—unless perhaps privately admired by "Pop" Warner, he was such an all-round phenomenon—"Jim." He was off-hand, modest, casual about anything in the way of fame or eminence achieved. This modesty, with top performance, was characteristic of him, and no back-talk. The charge of professionalism was never popular in the Olympic world; everyone felt it should not be held against him, since any violation was accidental rather than intentional.

I used to watch football practice on the field after school sometimes; signals for passes; little starts with the ball; kicks for goal; and often watched track sports in spring—throwing the hammer, at which James was adept, taking hurdles—the jump. He had a kind of ease in his game that is hard to describe. Equilibrium with restrictions; but crouched in the lineup for football he was the epitome of concentration, wary, with an effect of plenty in reserve. I never saw him irascible, sour, or primed for vengeance. In the classroom he was a little laborious, but dependable; took time—head bent earnestly over the paper; wrote a fine even clerical hand—even character legible; every terminal curving up—consistent and generous. I don't mention tea trips away for I know nothing about them; but celebrations involving liquor (reputedly) can't be good for any athlete.

5. *Could you say something about style and the athlete?*

An animal—also an athlete—in command of a skill should glory in it; but the manner, probably, is inadvertent. To attain nicety, deliberateness at some point in performance is obligatory. The halves of the body should have some practice in compensating for each other. Then when experience has lent confidence, opportunity seems like destiny.

A sense of ability and prime strength safeguarded by caution—with a recollection of success—a Goliath-like brashness tamed by near misses—should, I feel, conduce to form. Not knowing how to hold back by perhaps a second seems to account for many a failure—many a ball in tennis, shot into the net, resulting in the cheerful insult "too anxious" or "still with you." Taking a Blue Ridge bus from Washington to Hagerstown one time, I saw through the window a handful of boys taking turns swinging on a rope from a tree branch over a creek—each letting go the rope exactly at the right moment to hit the pool like a cast at a trout. And in San Francisco once, I saw from a window overlooking a backyard a cat—black Siamese—catching hummingbirds. From a motionless crouch on a fence

Marianne Moore's first poems appeared during her undergraduate days at Bryn Mawr, and her volumes published in the decades since have won many major literary awards, including the National Book Award, the Pulitzer Prize, and the Gold Medal of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Born in St. Louis in 1887, she has lived in Brooklyn for more than thirty years.



If the world looked like this,
and you wanted to buy a car that sticks out a little,
you probably wouldn't buy a Volkswagen Station Wagon.

But in case you haven't noticed, the world doesn't look like this.
So if you've wanted to buy a car that sticks out a little,
you know just what to do.





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shaded by flowers, the body lunged in a long horizontal pounce—a kind of long chameleon-like striking a fly.

Restraint seems to be the key to form as equilibrium. The most spectacular instance of equilibrium that I recall was a slack-rope walker in the Great Sensational Swedish Circus shown on International Showtime television, January 30, 1971. The performer, gliding forward in long strides without parasol or wand, rested his head on the wire, raising his legs till vertical, and on his head for some time, supported by a finger of a forefinger on the wire at each side of the head, then sprang lightly down. Also, I have seen a woman ascend a tall ladder with a glass of wine balanced on her forehead. On the glass rested an inverted parallelogram tray on which six small stemmed glasses of wine stood. She descended the ladder, without having spilled a drop, and in conclusion before bowing, took one glass up and drank the wine. The pleasantest instance of dexterity to watch that I have seen recently was the jumping of a horse with a name like Exceptional (I mention of it in the *Times* the next day, that I could find) by a girl in the International Convention at Madison Square Garden. Launched at the jump, the horse looked self-automated as it floated up out over the barrier, with ease as if riding the airlift—forelegs flattened to the body with no rectangular carousel bend of the neck. Seurat's "Standing Horse" in the Guggenheim Museum has a stance that says it all—ears forward, legs sloping almost imperceptibly forward, and level back.

And now perhaps something of the relation between the athlete and the animal?

I am sure that stricture interferes with form, and with dexterity. A gibbon in a flying leap seems to have no joints; and an orangoutang can stretch out, high up on a level pipe, with one leg under its head, eating an orange with the other hand, and a knee drawn up as a man might sit on a couch. The little gray poodle in *Flipper* (Walt Disney) before his dive into the pool, springing up erect on thin hind legs, jubilant and otters shown at the top of a snow-slide, are not afflicted with muscle kinks. Aptitude about zeal is not much. Next to the manse we lived in, in Chatham, New Jersey, a small brindle bulldog had ears fringed with scars; staggering from a last encounter, if he saw a sizable dog across the street, he had to be forcibly restrained from limping out to fight—as Cassius Clay in being reminded of Sonny Liston, said, "I can't wait to get at him; it took two policemen

to keep me off him. Don't mention him no more."

Manipulating an implement involves nicety. It seems to me that aptitude for mobility is at a peak in the elephant. I have seen in a movie an Asian elephant edging a lawn beside a pavement, using the finger of its proboscis as daintily as if it were a razor; have also seen an elephant slowly push flat a good-sized tree, as in pulling and piling teak.

Mrs. Thrall, with friends comparing people and their likeness to some animal or other said, "We pitched upon the elephant for his resemblance" (Dr. Johnson's)—adding that "the proboscis of that creature was like his mind, most exactly strong to buffet even the tiger and pliable to pick up even the pin."

7. *Why is baseball the particular sport that has held your interest as a poet? Or have others? Football?*

Roy Campanella roused, I should say revived, my interest in baseball in 1953 or 1954, at Ebbets Field. Karl Spooner was pitching. Roy Campanella, who was catching, walked out to the mound, and after a few earnest words to Karl came briskly back to the plate after a parting encouraging slap or pat on Karl's rear. His brisk, confident little roll was very prepossessing and I thought, "I guess I'll have to keep an eye on him." His experienced crouch with no sign of reluctance, and the fact that he never missed a foul, corroborated the pleasing impression. But the notable thing about him was his vim. It belongs with the remark in his book, *It's Good to Be Alive*, that he enjoyed the game so much, he would gladly play even if he didn't get paid.

Football seems scientifically tactical nowadays—not so conglomerate as fifty years ago, with fewer mounds of bodies, and victims exanimately breathless at the bottom of the pile.

Tennis is the game that I liked from the first and always have. We played on a dirt court by a giant willow belonging to the school we attended till grammar-school age and I till entering college. My brother is tall and hard to get past, playing net. I am no athlete, tire soon, seldom achieve a decisive shot, have no whirlwind serve, but can place the ball "where they ain't."

One day a youngster, a great-nephew of the principal of the school, arrived for a visit and had a new racquet. He magnanimously lent it to me while waiting a turn—a Harry C. Lee Dreadnaught Driver, strung in red and blue gut (rather gaudy, I thought). It had a slotted throat, disparaged by some as a sales feature, but it lightened the grip and weighted the top in my opinion.



HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON—MAGNUM

Marianne Moore

I improved so that I could think of nothing else; my mother got me one, and from then on my brother and I considered any day wasted when we did not play. Thanks to the new weapon, we welcomed adversaries but seldom could beat two men (friends who lived nearby—older than we—one of whom reclusively read the *Figaro* by the willow when not playing). Twenty-five or so years later, for me an accidental thrill came in a small tennis competition in which Personnel in the Puget Sound Navy Yard entered my brother and me in 1924. The score was 3-6, 7-5, 6-3. Seven pairs. A tough hand-ornamented score-sheet was thumbtacked to a tree. The final set of a three-set series with the finalists went to seven deuces. My face began to burn and I could hardly swallow but dared not fail my brother. It was my serve. I heard a murmur—a curious battle cry, "Now

cuckoo; together," caught a fractional gl on back, fortunately took my opponent off-balance and the feeble return, my brother angled out our competitor's reach. Our matching opponent sprang over the net, shook hands, and said, "al—I guess that's curtains."

Much later—in Brooklyn—I had no one to play selected a boy and got him a racquet at Dave's. He took no interest and had no ability. Another boy who had sat at our door in aggrieved dis as the recruit accompanied me to the courts came to the rescue and had everything but experience. We had to procure permits from Left to Mansion—some distance away—but not deterred two more boys from joining us, and a benevolent Park man winked at interlopers, one of whom owned a bicycle entitled Colleen in the script along the back of the saddle, with fox

ing from the handlebars. The boys are now the Coast Guard, Air Force, or thriving businessmen (married to Yvonne, or Betty, or Fene).

Have you met, or known, many athletes? McGraw? Or Mack?

I fear the Fence, on my first visit to Yale, I met Ray Biglow (Lucius Horatio Biglow), Captain of 1907's football team. He was All-American tight tackle, and Varsity Captain in 1907. Yale never lost a game to Harvard or Princeton while he was right tackle; also had a Y for rowing. He was commensurately modest. He never went to the field loaded with pads and armor—was the cure of solid know-how; had not much to say but spoke with great exactness and sensibility—without self-consciousness; no affectations. Professor Jack Read said he was the only member of his class in Nineteenth Century Poets to hand in the written assignment the day before his last game against Harvard.

My brother—John Warner Moore (Captain, Marine Corps, USN, Ret.) was sailing officer on each of the ships on which he served, and was trained by him for Fleet Regattas consistently won. My nephew, John Warner Moore, was Yale Varsity swimmer for three years.

One of my pleasantest memories of Harvard is a meeting—in November 1962—members of the Ivy League House who are athletes: Jamie Hoyt '65—middleweight boxer and football player; Eugene Kinasewich, Varsity and all-Ivy League hockey player from Alberta; and John Carroll, Varsity Lacrosse player who has taught in Tanzania, as surgical assistant and assistant in carpenter work with natives. "Tanganyikan soccer," he says, "is the most agreeable integration of sport with daily life I have ever witnessed.

At all levels soccer is played in one's street clothes—bare feet, baggy shorts, and tattered undershirt—and they can really boom the ball on their bare calloused feet. Pickup games spread like fire. Schoolboys, washing their only clothes in the icy stream, race naked after a floppy rag against a raw wind from the high mountains. Nothing can express the exultation that comes with sport played like this."

When teaching at the Carlisle Indian School, Charles (Chief) Bender, the pitcher, was a rejected figure whom I often saw—the perfect model of a pitcher, proportioned much like Ty Cobb but taller; and anything but common property, his patrician aspect modified by the fact that he was not so lofty as to despise chewing gum. I had in my department, besides James

Thorpe, Joel Wheelock, Gus Welsh, Alex Arcasa—all indispensable on the football team.

John McGraw and Connie Mack? I used to thrust John McGraw's *How to Play Baseball* on little boys in the Hudson Park Branch of the New York Public Library when they came asking what they should read. Connie Mack went to Buckhorn, Kentucky, looking for a left-handed pitcher. Dr. Elmer Gabbard was showing him the Buckhorn School—a magnificent effort in compensating for broken homes, feuding fathers, and moonshiners—when they met a boy who had a string of squirrels he had stoned for the family dinner—stoned, he said, with his left hand. Connie Mack hired him, but on the mound the boy used his right hand. Asked why he had stoned the squirrels with his left hand instead of his right, the boy said, "If I used my right hand, I was afraid I might bruise them."

9. *What are the aspects of baseball that particularly appeal to you?*

Dexterity—with a logic of memory that makes strategy possible. Phil Rizzuto observed that for Elston Howard, not just any ball would do—that he could have had the batting crown if it hadn't been for a regulation: "You have to pitch him in tight, so he can't get the best part of the bat on it." And Mudcat (Jimmy) Grant's apparent ferocity and abandon are worth watching—seeing him leap up to pull down a speedy liner hit over the mound. I admire, too, Minnie Minoso's fury; and certainly the Yankee pitcher Al Downing (Alphonse Erwin Downing) has (as Arthur Daley says) "all the ingredients." His left arm goes up in a jug-handle curve, his right lies across him like a barrel stave—left leg trailing to right, kneeling—the right leg as prop—so he can't fall. In 1961 against the Senators, Arthur Daley says, "he struck out two, walked batters, hit batters, batters hit him, so that after an inning and a third, Ralph Houk, the manager, saved him further embarrassment and took him out." But as Elston Howard says, "He has the best arm on the ball field. He has been close to no-hitters and has got to make it sometime. Curves and fancy pitches can be learned, but no one can teach a man how to throw a fast ball." Hope of scoring seems focused in the pitcher, and I think a "pleasant" mound may have something to do with inducing an intimation of triumph.

One of the handsomest things about the game, I think, is accuracy that looks automatic in fielding fast balls. I never tire of a speedy ball from the catcher finding the glove of the pitcher, when half the time he isn't even looking at it.

A record, it seems to me, doesn't compare with "from-time-to-time good plays by uncelebrities." I went to the Yankee Stadium one time to see Babe Ruth. He could bat, but his pigeon-toed, stubbed little trot lacked beauty. The batter I like to watch is Willie Mays. Vim marks every action—an effect of knowing he has what it takes, without being conceited. Responsibility and talent; calling it enough. There's a moral to it. I can always last in a drawn-out game—to wait for Elston Howard at bat. Two little boys, perhaps taking him for an umpire, detained my brother one time and said, "Did you see that home run? My Daddy did that."

A thing I don't like about baseball is the veteran who hazes the rookie—such as nailing Ty Cobb's spikes to the clubhouse floor, and sawing his bat through. It's not funny, but a heavy thought to me that when Honus Wagner was asked why he smiled happily after saying, "Nice hit," to Cobb and being told to "Go to hell," he said: "I liked that remark. He was the first major leaguer ever to speak to me."

Roger Maris, in being victim of the batting competition, suffered in being a cause of worry it seemed to me—while in people's concept of him, he was a star; then revealed a touch of embarrassment in being party to a commercial. Infra-rub shouldn't harm him but it doesn't lend a ball player luster exactly. He then regained my sympathy by admitting that the only privacy he could count on was when taking his place on the ball field.

We like home runs but Mickey Mantle is a beautiful outfielder and I think I like him catching flies better than I like him hitting them. Some of his spectacular incalculable catches do not fade from the mind. In any case, it is most pleasing that two such batting fielders as Roger Maris and Mickey Mantle have at no time been diminished by internecine jealousies. Their series of ailments by no means estrange one—at least not me, who am prone to any impairment—sprained a right middle finger playing basketball. I was hit on the eye at close range by a tennis ball, made only second teams in hockey and Lacrosse in college, and was in momentary danger of being spilled, when two or three classmates and I rented polo ponies from an ex-army-officer and would dash about the lanes and woodlands of Bryn Mawr.

10. *What other pets than Elston Howard (your alligator) have you? Was there a crow there? Haven't I read that you have a crow?*

Yes. I always wanted one after seeing one in the Hippodrome, bunting Ping-pong balls; and

hearing one at the Sportsman's Show "answerin' questions. I was given a mechanical one that hops, flaps its wings, and caws, have it still. I like a crow's harsh voice that differs with circumstances; also its businesslike waddle. From Fort Greene Park, I see a handful sometimes speeding past my windows; so when *Harper's Bazaar* asked me for a fantasy, I thought I might have one adopt me, sleep in the Park or wherever it goes at night, come to see me, wait on me if I wanted a pocket dictionary or an eraser or handkerchief. I wrote the piece, had the crow go to market with me, the drugstore, and listen to the 6:30 Sunri Semester with me—supplying a word if I miss one; liberated it in the end but had hard work detaching it! Alice Morris of *Harper's Bazaar* improved the piece till it could be used. The crow caught the eye of my doctor's husband, who is a dentist. Happening to be going down in the elevator when I did, he said, "Miss Moore, *who* is that crow of yours?" I said, "In my mind." He said, "You *deceived* us? I couldn't have *imagined* you would do such a thing." I said, "If you could see and hear him hop, flap his wings, and caw you wouldn't be so indignant."

Other animals? I have a mechanical elephant with plush skin, named Seneca, given me by Loren MacIver and Lloyd Frankenberg. I have a bronze elephant and mahout (Chinese and old) and a bronze baby pheasant (Chinese) with its head turned back the opposite way from the way it is sitting, also old; a ceramic elephant made by Malvina Hoffman; have an ebony elephant from Ceylon; ebony llama and lamb's-wool llama—ear-tied with scarlet silk to designate its ownership; black clay Zuni turtle; Chinese brass lizard; green bronze Italian lizard with two tails; Dresden leopard from Nice; an amber fly with a fly in it, entwined with gold—to wear—given me by Louise Crane who gave me my nutria coat which you mention—my poor maligned nutria worn against possible freak winds; a Burmese gilt duck given me by Mark Schorer; and a Burmese gilt owl given me by Chester Page; a teak mouse (Japanese) named Natasha for Faith Morrow's mouse, Natasha, whose mother is named for me; a Radcliffe mouse; a rat with carnelian eyes—sitting up, its tail curled around its hind legs; a Peter Rabbit who brought his book with him from Winding Lane, Leedsdale, Pennsylvania. I did not give myself any of these animals except Elston Howard. I have many more. But I've not yet been up to see Mr. Teal's oxen. It's intolerable.

Best wishes,

M. M.

Home Life

by Jacques Prévert

The mother knits
The son goes to war
She finds that entirely natural the mother
And the father what does the father do?
He does business
She knits
His son war
He business
He finds that entirely natural the father
And the son the son
What does the son find?
He finds nothing absolutely nothing the son
The son his mother knits his father business he war
When he has finished the war
He'll be in business with his father
The war continues his mother continues she knits
The father continues he does business
The son is killed he no longer continues
The father and the mother go to the cemetery
They find that natural the father and mother
Life continues life with knitting war business
Business war knitting war
Business business and business
Life with the cemetery

Familiiale

*La mère fait du tricot
Le fils fait la guerre
Elle trouve ça tout naturel la mère
Et le père qu'est-ce qu'il fait le père?
Il fait des affaires
Sa femme fait du tricot
Son fils la guerre
Lui des affaires
Il trouve ça tout naturel le père
Et le fils et le fils
Qu'est-ce qu'il trouve le fils?
Il ne trouve rien absolument rien le fils
Le fils sa mère fait du tricot son père des affaires lui la guerre
Quand il aura fini la guerre
Il fera des affaires avec son père
La guerre continue la mère continue elle tricote
Le père continue il fait des affaires
Le fils est tué il ne continue plus
Le père et la mère vont au cimetière
Ils trouvent ça naturel le père et la mère
La vie continue la vie avec le tricot la guerre les affaires
Les affaires la guerre le tricot la guerre
Les affaires les affaires et les affaires
La vie avec le cimetière.*

Jacques Prévert's *Paroles* (1947) made his name as a poet in France. In this country his stories for the screen are better known: *Les enfants du paradis* and *Le quai des brumes*. "Home Life" was translated by Mary Lapsley.

A Brand New City for Maryland

by J. W. Anderson

James Rouse—a businessman of lordly vision—has enlisted a corps of hard-headed intellectuals to help him build a unique community. It may be the most imaginative attempt yet to capture The Good Life for city dwellers.

The American reincarnation of the philosopher-king may one day be the commercial real-estate developer. In a country that must double the number of its houses within the next generation, the men who build those houses will have a pervasive impact upon the quality of our lives. To date, their influence has been generally mindless—which is a matter of urgent concern to James W. Rouse, the Baltimore developer who has bought twenty-four square miles of rural Howard County in Maryland to demonstrate the technique of building the truly rational city.

Late next year, Rouse expects to break ground for this metropolis of 125,000 people, whose surroundings, to the very trees and streams, are being planned for the good life. He has named it Columbia, after an existing country crossroads, and he has assembled a gifted planning staff under William E. Finley, the chief author of Washington's noted *Plan for the Year 2000*. He has directed them to devise a physical setting that will endow each resident with a sense of membership in a coherent community, and simultaneously offer him the greatest possible choice of styles for his own life. His urban designer,

Morton Hoppenfeld, likes to call this city "the next America."

The planners have marked the sunniest slopes as school sites, for the snow will melt there soonest. An ecologist was imported from Yale to see whether a new lake would damage existing forest. Consultant sociologists have warned of damage done by boredom to wives and children marooned in suburban houses when fathers take the family cars off to their jobs. The planners have worked out a system of tiny buses to run at five-minute intervals over their own roads in a great figure 8, joining houses and apartments to the city's schools, shops, and industries—and—via other buses traveling great new express ways—to Washington and Baltimore.

Convinced that churches and libraries belong in the midst of a community's affairs, Rouse and his planners are sketching them in, next to supermarkets and office buildings. They believe that recreation need not be highly organized, and so the plan will encourage bicycling and fishing as well as Little League baseball. The principal adviser on public health, a psychiatrist from Johns Hopkins University, shares Rouse's concern about the effect upon children of life in communities deserted during daylight by the adult males. So the industrial-development staff intends to bring in enough employers to offer husbands and fathers a genuine alternative to commuting. The planners expect that more than half of them will choose to work in the community where they live.

Because the future city will need schools better

than rural Maryland's present standard, political scientists and lawyers are looking into the possibility of a public-service corporation to raise supplementary school funds.

Recreation and park space will be set up in the elaborate pattern now common among large real-estate developments. Rouse's planners, however, are designing their city essentially around its educational activities. Some three to five hundred families will live in each neighborhood—built around a primary school and set off from the next by trees and green space. The neighborhoods will then be grouped into villages of three thousand families or so, pivoted on the upper schools and local libraries. The whole city is then to be turned toward a center which is the site of the local college, the main library, the theatre and community auditorium. Downtown is not to be a mere shopping center but, Finley explains, "the central symbol of the community, a secondhand-book shop or a sidewalk café, a bench and a fountain, people working, shopping, visiting, meeting."

Only an early and successful drive to bring in primary employment can produce a self-sufficient city. Two large research laboratories are already located nearby. On the advice of their economists, the planners are preparing for an influx of other research-and-development firms and manufacturers' distribution centers for the Washington and Baltimore markets.

A Pledge to People

The sponsor of this lordly vision, James Wilson Rouse, comes of an old Maryland family. A Presbyterian elder and a past president of the United World Federalists of Maryland, he is, at the age of fifty, a towering civic leader among businessmen in the great metropolitan areas of Baltimore and Washington. His business is, at its base, mortgage banking, and yet he has also lectured at Harvard on the design of commercial buildings and at Berkeley on urban sociology.

Rouse's education was disrupted during the depression, and he earned a law degree at night while working in a Baltimore parking garage. After two years with the local office of the Federal Housing Administration and several more as mortgage manager for a commercial bank, he opened his own firm. From that vantage point, after the war, he went into the construction of some notable shopping centers and then large residential projects. Having made James W. Rouse and Company one of the largest mort-

gage firms in the country, he has incorporated his second operation, Community Research and Development, of which he is president, as the vehicle for his construction projects.

Rouse has won a national reputation as an articulate and persuasive advocate of urban renewal. With Nathaniel Keith he wrote *No Slums in Ten Years*, a courageous and influential proposal for redevelopment in Washington. More recently he has been a central figure in Baltimore's Charles Center redevelopment project with its fine skyscraper by Mies van der Rohe. As the head of the American Council to Improve our Neighborhoods (ACTION), he came to know the most sophisticated of American city planners and land economists.

Out of this experience has grown his special concept of the "new city," a term which is currently something of a vogue in real-estate circles. Most new cities, however, are hardly more than just big subdivisions with a golf course and a small shopping center. What distinguishes Rouse's project is not its size. The Federal Housing Administration lists 173 projects of more than a thousand acres, and his is by no means the largest. It is unique, rather, in its clear and explicit social philosophy. It is particularly startling—in a market which consistently teaches the customer to buy as much exclusivity as he can afford—that Rouse's city is committed to a diversified population. He has promised without qualification that anyone who works in his city will be able to live there. This pledge runs from the corporation executive to the janitor who sweeps his office. To carry it out, he proposes to provide houses for as little as \$10,000 and for as much as \$100,000. And since he has promised job opportunities in the community for anyone who lives there, he is aiming at a level of self-sufficiency and social balance far beyond any town founded in this country since the close of the frontier.

As a corollary to this planned economic integration, the new city will not, of course, be segregated by race. For years, Rouse publicly condemned segregated housing while working in a business that considers any alternative, how-

J. W. Anderson, an editorial writer for the Washington "Post," was born in Philadelphia and worked for small papers in Pennsylvania, after serving in World War II and studying in Europe on the GI Bill. He came to Washington on an American Political Science Association fellowship. His book, "Eisenhower, Brownell, and the Congress," was published earlier this year.

ever laudable morally, to be extremely dangerous financially. As a mortgage banker he was a proponent of urban renewal in the days when it was considered a very risky investment. Indeed, if he had not become so rich, Rouse would be considered perilously eccentric.

Social diversity is the enemy of architectural innovation. Brilliant architecture tends to screen prospective residents, attracting the sophisticates and repelling the traditionalists, a category to which most Americans still belong. The new city is far too vast to limit its population to those who fancy bold modernism. Hence, except for the office and apartment towers at the center, the city's lines will be the familiar horizontal vistas of suburbia broken principally by church spires. To prospective customers who may be troubled by the rumors of social planning, the architecture will offer reassurance.

Rouse's city invites comparison with Reston, Robert E. Simon's new city in Virginia eighteen miles west of Washington. Already under construction, Reston is certainly the most inspired example of new town architecture now in progress in this country. It will be only half the size of Rouse's city. More important, its first sections, at least, are designed specifically for the upper middle class and the bright young technicians who will work in the new industries that are springing up between the Pentagon and Dulles International Airport. In Reston, a striking new fifteen-story tower now rising out of the lakeside mud typifies its adventurous architecture. In contrast, the novelty of Rouse's plan will not be immediately apparent to the eye. His special genius—if all goes well—will be reflected in the subtle conjunction of low, pleasant shops to the village common, the relationship of the common to the schools and swimming pools, and in turn to the patterns of houses and garden apartments, which will be neither monotonous nor spectacular.

When Man Is Out of Scale

Both Rouse's philosophy of the community and Simon's arresting architecture are new phenomena in the long history of building for the market. Both innovators are men of strong will, already wealthy (both, as it happens, have previously built large shopping centers, an experience that makes cynics of most men). Now they seem to be searching for the kind of reward that transcends a successful investment. They have arrived at the concept of the city as a work of

art. As a medium of imagination and self-expression, the city is surely the most costly and complicated, for it requires the collaboration of more disciplines and performers than even opera. Rouse and his crew of a dozen planners consider themselves to be making history (they have, in fact, hired an historian working half-time to record the event).

They demur at the notion that they are engaged in anything so frivolous as a work of art or that their concern for the spiritual needs of their customers is anything so paternalistic as a social philosophy. They insist that they are practical men, construction men with mud on their boots. Far from imposing any single pattern of existence upon people, they are designing the city so as to offer each individual the greatest freedom in deciding what kind of home to inhabit, whether to commute or work nearby, whether to stay home, go to the local movies or to a concert in Baltimore or Washington. Certainly these planners have done far more than any other group in the country to make academic disciplines serve a builder in the field. And it was the builder himself, of course, who brought this about.

"The future of American civilization depends upon the kinds of cities we develop over the next twenty years," Rouse told a University of California conference on the metropolitan future a year ago when he was just beginning to plan his own city. "Many of the most serious problems of our society flow from the fact that the city is out of scale with people; that it is too big for people to comprehend; to feel a part of; to feel responsible for; to feel important in. I believe that this out-of-scaleness promotes loneliness, irresponsibility, superficial values. . . .

"A broader range of friendships and relationships occurs in a village or small town than in a city; there is a greater sense of responsibility for one's neighbor and also a greater sense of support by one's fellow man in a small town than in a city; self-reliance is promoted; relationship to nature—to the out-of-doors—to the free forms of recreation and human activity is encouraged in a smaller community."

For years Rouse has been watching central cities lose their vitality and suburbs spread, amorphous, homogeneous, out of control. His neighborhood planning is an attempt to recreate the old sense of village community in the context of the great Eastern megalopolis. His villages' orientation toward schools—which are for adults as well as children—is an attempt to design a city that will elevate its people morally and



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tellectually. Although the first customer may think he is merely buying a house, he will in reality become part of a carefully considered campaign to reform the American's view of his neighbor. Rouse has repeatedly dramatized this theme in ringing evangelical terms: "If we were really trying to create inspired, concerned, and living people," he has said, "might this not influence the kind of plans we would unfold and point the way to answers we are not now perceiving?"

Academics As Worldly Wisemen

To bring the social sciences into his service, Rouse convened a running seminar of intellectuals last November to describe the ideal community to his planners. This gathering included Herbert J. Gans, the leading student of Levittown; Chester Rapkin of the University of Pennsylvania, who talked about housing; Henry L. Bain, one of the few genuine experts on the perplexities of county government in Maryland; Stephen B. Withey, a psychologist at the University of Michigan, who discussed communications within the community; Robert W. Crawford, Philadelphia's commissioner of recreation; Christopher Jencks, to deal with schools; Nelson N. Pote, a sociologist who surveys consumers' tastes for General Electric; and half-a-dozen more. They met every other week for two or three days at a time throughout the winter, helping the planners to formulate a picture of the good life in the light of recent research. As it turned out, the academics have become worldly wise, and all too accustomed to counseling businessmen. The soaring flights of imagination were characteristically Rouse's and the practical hesitations were the seminar's.

For example, Rouse and his group stressed their desire to have many different kinds of people in their city. But a scholar categorically warned that the price of houses within a neighborhood should not vary by more than \$3,000. The danger was not merely the sin of envy. Parents at different income levels follow very different child-rearing practices, which can provoke poisonous neighborhood rows. Donald N. Michael, a social psychologist from the Institute of Policy Studies in Washington, tactfully concluded:

"Just as we would not try to impose neighborhoods of mixed population on those who prefer the familiar, so too we would not impose homogeneity on those who would feel more ful-

filled in a more cosmopolitan setting. . . . The community will provide alternatives for living in familiar ways and for living in new ways."

The seminar suggested some ingenious devices for circumventing other frequent sources of friction. For example, the endemic suburban class warfare over the tax rate might be averted by financing many public facilities through user charges. In this way the upper middle classes, who commonly seize control, might be prevented from overtaxing their less prosperous neighbors for the recreational and aesthetic advantages that often serve the unspoken second purpose of weeding out the lower classes.

Like chemists trying to create protein in a test tube, the seminar hoped to achieve artificially, with great care and calculation, what nature has often, but unreliably, produced in its own wanton way. But for all their learning, the scholars seem not to have got very far with the central difficulty of Rouse's sociology. Tightly knit communities typically exist only among highly similar people, usually in no very advanced state of development. For the rest of us, a fragmented and atomistic society is the price we willingly pay for our vast personal mobility, both geographic and social, and for economic opportunity. As long as the average American family insists upon moving every five years, perhaps there is no possible sense of neighborhood less superficial than that of the usual subdivision civic association, obsessively preoccupied with restrictive zoning. In modern cities, Rouse's kind of neighborhood is usually found only within ethnic communities which dissolve as their young people move economically into the great middle class, and physically into a suburb or a "new city." To eliminate conflict within a city is a noble goal, yet conflict appears to be the most common catalyst of coherence and creativity in cities. It is hard to imagine Florence or Dante without the feuding Guelphs and Ghibellines.

Real-estate development in this country has been a chronically undercapitalized industry, whose most squalid errors have been the work of men up to their ears in short-term notes at gamblers' rates. Rouse can conceive of a whole city, and build it over a period of perhaps fifteen years, only because he has persuaded the Connecticut General Life Insurance Company to provide him with \$23 million of long-term financing (just as Simon, at Reston, has \$15 million from the Gulf Oil Corporation). Even with this backing, the carrying costs alone on the new city are \$2 million a year, a figure that does not encourage protracted wrangling or soul-searching.

Construction of "the next America" is expected to hit full stride in 1967, and obviously Rouse must proceed rapidly. Meanwhile, he must see to it that new revenues flow into the county treasury as fast as new public expenditures flow out. For he has promised local politicians that his city will not force the general tax rates up; if he cannot carry out this pledge, he will quickly forfeit the good will that he has carefully cultivated at the Howard County Courthouse where he desperately needs it. For the new city requires not only zoning changes, but an altogether special style of zoning.

The county commissioners were elected only two years ago in a very emotional campaign against any new development whatever. The county's population has almost doubled over the past decade to about 44,000, and Howard County is now suffering its first efflorescence of septic-tank subdivisions. The newcomers are mostly people who want to live in the country. In a now-familiar pattern, the most violent opponent of the next development is the inhabitant of the last one, who bought a view of verdant farm, unaware that the farmer pants to sell it off in quarter-acre lots. Such are the facts of suburban politics which may in the end prove a formidable obstacle to master planning for new towns.

Will They Revolt Ten Years Hence?

To clear this hurdle, Rouse is campaigning as personally and actively as if he were running for office. His message begins with the arithmetic of population. Washington is now growing more rapidly than any other large city in the United States; Baltimore's growth is only relatively slower; and Howard County is caught between them. In the corridor between the two big cities, population will increase by one million within the next twenty years. Since this influx is inevitable, the only question worth discussing is the manner of accommodating the deluge of newcomers.

The county politicians appear to be coming around to the view that they are fortunate to be dealing with Rouse, in one respect at least. He is big enough to be held heavily accountable for the style of the county's growth. Indicative of an improving political atmosphere is the recent change of heart of the man who led the crusade against higher-density zoning in the last election campaign. He has now resigned from the Civic

Association to become the county's liaison officer with the Rouse project.

If Rouse wins the current political struggle, he will face a still more perilous challenge, perhaps ten years hence. He must expect a popular revolt among the residents of his new city. Probably it will be directed against the high apartments and industrial expansion scheduled for the later stages of the project. Rouse hopes that the total plan will win the full support of the incoming families after they have experienced the quality of life in his city. Perhaps so; but some of these people's habits and tastes will be too deeply ingrained to repress an automatic kick at the idea of apartment towers and sweaty commerce. Nor can he control the feelings of the 4,500 people who are now living in islands of small developments already existing within the open land he has acquired.

Thus he does not start with the total proprietary control which enabled his greatest American predecessor, William Penn, to enforce Philadelphia's master plan for nearly a century. When the Revolution turned Penn's city over to the pleasures of democracy, the plan was forgotten. For it is lamentably true that the great examples of city building have not coincided with popular government. To retain control of the planning process for the time required to build a city, Rouse will need to prove himself an exceptional politician as well as a rapid builder.

The project is a great deal safer as a financial risk than as a philosophical solution. No one can doubt that thousands of families will come to live in the new houses. But whether they will come to sustain its values and carry out its high moral purpose is quite another matter. Rouse is now in the position of a painter who knows that his dealers can sell whatever he produces, but who is personally concerned about the history of art and his place in it.

Driving to Rouse's site from Washington, one traverses miles of prosperous subdivisions with uniform rows of houses, each matched to its neighbors in price and style. The impression upon a visitor is of a querulous and uncertain populace. From Baltimore, one drives through a roadside clutter of sleazy shops and stands along Route 40. Either road brings one to Howard County in a state of prickling discomfort, ready to support any new departure. Perhaps the only man who can lead it is this new aristocrat with his massive holdings, his institutional backers, his staffs of planners and scholars, and his consuming interest in the art of creating the good city.



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Stranger in Town

A story by Nadine Gordimer

In the office at the garage eight hours a day I wear mauve linen overalls—those snappy uniforms they make for girls who aren't really nurses. I'm forty-nine but I could be twenty-five except for my face, and my legs. I've got that very fair skin and my legs have gone mottled, like Roquefort cheese. My hair used to look pretty as chickens' fluff, but now it's like all that's left of the coat of an old toy animal. It's been bleached and permed too many times. I wouldn't admit this to anyone else, but to myself I admit everything. Perhaps I'll get one of those wigs everyone's wearing. You don't have to be short of hair, anymore, to wear a wig.

I've been years at the garage—service station, as it's been called since it was rebuilt all steel and glass. That's at the front, where the petrol pumps are; you still can't go into the workshop without getting grease on your things. But I don't have much call to go there. Between doing the books you'll see me hanging about in front for a breath of air, smoking a cigarette and keeping an eye on the boys. Not the mechanics—they're all white chaps of course (bunch of duck-tails they are, too, most of them)—but the petrol attendants. One boy's been with the firm

twenty-three years—sometimes you'd think he owns the place; gets my goat. On the whole they're not a bad lot of natives, though you get a cheeky bastard now and then, or a thief, but he doesn't last long, with us.

We're just off the Greensleeves suburban shopping center with the terrace restaurant and the fountain, and you get a very nice class of person coming up and down. I'm quite friends with some of the people from the luxury flats round about; they wouldn't pass without a word to me when they're walking their dogs or going to the shops. And, of course, you get to know a lot of the regular petrol customers, too. We've got two Rolls and any amount of sports cars who never go anywhere else. And I only have to walk down the block to Maison Claude to get my hair done, or in to Mr. Levine at the Greensleeves Pharmacy if I feel a cold coming on.

I've got a flat in one of the old buildings that are still left, back in town. Not too grand, but for ten quid a month and right on the bus route . . . I was married once and I've got a lovely kid—married since she was seventeen and living in Rhodesia; I couldn't stop her. She's very happy with him and they've got twin boys;

you're real little toughies! I've see them once. There's a woman friend I go to the early show every Friday, and the Versfelds', where I have a standing invitation for Sunday lunch. I think they depend on me, poor old things; they never see anybody. That's the trouble when you work alone in an office, like I do, you don't make friends at your work. Nobody to talk to but those kids in the workshop, and what can I have in common with a lot of louts in black leather jackets? No respect, either—you should hear the things they come out with. I'd sooner talk to the blacks, that's the truth, though I know it sounds a strange thing to say. At least they call Missus. Even old Madala knows he can't come into my office without taking his cap off, though heaven help you if you ask that boy to come up to the Greek for a packet of smokes, or send to the Swiss Confectionery. I had a dustup with him once over it, the old monkey-face, but the manager didn't seem to want to get rid of him, he's been here so long. So he just keeps out my way and he has his half-crown from me at Christmas, same as the other boys.

But you get more sense out of the boss-boy, Jack, than you can out of some whites, believe me, and he can make you laugh, too, in his way—of course they're like children; you see them laughing with laughter over something in their own language, noisy lot of devils; I don't suppose I'd think it funny at all if we knew what it was all about. This Jack used to get a lot of trouble calls (I complained to the manager on the street and he's put a stop to it, now), and the lives on the other end used to be asking to talk to Mpanza and Makiwane and I don't know what all, and when I'd say there wasn't none of that name working here they'd come with it and ask for Jack. So I said to him one day, why do you people have a hundred and one names? Why don't these uncles and aunts and brothers-in-law come out with your name straight away and stop wasting my time? He said, "Here I am Jack because Mpanza Makiwane is not a name, and there I'm Mpanza Makiwane because Jack is not a name, but I'm the only one who knows who I am wherever I am." I couldn't help

laughing. He hardly ever calls you Missus, I notice, but it doesn't sound cheeky, the way he speaks. Before they were allowed to buy drink for themselves, he used to ask me to buy a bottle of brandy for him once a week and I didn't see any harm.

Even if things are not too bright, no use grumbling. I don't believe in getting old before my time. Now and then it's happened that some man's taken a fancy to me at the garage. Every time he comes to fill up he finds some excuse to talk to me; if a chap likes me, I begin to feel it just like I did when I was seventeen, so that even if he was just sitting in his car looking at me through the glass of the office, I would know that he was waiting for me to come out. Eventually he'd ask me to the hotel for a drink after work. Usually that was as far as it went. I don't know what happens to these blokes; they are married, I suppose, though their wives don't still wear a perfect size fourteen, like I do. They enjoy talking to another woman once in a while, but they quickly get nervous. They are businessmen and well-off; one sent me a present, but it was one of those old-fashioned compacts, we used to call them flapjacks, meant for loose powder, and I use the solid kind everyone uses now.

Of course you get some funny types, and, as I say, I'm alone there in the front most of the time, with only the boys; the manager is at head office in town, and the other white men are all at the back. Little while ago, a fellow came into my office wanting to pay for his petrol with Rhodesian money. Well, Jack, the boss-boy, came first to tell me that this fellow had given him Rhodesian money. I sent back to say we didn't take it. I looked through the glass and saw a big, expensive American car, not very new, and one of those men you recognize at once as the kind who moves about a lot—he was poking out his cheek with his tongue, looking round the station and out into the busy street—like, in his head, he was trying to work out his way around in a new town. Some people kick up hell with a native if he refuses them something, but this one didn't seem to; the next thing was he got the boy to bring him to me. "Boss says he must talk to you," Jack said, and turned on his heel. But I said, "You wait here. I know Johannesburg; my cash-box was there in the open safe. The fellow was young. He had that very tanned skin that has been sunburnt day after day, the tan you see on lifeguards at the beach. His hair was the thick streaky blond kind, wasted on men. He says, 'Miss, can't you help me out for half-an-hour—'"

Audre Gordon's stories and novels—set in South Africa and often in Johannesburg, where she lives—have been known internationally since the early 1950s. Her first volume of stories to be published in the U.S. took its title from one "Harper's": "The Soft Voice of the Serpent." Her most recent novel—"Occasion for Loving"—is published by the Viking Press in 1963.

Well, I'd had my hair done, it's true, but I don't kid myself you could think of me as a miss unless you saw my figure, from behind. He went on, "I've just driven down and I haven't had a chance to change my money. Just take this while I get hold of this chap I know and get him to change a check for me."

I told him there was a bank up the road, but he made some excuse about it not being worthwhile for that bit of cash. "I've got to get my friend to change a check for me, anyway. Here, I'll leave this—it's a gold one—" and he took the big fancy watch off his arm. "Go on, please, do me a favor—" Somehow when he smiled he looked not so young, harder. The smile was on the side of his mouth. Anyway, I suddenly said OK, then, and the native boy turned and went out of the office, but I knew it was all right about my cash, and this fellow asked me which was the quickest way to get to Kensington, and I came out from behind my desk and looked it up with him on the big map. I thought he was a fellow of about twenty-nine or thirty; he was so lean, with a snakeskin belt around his hips and a clean white open-neck shirt.

He was back on the dot. I took the money for the petrol and said, Here's your watch, pushing it across the counter. I'd seen, the moment he'd gone and I'd picked up the watch to put it in the safe, that it wasn't gold—one of those Jap fakes that men take out of their pockets and try to sell you on street corners. But I didn't say anything because maybe he'd been had? I gave him the benefit of the doubt. What'd it matter? He'd paid for his petrol, anyway. He thanked me and said that he supposed he'd better push off and find some hotel. I said the usual sort of thing—Was he here on a visit and so on—and he said, Yes, he didn't know how long exactly, perhaps a couple of weeks, it all depended, and he'd like somewhere central. We had quite a little chat—you know how it is; you always feel friendly if you've done someone a favor and it's all worked out OK—and I mentioned a couple of hotels. But it's difficult if you don't know what sort of place a person wants; you may send him somewhere too expensive, or on the other hand you might recommend one of the small places that he'd consider just a joint, such as the New Park, near where I live.

A few days later I'd been down to the shops at lunch hour and when I came by where some of the boys were squatting over their lunch in the sun, Jack said, "That man came again." Thinks I can read his mind. What man? I said, but they never learn. "The other day, with the

money that was no good." Oh, you mean e Rhodesian, I said. Jack didn't answer but went on tearing chunks of bread out of half a loaf and stuffing them into his mouth. One of the other boys began telling, in their own language with bits of English thrown in, what I could hear was the story of how the man had tried to buy with money that was no good; big joke, you know, but Jack didn't take any notice, I suppose I'd heard it once too often.

I went into my office to fetch a smoke, and when I was enjoying it outside in the sun Jack came over to the tap near me. I heard him drinking from his hand, and then he said, "He was in and looked in the office window." Didn't he buy petrol? I said. "He pulled up at the pump, then he didn't buy; he said he will come back later." Well, that's all right; what're you getting excited about? We sell people as much petrol as they like, I said. I felt uncomfortable, I don't know why; you'd think I'd been giving away petrol at the garage's expense or something.

"You can't come from Rhodesia on those tires," Jack said. No? I said. "Did you look at the tires?" Why should I look at tires? "No-no, you look at those tires on that old car," Jack said. "You can't drive six hundred miles or so on those tires. Worn out! Down to the tread!" But you care where he came from? I said. That's his business. "But he had that money," Jack said to me. He shrugged and I shrugged; I went back into my office. As I say, sometimes you find yourself talking to that boy as if he was a whole person.

Just before five that same afternoon the car came back. I don't know how it was I happened to look up like I knew the car was going to be there. He was taking petrol and paying for it, this time; old Madala was serving him. I don't know what got into me, curious maybe, but I got up and came to my door and said, How's Jo'burg treating you? "Ah, hell, I've had bad luck," he says; "the place I was staying had another booking for my room from today. I was supposed to go to my friend in Berea, but now his wife's brother has come. I don't mind paying for a decent place, but you take one look at some of them . . . Don't you know somewhere?" Well yes, I said; I was telling you that day. And I mentioned the Victoria, but he said he'd tried there, so then I told him about the New Park, near me. He listened, but looking round all the time, his mind was somewhere else. I said, "They'll tell me they're full; it'll be the same story." I told him that Mrs. Douglas who runs the place is a nice woman—she would



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sure to fix him up. "You couldn't ask her?" he said. I said, Well, all right; from my place she was only around the corner; I'd pop in on my way home from work and tell her he'd be getting in touch with her.

When he heard that, he said he'd give me a lift in his car, and so I took him to Mrs. Douglas myself, and she gave him a room. As we walked out of the hotel together he seemed wrapped up in his own affairs again, but on the pavement he suddenly suggested a drink. I thought he meant we'd go into the hotel lounge, but he said, "I've got a bottle of gin in the car," and he brought it up to my place. He was telling me about the time he was in the Congo a few years ago, fighting for that native chief, whatsis name, against the Irishmen who were sent out there to put old whatsis name down. The stories he told about Elisabethville! He was paid so much he could live like a king. We only had two gins each out the bottle, but when I wanted him to take it along with him, he said, "I'll come in for it sometime when I get a chance." He didn't say anything, but I got the idea he had come up to Jo'burg about a job.

I was frying a slice of liver next evening when he turned up at the door. The bottle was still standing where it'd been left. You feel uncomfortable when the place's full of the smell of frying and anyone can tell you're about to eat. I gave him the bottle but he didn't take it; he said he

was on his way to Vereeniging to see someone he would just have a quick drink. I had to offer him something to eat, with me. He was one of those people who eat without noticing what it is. He never took in the flat, either; I mean he didn't look round at my things the way it's natural you do in someone else's home. And there was a lovely photo of my kid on the built-in fireplace round the electric fire. I said to him when we were eating, Is it a job you've come down for? He smiled the way youngsters smile at an older person who won't understand, anyway. "On business."

But you could see that he was not a man who had an office, who wore a suit and sat in a chair. He was like one of those men you see in films, you know, the stranger in town who doesn't look as if he lives anywhere. Somebody in a film, thin and burned brick-red and not saying much, I mean he did talk but it was never really anything about himself, only about things he'd seen happen. He never asked me anything about myself, either. It was queer; because of this, after I'd seen him a few times, it was just the same as if we were people who know each other so well that they don't talk about themselves anymore.

Another funny thing was, all the time he was coming in and out the flat, I was talking about him with the boy—with Jack. I don't believe in discussing white people with natives, as a rule; I mean, whatever I think of a white man encourages disrespect if you talk about it to





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k. I've never said anything in front of the
s about the behavior of that crowd of duck-
s in the workshop, for instance. And of course
ouldn't be likely to discuss my private life
n a native boy. Jack didn't know that this
ow was coming to the flat, but he'd heard me
I'd fix it up about the New Park Hotel, and
I seen me take a lift home that afternoon.
boy's remark about the tires seemed to stick
ny mind; I said to him, That man came all
way from the Congo. "In that car?" Jack
t; he's got such a serious face, for a native.
car goes all right, I said; he's driving all
r with it now. Jack said, "Why doesn't he
ing it in for retreads?" I said he was just on
day; he wouldn't have it done here.

he fellow didn't appear for five or six days
I thought he'd moved on, or made friends,
people do in this town. There was still about
fingers left in his bottle. I don't drink when
on my own. Then he turned up at the garage
t at the time I knock off. Again I meant to
at the tires for myself, but I forgot. He
x me home just like it had been an arranged
ing; you know, a grown-up son calling for his
ther, not because he wants to, but because he
to. We hardly spoke in the car. I went out
pies, which wasn't much of a dinner to offer
one, but, as I say, he didn't know what he
s eating, and he didn't want the gin; he had
ne cans of beer in the car.

He leaned his chair back with all the weight
two legs and said, "I think I must clear out
this lousy dump; I don't know what you've got
be to get along here with these sharks." I
d, You kids give up too easy; have you still
landed a job? "A job!" he said. "They owe
money, I'm trying to get money out of them."
at's it all about, I said; what money? He
n't take any notice, as if I wouldn't under-
nd. "Smart alects and swindlers. I been here
urly three lousy weeks, now." I said, Everybody
o comes here finds Jo'burg tough compared
h their home. He'd had his head tipped back
d he lifted it straight and looked at me. "I'm
such a kid." No? I said, feeling a bit awk-
rd because he never talked about himself
fore. He was looking at me all the time, you'd
ve thought he was going to find his age written
my face. "I'm thirty-seven," he said. "Did you
ow that? Thirty-seven. Not so much younger."
rty-nine. It was true, not so much. But he
ked so young, with that hair always slicked
ek longish behind the ears as if he'd just
me out of the shower, and that brown neck
the open-neck shirt. Lean men wear well, you

can't tell. He did have false teeth, though; that
was why his mouth made him look hard. I sup-
posed he could have been thirty-seven; I didn't
know, I didn't know.

It was like the scars on his body. There were
scars on his back and other scars on his stomach,
and my heart was in my mouth for him when I
saw them, still pink and raw-looking, but he said
that the ones on his back were from strokes
he'd had in a boys' home as a kid and the others
were from the fighting in Katanga.

I know nobody would believe me, they would
think I was just trying to make excuses for my-
self, but in the morning everything seemed just
the same; I didn't feel I knew him any better.
It was just like it was that first day when he
came in with his Rhodesian money. He said,
"Leave me the key. I might as well use the place
while you're out all day." But what about the
hotel? I said. "I've taken my things," he says.
I said, You mean you've moved out? And some-
thing in his face, the bored sort of look, made
me ask, You've told Mrs. Douglas? "She's found
out by now," he said; it was unusual for him to
smile. You mean you went without paying? I
said. "Look, I told you I can't get my money out
of those bastards."

Well, what could I do? I'd taken him to Mrs.
Douglas myself. The woman'd given him a room
on my recommendation. I had to go over to the
New Park and spin her some yarn about him
having to leave suddenly and that he'd left the
money for me to pay. What else could I do? Of
course I didn't tell *him*.

But I told Jack. That's the funny thing about
it. I told Jack that the man had disappeared, run
off without paying my friend who ran the hotel
where he was staying. The boy clicked his
tongue the way they do, and laughed. And I said
that was what you got for trying to help people.
Yes, he said, Johannesburg was full of people
like that, but you learn to know their faces, even
if they were nice faces. I said, You think that
man had a nice face? "You see he has a nice
face," the boy said.

I was afraid I'd find the fellow there when I
got home, and he was there. I said to him, That's
my daughter, and showed him the photo, but he
took no interest, not even when I said she lived
in Lusaka and perhaps he knew the town him-
self.

I said, Why didn't he go back to Rhodesia
to his job, but he said the place was finished;
he wasn't going to be pushed around by a lot of
blacks running the show—from what he told

me, it's awful; you can't keep them out of hotels or anything.

Later on he went out to get some smokes and I suddenly thought, I'll lock the door and I won't let him into the flat again. I had made up my mind to do it. But when I saw his shadow on the other side of the frosty glass I just got up and opened it, and I felt like a fool—what was there to be afraid of? He was such a clean, good-looking fellow standing there; and anybody can be down on his luck. I sometimes wonder what'll happen to me—in some years, of course—if I can't work anymore and I'm alone here, and nobody comes. Every Sunday you read about women dead alone in flats, and no one discovers it for days.

He smoked night and day, like the world had some bad smell that he had to keep out of his nose. He was smoking in the bed at the weekend, and I made a remark about Princess Margaret when she was here as a kid in 1947—I was looking at a story about the Royal family, in *Woman and Home*. He said he supposed he'd seen her; it was the year he went to the boys' home and they were taken to watch the procession.

One of the few things he'd told me about himself was that he was eight when he was sent to the home; I lay there and worked out that if he was thirty-seven, he should have been twenty in 1917, not eight years old.

But by then I found it hard to believe that he was only twenty-five. You could always get rid of a boy of twenty-five. He wouldn't have the strength inside to make you afraid to try it.

I'd've felt safer if someone had known about him and me, but of course I couldn't talk to anyone. Imagine the Versfelds. Or the woman I go out with on Fridays! I don't think she's had a cup of tea with a man since her husband died. I remarked to Jack, the boss-boy, How old did he

think that man had been, the one with the Rhodesian money who cheated the hotel? He said, "He's still here?" I said, No, no, I just wondered. "He's young, that one," he said, but I should have remembered that half the time natives don't know their own age; it doesn't matter to them the way it does to us. I said to him, Wha'd'you call young? He jerked his head back at the workshop: "Same like the mechanics." That bunch of kids! But this fellow wasn't cocky like them, wrestling with each other all over the place, calling after girls, fancying themselves Elvis Presley when they sing in the washroom. These people he used to go off to see about things I never saw any of them. If he had friends, they never came round. If only *somebody* else had known he was in the flat!

Then he said he was having the car overhauled because he was going off to Durban. He said he had to leave the next Saturday. So I felt much better; I also felt bad, in a way, because then I'd been, thinking I'd have to find some way to make him go. He put his hand on my waist in the daylight, and smiled right out at me. He said, "Sorry; got to push on and get moving sometime, you know," and it was true that in a way he was right; I couldn't think what it'd be like without him, though I was always afraid he would stay. Oh he was nice to me then, I can tell you; he could be nice if he wanted to; it was like a trick that he could do, so real you couldn't believe it when it stopped just like that. I told him he should've brought the car into our place. I'd've seen to it that they did a proper job on it. But, no, a friend of his was doing it free, in his own workshop.

Saturday came, he didn't go. The car was ready. He sat about most of the week, and appeared for a night, but was there again in the morning. I'd given him a couple of quid to keep him going. I said to him, What are you mucking about with that car in somebody's backyard for? Take it to a decent garage. Then—I'll never forget it—cool as anything, a bit irritated, he said, "Forget it. I haven't got the car anymore." I said, Wha'd'you mean, you mean you've sold it?—I suppose because in the back of my mind I'd be thinking, Why doesn't he sell it, he needs money. And he said, "That's right. It's sold," but I knew he was lying; he couldn't be bothered to think of anything else to say. Once he'd said the car was sold, he said he was waiting for the money he did pay me back three quid, but he borrowed a day or so later.

He'd keep his back to me when I came in



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the flat and he wouldn't answer when I spoke to him; and then just when he turned on me with that closed, half-asleep face and I'd think, This is it, now this is it—I can't explain how finished, done-for I felt; I only know that he had on his face exactly the same look I remember on the face of a man, once, who was drowning some kittens, one after the other in a bucket of water—just as I knew it was coming, he would burst out laughing at me. It was the only time he laughed. He would laugh until, nearly crying, I would begin to laugh too. And we would pretend it was kidding, and he would be nice to me, oh, he would be nice to me.

I used to sit in my office at the garage and look round at the car advertisements and the maps on the wall and my elephant ear growing in the oil drum, and that was the only place I felt. But this is nonsense, what's got into me? The flat, and him in it—they didn't seem real. Then I'd go home at five and there it would all be.

I said to Jack, What's a '58 Chrysler worth? He took his time; he was cleaning his hands on some cotton waste. He said, "With those tires, nobody will pay much."

Just to show him that he mustn't get too free with a white person, I asked him to send up to Mr. Levine for a headache powder for me. I joked, I'm getting a bit like old Madala there, I feel so tired today. D'you know what that boy said to me then? They've got more feeling than whites sometimes, that's the truth. He said, "When my children grow up they must work for me. Why don't you live there in Rhodesia with your daughter? The daughter must look after the mother. Why must you stay here alone in this town?" Of course I wasn't going to explain to him that I like my independence; I always say I hope when I get old I die before I become a burden on anybody. But that afternoon I did something I should've done long ago: I said to the boy, If ever I don't turn up to work, you must tell them in the workshop to send someone to my flat to look for me. And I wrote down the address. Days could go by before anyone'd find what had become of me; it's not right.

When I got home that same evening, the fellow wasn't there. He'd gone. Not a word, not a note; nothing. Every time I heard the lift rattling I thought, Here he is. But he didn't come. When I was home on Saturday afternoon I couldn't stand it any longer and I went up to the Versfelds' and asked the old lady if I couldn't sleep there a few days; I said my flat was being painted and the smell turned my stomach. I thought, If he comes

to the garage, there are people around; at least there are the boys. I was smoking nearly as much as he used to and I couldn't sleep. I had to ask Mr. Levine to give me something. The slightest sound and I was in a cold sweat. At the end of the week I had to go back to the flat, and I bought a chain for the door and made a heavy curtain so's you couldn't see anyone standing there. I didn't go out, once I'd got in from work—even to the early show—so I wouldn't have to come back into the building at night. You know how it is when you're nervous, the funniest thing to comfort you: I'd just tell myself, well, if I shouldn't turn up to work in the morning, the boy'd send someone to see.

Then slowly I was beginning to forget about it. I kept the curtain and the chain and I stayed at home, but when you get used to something, no matter what it is, you don't think about it all the time, anymore, though you still believe you haven't. I hadn't been to Maison Claude for about two weeks and my hair was a sight. Claude advised a soft perm and so it happened that I took a couple of hours off in the afternoon to get it done. The boss-boy Jack says to me when I come back, "He was here."

I didn't know what to do; I couldn't help staring quickly all round. When, I said, "Now-never while you were out." I had the feeling I could get away. I knew he would come up to me with that closed, half-asleep face—burned as a good-looking lifeguard, burned like one of those tram boys who are starving and lousy and pickled with cheap booze but have a horrible healthy look that comes from having nowhere to go out of the street. I don't know what that boy must have thought of me, my face. He said, "I told him you're gone. You don't work here anymore. You went to Rhodesia to your daughter. I don't know which place." And he put his nose back in one of the new papers he's always reading whenever things are slack; I think he fancies himself quite the educated man and he likes to read about all the blacks who are becoming prime ministers and so on in other countries these days. I never remarked on it; if you take any notice of things like that with them, you begin to give them big ideas about themselves.

That fellow's never bothered me again. I never breathed a word to anybody about it—as I say, that's the trouble when you work alone in an office like I do, there's no one you can speak to. It just shows you, a woman on her own has always got to look out. It's not only that it's not safe to walk about alone at night because of the natives; the whole town is full of people you can't trust.

Parents should teach children that eating the right foods can also be an enjoyable experience

AMERICAN FOOD STORES and restaurants offer a much wider variety of good foods than were ever available to the mightiest rulers in ages past. All this food is available, at a reasonable cost, for today the average family spends a smaller percentage of its after-income for food than ever before.

Although the food industry has made it possible for parents to forget about the seasons and to have readily available many thousands of different foods, there are many people who have not learned how to select properly to provide for themselves a well balanced diet and there are many people who find eating a chore rather than an enjoyable experience.

Many lifetime eating habits appear to be formed in the early years of life, at the family dining table. Parents want to help their children develop good habits and certainly set as a goal teaching children sensible habits and reasons for food selection, as well as trying to make each meal an enjoyable family event.

ATMOSPHERE FOR EATING IS IMPORTANT

Dining time is an occasion for pleasant family discussion rather than for bitter arguments or talk about uninteresting subjects, it is likely that it will be easier to teach good eating habits. The atmosphere in which food is consumed is important to most of us. Families which avoid eating through breakfast, for example, seldom get off to a good daily start as those who take the time to gather together, when possible, to eat a meal that really breaks the monotony of the night.

Parents should try to understand why several food groups are recommended in the Daily Food Guide which nutritionists have devised. By following this Guide in meal planning, parents can set an example for their children and point out why it is important to good performance today and good health today and tomorrow to foods that provide enough of the right nutrients. Children may not be too interested in the future, as compared with today, and it may be difficult for them to understand how what they eat today affects their performance and development, but wise parents will try as many approaches as they can to impress this story on their children. But, most important, wise parents will set a good example of sensible eating patterns.

THE FOOD GUIDE IS A GOOD PATTERN

It is nothing complicated about establishing a family eating pattern if the Daily Food Guide is followed. The Guide suggests four major food groupings to provide a foundation for a balanced diet. The foods are grouped on the basis of the kinds of nutrients they supply. The groups are: (1) Milk and Other Dairy Foods; (2) Meats, Fish, Poultry, Eggs, Dried Peas and Beans, Nuts; (3) Fruits and Vegetables; (4) Cereals and Breads. Foods not included in

these four groups may be selected to round out the diet and to provide adequate calorie intake.

We'll send you a complete copy of the Daily Food Guide. (see instructions below), but here is an example of how the Guide works:

Milk and Other Dairy Foods: 3-4 glasses of milk daily for children and teen-agers; at least 2 glasses daily for adults (or equivalent amounts of milk in other dairy foods such as cheese and ice cream). Milk is a very versatile food and can be used in many ways. For those family members who insist they do not like the taste of plain milk, it is easy to incorporate milk into cooking, or milk's flavor may quickly be changed by adding any of a wide variety of flavorings.

Here is why milk and other dairy foods are suggested as one of the four major food groupings in the Daily Food Guide: two 8-ounce glasses of milk each day provide for the moderately active adult man about 25% of his daily recommended protein allowances (high quality protein, too, with the amino acids needed for repairing and building body tissue); more than 70% of his calcium (calcium is recommended for the adult diet as well as for that of growing children); about 45% of his riboflavin (which is vital in the body's metabolism); about 15% of his vitamin A (which helps prevent night blindness and is involved in skin health); and 10-15% of his calories.

For an adult woman, the percentages of these nutrients are slightly higher because nutrient allowances for women tend to be slightly lower than those for men. The 4 glasses of milk recommended for teen-agers provide substantially higher percentages of all these important nutrients. We call milk's calories "armored calories" because milk does provide so many essential nutrients at a comparatively low cost in calories.

The Daily Food Guide makes it possible to enjoy America's abundance of good food because wide choices in food selection are possible. If some family members don't like one kind of fruit or vegetable, for example, many other varieties are available and should be tried until the family tastes are satisfied.

If meals are pleasant occasions for all members of the family, it is perhaps possible that there may be fewer problems about whether the food does taste good or bad. Oftentimes the situation in which the food is consumed does have a direct bearing on how the food tastes and is digested.

For more information on the Daily Food Guide, write: Daily Food Guide, American Dairy Association, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60606.



a message from dairy farmer members of

american dairy association

The House Nebraska Built

by Donald Janson

Its simple plan for making state government cheaper and more efficient has worked out remarkably well and may soon be copied elsewhere.

Though Vermonters may dispute the title, Nebraska is probably the thriftiest state in the union. For example, the state's bonded debt is limited to \$100,000 and Nebraska stays well under that. It has no sales tax or state income tax because so many Nebraskans feel the revenue would open the door to unnecessary spending.

If you are aware of this penny-pinching tradition it is a shock when you drive the arrow-straight road from Omaha to Lincoln to find a veritable architectural extravaganza looming up out of the surrounding plains.

This spectacular skyscraper is the State Capitol. It cost about ten million dollars and took ten years to build, being paid for by a special property tax which yielded a million dollars a year. "An innocent traveler from the East who thinks that Nebraska is a stick-in-the-mud state

will get some surprises," John Gunther wrote *Inside U.S.A.*, after his first glimpse of the startling building.

The surprises, however, are not merely architectural. Recent visitors are viewing with even more interest what goes on inside the Capitol. For this is the headquarters of the only unicameral state legislature in the nation, an innovation which may, in the years ahead, be widely copied in other states. If this comes to pass, the full potential of a remarkable institution may be discovered—for Nebraskans, though generally pleased with their brainchild, have tended, in characteristic fashion, to maintain it on a starvation diet.

Senator George W. Norris—Nebraska's great innovator—was the chief architect of the "unicameral," as it is generally known. At the time it was created it seemed of no more than local significance to the rest of the country.

Now, thirty years later, it has become the object of national interest as a result of the Supreme Court's reapportionment decision of June 15. Despite the delaying tactics of the 88th Congress, district lines will inevitably be redrawn and state legislatures are headed for a shake-up. Economy-minded citizens are pondering the possibility of shaking one house out of existence in the process. If this should happen, millions of tax dollars will be saved. More importantly, legislatures might be largely cleansed of the corruption and inefficiency that blight state governments across the country.

If nothing else, experience in Lincoln has proved that one house is cheaper than two. Specifically, the taxpayers' bill for the first unicameral that met in 1937 was approximately half that of the preceding chamber session. At the time when one body must do the work of two, there is little time to waste on the glut of meaningless bills commonly tossed in the hopper at the start of state legislative sessions. The number introduced was cut in half in the unicameral. Conspicuously absent are the hundreds of nuisance and special-interest bills annually proposed in the one house on the assumption that they will be killed in the other.

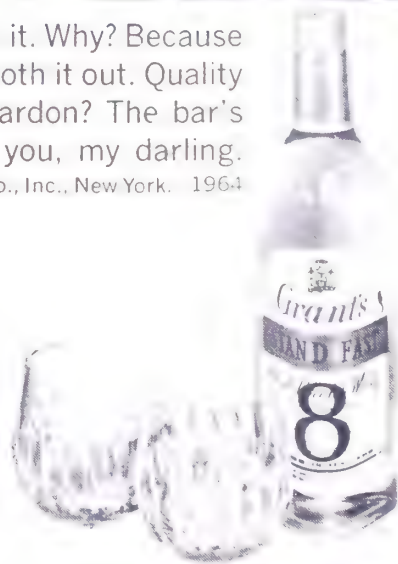
"There's now no way for us to pass the buck," says State Senator Richard D. Marvel, who has served in the unicameral for ten years. "I can say to a constituent, 'Okay, I'll introduce this for you,' and then run to the other house and say 'Boys, kill this.' The lobbyist, too, doesn't dare talk out of both sides of his mouth and offer bribes. We are working in a goldfish bowl."

With only one house, there are, of course, none

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of those conference committees whose secret sessions have long been a convenient locale for lobbyists' less savory maneuvers. In Nebraska's unicameral, all committees are required to hold public hearings, to announce them far enough in advance so that all interested citizens can attend, and to conduct their deliberations in plain view of the electorate.

Senator Norris was particularly eager to eliminate the powerful conference committee, which he saw as the graveyard for much beneficial legislation as well as the focal point of lobbying manipulations. Traditionalists claim to fear that getting rid of one house would do violence to the governmental system of checks and balances, but Norris' response to that was curt: "After the legislative session comes to an end and we balance the books, we generally find that the politicians get the checks and the special interests get the balance."

Buck-passing, logrolling, and undercover pressure in matters of taxation, schools, utilities, public power, and transportation had long plagued Nebraska. These were the chief targets of Senator Norris' campaign for a unicameral legislature. But his arguments on these points had little impact for a decade. In the end it was a sure-fire Nebraska issue—economy—that proved his trump card.

This came about in the blistering summer of 1934, when temperatures steadily soared over the hundred-degree mark and only fourteen inches of rain—the least the state had ever had—fell all year on parched cornfields. In the third consecutive year of drought, hot prairie winds turned the plains into a dust bowl and the corn crop withered to a pitiful three bushels an acre, compared with the accustomed twenty-four. This agricultural calamity multiplied the miseries of the great depression, which had already swept the state with foreclosures, frozen credit, bankruptcies, and unemployment.

With his familiar black string tie hanging limp from his wilting collar, Norris stumped the state from Omaha to the western sandhills that searing summer pleading the cause of a one-house

state legislature. He wore out two sets of automobile tires, crisscrossing the state. He had the aid of a small band of reform-minded allies. One of the most persuasive of these was former Congressman John N. "Nate" Norton (whose daughter, Mrs. Evelyn Lincoln, later became President Kennedy's secretary). "Save time, talk, and money," he urged.

Arrayed against the Norris-Norton forces was a formidable coalition of the state's power structure—major farm and professional organizations, railroads, utilities, and the press. Newspapers "forgot" to report Norris' speaking engagements; handbills posted to announce the vote were torn down.

"If I offered the Lord's Prayer as an amendment they would fight it," Norris said of his foe on election eve.

But in the end, Norris' dynamism and the appeal to frugality won out. Advocates of the unicameral were helped, too, by the fact that two popular proposals—one advocating repeal of prohibition, the other authorizing pari-mutuel betting—were also on the ballot. All three propositions were approved, the unicameral by a vote of 286,086 to 193,152.

The returns shocked Nebraska's newspaper and politicians. Most stunned of all were 90 of the state's 133 legislators who had been voted out of their jobs. The surviving 43 decided to call themselves senators and went to work as single-chamber legislature in 1937. Norris skipped an opening of Congress to be there. "I congratulate you on being members of the first unicameral legislature," he told the new senators their first day. "Every professional lobbyist, every professional politician, and every representative of greed and monopoly is hoping and praying that your work will be a failure."

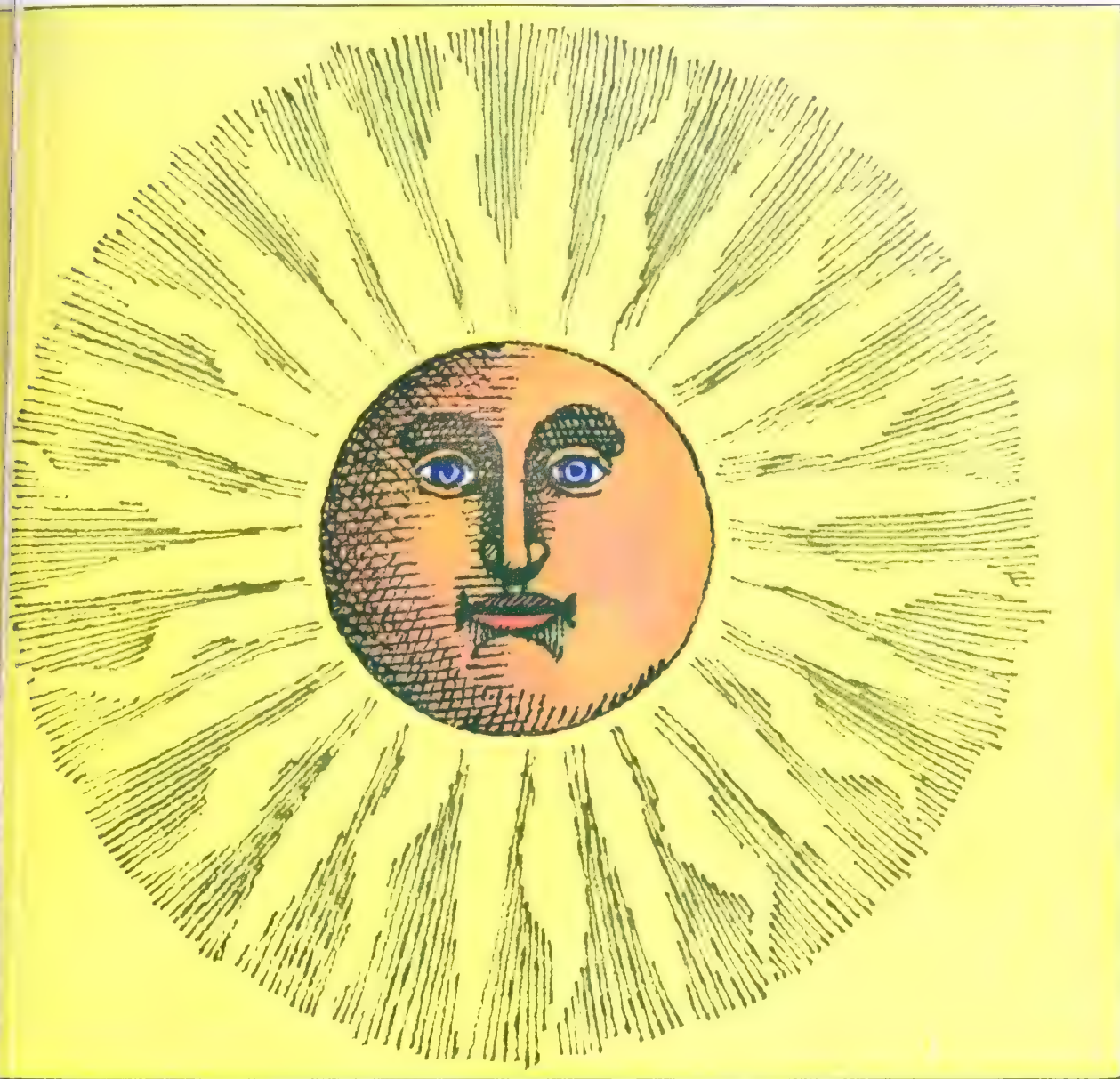
Lobbyists in the Oper

Today the unicameral system is firmly entrenched in the state. Nebraskans deny that the money saved is the only reason. They claim that legislators have been made more responsive to the will of the electorate. Probably this is true. But in a tightfisted state, the result is not necessarily progressive.

For example, last year the revenue committee held public hearings on a bill to establish a state income tax. The American Farm Bureau Federation, the Farmers Union, and the Grange sent representatives to oppose it. So did the state teachers' association. Appearing in support was

Donald Janson, working from Kansas City, covers the Midwest for the "New York Times." Among the events he has reported during nine years with the "Times," were the sinking of the "Andrea Doria" and the month in Dallas after the Assassination. He has a master's degree from Minnesota and was a Nieman Fellow at Harvard; he has also worked for the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch" and the Milwaukee "Journal."

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an Omaha taxpayers' group called the Nebraska State Improvement Association. Most witnesses opposed the bill and in the floor debate that followed it was killed.

Last year, similarly, the budget committee held public hearings for two weeks on a special appropriation for the state's university. Its members, calling themselves Friends of the University, included prominent farmers and industrialists eager to see increased funds devoted to agricultural research. The owner of a television station and a former mayor of Lincoln favored increased university funds for other purposes. The principal officers of the university and its department heads explained their budget requirements to the committee. Individual taxpayers, however, spoke against parts of the proposal, and did representatives of more than 130 Omaha doctors who opposed a full-time faculty in an augmented medical school. Their testimony prevailed and a proposed \$35 million program to improve medical-school facilities was drastically altered.

This was, of course, a victory for a special-interest group. In other states the AMA and the practicing doctors who have also been part-time teachers in medical schools have fought against married full-time faculties, although medical educators generally believe the trend is the inevitable consequence of the increased specialization and scientific intricacy of modern medicine. The doctors' victory in Nebraska, however, was only arrived at after public debate. This is a very different process from the backstairs operations of the lobbyists for the Union Pacific Railroad, the Burlington Railroad, the utilities and other interests in the old two-house legislature whose deliberations seldom saw the light of day. Senator Norris hoped that the limelight shed by the unicameral legislature would attract more capable men to it. He assumed that they would be better paid for their work, since they were fewer in number. Nebraskans, however, don't believe in pampering their public servants. So for years, legislators' annual salaries remained at \$872. Recently they were increased to \$2,400, which is still not nearly enough to live on. (In other states legislators' pay ranges from New Hampshire's \$200 per biennium to New York's \$10,000 a year.) Inevitably the legislators' energies must be divided. Senator Marvel, for example, sold his insurance-and-loan business to serve in the legislature. But he will soon be back at a second job, teaching political science at the Municipal University of Omaha.

There are a number of competent, dedicated

men in the Nebraska legislature, but there is a notable dearth of lawyers, and the overall caliber is not too different from that of the men I have watched in other state legislatures.

Unquestionably, however, they work harder and more effectively than in many states. For example, the senators assigned to appropriations serve on no other committees. They delve deeply into the specifics of all money measures and when a budget is finally passed there is no question that the legislators know, in detail, just what they are doing.

Between sessions, the legislature—which meets every two years—functions as a “legislative council” which works continually on the state's perennial problems. This valuable service would be considerably more effective if Nebraskans were less parsimonious. The council—along with the legislature generally—is short on research and clerical staff. No senator has a secretary or administrative assistant of his own—he must rely on a meager secretarial pool. Though the council studies and prepares some eight hundred bills on three hundred subjects for each session, its research staff consists only of a director, one assistant, and two secretaries. The budget committee has only two fiscal assistants. Some of these gaps could be filled by university graduate students serving as legislative interns. However, in 1961 Nebraska turned down a foundation grant offered for such a program because it required the state to match the foundation funds in part.

To cite such shortcomings is not to belittle the advantages of the unicameral system. The pattern of an agriculturally oriented state, which is in many respects unusually frugal, would not be duplicated in more urban, ethnically mixed, and liberal states. And those who have worked with the unicameral in Nebraska—from the Governor down—attest to its practicality, efficiency, and responsiveness.

“Ours is the best government on earth and the envy of a lot of people in other states,” says Senator Leroy Bahensky. This may be hyperbole. But one cannot dispute him when he adds, “It isn't easy to acquire.”

Not Ordained in Heaven

Probably the major roadblock for other states wishing to imitate Nebraska is tradition—the feeling that two houses were ordained by the Founding Fathers. Actually, the idea was borrowed from England. In the early days of the

union, some states permitted only the wealthy to vote for members of the upper chamber.

In Maryland, for example, a net worth of at least a thousand pounds was required. Like the House of Lords, the upper chamber was intended to provide the propertied class with a check against impetuous action by the lower house representing the mass of freemen.

At one time some 40 per cent of the nation's cities also had bicameral legislative bodies. Only two now survive—in small New England towns. Britain, as a practical matter, long ago evolved a unicameral system, when the House of Lords was shorn of most of its power.

Apart from tradition, the odds against adoption of a unicameral are considerable. Though legislatures in all states but New Hampshire and Delaware may propose constitutional amendments, they are not inclined to propose eliminating half their membership. Nor is the idea likely to be popular with the politicians who dominate the constitutional conventions which could initiate such a change in all states.

The best prospects are in the dozen states, besides Nebraska, which permit the people themselves to initiate reform by petition leading to popular referendum. These states are Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Massachusetts, Michigan, Missouri, Nevada, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, and Oregon. There have been a few attempts, both before and since 1934, to eliminate one house. None has yet succeeded.

However, a major justification for two houses has been wiped out by the Supreme Court's decision that both houses must be apportioned on the basis of population alone, eliminating area as a consideration. "It doesn't make any sense," said W. Dale Hess, Democratic floor leader of the Maryland House of Delegates, after the ruling was handed down, "to have two houses, both based on equal population, since they'd only be duplicating each other."

While there are dissenters, the decided feeling from most quarters in Nebraska today is that Hess is absolutely right and so were Norton and Norris and the Nebraska voters of 1934.

The Dying Willow

by Valerie Worth

Why do the willow's withes turn yellow
 So late this year, my love?
 Why do they weep so cold and wait so long?
 Apple trees have billowed out white,
 Swollen in blossom, round as the breasts
 Of doves that strut and pout with lust,
 And even the early violet's gloss
 Will soon go rusted, petals be shed
 To dust; but above the silver water
 Hardly a strand has molted out of its chill
 Into a golden-flowing guise, though skies
 Blow slippery silk, warm and deep as a pillow—
 My eyes could wallow in sun and cloud
 All day, like a widow in sleepy quilts,
 Bereaved of winter's rigor, silly and loose
 Now that the vigorous bully is dead;
 But watching this willow bend over
 The shallows, spilling gray hairs from its head,
 Why do I sorrow beside its fallow bed,
 Feeling my limbs turn sullen, autumnal,
 My skin go ill and pale in a sudden blight?
 Why have you fallen away, my dear,
 And where, when under the snow
 You dallied so near, where have you fled?

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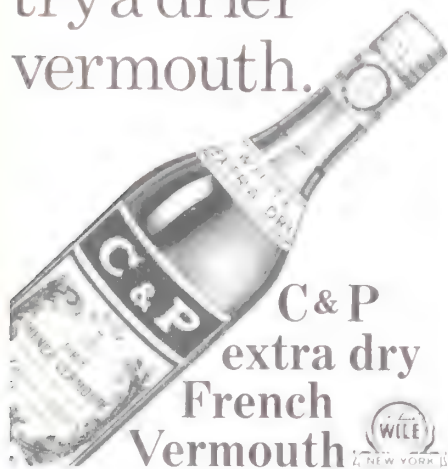
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Sweden's Remedy for "Police Brutality"

by Marion K. Sanders

After the riots in Harlem and Brooklyn last summer, a group of harassed New York City Councilmen took off for a look at the civilian review boards which a few American cities have set up to deal with the "police brutality" problem. The oldest—in Philadelphia—was created four years ago and is generally pronounced a success. The local cops, however, are not too happy with a procedure they consider superfluous, demeaning, and damaging to their morale. These views are thunderously echoed by New York's able Police Commissioner Michael J. Murphy who says he would resign rather than be second-guessed by mere civilians.

On the other hand, Negroes and Puerto Ricans insist that only an agency above and beyond the police department can halt the shoving, beating, and wanton shooting which—whether real or exaggerated—triggered the riots. Though many worried New Yorkers agree, the argument has reached an impasse.

The Councilmen might well find a way out of this deadlock if they would extend their itinerary to Stockholm and spend a few hours in a venerable four-story building at 4 Trädgårdsgatan, a quiet street only a block or so from the Opera House and the Grand Hotel. This is the base of the oldest and most effective civilian review board in the Western World—the Swedish Justitieombudsman, known in local parlance as the JO but generally called Ombudsman by foreigners.

I had heard vague descriptions of this quaint institution before visiting Stockholm last spring, and the indefatigable Swedish Institute sent me a copious dossier on the subject when I arrived. Among its contents was a scholarly paper (originally published in *The International Review of Administrative Sciences*) by Alfred Bexelius, who has been JO to some seven and a half million Swedes for the past eight years. Discovering

that the office has a far wider scope than I had imagined—and many suggestions that would be pertinent to the American case—I decided to call on the author.

The name Ombudsman suggests a picturesque villa. But Mr. Bexelius turned out to be an urbane, handsome Viking in manner and an excellent command of English. So many visitors reminded him that the Scandinavian countries are small, homogeneous, and special that—like all people of Sweden—he would never permit to instruct the vast, heterogeneous of us. He did, however, mention passing that New Zealand as Denmark, Norway, and Finland all seen fit to imitate the Swedish Ombudsman. Within the past few months, too, the idea has been discussed in Britain following a seemingly clashes between more heavy-handed bobbies.

The Swedes invented their Ombudsman long before they dreamed of their welfare state. Through strife, depression, and unemployment, the office has endured precisely the same. Parliament designed it in 1809. It is the people's tribune, charged with safeguarding the lowly against potentially tyrannical or arrogant government. He is selected by a parliamentary committee representing all political parties, and has no immunity to political pressure.

No legal formalities are involved in petitioning the JO, though complaints must be made in writing. Bexelius receives about twelve hundred letters a year from citizens. One recently, for example, was from a young motorcycle

Marion K. Sanders was staff of the Special Supplement on "Punishment published by per's" last April.



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SWEDEN'S REMEDY FOR POLICE BRUTALITY

manding the right to ride to his job at night although the noise disturbed his neighbors. (The JO agreed that even a youth in a black leather jacket is entitled to transportation to his working place, however noisy the vehicle.)

A drunkard's wife wrote to berate the local authorities for not having jailed her husband before he beat her up. (The JO found that there was very little they could have done legally but suggested that Parliament might well look into the plight of the alcoholic's spouse to see if new legislation was needed.)

A political worker charged a priest with tearing down posters he deemed anticlerical. (The JO sent the man of cloth a short sermon on freedom of speech.)

A steady stream of unhappy motorists write to bemoan Sweden's Draconian temperance laws under which licenses are revoked and jail sentences imposed on anyone caught at the wheel with .05 per cent alcohol in his bloodstream. (The JO reviews the evidence and reminds the offender that hard liquor and driving do not combine well.)

"How about police brutality?" I asked. "Or is it unknown here?"

"Police rudeness," Mr. Bexelius corrected me, "is unfortunately quite a frequent complaint." The victims, he said, are often members of ethnic minorities. These are minuscule groups by American standards—some eight hundred resident Gypsies and a few hundred Baltic immigrants and other Cold War refugees.

One of the last—a Hungarian—wrote to Mr. Bexelius a few months ago to say that he had been roughed up by the village police. Within a week the JO had requested and received the file in the case. The record looked impeccable and the local police chief denied even raising his voice. A few days later, however, a second Hungarian in the same village reported a similar incident. One of the JO's eight lawyer-assistants was dispatched to the scene. An on-the-spot check established that the policeman had indeed used more than gentle persuasion. He was reprimanded and warned that the JO would prosecute another offense in the courts.

"Such a legal action is seldom necessary," Mr. Bexelius said. "I find that if a man is reproved and then

forgiven, he will learn from take. And his conscience is if his error has not gone un

Conceivably New York's might also thrive on such bitharsis. But in any event the be more cordial to an Ombud review board than to any of the police are not the sole of its vigilance. The JO is equally concerned with the slothful garbage collector, the venal tax collector, the building inspector, and the visible playground supervisor. He deals with the kinds of government failures which can precipitate violence and police brutality. Jersey City, for example, has grievances—which preceded the—included a rundown and basketball court, an ill-lit project, illegal sale of alcohol to minors, and inadequate garbage collection.

Swedish law also requires to inspect prisons, institutions, the courts. Periodically, his view court calendars and a sample of records in both civil and criminal cases to ferret out evidence of delays, favoritism, and inequity. The lawyer, the litigant—and the cop—stand to benefit from scrutiny. A major police frustration in many American cities stems from the "political" judge who weakens law enforcement by routinely dismissing arrested gamblers and well-connected offenders.

The JO's correspondence records are open to public inspection (as are all official documents) and his office is a regular for Stockholm's lively press. Not long ago he was chided by one of the Gypsies in an editorial: "Is the JO asleep?"

"It was a just rebuke," Mr. Bexelius said in a tone of calm repetition. "We should be more strenuous in defending our unfortunate countrymen. Swedes want them to pitch tents in any village but their own."

The majority of complaints, however, turn out to be groundless. Bexelius, however, feels even a pot letter merits a thoughtful answer. "We have a positive confidence of the people in the police and other authorities."

Unquestionably, Mr. Bexelius



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cocktail. Martini salad. The big drink. The great
gift. Metaxa is expensive, but that doesn't stop
the Greeks. Metaxa says liquor on the label,
but maple syrup it's not. Metaxa is the main
and more even the bottle wears there.



SWEDEN'S REMEDY FOR POLICE BRUTALITY

is far less arduous and complex than an American counterpart's might be. For one thing, he is supervising a nonpolitical judiciary. And though Sweden has its share of juvenile delinquency and adult aberrations, there is no social problem comparable in magnitude or explosiveness to our civil-rights crisis. Unlike the United States, Sweden has a federal parliamentary system of government and, of course, a population that has common traditions and standards.

All these factors are weighed in *The Rationing of Justice*, a thoughtful book recently published in this country. The author, Arnold S. Trebach, an eminent American lawyer, concludes that "differences between countries do not mean that one cannot learn from the other. There is no substantive reason why agencies with many of the functions of the Ombudsman could not be created in this country."

Mr. Trebach recommends a supervisor of rights, established by act of Congress or Presidential order to supervise federal officials and watch over the enforcement of federal laws. There might be, he suggests, similar state agencies to protect the rights guaranteed by state constitutions and laws. Conceivably, a major city like New York could use an Ombudsman of its own. If nothing else, he would relieve the Mayor and other elected officials of the intolerable burden of executing their duties and also reviewing—or accounting for—their own real or alleged failures.

Within the past year, Congressman Henry S. Reuss of Wisconsin, who also admires the Swedish invention, has introduced a bill (H. R. 7593) proposing an American equivalent to be established by and for Congress. Senators and Representatives would refer to this "Administrative Counsel" the grievances of constituents frustrated by bureaucracy. This is, of course, a very different function from that of a People's Tribunal, locally based and directly accessible to all citizens.

But whatever the purpose, the heart of the system is, without question, the character and caliber of the JO himself. Mr. Bexelius is a man of commanding presence and intellect and so, I am told, were his

predecessors. Still I could name at least a half-dozen members of the New York bar who could manage the qualities, and I am confident the state and city in the country could do the same. We have not, I think, run out of men who really ran on principle above politics. Nor does the magnitude of the job an American JO would face seem an insurmountable problem. We have plenty of lawyers who, I think, would prefer the rule of justice to ambulance-chasing and offered the opportunity.

It is true, certainly, that some of our bureaucrats seem a less well-bred than the Swedes. Recalling several unhappy encounters with members of the U. S. Immigration Service, the State Motor Vehicle Bureau, and City Hall, I asked Bexelius, "What do you do if an official has not violated any law or regulation but is simply stupid or arrogant?"

"As a matter of fact," he showed me, "it is against Swedish law for an official to be stupid and arrogant."

Perhaps this is the kind of thing we need, as a starting point.

Out of the Mouths of Babes

TUPPER LAKE, N. Y., July 22—A Defense exercise produced hundreds of "casualties" in supposed nuclear war against Utica and lower Canada. They were "treated" at emergency medical facilities here. . . . In tents at the town baseball park, Freedman, a nurse at the Sunmount Veterans Administration Hospital, and nine other volunteers used grease, theatrical make-up, and artificial blood to simulate some realistic injuries.

Michael Quinn, a six-year-old boy from Tupper Lake, was pronounced "dead" on arrival in the trauma ward of the Army Hospital from a fractured skull. Asked to comment on his death, Quinn, his face smeared with gray theatrical paint to simulate shock, sat up on the stretcher and said: "I think they're crazy."

—New York Times, July 23, 1966



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Egotist in Uniform

by Louis Morton

Reminiscences, by General of the Army Douglas MacArthur. Illustrations, maps, index. McGraw-Hill, \$6.95.

When, on August 21, 1963, it was revealed that General MacArthur had at last written his autobiography, the news was greeted in some quarters as the promise of a publication event of the first magnitude. For years the General had resisted offers to write a book or to take advantage of an open invitation by the Army to publish his report of operations in World War II and the Occupation of Japan. As a matter of fact, this report, in the form of an oversized and elaborately illustrated three-volume history, had already been completed and printed in five copies before he left Tokyo in 1951. But by arrangement with MacArthur, it had not been published and access to it had been restricted to official users.

Announcement of the autobiography had somewhat the nature of a revelation. All 220,000 words of it, we were told, had been written over a period of six months in the General's own hand on fourteen-inch yellow pads. General Courtney Whitney had "caught him" at it and passed the word to Henry Luce, who immediately made arrangements for serial publication in *Life*. Ranking the *Reminiscences* with the greatest historical writings of any age, Mr. Luce declared, "The General is as clearly a master of narrative and language as he is of strategy and statesmanship."

If MacArthur's reputation as a strategist and statesman rested on the *Reminiscences*, the task of the historian would be relatively simple, for MacArthur is certainly not a

"master of narrative and language." But the problem is more complex. The fact is that here, as in everything else involving MacArthur, we are faced with a contradiction. The General's talents were considerable and his contribution in peace and war undeniably large. But he had serious weaknesses, and many of his actions were not above criticism. He had the capacity to inspire both love and hate, admiration and fear. He had a strong personality, a flamboyant style, great moral and physical courage, a high sense of patriotism and duty, and a profound belief in his own destiny. But he was also a supreme egotist who could brook no criticism. He seemed unable to take advice, always quarreled with his superiors, demanded complete obedience and loyalty from his staff, but rationalized his own opposition to authority as responsive to a higher need.

Unfortunately, it is mostly the negative side of MacArthur's character that emerges in the *Reminiscences*. One is surprised that a man who was generally conceded even by his critics to have been brilliant, a genius, "packed with brains," could have written so poor a book. There is a certain amount of high rhetoric of noble purpose, and of a grand vision of the future of mankind. The writing is distinguished, polished, and self-righteous in tone. There are long testimonials, some in the text, some in footnotes, from numberless public figures extending over half a century bearing witness to the greatness of his deeds—as though he needed such testimonials. Virtually every decoration and honor he received—and he was the most decorated soldier in American history—is noted.

The ego, the sensitivity, the egotism, the conviction in his own greatness, the tendency to place himself in the center of affairs, to take credit for himself and place blame on others—all the traits that make MacArthur's greatness are evident in the *Reminiscences*. He speaks of "my forces," "my plan," "my labors," "my cotton-growers," "my Iowa soldiers." He writes about his decisions and actions as though he were a sovereign unto himself. He is constantly beset by difficulties, the hostility of his enemies, the stupidity of his men, and opposition from a movement that has fallen under the influence of Communists. Alone and unaided he goes to Pearl Harbor where the Navy has assembled a vast paraphernalia of plan and talent, to persuade the Far East that his strategy for retaking the Philippines is correct, though it is wrong. Similarly at Wake Island in October 1950 he faced an array of talent that the Philippines brought with him, and could not persuade them that his strategy was correct.

The almost paranoid quality marked MacArthur emerges clearly in this volume. It can be seen in his attitude toward the troops against the Battle of Manila, whom he regarded as

Louis Morton is professor of history at Dartmouth and author of *The Philippines* and other books. He served with the Army in the Pacific (1942-46) and afterwards supervised preparation of the volume official history of the war in that theatre. His new book, *Search and Education in the Philippines*, will be published this

The Swivel Chair

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Serendipity note: — it may not be obvious from this title, **You, Me and the Animal World** (\$3.50), but Martin Wells, grandson of H. G. and Cambridge don is going to find himself at the center of a cult as soon as people begin to read, "when we moved into our present house, I found there were snails in the garden, and this pleased me. Our last place only had slugs, and I have somehow never really managed to work up much enthusiasm for slugs. But snails are homely and cheerful in an unobtru- sive sort of way, which makes a pleasant change from the melancholy ferocity of so many other garden creatures. Carabid beetles, ladybird larvae, centipedes and spiders are, by and large, beneficial; but they go about their business of doing good in

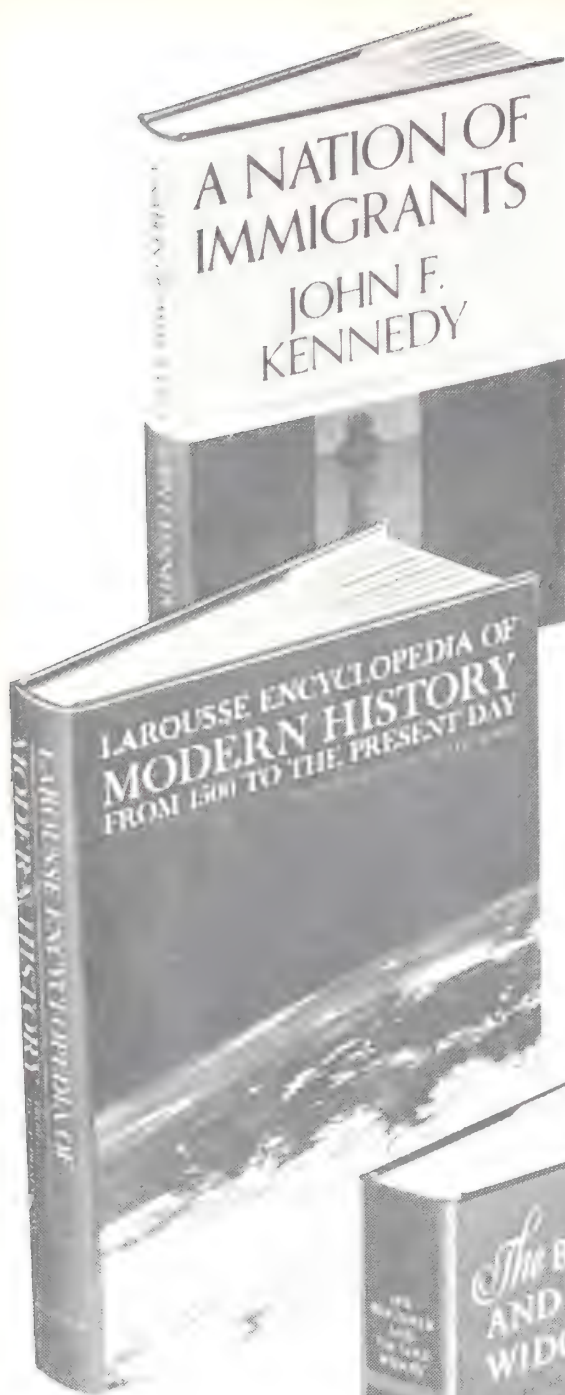


a spirit of vindictive puritanism which makes them rather unlovable. Snails, by contrast, have no pretensions to virtue, but because they crawl slowly about doing wrong in an amiable and slightly guilty way one is almost inclined to forgive them. A snail, surprised among the lettuces, will drop to the ground, bubbling protests and covering its head in confusion. It doesn't even attempt to escape, and when I pick it out of the vegetables and throw it across the garden I hope at the same time that it will land on something soft . . . and take a long time to crawl back. I prefer to forget the fact that it will probably be very hungry indeed when it gets there."

"There are, of course, more respected reasons for being decent to snails. Both gastronomic and zoo- logical. I don't destroy the snails in my garden, other than by clearing away the undergrowth and letting them take their chance with the thrushes, partly on the grounds that they might come in useful for a dinner-party one of these days.

For *Helix aspersa*, the common (in garden) snail, is quite as edible as the gastronome's *H. Pomatia*. You just need rather more of them."



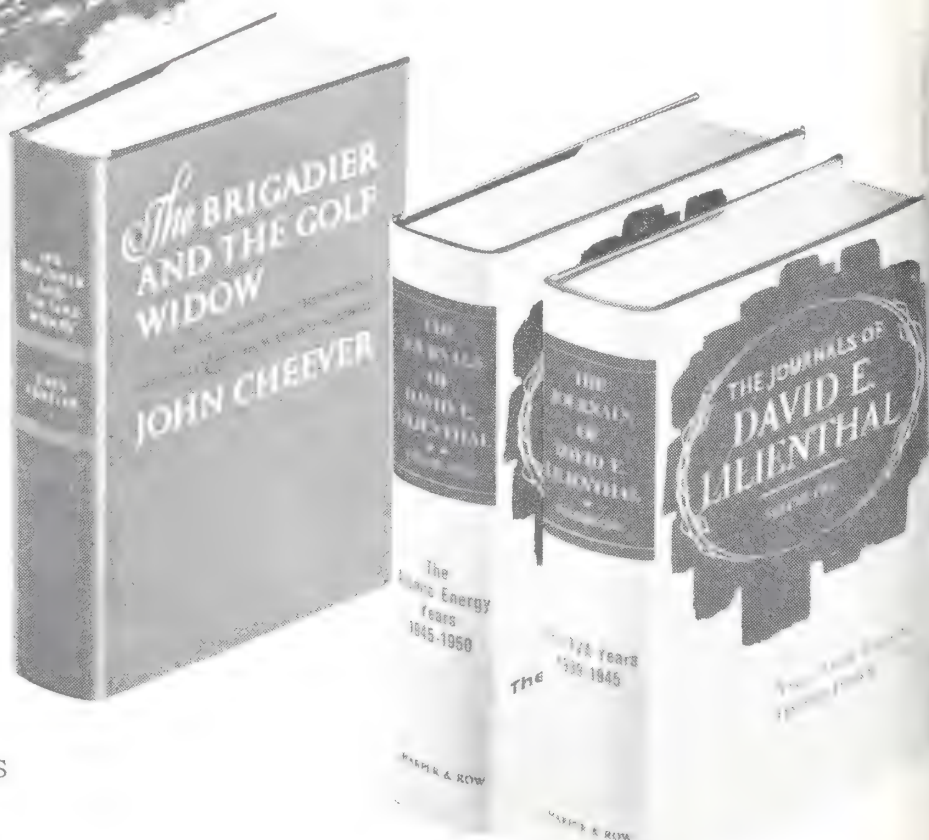


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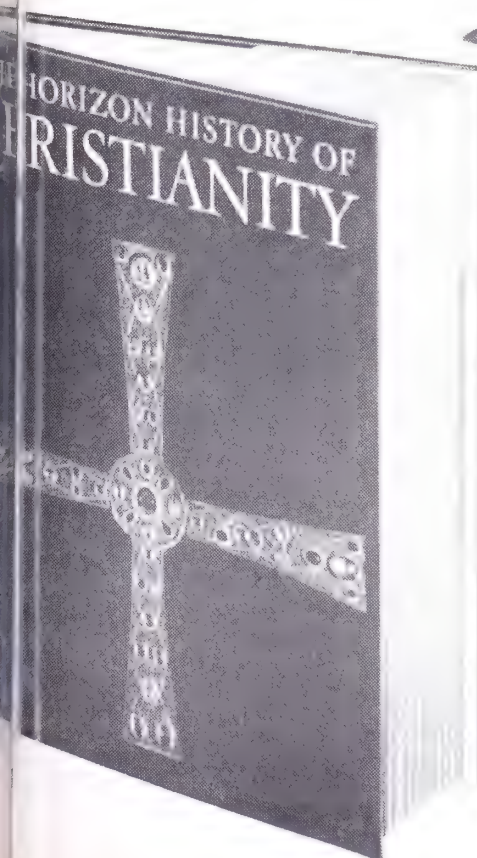
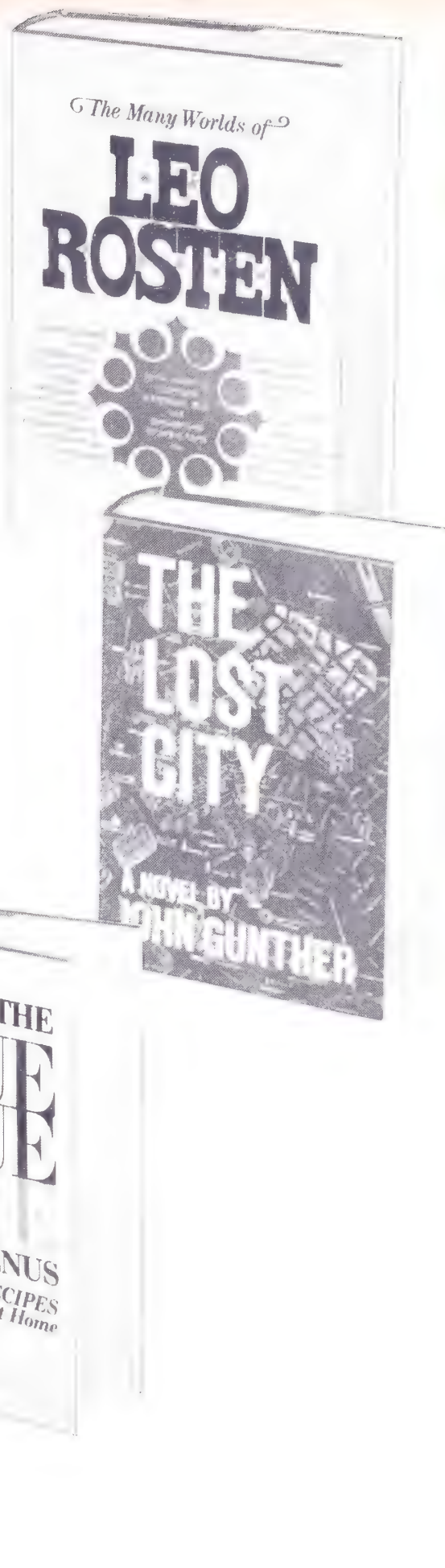
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then, he believed, made him a major target of the Communists, as did his advocacy of military preparations in the 'twenties and early 'thirties. This conviction was strengthened in the years that followed and emerges finally as a full-blown plot led by unnamed persons high in government in Washington, aided by the British. He is shocked by the order to take transports from him at Luzon to send supplies to Russia and sees in this evidence of communist influence in Washington. "The Communists," he writes, "had never ceased their violent attacks against me and with the liberal extremists joining them, the crescendo was rising." His candidacy for the Presidency in 1948, he believed, made retaliation against him only "a question of time," and his opposition to Soviet efforts to secure a voice in the Occupation led finally to his relief. "It took several years," he writes, "but their day finally came."

MacArthur's propensity for individual action, for challenging his superiors is evident here also. A lesser man would have been broken quickly, but MacArthur used the technique as a means for his own spectacular advancement. A major on the general staff in 1917, he wrote the single dissenting opinion on a troop study for World War I. When Secretary of War Newton D. Baker called him in, he boldly recommended the use of a National Guard division and before long was named chief of staff to the division and promoted to colonel. Undoubtedly, there was more to it than this, as there was to his version of how, single-handed, he frustrated the attempt to break up the Rainbow Division in France and use its elements as replacements for other units. As chief of staff, he opposed President Roosevelt on budget cuts, and, by his own account, used very hard words indeed to get the President to withdraw his program. More than once in World War II he used his special position with the Australian Prime Minister to secure more men and material for his theatre than the Joint Chiefs of Staff was willing to grant on the basis of military priorities. When he became Allied commander of the Occupation, he proved more difficult to control and in the Korean War virtually set

his policies against those of his government. Yet he claims at the end that he does not understand why he was relieved by Truman.

The promise of additional light on some of the more controversial aspects of MacArthur's career is, unfortunately, not fulfilled in the *Reminiscences*. For those who have followed his career, the book holds few surprises. No new chapters of his life, personal or public, are revealed, few new incidents or encounters with the great and near-great. Even the anecdotes have been told time and again. Perhaps that is part of the MacArthur legend.

But if it adds little that is new, the *Reminiscences* omits much that is an essential part of the MacArthur story. Curiously, it contains only a single brief reference to his first marriage, even though it lasted nine years. The lady's name is not even mentioned! Protesting his own admiration for the Navy, MacArthur quotes a conversation in which General Marshall criticized the Navy and Admiral King. His own much stronger criticism of the Navy he withholds. One would scarcely be aware from this book that Admiral Nimitz played a major role in the defeat of Japan. For MacArthur, the Joint Chiefs of Staff as the directing agency of the war against Japan does not seem to exist. In the *Reminiscences*, it is MacArthur who makes all the plans, except those that go badly, and who, from time to time, advises Marshall, rather than the other way round. Though he quotes extensively letters of congratulations, citations, and similar material, he often fails to include—or quotes only small portions of—more important dispatches and communications.

Nor is he always entirely open with his reader. On several occasions he refers to the lack of a unified command in the Pacific and says that he sought vainly to persuade the Joint Chiefs to establish such a command. What he had in mind was his own elevation to this command, and he quotes with approval a letter from Senator Lister Hill to this effect. No one was more concerned about unity of command than General Marshall, but he knew, as did everyone else, that it would be impossible to establish a unified command without giving it to MacArthur, and the

Navy would never accede to it. At various times General Marshall and General Arnold were proposed for the command, and one officer was even suggested that MacArthur made Ambassador to Russia and him out of the Pacific.

General MacArthur had a sense of history, and frequently used history in support of his views, using such phrases as "history clearly shows" and "history teaches." Yet he ignores and distorts much of the history of the events in which he was involved. His version of events surrounding the Japanese surprise attack on Clark Field in the Philippines on December 8, 1941, does little justice to the labor of historians and settles none of the outstanding problems. He blames the United States for failing to warn him, when he was Military Advisor to the Philippine Commonwealth, of the Japanese attack with materials for defense of the Philippines, but never mentions that there existed in the Philippines a large U.S. Army command (which he himself once commanded) that was the mission of defending the islands from attack. He implies he had knowledge of the German strategy adopted in 1941, although it is a matter of record that he never received a copy of the plan embodying this concept. He charges Washington with "managed news," although his theatre was regarded by most respondents as having strict censorship rules than any other theatre. He declares that Australian defence plans in 1942 were defeatist, that he was responsible for placing the defences forward to Port Moresby, and that his relations with the Australian political and military authorities were excellent. The Australian history denies all these assertions and claims that MacArthur deliberately avoided giving the Australians their proper place in the conduct of the war and the command of the troops.

There may be a particular value in having a MacArthur view of events, but it is a view that most historians would accept only with major reservations and qualifications. "As President Truman's many confidantes," writes MacArthur, quoting an unnamed source, "was his

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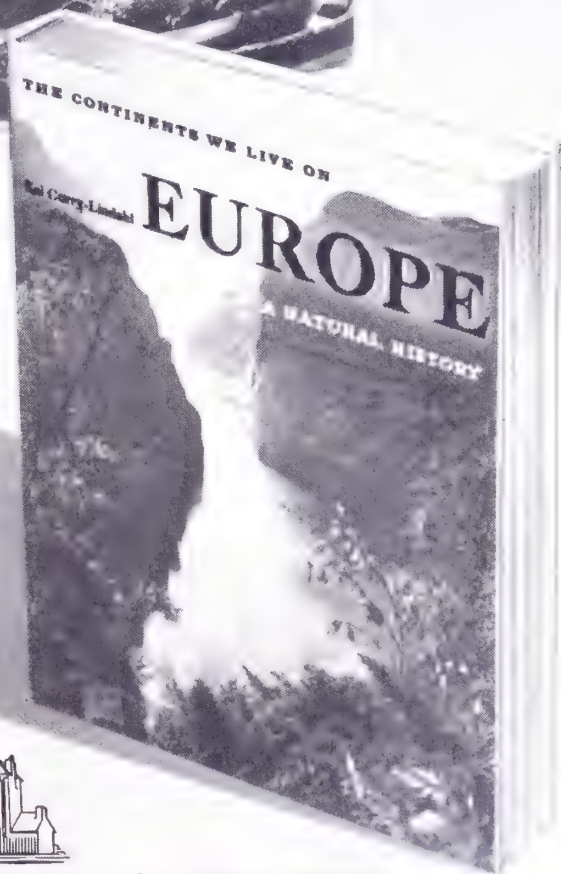
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inability to discriminate between history and histrionics." This characterization would seem to fit the General better than the President.

MacArthur is fond of quoting himself, and does so frequently. He also paraphrases himself, as quoted by others, and often repeats what he apparently told other biographers. Sometimes, even the words are similar. Thus he writes: "We numbered four in our little family when orders shortly came for K Company to march overland 300 miles from Fort Wingate to tiny Fort Selden," (p. 14). In Frazier Hunt's *The Untold Story of Douglas MacArthur* (1954) appears the following: "The MacArthur family numbered only four when orders came for K Company to march overland from Fort Wingate the 300 miles to tiny Fort Selden," (p. 10). There is more of the same in the next few pages, and on page 61 Hunt describes Newton D. Baker as having "a clear, brilliant mind, with the fine ability to make instant and positive decisions," but needing a young man near him "who could match his own swift and uninhibited mind and answer the innumerable questions of a purely military nature that were constantly cropping up." Obviously MacArthur was the man, and in his *Reminiscences* writes: "I found him . . . with a clear, brilliant mind and a fine ability to make instant and positive decisions. . . . I spent much time . . . trying to match his swift and uninhibited mind and answer the innumerable questions of a purely military nature that were constantly cropping up" (pp. 43-44).

The similarity between the *Reminiscences* and General Whitney's *MacArthur: His Rendezvous with History* (1956) is even more striking. Each quotes the other extensively and many pages of the two books, especially those dealing with the Occupation and the Korean War, are very much alike. In many cases, the only differences are in the substitution of "I" for "he." MacArthur's description of his arrival by air in Japan in August 1945 is taken, with acknowledgment, from Whitney. But MacArthur makes one revealing addition to Whitney's text. Whitney wrote, as the plane came down to Atsugi airfield, "I held my

breath" (p. 214). MacArthur's version, identical in all other respects, adds "I think the whole world was holding its breath" (p. 270). Both men also use the same long citation from a third published source to describe the surrender aboard *Missouri*.

The similarities in language and organization become more pronounced in the Korean sections of the two books. "It was early on Sunday, June 25, 1950," wrote Whitney, "when the telephone rang in his bedroom in the American Embassy in Tokyo . . . it rang with the note of urgency that came only in the hush of a darkened room" (p. 315). The same words appear in the *Reminiscences* (p. 327) except that "his" is changed to "my." MacArthur's description of the moment in which he won the Joint Chiefs' approval for the Inchon landing (p. 351) is almost identical with Whitney's version of the meeting (pp. 345-50). The differences are often sometimes amusing. Whitney writes in reference to the approach on Inchon: "Then I noticed a flash." Evidently we were taking them by surprise. The lights were even turned off. I felt much relief as I went to my cabin and turned out" (p. 359). MacArthur uses very much the same words, except it is he who notices the flash; he who comes to the surprise, he who goes to his quarters and turns in (p. 353). One wonders whether MacArthur and Whitney are not one and the same person.

In Whitney, April 11, 1945, day MacArthur was relieved of duty is described in the following way: "And as the sun rose, as it has time immemorial upon this land, the chrysanthemum with its shadows and brilliant hues, with majestic peaks and low-lying valleys . . ." (p. 470).* And when MacArthur leaves Japan at daybreak on the sixteenth, he writes: "With the sun off as the sun rose. . . . Beneath the lay this land of the chrysanthemum with its deep shadows and brilliant hues . . ." and so on in the words (p. 399).

The similarities of the two

*According to the *New York Times* story on MacArthur's relief, it was on April 11, 1951.

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in wording but in organizational point of view, are too close to be accidental. Only a few have been noted here; many more have been cited. The most likely explanation is that there is a single source that both men probably MacArthur's personal diary, and that neither of them checked back to see what was used before. This explanation would account also for the occasional similarities with other works. It is possible also that both men worked together on both books and did not notice the similarities.

Another question raised by the *Reminiscences* is the addition of ten pages (408-418) sometime between the proofing of the galley, which MacArthur never received at the end of the book. Four pages (410-413) deal with MacArthur's plan for ending the war, and appeared without his permission as a postscript to the call for the book in *Life* (April 4, 1964). But the rest, in a statement by MacArthur on his political and economic beliefs, would put him in the extreme right of the Republican party, hardly new. Since the General died on April 5, one cannot help but wonder how these pages, added sometime between July and September, got into his autobiography, and who wrote them.

In his life MacArthur was the center of controversy. Even before his death, while his body lay in state, the controversy was renewed by the publication of two interviews given some years before, one with Washington and the British, the other obstructing his plans in Vietnam. (These charges, incidentally, are consistent with the point of view expressed in his and Whitcomb's books.) The *Reminiscences*, by stilling the controversies, only add fresh fuel to the fire. Those who admired and revered him in his lifetime will find in it evidence to support the charges he made against the policies he advocated. Others will find in it confirmation of their fears. He was always his worst enemy, and his autobiography will do nothing to change his reputation. He will be remembered by his deeds, not his words.



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Katherine Anne Porter and the IC

by Caroline Gordon

Katherine Anne Porter and the Art of Rejection, by William L. Nance. University of North Carolina Press, \$6.

Katherine Anne Porter's life work is by no means finished, but the nature of her artistic achievement is gradually revealed as being considerably different from what we have all along been told it was. It is possible to see now that while she takes her place with short-story writers of the first rank—Chekhov and Turgenev, to name two—her work, seen as a whole, exhibits a characteristic not found in other short-story writers. It now appears that all these years she has been writing a *Comédie Humaine* in short stories. In the body of her work, as in a novel or a play, there is one protagonist who, throughout, is involved in a single, all-encompassing action. The name of this protagonist is nearly always Miranda, and the predicament in which she finds herself is her mortal condition. For her it is resolved only by death.

In his *Katherine Anne Porter and the Art of Rejection*, which, as far as I know, is the first full-length study of Miss Porter's work, Professor William Nance points out the existence of a dominant pattern in all of Miss Porter's stories and in *Ship of Fools*. Miranda, he says, is well named. She is not only someone to be wondered at. She, herself, is full of wonder at all creation.

Professor Nance deals with Miranda's adventures in chronological order. Her mother died when she was eight, and she and her brother and sister were brought up by their paternal grandmother. Miranda, whom her father describes as "the little quick one," rebels from the first against her grandmother's authority, and yet, as Professor Nance points out, the tie between her and her grandmother is stronger than the tie between the grandmother and the other children, for, viewed in fictional perspective, Miranda and "the Grandmother" of the Miranda stories are the same heroine:

a woman seen when young, and a woman seen when old. As Professor Nance puts it, "There are clearly protagonists in Miss Porter's fiction: Miranda and the Grandmother."

In spite of their different presentations (the Grandmother sees "the old order crumbling" and is apprehensive about "the new woman" which is beginning "to run wild," ask for the vote and going out to the world to earn her own living), Miranda and her grandmother have similar adventures in the course of their respective lives. Of these chief are disappointments, illusions and visions, beatific or otherwise, to the point of death.

Miss Porter's now-numerous admirers may be grateful to Professor Nance for his painstaking and scholarly analysis of the body of her work. But it is disconcerting to find he has brought us this far, and then, in effect, turn his back on her. Miss Porter's art to busy him setting up the apparatus on which ways hoping has been outmoded. Procrustean couch upon which Freudian literary critic pretends to stretch his author, rather than to template his works.

"At the heart of Katherine Anne Porter's literary achievement," according to Professor Nance, lies the principle of rejection." Professor Nance describes "the rejection theme" as "a pattern of enthrusts comparable to invisible magnetic lines of force which run through visible design only when sensitive material is placed within their field." Professor Nance considers "sensitive material" only those incidents in Miss Porter's stories in which "the autobiographical heroine" appears. Having set up his "International Critical Machine" he shows us how it works. Miss Porter's stories

Caroline Gordon is a novelist, writer, teacher, and critic. Her books include "Aleck Maury," "Non-Stop Look Back," and (with Allen Tate) "The House of Fiction."

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re "easily divided" into two "Alpha stories" and "Beta stories" are those in which the alpha heroine, Miranda, is the "prime character." Her "prime characteristic" is the possession of a pride in rejection so strong that it views every relationship as oppressive. Beta stories are peopled with characters distinctly inferior to the protagonist in terms of self-sensibility, self-awareness, and desire for truth. . . . Every story has as its dramatic center the relationship between two individuals. Miranda (or implicit Miranda) is, on the contrary, essentially a loner."

With a feeling for machinery, pity the plight of Professor Nance, called upon to perform his functions for which it was not designed in subterranean chambers which his inventor was intimately acquainted, as he himself has realized. "Psychoanalysis does nothing towards elucidating the nature of the artistic gift, nor does it explain the means by which the artist works," Sigmund Freud said his followers.

For artists, I believe, would agree that the sole inspiration for a work of art is frequently received on the "personal unconscious," the work of imaginative creation takes place upon a less accessible deeper level of consciousness. For Nance's reliance upon his machinery leads him, I fear, to a misconception of the nature of the creative process. In consequence, he is unable to perceive that Miss Porter's *Humaine* is a "divine comedy" in which Miranda is cast not in the role of an adventurer but of a pilgrim, by the nature of her quest, sees more of the world than he would have seen if he had remained at home. But if he settles down in one place he ceases to be a pilgrim. It seems to me that Miranda, with her passion for looking and being seen, is bound to reject scene after scene of this passing show on the way to her holy land.

Off on the wrong track, Professor Nance misinterprets other characters. He finds Miranda's grand-uncle as strongly animated by the theme of rejection as Miranda

herself. This principle, he thinks, carries with it "a concomitant motif of scorn for men."

When the grandmother remembers her long-dead husband, she sees him as still young. To Professor Nance this indicates that she considered him "immature" when he was alive—not that she was in love with him when they were both young. He disregards the fact that in her soliloquies she looks upon his early death not as a "liberation" but as a "desertion," which left her "to dig post holes and do other work which changes a woman."

Professor Nance also subscribes to the widely held but erroneous belief that the Old South was predominantly matriarchal. This mistaken view—combined with the findings of his critical machinery—moves him to underestimate the role of Miranda's father, Harry, another leading character. It is Miranda's father's influence that inspires her to rebellion. Significantly, the grandmother, who has had a hand in the raising of many children, nephews, nieces, and grandchildren, finds "Harry's children" the hardest to deal with.

The whole family feels the impact of the father's personality. It is beautifully dramatized in his laconic admonitions to his children, in his exchanges with his mother and his Negro foster mother. An eighteenth-century rationalist, living on into our own times, his inherited, highly masculine wisdom tells him not to waste words when the surface of daily life is ruffled by those chaotic currents which flow in the depths of every female consciousness. "All right, Mammy. . . . All right!" he mutters and gets on his horse and rides away when Old Nannie, in an attempt to get her own way, reminds him that "I nussed you at dis bosom!" Professor Nance, however, sees him as an overgrown child—like "the vast majority" of Miss Porter's Southern men, going in for lifelong fear of his mother or any of her surrogates.

The most serious misreading, however, lies, for me, in the interpretation of "Pale Horse, Pale Rider" not as a love story but as a story of death. "The rejection theme excludes fulfillment through love. Miranda's

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constant rejection of others robs her of possible bliss."

The story seems to me one of love as death and death as love. It takes place during World War I. Miranda's sweetheart, Adam, expects that his outfit will shortly be sent overseas and, when he arrives in the city in which Miranda is living and working, explains cheerfully, "Came over to make my will. . . . They're dying like flies out there." Miranda, dimly aware that she herself is about to undergo some ordeal, even while she tells herself that "she likes him, she likes him," sees him as "not for her nor for any woman, being beyond experience already, being committed without knowledge or act of his own to death."

In his interpretation of this story, Professor Nance might have derived more profit from a rereading of the Song of Solomon than from the operations of his ICM. Miss Porter here uses erotic imagery in the same way in which the author of the Song uses it, and for the same purpose—to symbolize the soul's ultimate union with God:

His left hand is under my head,
and his right hand doth embrace
me. . . .

Adam lay down beside her with
his arm under her shoulder, and
pressed his smooth face against
hers.

Adam fades out of Miranda's dream and her delirium turns into the "beatific vision" by which, like Dante, she will live for the rest of her life. She beholds a supernal landscape peopled with "a great company of human beings, moving towards her as leisurely as clouds through the shimmering air. . . . Miranda saw in an amazement of joy that they were all the living she had known. Their faces were transfigured, each in its own beauty, beyond what she remembered of them . . . and they cast no shadows."

It is this passage, I think, which justifies the conclusion that Miss Porter's *Comédie Humaine* is a "divine comedy" and not an embodiment of a tragic vision of life, for "the hard, unwinking angry point of light" which has symbolized "the stubborn will to live":

. . . grew, flattened, thinned to a
fine radiance, spread like a great

fan and curved out into a r
through which Miranda, encl
altogether unbelieving, look
a deep clear landscape of s
sand, of soft meadow an
freshly washed and glistenin
transparencies of blue. W
course, of course, said M
without surprise, but with
rapture as if some promise
her had been kept long aft
had ceased to hope for it.

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sorrow of latter-day parck and the Beanstalk and ed Riding Hood are out of e recommended fare for to-s eschews fantasy and ad-in favor of moralistic (glamorously illustrated) re-how Ken and Debbie ad-a tonsilectomy, the first day rgarten, or the advent of a oling. Rendered viva voce, and tales are a dreary ordeal grownup; and among the eir dullness must surely con-to reading retardation. s in ethnically mixed schools ke Ken and Debbie because upils cannot identify with ond cherubs, their prosperous glossy ranch house, and pets.

imilar grounds, one can ob-the adult literature of "ad-nt" which seems largely d for Ken and Debbie's mom-y in, day out, it appears, she s to read about herself. And temporary author is more in slaking this thirst than McGinley. Her latest prose a collection of autobiographic called *Sleeping in Her Shoe*, r de force among just-like-me For, in fact, there is little lance between Miss McGinley r readers. Unlike them, she is ed writer of light verse, a of Pulitzer Prizes and honor-grees. However, she is at the time a consecrated suburban wife and the wife of Charles L. n, a telephone-company execu-

his memoir Mrs. Hayden be-the triumphs of Phyllis Mc-. Since women are primarily

"nesters," woe to those who stray from the hearth to "moonlight" in jobs or professions. Reluctant absolu-tion is given the minority impelled by economic need or afflicted by tal-ent. But Mrs. Hayden leaves no doubt about where she stands as she rues the "tea parties, matinees, mani-cures, and other small feminine pleasures" Miss McGinley has sacri-ficed for the fleeting joy of "seeing one's name on a book spine."

A similar schizophrenia shapes her writing style. Poet McGinley is prized by her many admirers for her sharp wit. Essayist Hayden, on the other hand, writes with a cloying and often imprecise archness. "I'm against advice," she announces as a prelude to 281 pages of helpful hints on such varied matters as the re-use of Christmas ribbons and the proper kinds of hangers for guest-room closets. She has even included two recipes for dumplings.

Mrs. Hayden is wonderfully light-hearted as she contemplates the advancing years of her contented nester. When the birds have flown she can busy herself succoring or-phans or running a dress shop. This seems somewhat flighty counsel at a time when most American women are destined to outlive their hus-bands—and their domestic functions—by a considerable span.

If Mrs. Hayden is right in pro-claiming the lasting joys and re-wards of the hearth, it is too bad that she has not made a better case for her thesis. For the girl who is fed up with suburban domesticity is unlikely to change her ways in favor of the cozy pastimes here recommended. It may be, of course, that Miss McGinley did not hope to win converts. Her métier is more that of comforter than debater. Homebodies of the world, she is say-ing, stop listening to your detractors. Relax in the knowledge that you need not worry about the troubled hori-zons beyond your tiny, private worlds, and do not envy your agres-sive sisters who compete with men

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instead of cossetting them. Her aim is reassurance; but the end-product, alas, is smugness.

Mrs. Hayden's dictates stop at the bedroom door—portal, as every woman's magazine reader knows, to the doctor's domain. The medicos have not been idle this season. Once again they offer words of cheer to the beleaguered hausfrau. Two new works in this genre are by psychoanalysts, each of whom is teamed, in Oedipal symmetry, with a journalist of the opposite sex. In *The Emotional Sex*, Dr. Lena Levine, with the help of David Loth, takes a four-square stand in favor of tears and laughter. Equally refreshing is her casual endorsement of the more far-out styles of lovemaking. In her more majestic psychiatric prose she echoes the celebrated pronouncement of Mrs. Patrick Campbell who, I believe, once said she didn't care what people did so long as they didn't do it in the streets and frighten the horses.

Bold spirits who follow this admonition may well dispense with *The Wandering Husband*, in which Dr. Hyman Spotnitz and Lucy Freeman discuss what is to be done after the male has flown the coop. The strategy is mapped in a series of fictionalized case histories which—despite many a gruesome interlude—all have endings as happy as the Ken and Debbie fables. Blissful monogamy finally rewards even one character named "Dr. George Turner," who is given to punching his wife in the eye because he fancies she is wandering. Dr. Turner, poor man, had to spend several costly sessions on the couch, learning the ABCs of psychiatric lingo. For others equally innocent, this book—at \$4.95—is a bargain-priced glossary of the subconscious.

Recent publishing history suggests that large numbers of Americans—chiefly female—will buy these three books. One wonders who they are. Easiest to picture is Miss McGinley's reader. I see her as a cute young matron in stretch pants, driving the family station wagon to meet the 4:59 while the children watch Yogi Bear on TV and the tuna casserole simmers, garni with McGinley dump-lings.

Sixpence in Her Shoe certainly belongs on her reading list. But

she does not seem a good prospect for *The Wandering Husband*. *The Emotional Sex*. For one she might be a follower of Franzblau or a reader of *The Home Journal* and thus well-versed in the same marriage-saving techniques favored by Drs. Leinhardt and Spotnitz. Then, too, she may subscribe to *Consumers Reports* and have acquired an un-American skepticism toward packaged remedies.

Clearly the popular psychiatric books need a customer less ordinarily wise, more anxious, and more trusting. She should resemble, though, that querulous drudge with more brown or gray hair who has materialized in the TV commercials to whine, in flat Midwestern accents, about her arthritis, her mother-in-law, or the children's dirty T-shirts. Within sixty seconds she will be buying the great new detergent or the best-loved by the AMA eraser to solve her troubles. Why not a little psychoanalysis for her grubbier problems?

Books in Brief

by Katherine Gauss Jones

FICTION

Since it has always been the novelist's job to examine man's relationship to the society in which he lives, it isn't surprising that in a society as plagued as ours is with mental illness there should be a fiction what might almost be called a school of young novelists preoccupied with exploring the nature of madness. One reads and considers several of them, a simple axiom becomes a parent. Madness to be credible fiction needs the illusion of an order or reality. The better the fiction succeeds in imposing a seeming order on the chaos beneath, the more convincing the work becomes.

Four First

The Mantis and the Moth, by Weatherly.

In a small Southern town

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Words

BIOGRAPHY OF JEAN-PAUL

Sartre

book by Jean-Paul Sartre is an event: his latest — *THE WORDS* — has been the sensation of Paris, where it has been the best seller and in fact has sold 200,000 copies to date. It is not since Voltaire has our nation produced a writer so huge a manifold, so "engaged" a letters as Sartre. But perhaps on for the huge popular success *THE WORDS* is that it is first almost a family story: the story of Sartre and his widowed mother, Albert Schweitzer's — a child "created on the run" by a mother who died prematurely, and thus we feel that he was "the child of the night" — a boyhood spent in "paradise" where the only man was a grandfather who "so resembled the Father that he was often called for Him." Sartre, as Matthieu writes in *Arts*, "makes a movie of himself, and the film is fascinating."

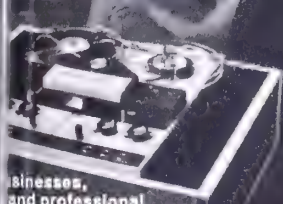
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SAUL BELLOW

en his finest novel in *Herzog*, "... a new and classic" (New York Book Review). And it is a Literary Guild New members may get it and three books — all for \$1. See page 7.

You've Lost a Job After 40"

move till you've read this famous Manual by Walter Morris. \$2 ppd.

Box 132-H, Englewood, N. J.

1930s a well-loved country doctor dies leaving a son and daughter. The son, ten years younger than his strange and beautiful sister, is charged by the father with her care. The nature of the horrors hinted at in the early pages is only gradually revealed and they don't appear in all their ghastly proportions till the book comes to an end. The book is in the form of a five-day journal by the young man, written as he waits to be called for by the attendants of the local mental hospital.

It is a tour de force, and a good one, this imposing of the evil and macabre on a background of apparently simple and pleasant small-town life. The suspense is upheld by the slow wondering confrontation of innocence with depravity. Indeed it is almost too well done; one can't believe such dark doings wouldn't have exploded into the light long before they do. But the axiom holds. It all seems so quietly reasonable that until the very end, you do think it possible.

Houghton Mifflin, \$3.95

With Shuddering Fall, by Joyce Carol Oates.

The author's first book of short stories published last year, *By the North Gate*, was compared to the work of such writers as Carson McCullers, Harper Lee, Katherine Anne Porter, Willa Cather, and Faulkner. Her writing indeed has power, but this novel, another excursion into the world of madness, set in back-country, small-town America, peopled by farmer's families and poor whites, seems to me merely hysterically incoherent. It is the story of a pathetic teen-age girl's progress to and release from a mental hospital, told in a series of violent scenes and episodes culminating in a death on an automobile racetrack at a run-down seaside resort. The episodes are often individually impressive but they lack the single point of view, the careful sense of order in confusion needed to lend conviction to the whole.

Vanguard, \$4.95

The Inner Room, by Vera Randall.

The order placed on these remarkable journeys into the disturbed minds of the five young women in this "novel" is the sanity of narrative dis-



A DAHABIYEH; A NOTE-BOOK, A BRIDE, AND TWO DONKEYS — that's what young James Henry Breasted took with him on his first visit to Egypt.

IN *Signs and Wonders upon Pharaoh*, John A. Wilson introduces this "ardent, flamboyant, moustached youngster, compact and dexterous." Holder of the first teaching position in Egyptology in America, later founder of the Oriental Institute of The University of Chicago, Breasted is glimpsed as he first set out on his lifelong pursuit of "inscription salvage."

"ONE HAS COMPASSION for the bride, Frances," writes Mr. Wilson, "sitting under her parasol in dusty and incomprehensible temples, while her man scrambled excitedly up some wall in pursuit of a historical text. . . . Surely she saw the signs of greatness in him. Surely she had a responsive pride when he wrote his father: 'I want to read to my fellow men the oldest chapter in the history of human progress. I would rather do this than gain countless wealth.'"

SELFLESS SCHOLARS, exploiters, fakers, adventurers, missionaries — John A. Wilson has chronicled all the diverse types who found their way to Egypt. The book centers on American Egyptology of the last sixty years, an "explosion of competence" set off by Breasted and Reisner, with Winlock to follow.

"THE STORY is not always noble," warns Mr. Wilson; but, in his telling, it is absorbing, and human, and never dull.

*A *dahabiyeh* is a kind of houseboat — but, then, we all knew that, didn't we?

Signs and Wonders upon Pharaoh \$5.95

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Chicago and London



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BOOKS IN BRIEF

cipline and excitement. There is not a dull moment in them and each character has a wonderful compassionate reality. My only quarrel is with the word "novel." These are separate sketches (one appeared in *The New Yorker*, two in *The Saturday Evening Post*) of separate people whose lives never cross. One or two of the characters have the same doctors, and it is true the experience of madness is a unifying theme, but in my opinion these are just five very good stories and that's good enough.

Knopf, \$3.95

Birch Interval, by Joanna Crawford.

The slow change of the seasons in the American countryside (Pennsylvania Amish)—the slow change from childhood innocence to the awareness of evil without a loss of faith in life—has been done so many times that the miracle is to see it done again in moving terms. Yet here it is: long summer days; hidden playhouses; life on the farm; wood witches, real or imagined; adultery, real; madness (again); and in the hands of this young author it really seems a new and fresh experience.

Houghton Mifflin, \$3.95

*Mad First Novel, but
Without Madness*

If Morning Ever Comes, by Anne Tyler.

This is one of the most delightfully zany novels I have ever read—and at the same time one of the most serious and sane. A young man, an editor and critic, said to me about it: "It scares me. How can a twenty-two-year-old girl know so much about how a man feels?" Miss Tyler's protagonist is Ben Joe, a Southern boy now at Columbia Law School. His father has died sometime before under rather trauma-producing circumstances, and Ben Joe worries a lot about his huge family of women back home—his mother, his grandmother, his six sisters, and his small niece. Finally, he just leaves New York and goes home to see if they're all right. To his old girl he describes his world of anxiety:

"Then, in the middle of being loose and strong and on my own, wherever I am, along through my mind floats this island of a town

with my family on it, still mi
on the lawn beside the pi
baskets . . ."

And then when he arrives e
make contact; he can't rea
even then: "It was like one
dreams in which he was pla
leading role in a play on
night and had no idea what
was." This is the revealing
that madly funny, madly t
woman-ridden week, told
monumental feminine indi
that produces absolute clarity
pose at the end. A triumph
and perception.

Knop

Canonical

The Two Nuns, by Anne H

Translated by Emma Crau
This novel is an exercise
logical dialectics that has
pense and pace of the best
detective story, is touche
great tenderness and humar
has an intellectual exc
which creates a life of its o
struggle between the Abbes
Benedictine Convent of
France), known for her a
and her intellectually brilli
humane "daughter" is comple
temporary and exemplifies the
struggle between those who
the letter and those the s
the law. The fact that pa
affection existed between
their days as novitiates lend
passion to the argument, ar
is a factor on both sides.
end the tension becomes s
and the whole life of the
is so affected that even Fr
involved, and the resolutio
moving as it is unexpect
author's style is economical
adorned, but a feeling for
and the seasons, and the c
sound of bells, pervade the
book.

The novel—a best-sell
France—assumes special au
since it is written by a wom
was a nun and made "be
'white' and 'canonical' no
and took her first solemn vo
fore she withdrew from he
fession. She holds a doctor
Sacred Theology; she unde
the human heart; and with
ciplined but amused mind s

BOOKS IN BRIEF

derstands and seems to enjoy the human dilemma.

Sheed & Ward, \$4

NONFICTION

The Tavern Lights Are Burning, by Carl Carmer.

This is New York State, four centuries over, brightly. Mr. Carmer has divided the state into six books by geographical regions—the Hudson, the Catskills, the Taconics in the first; the Adirondacks and the St. Lawrence in the second; the Mohawk Valley and the Erie Canal in the third; the Finger Lakes in the fourth; Western New York in the fifth; and the Southern Tier as the sixth. He has chosen from literary works of each of the last four centuries short and vivid selections to give each area its own particular flavor. In the foreword, Mr. Carmer, the author of *Stars Fell on Alabama* and *Listen for a Lonesome Drum*, defines his purpose:

Whether the buckshot be Rudyard Kipling's essay on Buffalo grain elevators, Paul Horgan's perceptive notes on Rochester, Mrs. Hall's descriptions of Albany society in the early nineteenth century, Theodore Dreiser's moody narrative of crime on Adirondack waters, or Artemus Ward's report of a criminal attack on the wax figure of Judas Iscariot in a canalboat moored at Utica, I am hoping that the peppered reader will be convinced that there is an overall, one-of-a-kind nonesuchness that separates Upstate from all other land-units of the world.

McKay, \$8.50 (until Jan. 1)

\$10 (thereafter)

American Wildflowers. Photographs by Farrell Grehan, text by H. W. Rickett.

For an important name on that Christmas list, don't omit this book as a possibility. It scarcely matters whether you know or care anything about wildflowers. The photographs by Mr. Grehan, a free-lance photographer (*Life*, *Sports Illustrated*, the Museum of Modern Art), are dramatic and most unusual; all three hundred species mentioned are illustrated in full color; and the descriptions of the plants and where and how they grow are provided by the senior botanist at the New York Botanical Garden. Odyssey, \$12.95

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SAUL YELLOW

"his finest novel in Herzog... new and classic" (New York Review). And it is a Literary Guild new members may get it and, three — all for \$1. See page 7.

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MUSIC *in the round*

by *Discus*

Criteria for Hi-fi—and Costs

You can hear some music best at home—but it's not cheap . . .

It may be heresy to say so, but some music is more rewarding to hear on records than in the concert hall. Certain types of music almost never come out well over the footlights. The Bach concertos for two, three, and four harpsichords are a case in point. In a large concert hall—and most American concert halls are large—they lose their impact. Almost never does one hear the solo instruments in true relation to the strings. Even when a small orchestra is used, the harpsichords get blotted out. And, in addition, it is seldom that one hears the Bach concertos with harpsichords. On the rare occasions when these pieces turn up, the chances are that pianos rather than Bach's own instruments are used. The chances also are that the conductor and soloists have only the barest notion of Bach style and ornamentation. What we

get, nine times out of ten, are heavily romanticized performances.

On records, though, a group of specialists can be assembled; and that is what Vanguard has done for its two discs of all the multiple Harpsichord Concertos by Bach: three for two harpsichords, the pair for three harpsichords, and the A minor for four harpsichords. The soloists are Anton Heiller, Erna Heiller, Kurt Rapf, and Christa Landon, with the Solisti di Zagreb conducted by Antonio Janigro (Bach Guild BG 659 660, mono; BGS 70659 70660, stereo).

Scholars have established, with fair certainty, that none of these works is a Bach original. They seem to be transcriptions. The Concerto for Four Harpsichords was originally Vivaldi's Concerto for Four Violins. One of the two C minor Concertos is Bach's adaptation of his very familiar D minor Concerto for Two Violins. And so on. But the music is very beautiful, and is here played with

real style. Heiller and his play in a sensitive, clear, with plenty of scholarship out pedantry. And Vanguard's recorded sound is very realistic—more realistic than one will find in most concert halls. But always come through, and in these discs there is a feeling of special individual placement of solo instruments, that is startlingly clear and real thing. Given this type of sound, coupled to such performances, every home is a hall.

Apropos of such nuanced sound: not every hi-fi set in existence is geared to bring it out. Very few are. It is surprising after almost sixteen years and over five of stereo, so many record buyers have a misapprehension of what constitutes good reproduction sound. Or of how much it costs. One of the faults is the industry's failure to have ever established standards of minimum high fidelity. Quite the contrary. Even reputable corporations advertise as "hi-fi" miserable equipment units selling for \$200 or

The fact remains that hi-fi is expensive. Any machine that is intended to reproduce with fidelity what a record has to cost in the neighborhood of \$500. And this sum is for component parts, not for fancy piece of cabinetry with five-and-dime jewelry side.

Consider: the cheapest combination of turntable, arm, and cartridge that will do any kind of justice is around \$75. (No hi-fi connection by the way, would be caught with a record changer.) An amplifier-preamplifier combination around \$250. A pair of speakers will deliver an honest bass response clean to 18,000 cycles, around \$100 apiece. The speakers today are the most critical part of a hi-fi system. Many, giving extravagant claims, advertised at low prices. Most of them will not deliver anywhere near minimum high fidelity.

And anyone who wants the minimum is going to have to lay out around \$1,000 just for playback equipment, without FM radio or tape recorder. Four or five companies in America turn out superb amplifiers and preamps—at over \$500 the combination. Add a good turntable and arm, two high-

And Also . . .

Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 1. Leonard Bernstein, pianist and conductor of the New York Philharmonic (Columbia ML 5807), mono; MS 6407, stereo).

A lively, romantic, full-blooded performance. In the A minor section of the last movement, Bernstein is predictably jazzy. More Bernstein than Beethoven, perhaps, but refreshing nevertheless.

Cream Puffs aus Wien. Boskovsky Ensemble (Vanguard 9119, mono; 2129, stereo).

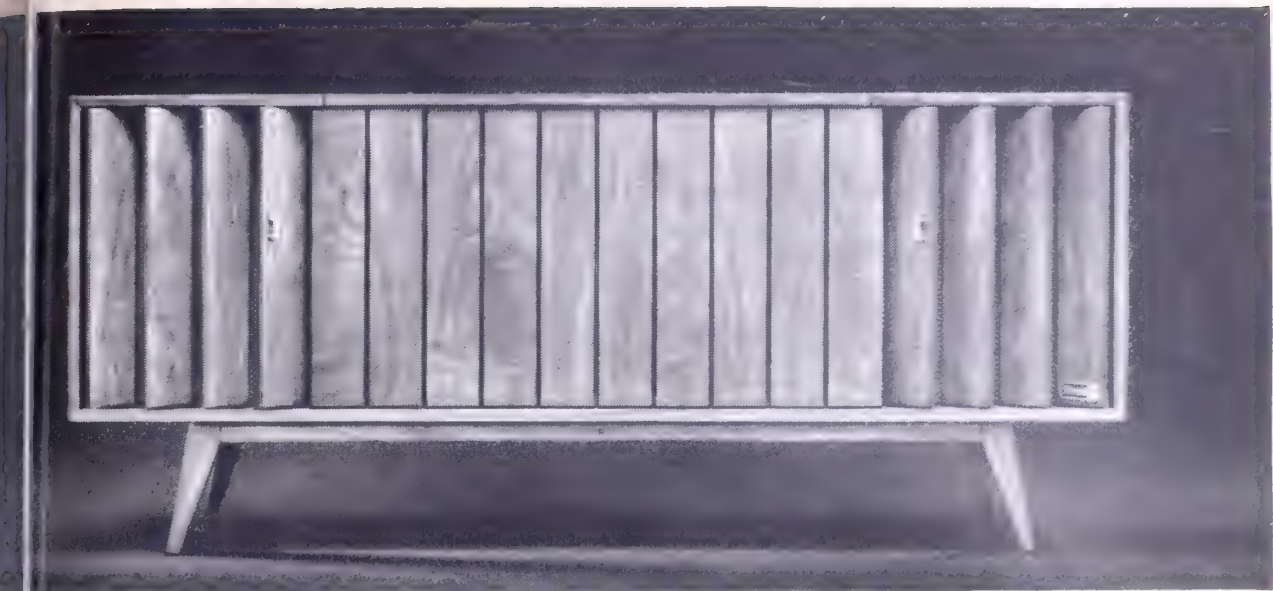
A tiny ensemble plays dance music by Beethoven, Schubert, Lanner, Josef Strauss, and Johann Sr. and Jr. The results are indescribably delightful. This is one of the most charming and relaxing discs of any year.

Chopin: Mazurkas (complete). Alexander Brailowsky, piano (Columbia M3L 285, mono, 3 discs; M3S 685, stereo).


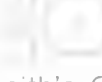
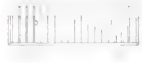
No point purchasing these awkward-sounding and insensitive performances while the great Rubinstein album of all the mazurkas remains active.

Schubert: Symphony in C. Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Arturo Toscanini (Victor LD 2663, mono only).

This performance was recorded on November 16, 1941, but never released because of technical recording defects. No matter. The sound may be non-hi-fi, but the conception is blazing: fast but controlled, full of Toscanini's typical dynamism.



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Baldwin



Official Piano and Organ, New York World's Fair, 1964-65

MUSIC IN THE ROUND

speakers, and you are up money. An analogy with piano fair. A spinet can be purchased for \$750 or so, but for a real piano by one of the two American companies that turn out quality instruments, the outlay is in the neighborhood of \$3,000. A spinet by Steinway or Baldwin grand for \$200 "hi-fi" is to a Marantz stereo setup.

Horowitz (C)

And, speaking of pianos (the best of all instruments to have only superior audio equipment begin to play back a brilliantly recorded piano disc without stereo distortion. A good example was the most recent Vladimir Horowitz disc, which contains Beethoven's *Sonata Pathétique*, three Chopin *Préludes*, two Chopin *Études*, Chopin's *B minor Scherzo*, and a Columbia ML 5941, mono; MS 6541, stereo. Horowitz has the most immensities of any pianist now active. Columbia has been giving him up recording. When Horowitz comes down on big chords, he bounces the pickup from the record. Only an arm that tracks perfectly can avoid distortion, just as a diamond stylus in perfect contact can handle those dynamics without audibly buzzing. It stands to reason that the rest of the equipment must match.

Horowitz's playing is, as Horowitz. The amazing finger technique, the awesome technique (the ending of the *B minor Scherzo* interlocked octaves instead of notes), the basically romantic pulse, the outsized dynamism—these are the pianist's own. Nor is there anything capricious about his carefully planned playing. It may not be a kind of planned, everybody's taste, and to some interpretations might sound calculated. But Horowitz's ideas are obviously a product of music, a conviction based on years of thought. Like them or not, they are peculiar to his own. And no pianist alive has equal capability of translating thought to finger. Apparently Horowitz is as well as ever, even though he has given no public recital for twelve years. How long (as the author said), how long!



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By Carl Bakal

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New York's newest skyscraper is not a steel-and-glass box; it is a radical challenge to a stagnating contemporary cliché.

By Eric Larrabee

BEHOLD THE GRASS-ROOTS PRESS, ALAS

What boilerplate and press agency are doing to the small-town editor's freedom to think and speak.

By Ben H. Bagdikian

THE COMING MAN IN EDUCATION

A profile of Jerome Seymour Bruner, a dynamic behavioral scientist based at Harvard, who argues that any subject can be taught to any child at any stage of development.

By Andrew T. Weil

WHAT YOUR DOCTOR DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT SEX

Because of a curious kind of prudery in the medical schools, many physicians are surprisingly ignorant in a field where they are supposed to be wise.

By Harold I. Lief, M.D.

. . . and in January

A special, lighthearted section for sophisticated travelers by sophisticated travelers with hints on *how*, not *where* . . . Articles on how to be extravagant, how to defend the United States from your foreign friends, how to look at architecture, how to listen to music, and many other curious, entertaining, and instructive ideas for this moment when travelers are planning their far-flung excursions.

JAZZ notes

by Eric Larrabee

Chicago

This is not so much about a book as about its liner notes, the work of James T. Maher, author, playwright, and a scholar of un-obvious jazz and popular music. One of Mr. Maher's several specialties is the dance band era—roughly, between the two world wars—and he writes of it with affection, exactness, and now and then a certain wild abandon.

Fortunately for history, we can never quite be sure at this point what will turn out to have been sequential. Certainly nobody could have predicted a respectful retrospect forty years later, of recording Isham Jones. The future seems to germinate best where no one is looking, which is presumably what the Psalmist meant by the stone which the builders refused becoming the headstone of the corner. But if someone like Mr. Maher turns up at the time, that stone can get misplaced.

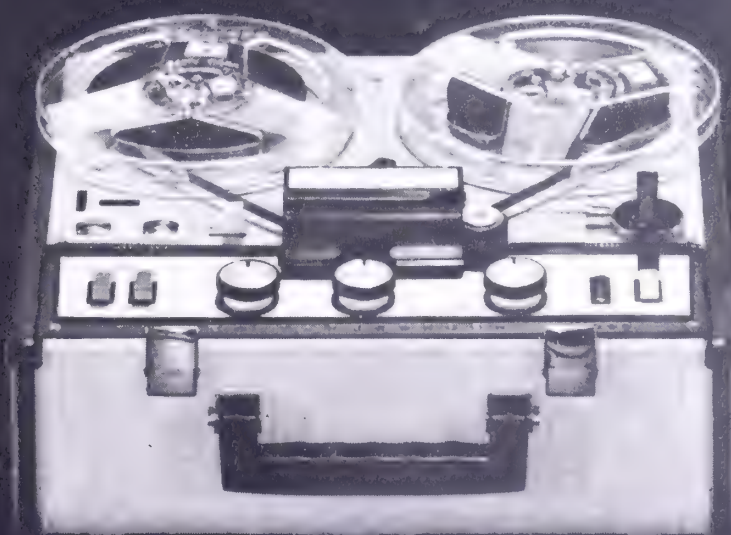
Isham Jones was the son of a Coalton (Ohio) mine boss, and one of the most successful of the legendary dance bands, based in Chicago and nourished by the city's sophistication in judging a room orchestra performance. He drew also on the blues, and on the sense of the potential that led him to convert a jiggly rag tune of Louis Carmichael's into that nonpareil romantic melancholy, "Stardust."

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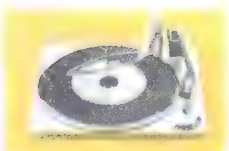
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December
1964

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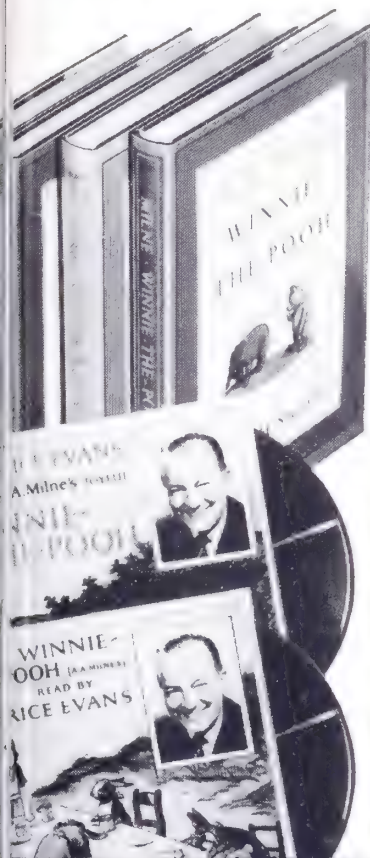
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LETTERS

The Untouchable Rupees

I was most interested in the October Easy Chair ["How to Save a Few Million Lives—and Save Money"] in which John Fischer commented on India's determined efforts to control her population and also on our own inability under present legislation to use for constructive purposes more than a moderate fraction of the rupees we receive for our shipments of P.L. 480 agricultural products. . . .

On the question of India's current food supply and the prospects for the future, . . . I would describe the current situation, which is extremely complex, in the following terms.

Contrary to many recent news stories, there is no famine in India nor is there likely to be one in the foreseeable future. Although food prices have risen sharply and the situation will probably get worse before it gets better, there are at least 20 per cent more calories available for each man, woman, and child than there were ten years ago.

This increase in basic supplies was made possible by a sharp step-up in Indian food-grain production between 1953 and 1961. . . . Since 1961, however, the situation has been much less happy for three reasons. First, the earlier spurt in production was largely achieved by opening more land for cultivation; a resource which is now rapidly diminishing. Second, India ran into three consecutive years in which the monsoon rains were either inadequate or poorly spaced. And third, India's vigorous efforts to create a sound industrial, transport, and educational infrastructure—added to the step-up of military defense spending following the Chinese attack of 1962—has created significant inflationary pressures. . . .

[Although] the actual food supplies available this year are at least as great on a per capita basis as last year or the year before, in the last fifteen months rising incomes for many millions of Indians have com-

bined with panic buying and hoarding, which has led to privation and to the bitter protests which may be expected in a democratic society.

The short-term solution to the food problem lies in the control of American wheat exports. Our own food grain production has increased, and in the improvement of distribution within India. India's long-term development problem, however, is a much more formidable one. The primary problem is *not* India's ability to feed herself. India has twice as much cultivatable land per capita as Japan and with improved techniques could increase her present output per acre by 300 or 400 per cent. The basic problem for the future lies in the fact that if India's population continues to rise at the present rate, the increase in per capita income needed for better housing and a general rise in living standards is likely to generate explosive pressures against the existing democratic system.

The solution lies in vigorous action by the Indian government on two lines. First, an intensive effort to raise food production. This requires, for a major expansion of the fertilizer industry, the more widespread ownership of rural land, better seeds, more insecticides, improved extension work, and a support system that provides incentives for the Indian cultivator. . . . The second requirement is the reduction of the birth rate, the opening up of many more public health clinics and the introduction on a mass scale of the various family-planning methods which have been proven effective in practice.

Both these objectives, in my opinion, are attainable. Indeed, India has already embarked, belatedly, of course, on a comprehensive fertilizer plant construction program. . . . Experts are working toward the establishment of price-support programs. . . . Other programs are under way. In regard to family planning, some 11,000 newly



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LETTERS

lished clinics are already beginning to show results. In some of India's large cities there has been a gradual drop in the birth rate to a point 5 to 40 per cent below the national averages....

If India succeeds in regaining a 5 per cent annual increase in food production of the 1950s and in cutting her national birth rate to present levels of Bombay and other cities, the per capita income increase would rise to more than 10 per cent. Such a figure compared annually would make an extraordinary difference in the attitudes and prospects of the 470 million citizens of the Indian Republic whose example in Asia and Africa may ultimately prove to be decisive.

CHESTER BOWEN
U.S. Ambassador to India
New Delhi, India

John Fischer's piece on the need for counterpart funds in places like India hits the mark. To allow, as we have, these enormous sums to accumulate abroad means that our balances do no good for us, and they act as a constant aggravation to the other country.

I am hopeful that Congress will get in the habit of providing foreign aid under two headings: regular dollar appropriations and allocations of our local currency accumulations.

HENRY S. REAGAN
Member of Congress, Wisconsin
Washington, D.C.

John Fischer's proposal for the U.S. to meddle in the affairs of an independent country of India is incredibly wrong from every standpoint—moral, political, scientific, practical. This type of fuzzy-headed thinking which proposes simple solutions to complex problems is quite fashionable but hardly up to the general editorial content of *Harper's*.

ARTHUR L. BROWN, JR.
Wenham, Maine

MR. FISCHER REPLIES:

The U.S. has been meddling in the affairs of India for the last two years, mostly by supplying food to stave off the continual threat of starvation. At the moment we are landing a shipload of grain every day in Indian ports. This obviously is an expensive business for the American taxpayer.

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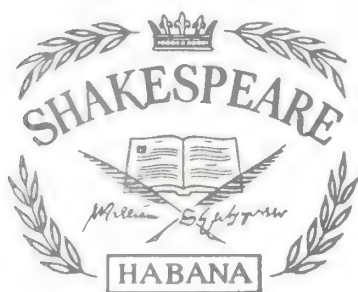
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LETTERS

can taxpayer. Does Mr. Brown think we ought to continue it indefinitely and on increasing scale as the Indian population increases; or that we should cut off wheat shipments and let the Indians starve? Surely a better solution would be to try, as I suggested in my article, to remedy the root causes of India's trouble.

Ribbing the Researchers

As the researcher (not checker, please) who arrived at the number of trees in Russia, permit me to say that Otto Friedrich's article is enough to send *any* researcher to the ladies' room for a few tears ["There Are 00 Trees in Russia: The Function of Facts in News magazines," October]. Aside from his insulting remarks about what we do to earn a living and how we do it, Mr. Friedrich says we are not *femmes fatales*, which is most ungallant, and "unqualified for anything," which is untrue. We can be quite *fatale* in circumstances other than telling a writer that his story is all wrong (perhaps none of us ever trained her guns on Mr. Friedrich), and as for our training, researchers by and large have the same education as the writers they are working for, if not a better one.

I am delighted to see that Mr. Friedrich is as much in need of correcting as ever he was while at *Newsweek*, to wit:

(1) The de Gaulle story he mentions was in April 1958, not March.

(2) The per cent we used for unemployed in Sicily was 9, not 8.

(3) Our figure for the Sudanese Army was 5,000, not 17,000.

For the height and age of Charles de Gaulle (Mr. Friedrich has neither), interested readers can refer to the October 5, 1964, issue of *Newsweek*, page 76.

FAY WILLEY
New York, N. Y.

MR. FRIEDRICH COMMENTS:

I am mortified at the accusation of ungallantry, and, if guilty, deeply apologetic. As for the rest of Miss Willey's "corrections," I say, "*Qui s'excuse, s'accuse.*"

In Mr. Friedrich's article, I came across: "But how much does it really matter whether a newsmagazine re-

ports that de Gaulle . . . sniffs Gaulloises or Chesterfields . . ." Now ever this may be, it does matter whether he smokes Gauloise or Gaulloises. This misspelling is quite odd in an article that argues against the importance of the "checker."

PAUL D. ZIMMERMAN
Asst. Ed., *Newsweek*
New York, N. Y.

The editors of Harper's apologize to Mr. Friedrich and the readers for this oddity.

I finished Otto Friedrich's excellent report, then picked up the evening paper and read:

"This Thanksgiving, turkey was being sold at around \$.00 per pound in the metropolitan area."

It was a perfect example of a "TO KUM" that never KAME.

THOMAS B. CONGDON
Stamford, Conn.

Québec Lie

It was interesting, in the light of Jacqueline Moore's article on the Case for an Independent Québec [October], to go back and read Lord Durham's 1839 Report on Queen Victoria, which dealt with more or less the same subject. In Durham's Report, as all Canadian schoolchildren are supposed to know, he recommended the union of the French and English parts of Canada in the first place, a union that was finally consummated in 1867. Here are some of his observations:

"I found two nations warring in the bosom of a single state. I found a struggle, not of principles, but of races; and I perceived that it would be idle to attempt any amelioration of laws or institutions until we could first succeed in terminating the deadly animosity that now separates the inhabitants of Lower Canada into the hostile division of French and English. . . .

"It is but a question of time and mode; it is but to determine whether the small number of French who inhabit Lower Canada shall be ruled by English, under a government which can protect them, or whether the process shall be delayed until a larger number shall have to undergo at the rude hands of its uncontrollable rivals, the extinction of a nation."

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and you
nd up with...



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a license to be young.

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engines, 3-speed automatic transmissions

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FOR FREE WINE SELECTOR, a guide that tells you how to choose and enjoy wines, write to The Christian Brothers, Department WF, 23 Union Street, San Francisco 23, California.

LETTERS

ened and embittered by con-
e. . . ."

not by any means wish to im-
port of oh-if-they'd-only-done-
ord-Durham-said-everything-
e-okay attitude. . . . Indeed
s to me that the Canadians
ast century deserve nothing
ise for initiating such an in-
g and noble experiment as
ilingualism. The only unfor-
part of it is the conclusion
he rest of the world is now
to draw, that the experiment
ailure.

G. ALAN ROBISON, Ph.D.
Vanderbilt University
Nashville, Tenn.

A Homer for Miss Moore!

ge Plimpton's article on "The
Series with Marianne Moore"
er] was a pleasant surprise.
always been an admirer of
ore's poetry and now she has
ven higher in my eyes, for
so a baseball fan. Often liter-
ple have a snobbish attitude
sports; this certainly is not
e with Miss Moore.

RON WEISGERBER
Belleville, Ill.

The Wheat Germ Bug

Fredrick J. Stare is no slouch
fine art of innuendo ["Sense
Nonsense About Nutrition,"
r]. He mentions certain foods
will not help one win at
but winning at tennis is not
sue. The implication is that
od is as good as another, and
a great fallacy. There is more
l vitamin B complex in wheat
or brewer's yeast than in any
food. . . . Sunflower seeds are
ellent source of amino acids.
s are good sources of proteins.
the main differences between
are and the health-food people
r views on refined foods, espe-
sugar and flour. No nutritionist
y of his sea salt will claim that
are beneficial. Perhaps under
n conditions we cannot have
roduced automobiles and
round grain at the same time,
least call a spade a spade and
ery "just as good." . . .

ALBERT E. REINTHAL, JR.
New York, N. Y.

Grammarians Revolt

Andrew Schiller's indictment of
college instruction and admission of
failure in the field of English is a
welcome relief from the usual con-
demnation of the elementary schools.
"The Coming Revolution in Teach-
ing English" [October] arrived some
time ago at Garrison School. The
good student and the good instruc-
tional program of language arts
ignores teaching nomenclature gram-
mar and its associations. Students
learn to communicate through writ-
ing, by writing not observing, blank
filling, grammar lessons, etc. Re-
search in the language arts has
shown for a good many years that
successful grammar students do not
necessarily write well. The answer—
many opportunities to write, capital-
izing on personal experience, encour-
agement by the teacher, proofreading
by the pupil. The desire instilled in
pupils to communicate properly, with
understanding and learning, is the
secret of success.

No, Mr. Schiller, college profes-
sors can reconquer their own terri-
tory by teaching, not hoping for
completely educated pupils. If the
elementary school were to accomplish
all of the academic wishes of the
college professors, the sixth grade
would be terminal. Then college
professors could just sit and theorize
and not be bothered with the job of
teaching pupils.

ROBERT J. LINDSEY
Principal, Garrison School
Rockford, Ill.

Andrew Schiller concludes that
students who were taught English
conventionally and those who took
the "structural linguistics" experi-
ment "came out exactly even" when
they were examined. . . . The article
does not prove the value of structural
linguistics nor its superiority over
conventional grammar. Apparently
we have to find an answer to our prob-
lem not in structural linguistics but
elsewhere. . . .

Whatever happened to George
Bernard Shaw's plan for the simplifi-
cation of the English language? Is
anyone using the money left in
Shaw's will for this purpose?

DR. LEWIS A. RICHARDS
Rose Polytechnic Institute
Terre Haute, Ind.



Give her L'Aimant before
someone else does . . .

L'AIMANT
spray mist by
COTY





Christmas List *by John Fischer*

A special holiday greeting to the following people, whose doings of the past year deserve more attention—and in some cases more public gratitude—than they have yet received:

1. *To a man, who prefers that his name not be published, who read Charles Silberman's article, "Give Slum Children a Chance," in last May's issue of Harper's.*

He wrote us that "I was so impressed . . . that I decided to give the Institute of Developmental Studies—which is part of New York Medical College—a grant which would enable it to extend its work." He put up \$50,000 over a five-year period to enable the Institute to start an experimental class for about eighteen slum children of preschool age, mostly from broken homes. Such children, the Institute had found, ordinarily do badly when they enter the first grade. It hopes that a year of special training for three hours a day will give the eighteen experimental youngsters a running start; and it plans to follow them through the first few years of regular schooling, to see how they do in comparison with children who have not had such preschool help. "I sincerely hope," the anonymous donor wrote, "that we can interest other contributors . . . so that the work can be extended and continued and used as a model."

2. *To Representative Clarence E. Kilburn, the senior member of New York's Congressional delegation, for a kind of judgment and self-sacrifice which is rare among politicians.*

He had a safely Republican upstate district which has returned him to Congress for a quarter of a century, and he probably could have continued to win reelection indefinitely. But last spring he announced to his startled colleagues that he wasn't going to run again because at seventy-one he felt too old for the job. (So far, however, his example has not been followed by other members of the House—about three dozen of them—who are in their seventies and eighties, and whose capacity to handle the grueling work of Congress is in most cases noticeably less than Mr. Kilburn's.)

3. *To the managers of Hilton hotels overseas, who suffer unjustly from the snobbery of certain American travelers.*

These are the tourists who proclaim at every opportunity that they would never dream of staying at a Hilton, because one learns so much more about the Real Life of a foreign country by putting up at a native hostelry. This notion may have some merit in Europe, but when you move east of the Thirty-eighth Meridian there isn't much to it. In Iran, for example, if you tried to stop at one of the caravanserais used by ordinary local travelers (that is, pilgrims, camel drivers, and truckers) you would throw the establishment into an uproar of suspicion and embarrassment, almost as if a man from Mars had asked for a lodging. For the cultural gap is simply too wide to be bridged on the spur of the moment. A Westerner is expected, sensibly enough, to stay at

Westernized hotels—which are vastly preferred by the relatively few upper-class Iranians who can afford them. Your choice in Tehran in practice, would be a Swiss hotel such as the Palace, or a place like the French tradition such as the Park, or the Hilton. All are good, but the latter is the favorite of the Iranians—and only partly because it is owned by the Shah's private charitable foundation. Its prices are relatively moderate—one local businessman assured me that it would double them and still keep full—occupied—its staff is the best trained and its view, food, furnishings, and thoughtfulness are superior. (If you arrive at 2:00 A.M., after a long flight, as my wife and I did, you will find awaiting you in your room a silver tray containing a single glass of a bottle of iced vodka, and a "Bonne Nuit" note from the manager.) Is there any truth in the canard that all overseas Hiltons are exactly like their American counterparts? The one that I have seen has adopted the best of the local food, drinks, customs, and customs. Even in Greece, for instance, many residents will tell you that you can find the best cooking in the basement taverna of the Athens Hilton.

4. *To the Isfahan Hotel, a native-type establishment in the sixteenth-century capital of Persia for its arithmetical originality, if it can't be commended for anything else.*

The rooms on one side of the second-floor corridor are numbered 1, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 28, 29, 30, 15



Photographed at the Ford Motor Company assembly plant in Milpitas, California

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research" has its place. But it's not the only kind of investigation a Witter research man does when entering an industry. He frequently digs to the source of financial information, adding his own findings to the research information. At we spend 114,000 hours a year

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find this attitude of extra attention to the job reflected in all we do. We call it digging deep—and you'll notice this spirit in the Witter man you talk to.

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16 in that sequence. No member of the present staff has any idea why.

5. *To Dr. Richard A. Jaynes of the Connecticut Agriculture Experiment Station in New Haven, for research which promises to restore the chestnut tree to the American landscape.*

Originally one of the loveliest, most useful, and most widespread of the Eastern hardwoods, the chestnut was virtually wiped out during the first third of this century by a fungus disease unwittingly brought into this country on saplings imported from the Orient. The only surviving American chestnuts are in a few isolated groves, planted many years ago in the Midwest—far beyond the natural range of the tree and therefore out of reach of the spreading fungus.

Working with the late Dr. Arthur H. Graves of the Brooklyn Botanical Garden and with federal scientists, Dr. Jaynes has now developed blight-resistant strains by crossing sprouts from the surviving American stock with Japanese and Chinese chestnuts. As the result of hundreds of experiments, he has finally produced nine different hybrids, each with special characteristics; some are particularly suitable for lawns, others for forest growth, still others for commercial nut production. Already he is beginning to distribute them to other scientific agencies, nurserymen, and commercial growers, and within a generation the spreading chestnut tree may again be a common sight from Maine to South Carolina. If so, Dr. Jaynes will be one of the very few Americans who have done something to beautify a continent which the rest of us are busily uglifying with auto graveyards, billboards, shabby real-estate developments, and beer cans.

6. *To Marcus Cohn, a Washington lawyer, for founding the Cortez A. M. Ewing Foundation in memory of a teacher whom he remembered with special gratitude.*

Thirty years ago Mr. Cohn was an undergraduate at the University of Oklahoma, where he was profoundly influenced by a young and somewhat unorthodox professor of government. Dr. Ewing was disgusted when his students parroted back, in their examination papers, what he had said

in the classroom; but he was delighted when they argued with him. Often he would continue the argument late into the night at his own home, over a then-illegal glass of home-brewed beer. His chief aim was to apply an intellectual hotfoot to drowsy minds—and in a surprising number of cases he succeeded.

When Dr. Ewing died recently, Marcus Cohn decided to try to continue his tradition by setting up a fund, not for any of the usual academic purposes, but specifically to encourage students to think for themselves—"to reexamine continuously their conclusions, their judgments, and their attitudes concerning the processes of society." To start it off, he gave a substantial sum of his own money. He shouldered the job of soliciting other contributions from Ewing's former students; and he enlisted two of these—Carl Albert, Majority Leader of the House of Representatives, and Dr. Dean Woolridge, scientist and corporate executive—to serve as trustees. The Foundation's income will be used primarily to provide special lectures and seminars at the University of Oklahoma on "the study of political ideas" and to bring in speakers on subjects not covered in the regular curriculum.

7. *To Masafumi Yasugi, director of the mayor's office (in effect, city manager) of Kyoto, for consideration far beyond the call of duty to American visitors who are seriously interested in Japanese politics.*

On at least two recent occasions, he has taken time out of his crowded schedule to conduct such visitors through the city's offices, explain its development plan, its financial problems and its political infighting, and to entertain them at Junidanya,

Kyoto's most sumptuous restaurant. And just for good measure he sometimes provides his official car, and a charming young lady interpreter to take his American visitors to the municipal symphony, the Geisha theatre, the Zen temple, and the other landmarks of Japanese life in some city. And as he says gently, he is likely to ask—in the tone of good politicians everywhere—"Do you have any ideas for improving Kyoto?" I wish it were possible to assure Mr. Yasugi that he will get an equally generous welcome when he pays his first visit to the United States.

8. *To Eliezer Goldfarb, director at New York's City Center who spent a fourth of his life in England, who got his start in life by writing a single advertisement for the Sunday New York Times.*

Entitled "Thanks," it was an essay in blank verse which Mr. Goldfarb had composed to express his joy at being alive in the United States where we are "pressed by none" and "we have squabbles but they are few." Mr. Goldfarb, who spent most of his life as an actor and a man, had not brought him much money, but he felt it had brought him many blessings. And at the age of seventy-seven, he decided it was time to acknowledge them in the best way he could. If not exactly the best poem the Times has ever published, his certainly was one of the most moving.

9. *To the party bosses of the Soviet Union, for an almost total lack of display of un-Communist behavior: tact, delicacy, and good feeling.*

One of the Communist family secrets is the fact that she had a mistress—Inessa Armand, daughter of a French father and a Scottish mother, both music-hall performers. Her real name was Inessa d'Herbenville. After her husband's death she grew up in the shadow of a Russian industrialist, Leonid Armand, and eventually married him. She spoke five languages, played the piano well, joined the Bolshevik faction of the Communist party, and became a close friend of both Lenin and his wife.

After Lenin became her lover

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THE PAUL MASSON SWITCHBLADE; OR HOW TO OPEN A BOTTLE OF GOOD WINE



good wine has a good cork to protect it as
vines. And every good wine has a heavy foil
to keep the cork good.

First thing in opening a bottle is to cut away
about a quarter of an inch below the top. After
wiping around the lip of the bottle with a
towel. And then you pull the cork.*

The classic tool for both cutting the foil and
pulling the cork is the *tire-bouchant* beloved of French
winemakers. It not only has a corkscrew and a gadget that
turns to give easy leverage, but it has its own
blade—just the thing for slicing through
the other end.

One might think that such a handy device would be
native to this country, but if it is we've never been able
to make it. We have been ordering them from France
for over a hundred years. Like many high quality

items, the supply is a little slow, which is possibly why
we haven't offered them to you before.

However, we have a couple of hundred on hand
now, each nicely wrapped in tissue and neatly boxed,
and we will be happy to send you one if you will write
us at Saratoga, California and enclose \$2.00. First come,
first served.** (If more than 200 of you want them and
it looks as though there'll be a considerable delay,
we'll let you know immediately. You'll hear from us
one way or the other.)

And since there's not much point in having a nice
bottle opener without having some good wine to open
with it, we'll also send along a booklet telling about
Paul Masson's thirteen table wines together
with the regular label from each of the bottles.
This last so you'll know exactly what to look
for next time you go out to buy wine.



wife, Krupskaya, offered to leave if he wanted to marry Inessa. He preferred not to disturb their reasonably tranquil *ménage à trois*, and Krupskaya and Inessa apparently remained on good terms. When Inessa died in 1920, Krupskaya wrote her obituary for *Pravda*.

Soon after Lenin's death, four years later, all of his letters were published as historic documents of the nation he founded—except his letters to Inessa. (Her letters to him were never published either, although they were carefully collected by the Marx-Lenin Institute.) Only after the death of Krupskaya in 1939 was the existence of their correspondence made public, by the printing of two of Inessa's letters in *Bolshevik*, a party organ. An additional twenty-five letters were published in 1952, and it is still not clear whether they constitute the complete file.

When Bertram D. Wolfe, an authority on Soviet history, described these curious proceedings in *Encounter* last February, he suggested that the Marx-Lenin Institute had withheld publication for so long, not for political reasons, but because it was aware of Krupskaya's "personal sensitiveness" about her rival.

10. To Ann Moray, novelist and singer, for memorable aplomb.

At a luncheon of the American Booksellers Association last summer she sang a group of Celtic folk songs, as a means of interesting the booksellers in her new novel about Wales, *The Rising of the Lark*. At a dramatic musical moment she stepped backwards, fell off the dais, and disappeared from sight—but never missed a note. Still singing, she clambered back on the platform and finished her act. (Unfortunately, it did not, however, noticeably help the sales of her book.)

11. To the Coastal States Gas Producing Company, for its demonstration of the glories of "free" enterprise, particularly for those happy few who are subsidized by us, the poor dumb taxpayers.

In its annual report, issued from the home office in Corpus Christi, Texas, the company announced a 33 per cent gain in net income over the previous year. Moreover, its return

on the stockholders' investment has exceeded 33 per cent for each of the last five fiscal years—and investment itself has been snowballing year by year, since the firm plows back its earnings into the business, instead of paying dividends. Thus, whenever a stockholder decides to cash in, he will pay taxes only at the low capital-gains rate, instead of the higher rate he would have had to pay on regular dividends.

Best of all, the company itself currently is paying no federal income taxes. This, indeed, is the main reason it can report such a deep, velvety profit. As the report explains it, "Intangible development costs arising from drilling activities, although capitalized on the company's books, are deductible expenses for income-tax purposes." In addition, of course, the firm enjoys those lovely depreciation and depletion allowances which our thoughtful Congress provides for the special benefit of oil and gas producers.

Finally, it profits from monopoly advantages, since it sells much of its gas to such cities as Austin, Houston, San Antonio, Beaumont, and Port Arthur—and public regulation in Texas, such as it is, notoriously favors the producers rather than the consumers.

The result was a net profit of \$12 million in the last fiscal year. This amounted to \$1.82 a share, or more than a tenfold increase since the company was started nine years ago. (Even in its first year, the firm made \$680,000, which is nice going for a fledgling small business.)

Another result is that Coastal States gets all the benefits of national government—from highways to defense—for nothing; while the rest of us, who don't enjoy the advantages of monopoly and special tax gimmicks, have to pay its share of the tax bill as well as our own. And why shouldn't we, so long as nobody seems to be interested enough in tax reform to stir up even a ripple of concern in Congress?

12. To The Reprieved Generation—roughly, everybody under thirty-five—for two blessings denied to its fathers and grandfathers.

It is the first generation in a long while which has not had to suffer either a world war or a world depres-

sion. Twenty-five years ago, World War II had just begun. Twenty years before that, World War I was just settling into its first gray winter. (Indeed, for most of history, one major war each generation has been normal. The records of mankind, like those of most American families, get pretty hazy beyond five generations back; but each of those who was involved in war, and I doubt that their predecessors in the British Isles and North America fought just as regularly right up to the Ice Age.)

God knows, this generation has troubles enough: little wars such as Korea and Vietnam, a persistent 6 per cent unemployment, the slow process of racial integration, the population explosion, the so-far-insoluble problems of urban congestion, the ease of living with atomic weapons. But all these are incomparably less appalling than either a World War or a Great Depression—troubles that a generation which does not live through them cannot grasp.

As the London *Economist* pointed out a few weeks ago, "The men of this last generation have done immeasurably better than their fathers' generation; if they had done so, life on this planet would not now exist."

So, come to think of it, we have more to be thankful for than we always realize. Merry Christmas.

Is Nothing Sacred?

Or, Have You Told Your Child About the Birds and the Whistles?

A high intensity whistle works as a replacement for bees in pollinating tomatoes. The whistle loosens the pollen in a tomato blossom stamen, causing it to fall into the pistil. Battelle Memorial Institute researchers foresee use of the whistle in greenhouses where the absence of bees, wind, and other natural pollination of tomatoes is done by hand. The technique may cut pollination costs by two-thirds, Battelle claims.

—Wall Street Journal, December 1963

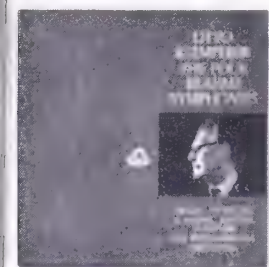


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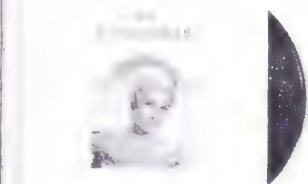
Brahms: Four Symphonies
Klepper and Philharmonia Orch.
Approximately twenty-four dollars



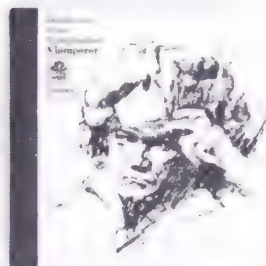
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Nathan Milstein
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Beethoven: 32 Piano Sonatas
Artur Schnabel
Approximately seventy-eight dollars



Strauss: Der Rosenkavalier Highlights
Elisabeth Schwarzkopf
Approximately six dollars



Beethoven: Nine Symphonies
Klemperer and Philharmonia Orch.
Approximately fifty dollars



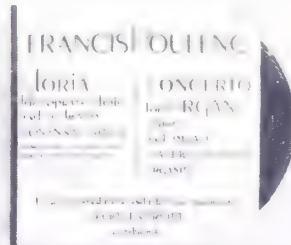
Puccini: La Bohème
Freni, Gedda, Schippers, Cond.
Approximately twelve dollars



Puccini: Madame Butterfly
de los Angeles, Bjoerling
Approximately eighteen dollars



Ravel: The Complete Orchestral Works
Chytens, Paris Conservatoire Orch.
Approximately twenty-four dollars



Poulenc: Gloria; Organ Concerto
Georges Prêtre, Conductor
Approximately six dollars

After Hours

The Nameless New Dance

by Fabian Bowers



A few years back, a terpsichoromantic friend of mine showed me a thing that had come in the mail for him, marked, "To be delivered on the first day of spring." It was already summer, but never mind. For your information the "thing" is reproduced on page 23.

"It's a spring poem," I crowed after a few minutes' deciphering.

Rain roof

Wet with sensation

Washed with pleasure.

"Not entirely . . . it's music, so far," he said. And my friend unfolded these delicately penciled instructions:

Let one tiny moth land on this page
Then shake it gently off
Dust the paper
Light one match and
Blow it out slowly
While one flute whispers middle C
for ten seconds piano
and one viola plucks middle C
Softly twice

Later that year, my friend assembled an orchestra—three persons and a moth—and a little audience was invited to hear-see the piece performed. After I had sadly watched the score burn quietly into a nothingness of black ash, I was frustratingly informed that, "It wasn't music, you know . . . and it wasn't a poem. What it really is, is Dance . . . the New Dance."

The author of that particular music-poem-dance composition, Lucia

Dlugoszewski, I found out, is a young musician whose celebrity rests in part on her equal-accompaniments to Erick Hawkins, the dancer. Among partisans of the New Dance, she is noted for her 101 (at reliable count) newly invented instruments—ladder harps of resonant woods, beaters, rattles, sticks against sticks, seeds against paper, and various glasses and glass shatterers. Her first theatrical riot occurred a couple of years ago when, for climax to Hawkins' dance titled "Here and Now with Watchers," her score demanded that she tear one large sheet of noisy cardboard. Audiences invariably applaud or scorn this moment, out of astonishment if nothing else. As for the dancer, his high spot comes as, for no seeming reason, he slowly bends to touch his cheek to the floor. "It's wondrous, that's all," he once explained when pressed for an interpretation.

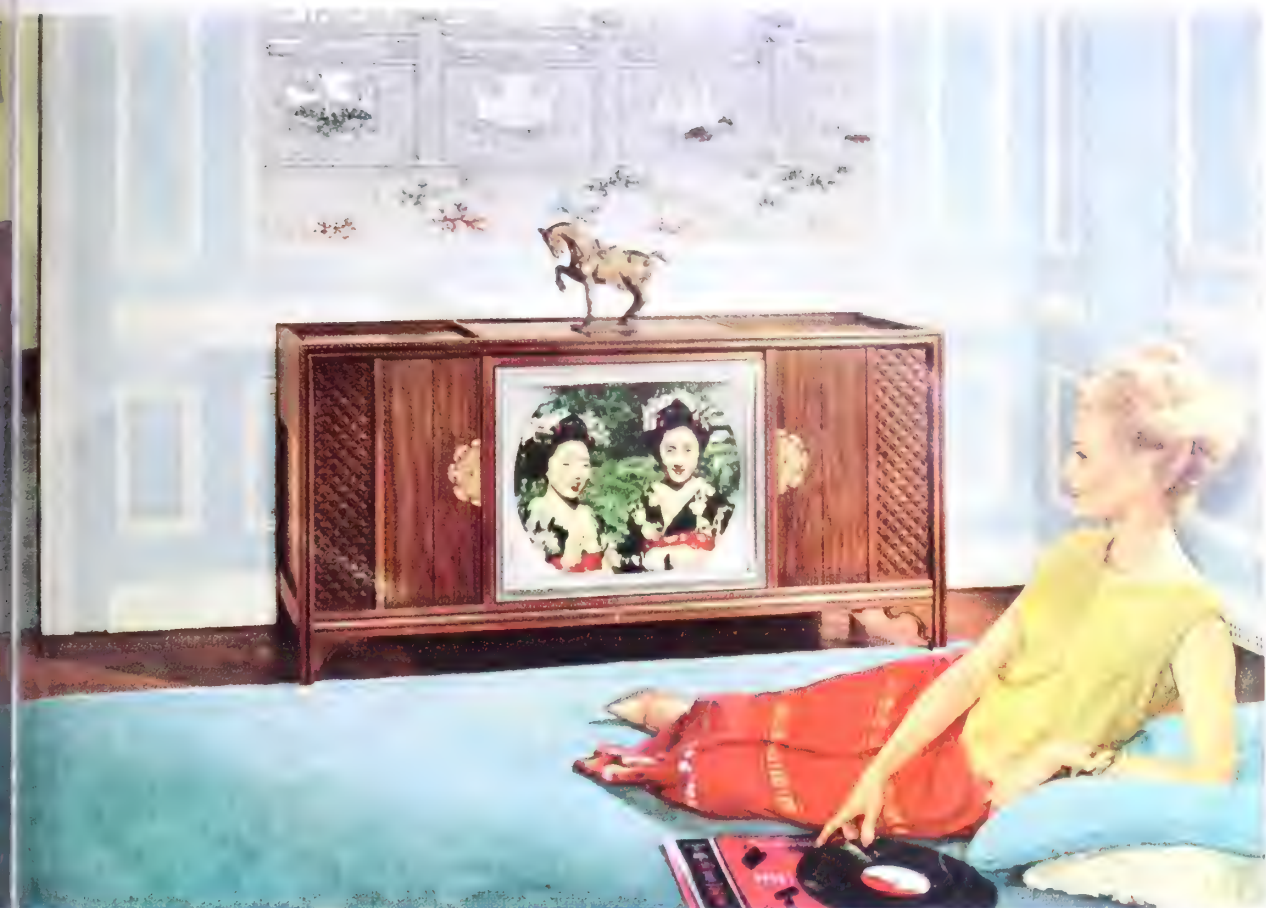
A host of other experimenters in the dance art, I learned, have been going about their earnest work and play here and there in New York City in recent years. They are now taking their discoveries on tour as far as Toronto, Chicago, and San Francisco. But is it dance? And is it art?

What about this, for example, which played at Stage 73 in Manhattan? The title was irrelevant: "Prairie." The audience was sitting in semi-darkness when, suddenly, the house lights went up and the stage

lights dimmed. Alex Hay, aged, wearing sweat-socks, dungarees, T-shirt, with four pillows tethered to his waist, climbed in and out down the rungs of a giant ladder reached as high as the proscenium. Intermittently, a stentorian recording of his voice (the log said so) inquired, "Is that comfortable?" Mr. Hay responded to the question. Sometimes his position and often not. On occasion he was noncommittal. Suspense, as he gripped the ladder, was not in his mind; he would fall, or what he would do so much as in wondering how he would reply and if he would come to rest. The six minute program said so) concluded the taped voice gradually fading out, repeating sepulchral, "comfortable . . . comfortable . . . comfortable . . ." The indefatigable Mr. Hay had now descended the ladder on the other side, and was asleep entwined in its rungs.

This number was "dance," I was forced to infer, because the program was given by the Surplus (or the New Dance Theatre. Another way of identifying it was by looking around the dance critics were there.

Mr. Bowers, who has written on the theatre arts of Asia, has recently translated "Primer of Hinduism" and is completing a long biography of S.



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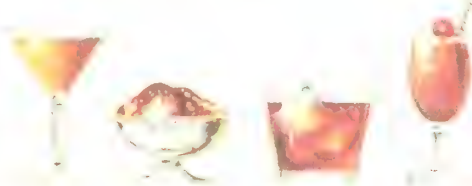
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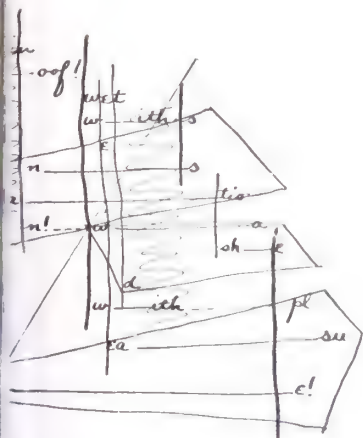
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AFTER HOURS

wrote the next morning that we worry our heads about the m, but he was wrong and, more, in a minority. how would you label the fol-? Mikhail Santoro of the Ex-n of Two Arts Theatre per-one number, "Calligraphy," by an invisible line up from out floor, turning and bending and ng brush strokes (visible) on as of brown wrapping paper. sult is a painting, is a dance, k.

her notable performance also pigeons. This time, the critics were not present; art however, were. It took place adison Avenue gallery, uptown. play was a star of the down-world, Fred Herko. The en- invitations had announced sh." Offstage we heard the low t tones of a flute. Eventually, ing beneath a black umbrella ad in a black bear-fur, floor-surtout, and playing the flute f, Mr. Herko appeared. Ending elf-accompanied and doubtless l entry, he spread-eagled him- d his fur coat in the center of llery. The audience watched our sides.

n the orchestra—a mobile of rom an abandoned beach um-ganging from the ceiling—took the accompaniment. Hanging ach spoke was a little drum or iolin. As a musician named Joe turned switches, spiderlike nisms of metal began spinning irring and touched the instru-erratically to make them titter nkle. Thickening this musical e was the cloppety-clatter of



... is a dance, is a talk."



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AFTER HOURS

suspended clothespins, activated a small electric fan.

Mr. Herko now rises, naked to the waist up. (In another performance of his, he appears onstage naked from the waist down, but with a vaguely protective cloak.) He begins to spin (dervish, see?) around and around. First to the right, clockwise and then to the left, he winds and unwinds, increasing his tempo as he works against the automatic conditions which sustain the pitch momentarily and regulate the speed automatically. Watching, we feel our sweat trickle as we cooperate with the performer and his search for—what? The more he does the same thing the more we, perversely, want him to keep on doing it, regardless of how tired he may be or bored we are.

We grasp at the meaning, and struggle against electricity. No, that's not it. Endurance, that's all. Dervish. Unexpectedly, Mr. Herko speaks: "I have to be in a state of graceful dance." (So, it is a dance.) His words trail away. "I am grateful to you for the loan of this fur coat," he says as he treads on it. "I'm getting winded," he admits after ten minutes of spinning. By now we see an end to what was expected and he, had hoped would be perpetual motion. "This is about it . . ." is the last one step from total collapse, and he, glazed, half-mesmerized, he vanishes, leaving the audience half-mesmerized too. Next day, an art critic asks facetiously, "Heard any good performances lately?"

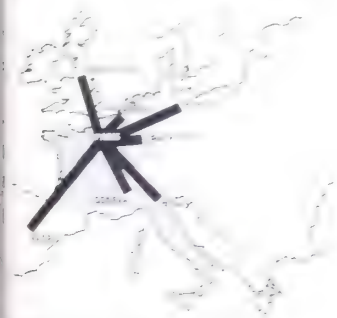
What You

No matter what confusions and uncertainties these new "things" arouse, to me the movement is well worth the pursuit. Not in a long time has modern dance-theatre been so alive, so challenging or shocking. Call it what you like—Dance of the Absurd, Dance of Chance, No Dance at All, Kismet Theatre, Pop, Avant-garde—neither we nor they, it gradually becomes clear, will ever reach a compromise term. Nor will the dispute, "Is it dance? Is it art?" resolve itself at least not until the whole matter has come and gone. One performance is blandly billed as "what-nots, experiences, diversions, happenings, events . . ." That program sounds more like life than dance, and if I gather, the new dancer's manifesto

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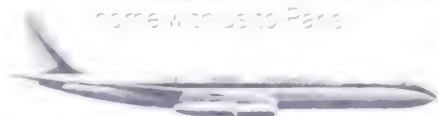


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AFTER HOURS

New inventions in the dance really come about only when (1) are tired of the old, and (2) something—anything—new. Experiments seem to coincide among young "downtown" in New York meaning (geographically and artistically) nearer to Greenwich Village than to the Broadway stage, the academy ballet of Lincoln Center. These new dancers not only do something new; they are willing to break their necks in reaching for it.

Some of them, such as Judith Taylor or Deborah Hay, could have stayed in go in classical ballet; and others, like Merce Cunningham and Paul Taylor, could have grown old securely on the Martha Graham frontier of experimental dance-drama. (The Paul Taylor Dance Company's premiere "The Red Room" was a highlight of the Festival of Two Worlds at Lincoln Center in Italy, this summer, and Merce Cunningham has swept London in recent years.) If you ask these new avant-gardists why they dance, most of them answer, "Why not? Some look surprised and challenge you, 'What's so funny about that?' If you press your point, you find they dance in new ways. It's new it's anti-dance at times—just see how far the elastic stretches.

I have talked with the performers and their cognoscenti, and have listened to some pretty cryptic remarks. "Sweat of the brow, sweat of the feet—same water," was how a youngster defined his dance. More lucidly, Murray Close, star performer at the Henry Street Playhouse, said, "Whatever it teaches, it proves that there are many ways than one to build a house." *New York Times* critic Allen Tate once rejoiced that "now we have there are thirteen ways of looking at a blackbird." Paul Taylor moves easily in both the classical and the classical dance art observing new "pop-type dance mustn't be taken too seriously, because it's just another way of doing things."

"Baking a cake can be a metaphor," says James Waring, the avant-garde sire of the avant-garde in dance, almost as if to illustrate this. He has directed a play called "Under the Cake" and is choreographing a dance where the star comes out of a pie. Speaking in *Signet* Magazine.

John Barrymore in the title role in "Svengali," the screen adaptation of Du Maurier's "Trilby." New England Life was in its 97th year.



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and elsewhere, Mr. Waring has the "I believe" of the new dance. "Dance is any aimless movement without an object in mind. . . . Art is anything you put your finger at and say, 'This is art.'"

One principle seems to be rather certain. The tedium of fidelity in dance is done with. "I explode the same bubble twice," how Erick Hawkins expressed the new dance all is astounding, denyingly delightful, and sometimes terrifyingly disturbing. Albee, in one experimental number, pulled the stage curtain only a few inches and danced behind it. The performance consisted of lickety-split, manic toes and ankles. Another, Yvonne Rainer, in a magnificent play of self-control, waited for wings until the music had played itself out (almost), before she made her momentary appearance. This, I think, we can safely call "anti-dance." Sometimes the dancer appears, refuses to move while on stage (Taylor). Occasionally, he dances carefully manufactured silence, trying objects picked up from the street (Merce Cunningham).

The Unconscious at Work

A basic rule, too, appears to be that the ordinary must be alchemized into the extraordinary. Take, for example, Judith Dunn in her recent program she called it "Motorcycle," and I believe there was one off in the direction somewhere—at the Judson Memorial Church in Greenwich Village. There she or her dancers ironed clothes how ordinary. But then the ironing took place while the clothes were being worn . . .

Or look at this curious moment in another of her numbers, called "Venus." One girl is motionless, standing. From a distance, another girl slowly approaches. The speeded motion is drawn out to almost unbearable tension by glaring light. The drawing closer seems suspicious; it must mean murder. Then she reaches her victim. With delicate, sadistic movements she draws a brush and gives the girl's hair a long, slow stroke. (Are they friends, Lady and hairdresser?) The emotion shifts again, as the girl emits a drawn-out "ooooooooooccechhhhh" vocal slow motion. Terror has

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AFTER HOURS

injected into the simple process of one girl brushing another's hair. Indeed, your subconscious has made a fool of you, by revealing you to yourself. But no matter.

The new dance, despite its fetish of incomprehensibility, is often capable of hinting at a story. Here is how Yvonne Rainer handles a "theme" in "Three Seascapes" (a cryptogram for "escapes?"). After a loud and brassy recorded performance of a long and velvety Rachmaninoff Concerto, Miss Rainer appears in a black trench coat. She runs frantically in straight, brief, jagged lines, her soft hair blowing in the self-generated breeze. It is the seaside, night, and the woman is looking for a lost lover. "Seascape Two" shows a white veil (for marriage?) in the center of the stage, with the woman's coat on it. In "Seascape Three" Miss Rainer wears purple tights. The music begins: "Poem for Chairs, Tables, Benches," by La Monte Young, performed by scraping these objects along the floor, screeching and grating. Miss Rainer's hands and fingers contract spasmodically. She reaches ineptly for her nose, her hair, her eyes. Like a demented spastic, she seeks to establish her body. Suddenly, she is seized in a fit, screams, shouts, rolls over the floor entwined in the veil and coat (no marriage?). Not an original story—Lucia di Lammermoor or Giselle, the love-turned-mad theme—but Miss Rainer presents the insanity in piercing fragments, with painful intensity.

On from Nijinsky

Such Beat, or off-beat, or far-out performances as these began obscurely. Strangely, though perhaps fittingly, some of the first of these iconoclastic forms, these artistic sacrileges, took place at the Judson Memorial Church, where they still are performed. The dancers needed a cheap stage, and at Judson they could dance in front of the altar; the church regarded it as a "project of service to the community," thanks to the artistic foresight of one of its ministers, the Reverend Al Carmines. Now, the downtown dancers creep uptown periodically, to Madison Avenue studios and other quasi-stages. They have also appeared in San Francisco, home of the Beat, at the Toronto

YMHA, the Paul Goodman Theater in Chicago, and naturally in London, Connecticut, where last year's seventeenth annual dance festival included the Paul Taylor, Erick Hawkins groups. At every stop on tour, the new dancers gather adherents.

The range of the vogue is immense. The Judson Group is numerous, including—among others—Robert and Judith Dunn, Al and Deborah Hay, Yvonne Rainer, Robert Herko, Aileen Passloff, Robert Morris, and Lucinda Childs. All move in and out of the various groups, and there are also the masters. James Waring, for instance, is one. Alwin Nikolais is another who has been at the Henry Street Playhouse, a theatre in the settlement house. His bobbing, contorting dancers draped several cloth but protruding here and there—to cite one of his theatrical dances—to electronic music and intricate lights and sets that make Nikolais show among the best in New York. Merce Cunningham is another of the seniors, and he has repeatedly made dance scandals in history by dancing with a chair to his back or by binding his dancers together with elastic bands. A dancer in speaking of the new dancers dismissed them by saying, "They're puppies playing around because they know that they can run to the big thing—you know Merce, Nik, and the like . . ."

But the lineage of dance is a long one of indebtedness. Without Merce Cunningham there could be no Cunningham, Hawkins, Taylor. Without Wigman and the German avant-garde of the 'twenties, no Martha Graham without Nijinsky, who dared to take ballet shoes off to dance barefoot. Who waved his arms in a square instead of a circle, there could not have been any of today's nameless and new dancers.

The day before yesterday, it was easy to say, "Drop down to . . . name the haunts of these young dancers"—Henry Street Playhouse, Judson Memorial Church, Pocket Theater. You could always find a seat. This year their houses are likely to be sold out. The experimenter caught on with us. Now that we're catching up with them, let's hope we don't pack up and leave us again.

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A Way Out of Vietnam

he United States has been to do there doesn't come ly to Americans—and now untry, instead of seeking an impossible war, had try to make a safe peace.

manuscript room of a half-abbey a nineteenth-century divine discovered an account of the Battle of Hastings as given by a Saxon general. His men, according to that account, held their own, and were to put the Normans to rout. William sued for peace. He delegated a team of political and diplomatic advisers to negotiate, and in the course of the negotiations, out to William. And thus took place the Norman Con-

is reminded of that story, a story told by Hilaire Belloc on a recent trip to South Vietnam. Something there has obviously gone wrong. The United States pours into the country about a million a day. It has dispatched a large number of military advisers to the Vietnamese government armies 20,000 crack troops, most of them officers. It has poured its diplomatic aid and information with the cream of the American bureaucracy. Still, the Communist Vietcong holds most of the countryside and puts steady pressure on the government's shaky hold on the cities. Optimists say that

it would take five years of close fighting to clear the country, but acknowledge that the government and its armies have neither the stomach nor the popular backing for such a campaign. The pessimists throw up their hands. "I feel," one American put it, "as though I was standing on the deck of the Titanic."

In that atmosphere, self-justification and the foisting of blame upon others flourish on the grand scale. The civilians charge the soldiers with having no political sense, while the military claim that the diplomats cut the political ground from under their feet. The American Army and Air Force are in a perpetual wrangle; the regular bureaucrats and the area specialists are constantly at odds; the official establishment and the press are at all times hostile and suspicious. And, taken individually, their apologies and complaints are about as useful in explaining what went wrong as the tale of the beaten Saxon general. And about as believable.

As Fish in Water

But put them together, and there emerges a larger and more impersonal outline of the American failure. Basically what has happened is that the United States has been acting out of character in South Vietnam. To guide its efforts, this country has adopted a doctrine fit

for the circumstances but unsuitable for the American military and inconsistent with the political instincts of the American government. A process is to blame, not a villain. And once the process is understood, it can be seen that the failure could have been much worse and that there still exists a way out.

The ruling doctrine, of course, is the famous doctrine of counter-insurgency. It was developed chiefly by the French in their long-drawn-out wars in Indochina and Algeria. Elements were added by the British in their pacification of Malaya. And the Americans had some prior experience as advisers to the Philippine government in its successful campaign against the Communist-dominated "Huks."

The point of departure for the doctrine lies in the theory that the Communists have developed a new kind of war—revolutionary war. Their object in these combats is to use semimilitary means for the accomplishment of a revolutionary end—the overthrow of an existing system and its social base. The aim is less to take territory and inflict casualties on enemy forces than to win over the population. The insurgents, as one well-worn phrase goes, must be to the people as "a fish is to water." To that end, the insurgents arm themselves with some popular cause—independence or social justice or land reform. They conduct ambushes and acts of terror and sabotage to undermine local authority. Generally, they move by night and in small units, away from the main population centers which are left to the authorities. Preferably, they hit and then run to a privileged sanctuary in jungle or mountain fastnesses or across a national border. Usually, the conflict is protracted, and the insurgents win less by overwhelming than by wearing down their enemies.

The sovereign prescription against revolutionary war is counter-insurgency warfare. As a first step, the defending forces, themselves moving in small, mobile units, apply military pressure to force the insurgents to disperse and hide. With the insurgents on the run, the next move is to cut contacts between the population and the guerrillas. The population is moved from exposed areas to

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(For Example: XEROX, CONTROL DATA, SYNTAX)

It is not unlikely that the stock market may soon witness a renewed eruption of excitement among the "low-priced" stocks. Particularly now that many of the big-name, blue-chip stocks are selling at extremely rich price-earnings ratios.

Among the stocks now selling at \$1, \$5, \$10 or \$15 a share, there are indeed a number of real treasures—overlooked bargains that offer the possibility of spectacular rewards.

But a great many other stocks in the low price ranges lack the earnings credentials—current or projected—even to support their already "cut-rate" prices.

For stock market investors now seeking the *genuine* bargains, it is vital to bear in mind that low-priced stocks are governed by the same basic "rule" as all the rest: namely, a stock's price will be determined mainly by its *earnings*.

(Of the stock market's star performers of recent years—for example, such once-low-priced stocks as Xerox, Control Data and Syntax—all were powered on their upward ways by enormous earnings growth.)

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THE VALUE LINE INVESTMENT SURVEY

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WASHINGTON INSIGHT

easily defensible garrisons. A in habitants are registered, given en tity cards, and screened polit lly Those found to be agents fo th insurgents are imprisoned or en off for "rehabilitation." The uer are formed into paramilitary nit for self-defense. A major eff then made to remove the cau o popular unrest by elections a re form programs of civil actor Th regular army becomes the "s c the people." By these mean th tables are turned on the insur nt The pacification campaign be me what is called a "pro-people ht

In the spring of 1961, afte ty years of unsuccessful conver on military resistance, counter-su gency was accepted as the ci American policy for winni South Vietnam. The decision w made known in two widely b cized talks on guerrilla warfa the State Department's Couel of Policy Planning. Walt Ro and by Roger Hilsman, who then the Department's Direc Intelligence. That newest U. c fense industry—the commun civilian strategists—dumpe challenge. From their worle flowed an extraordinary stre books on revolutionary war, u rilla tactics and strategy, co insurgency, the teachings of M Tse-tung and of the Cuban ac "Che" Guevara: fourteen of h were published by one house erick A. Praeger) alone. b before publication, the manu were in use as texts for e given at the military staff s and the Foreign Service Ins Almost overnight, talk of paf tion campaigns, clear-ar tactics, population control, ar military forces entered into American military lexicon. V even the greenest lieuten South Vietnam can recite c need for the army to be t people as a fish to water.

Refrigerators in the

But if the doctrine flourishe practice languished. For the ran against the fact of the American military and po tradition. And in countles counters, habit and custom, a always do, overcame the at

Parents' examples are teaching nutrition ideas to their children; results are not always good

CHILDREN DEVELOP MANY of their habits by observing what their parents do. Thus those parents who start with no breakfast or with merely a cup of coffee expect difficulties in convincing their children good breakfast starts the day right. Parents who teach their children to drink their milk because "it is for you" or because "it will make you big and strong"—but who avoid milk drinking themselves—are examples that might build problems for the future.

Nutrition practices suggest that, except for infants and those who may have health problems under the direction of physicians, family meal planning should include a wide variety of foods. Quantities must vary, of course, and parents who serve portions of food to children must keep in mind that, while a teen-age child may seem to have a bottomless pit for a stomach, a teen-age girl's growth rate and physical activity level demand a lower food consumption rate. Yet the point is that planning meals and getting the right mix of nutrients into younger members of the family usually be easier if the entire family follows a similar pattern.

FOOD GUIDE IS VERY HELPFUL

Scientists, after reviewing what has been learned about human nutrient requirements and after taking into consideration the variety of foods available to Americans, have come up with a very simple but effective Daily Food Guide. This suggests selections of foods in four major groupings to provide the foundation for a balanced diet. Other foods then may be added to provide adequate calorie intake. The four major groups are: (1) Milk and Other Dairy Foods; (2) Meats, Fish, Poultry, Eggs, Dried Peas and Beans, Nuts; (3) Fruits and Vegetables; (4) Cereals and Breads.

The instructions below for ordering your copy of the complete Daily Food Guide, but here is an example of how and why the selections are made from one of the groups:

Milk and Other Dairy Foods: The Guide suggests 3-4 glasses of milk daily for children and teen-agers, 2 glasses for adults (or the equivalent amounts of milk in dairy foods such as cheese and ice cream).

Milk is important for adults as well as younger members of the family because milk is a good source of high quality protein that provides the amino acids needed for tissue development and repair; calcium which is essential for the development of bones and teeth, for the functioning of nerves and muscles, and for normal clotting of blood; riboflavin which is vital in the body's metabolism; vitamin A which helps prevent night blindness and is involved in skin health; and other vitamins and minerals.

For a moderately active adult man two 8-ounce glasses of milk provide 10-15% of his recommended daily calorie allowance; for an adult woman about 14-20% of her calories. For teen-age boys 4 glasses of milk supply 18-22% of calories, and for teen-age girls 4 glasses of milk provide 25-30% of calories. We refer to milk's calories as "armored calories" because, unlike "empty calories" which supply only fuel for energy, milk provides many other essential nutrients besides calories at a comparatively low cost in calories.

CHILDREN WILL DO AS YOU DO, NOT AS YOU SAY

Parental authority in early years may be sufficient to insist that the children follow food patterns substantially different from those of the adults, but, if parents insist on a "do as I say, not as I do" approach to teaching their children, the adolescents are likely to react much more strongly against good food eating habits when they reach the age at which they are allowed more freedom of choice. On the other hand, if parents are following the Daily Food Guide as a pattern for family meals, then the consumption of milk and other dairy foods, for example, becomes a family eating pattern, rather than an act expected from children alone.

Parents who adopt foolish attitudes toward foods can easily lead their children into equally bad habits. There are adult women who shun milk because they think it is fattening. Milk actually is an excellent food for those concerned about weight control because milk provides a variety of essential nutrients. In many cases, if those nutrients were to be obtained in other foods, the calorie cost could be much higher than it is in milk. Thus, avoiding milk because of misconceptions about how many calories it has could result in depriving a person of adequate amounts of other important nutrients in milk.

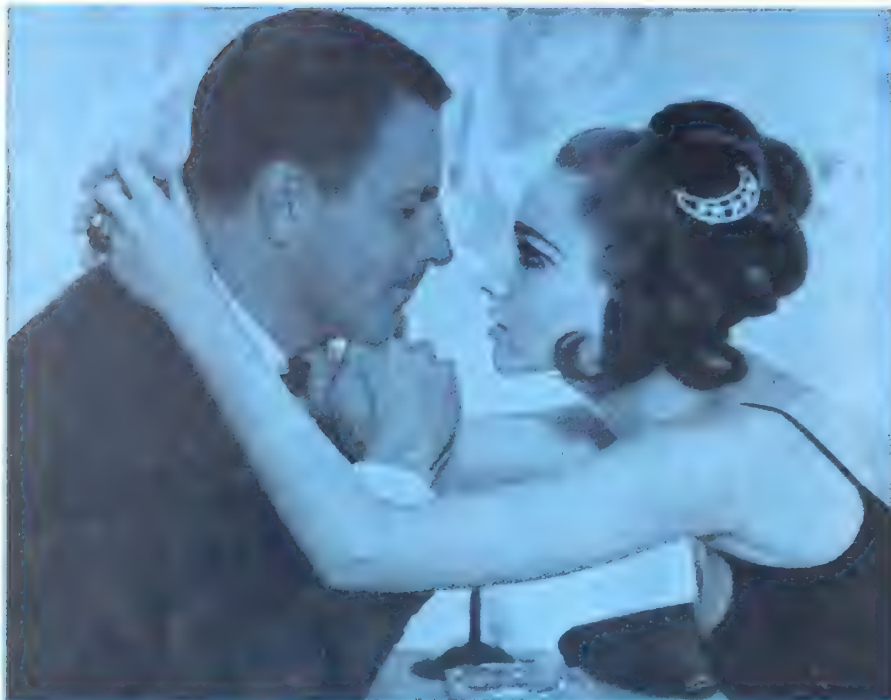
Parents should try to understand how a well balanced diet—balanced in terms of providing nutrients and adequate, but not too many, calories for each individual—can contribute to good health. Diet, of course, is only one of the factors determining the state of health of an individual, but what we eat is very important. A well balanced diet can also be a varied and an enjoyable diet, thanks to the great abundance and variety of foods available to Americans at a reasonable cost. Parents will do well to follow the Daily Food Guide in planning meals for the entire family.

For more information about the Daily Food Guide, write: Daily Food Guide, American Dairy Association, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60606.

a message from dairy farmer members of



american dairy association



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WASHINGTON INSIGHT

ideal. Take, for example, the of meeting the insurgents on own ground in small, mobile It is easy to talk about. But t of machines instead of mar is something that runs close American bone. In line with basic approach, the United Army has been, for half-a-c at least, an army of big batt equipped with heavy weap enormous firepower requiring orate supply and service rations to the rear. In keeping with that tradition, American advisers back in 1954 organized Vietnamese forces into a massive army corps which set down into divisions and regiments and companies.

Doctrine or no doctrine? The organization has never changed. The Vietnamese and their American advisers hardly ever move into the field in less than battalion strength. Wherever possible, planes and artillery are brought to bear in the fighting. Supporting these operations the rear is a top-heavy staff. At the point, the American forces have a score of generals in Saigon—one for every thousand office men. While the exact figure is not available, probably half the American military contingent is employed in staff work in the capital. The rest of the whole operation is the Saigon PX. It is a metropolitan department store with cigarettes, whiskey, clothing, books, tape recorders, cameras, records, furniture, tennis rackets, broilers, refrigerators, and all the other appurtenances of gracious living in the American society.

Thus organized and equipped government forces and their American advisers are inevitably separated from the population. Many of the American advisers speak the language; those who do not have the closest contacts are usually after a year, in accord with a rotation program for men sent away from their families. As the Vietnamese army, far from being a collection of the "sons of the people," it has become something like a privileged caste. Its soldiers drive through villages, taking and roughing up the population. draft call, in some places any a mass kidnaping. Many of the

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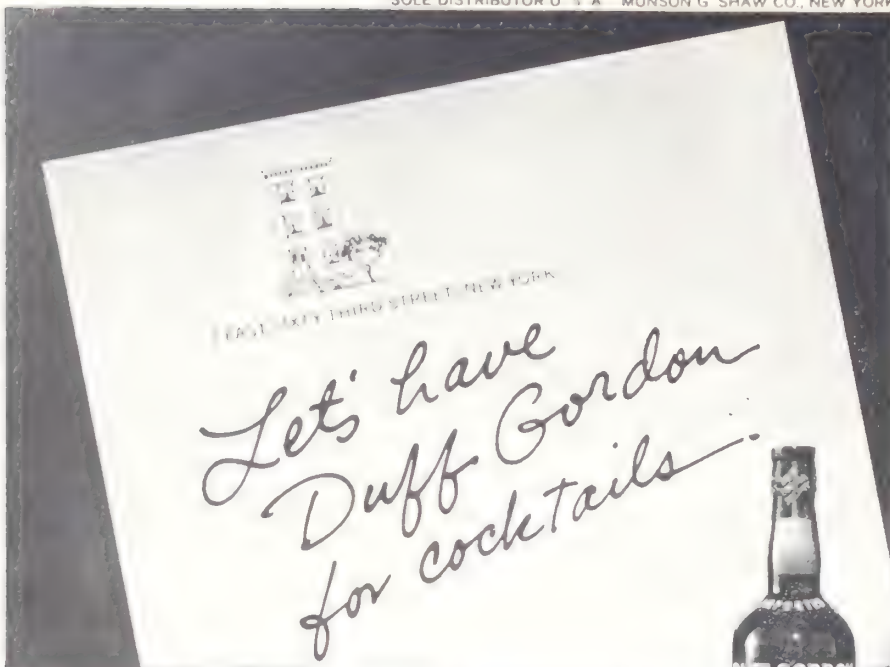
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WASHINGTON INSIT

ing generals have acquired riv
fortunes, and sent their children
to France for schooling and saf
A prominent Vietnamese A
general has been known to nte
bar with his retinue, run a
for more than \$100 in fid
drink, and then leave with t
ing the check. Sensing thos
to be a mercenary army, 1
namese forces, by the adm
their own commanders, are
to fight. And whenever
fighting, the bombing of ill
and the inevitable harm on
innocent civilians only wen
gap between the people and
itary.

Some Bo J

Because the gap is so great of
screening by the Army is a j
in 1961 and 1962, true to the
insurgency doctrine, the A
grouped much of the popul
strategic hamlets, equip
their own paramilitary defe
and supposedly under close
control. But in the weeks
the coup that unseated Pa
Ngo Dinh Diem, perhaps a
two-thirds of the hamlets fi
Under the very eyes of the A
its advisers, they had been in
by Vietcong agents. A sir
cident took place several w
among a group of tribesmen
organized and equipped by A
Special Forces to guard agai
cong forays from across t
bodian border. Even tho
Americans were with them n
day in fixed camps, the ti
put together a highly organ
volt against the government,
pro-Communist literature
tributed and at least a s
Vietnamese were murdered
the rebellion was finally un
trol.

Typical of how little the A
military have penetrated into
around them is what happene
time of the abortive coup
last September 13. The coup
tempted by units of the Vi
Fourth Corps and Seventh
stationed south of Saigon. A
units moved on the capita
American advisers went wit
It was only when the troops
the outskirts of the city t



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Have you been to Kerala, that strange land hidden around the southernmost tip of India? The Phoenicians. They were trading here for ivory, spices and peacocks 3,000 years ago, in King Solomon's time. The Jews fled here in the reign of Nebuchadnezzar. Then came the Romans, Syrian Christians, the Dutch, the British, all kinds of peoples. And every one of these waves of history has left a mark. What else can you see in Kerala? A teeming wild-life sanctuary. (From the cool, breezy motor launch.) Some of India's earliest pantomime dance-dramas. The only thing you won't find in Kerala is enough time to see it all. For colorful brochures about India, her modern hotels and travel facilities, contact your Travel Agent. Or write to the Government of India Tourist Office.

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Traveling with Young Eyes	<i>Mary Jean Kempner</i>
Tranquilized in Latin America	<i>Merle Miller</i>

*For an announcement of the rest of the January issue, see page 150.

WASHINGTON INSIGHT

Americans came to realize that the counter-insurgency campaign has failed. In sobering reality, it has not even been begun. . . .

In these circumstances, it is not to say that the counter-insurgency campaign has failed. In sobering reality, it has not even been begun. . . . For the basic elements of counter-insurgency operations conducted in the corners by small units in close contact with the local population—go to the very nature of the American military establishment. There are exceptions for small, specially trained elite units, but by and large the American forces are no more fit for counter-insurgency than an elephant is to act like a mouse. Moreover, no adjustment had been made, the countryside had been pacified, control asserted over the population matters would almost certainly have been worse. For the American government has proved not capable of meeting the political requirements of counter-insurgency than the American soldiers have been able to perform its security task.

The essential political requirement is a popular regime. But for purpose it is not enough to have slogans, millions of dollars and hearts pure of colonial influence in any area where revolutionary change has really taken hold, there is required a basic change in the turn of the wheel that ousts the governors and puts new masters in their place.

But the United States government has no mechanism, no rationale for making such choices. It has no system for distinguishing the or class or clique it wants to in power. Unlike the Russians who normally favor the local Communist or the British and French, who to support their trading partners, Americans are neutral and blind when it comes to picking among competing factions for support. Except in the case of Communist regimes, or where authority is usurped by one or another, the American way is to accept the status quo, scrubbing up a little with land reforms, prevailing neutrality of the American approach is one reason that military and intelligence agencies so much weight in U.S. Military abroad. Even if these agencies



*Evenings that memories are made of—
so often include*

DRAMBUÏE

THE CORDIAL WITH THE SCOTCH WHISKY TASTE

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. © 1997

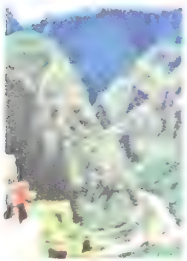


Odds are 1300 to 1 you've never heard of Machu Picchu

(No wonder. It was lost for 400 years!)



The great fortress above the clouds is one of the sights of a lifetime.



For almost 400 years, nobody was there. Nobody even knew it existed. Machu Picchu hid on its mountaintop deep in the Andes of Peru.

It had been a thriving city—the last capital of the Inca civilization. Chiefs ruled from its palaces. Priests worshiped in its temples. Vestal virgins bathed beneath its fountains. Workers climbed its thousand granite-hewn steps to terrace the mountainside, plant corn and potatoes.

Gold-clad warriors had peered down between the drifting clouds to spy on Pizarro's conquistadores marching through the valley 2,000 feet below. But the unsuspecting Spaniards kept on, following the Urubamba river in its

mad, boiling rush towards the Amazon. Then, one day, the city was empty. Why, nobody knows. Slowly the jungle closed in. Machu Picchu slumbered.

It wasn't until 1911 that an American explorer scaled its heights and hacked through the matted vines. Not until 1948 was a road built for visitors.

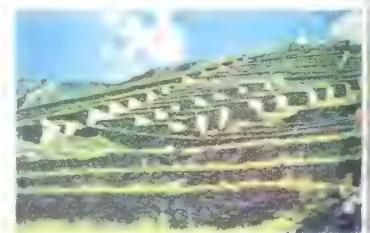
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WASHINGTON INSIGHT

cial political bias, they work and tend to favor, their numbers in foreign government. Within the context of the American mission, they are, one-eyed men in the kingdom blind.

South Vietnam, the bent to the status quo meant that the backed the continued supremacy of the Catholic minority, which initially been made top dog by French colonial system and was confirmed in that role the regime of President Diem. True that, in the fall of 1962, Washington flashed signs that ended the top Vietnamese genocidal overthrow Diem. But the came only after the corruption, weakness, and ineffectiveness regime had been made scanty clear. Even to reach that inside the American government took almost superhuman on the part of a tiny, well-group of officials that happened to have the ear of the President.

Once the change at the top was polished, the American effort exhausted. Instead of pressing new regime, with a voice for Buddhist majority and a place for students and the younger, the Americans accepted the regime plus the first strong man to come along, General Minh. When proved not strong enough, they accepted the old regime plus the strong man to come along, General Khanh. And ever since, they have been throwing their weight into scales to preserve a semblance of stability.

When the political failure, the military failure is almost a blessing. If the military phase of the insurgency program had succeeded, the American Army would have had the sensation of having defeated the enemy. It would have been on the missionary zeal of the of good works. It would have piled up infinite commitments and appeals to local leaders and committees. It would thus have become entangled beyond untangling to what tomorrow remained an unworkable commitment.

It is, there is no such attachment and a way out presents itself. The escape hatch lies in en-

couraging a combination of Buddhist leaders and younger officers to take over the government. Almost certainly they would move to negotiate a local peace with the Vietcong. Probably, such an arrangement would in time bring the Communists into the Saigon government. It would also mean the withdrawal of the American military mission, though not necessarily the end of the American presence. But the American purpose has never been to keep Communists out of the Saigon government, still less to keep its own forces on the ground. The purpose has been to provide a barrier against the extension of Chinese power, and the collapse of other regimes in Southeast Asia that would follow a Chinese take-over.

A Long-term Divorce

Within the context of a localized peace negotiation, that purpose can still be served. It is not clear that the Vietcong will necessarily dominate a coalition government; it is at least possible that with peace on their side, the Buddhists and Army can draw support away from the Communists and contain them within a government. Even if the Vietcong does come to dominate the Saigon government, moreover, it need not necessarily be an extension of Ho Chi Minh's Communist regime in North Vietnam; there is sufficient bad blood between North and South to make possible a long-term divorce. Finally, even if Hanoi does come to dominate Saigon, it is not written in the stars that Peking has to dominate Hanoi. On the contrary, there is a possibility for a revisionist regime, Communist-dominated, but with lines to Moscow rather than Peking.

None of these settlements, of course, would be perfect, or even without serious risks. But neither would the United States be powerless to influence events. It could apply military pressure to Hanoi and Peking. It could bring to bear its weight in the United Nations and in its standing with the Soviet Union. For once the purpose is to make a safe peace rather than to win an impossible war, the United States can begin to play a useful role. It can at last stop acting like an elephant trying to be a mouse.

Still Strictly A Family Affair

by
Julian P. Van Winkle, Jr.,
President

**Old Fitzgerald
Distillery**

Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



After more than 60 years as President of our family distillery, my father, the long-time editor of these familiar columns, assumes the title of "Senior Proprietor".

As a rugged independent of the old-fashioned Kentucky Sour Mash School, he prefers this title to the customary "Chairman of the Board".

"Chairmen," he claims, "are on the last step up the ladder. Senior Proprietors are on the rung after that!"

Now, in a gesture both modest and generous, he hands his pen to me to acquaint you with *two* promotions, his and mine. After more than a quarter-century under his direction, "aged-in-the-wood and bottle-ripe", he now names me OLD FITZGERALD's President.

Traditionally, the making and aging of old-fashioned Kentucky Bourbon has always been a family enterprise—a father-to-son affair in which the family recipe, so carefully protected through the years, is preserved for the generations to come.

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And so committed are we to the best tradition of old-fashioned Kentucky sour mash that our OLD FITZGERALD recipe remains today as it was three fathers-and-sons ago.

With my father's pen now in hand, I assure you it will always be so. Whatever change the future may bring, there will be no compromise of famous OLD FITZGERALD quality.

In the words of our newly-appointed Senior Proprietor: "We invite you to join an Inner Circle of the Bourbon Elite who have discovered the everlasting goodness of our OLD FITZGERALD, and find it good business to share, in moderation, with associates and friends."

*Kentucky Straight Bourbon
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The computer shortcut

In Nigeria today, IBM equipment helps manage the nation's railroads, and handles government trade statistics, too.

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The Master Spy Who Almost Got Away

By Irwin Ross

For fifteen years the perfect model of a Swedish Air Force Colonel fooled everyone but the Russians, who found and made the most of a fatal flaw in his character.

On the morning of June 20, 1963, a tall man strode rapidly across a bridge in downtown Stockholm. Three plainclothes detectives suddenly appeared in his path. One of them extended his hand, affably introduced himself, and told Colonel Stig Erik Constans Wennerström that he was under arrest. The Colonel made no protest and quietly followed the detectives to their parked car. Thus ended one of the most successful Soviet espionage careers since the outbreak of the Cold War.

Wennerström's arrest rocked Sweden. The black streamers across Stockholm's newspapers did not exaggerate: "THE BIGGEST SWEDISH ESPIONAGE SCANDAL OF ALL TIME"—"SWEDISH COLONEL SOLD DEFENSE SECRETS WORTH BILLIONS"—"SWEDISH COLONEL HIRED BY THE RUSSIANS FOR 15 YEARS."

The shock waves reached to London and Washington, for the Colonel, most recently a disarmament expert in the Swedish Foreign Office, had been a wholesale merchant of espionage—compromising not merely Swedish but also British, American, and NATO military secrets. He ultimately admitted to 160 instances of espionage against Sweden; the court, imposing a life sentence, calculated that he had collected nearly \$100,000 from his Soviet paymasters. Among other things, Wennerström betrayed Sweden's air-defense system and provided the Russians with design details of its newest military aircraft, as well as information about British and American missiles.

In both Stockholm and Washington, where he had served five years as air attaché, Wennerström's arrest brought incredulity as well as shock. The Wennerströms were a well-known and likable couple on the cocktail circuit—his wife Ulla irrepressible and somewhat flighty, the fifty-six-year-old Colonel a bit reserved but invariably charming and gracious. Women found him attractive—a lean, athletically built man with the clean-cut features that retain the glow of youth in

spate of advancing years and receding hairline.

In Sweden, the Wennerström case quickly boiled up into an explosive political issue. How had it been possible, the opposition parties demanded, for a high-ranking officer to carry on a mass-production espionage operation for so long without detection? Equally baffling was how a man of Wennerström's background could turn traitor. Where was the hidden flaw?

Outwardly Stig Wennerström was one of the least likely recruits for Soviet espionage. He had never been a Communist or expressed any left-wing sympathies. He was not an easy target for blackmail, for he was not a homosexual, a gambler, or even a heterosexual philanderer. From all accounts, he was devoted to his wife of twenty-four years and to his two daughters, who were seventeen and twenty-one at the time of his arrest. (His wife, incidentally, has always maintained that she was unaware of his espionage activities.)

Indeed, the notable thing about Wennerström was that he was almost boringly average. He did nothing to excess. He adopted the American habit of a cocktail before dinner, while retaining the Swedish habit of a schnapps with the meal, but he invariably limited himself to this alcoholic dosage. His wife found him a pleasure to cook for, because he was content with simple fare. His sports were golf and curling; he also enjoyed bridge. He had no interest in music or art. He did perhaps have an excessive interest in party-going, but his conduct was always impeccable. He was also a cautious man. One of his former assistants recalls that Wennerström was greatly distressed on one occasion in Washington when his wife got a ticket for a parking offense. It was quite wrong, Wennerström insisted, for guests in a country to violate its laws.

Even with the aid of hindsight, Wennerström's acquaintances cannot recall anything odd about his behavior. The only remark attributed to him suggesting a possible pro-Soviet bias occurred at a dinner party when one of the guests made a little speech about the glories of the French language. Wennerström demurred. "In a few years' time," he said, "there will be one and a half world languages—and English will be the half. The dominating language will be Russian. We might

as well face the truth." It was not a comment that raised suspicion at the time, but for Wennerström such candor was unusual. In his social rounds, he normally avoided any discussion about politics or foreign affairs or indeed any matter of substance. "You couldn't have a real conversation with him," a Swedish military colleague told me in Stockholm. "He didn't have much to give."

Wennerström's bland, faceless quality hid a personality more enigmatic than anyone surmised—with the exception of his Russian masters, who shrewdly exploited the soft spots in his armor. After his arrest, Wennerström was interrogated by the police for several months; these serial confessions, several hundred pages of which were released, are revealing to a degree which he could hardly have intended. A Swedish government social worker also interviewed over two dozen relatives and friends, searching for clues to his motivations. All this, plus my interviews in Washington and Stockholm, permits one to pierce the façade which he created at an early age.

Wennerström, it is now clear, was a man of great pride who sought a larger role in life than his talents would allow. He was the rare Walter Mitty type who actually acts out his fantasies. He saw "big power espionage" as a vast and intriguing game, in which he was flattered to play a leading part. At every turn, the Russians cleverly fed his self-esteem; he was never treated as a cog in a machine, for whom mere ideological motive power was enough.

His contemporaries saw Wennerström, who was born August 22, 1906 into an Army officer's family, as a shy, introverted lad. He had few close friends in childhood, and apparently none as an adult (with the exception of his Russian espionage boss, of whom more later). He seems to have been on poor terms with his father, a distant, reserved figure; his relations with his mother were more affectionate. Some of his acquaintances thought Stig was a bit of a weakling; his decision to pursue a military career thus seemed surprising. Self-improvement was a constant impulse in his early years. When the other young officers gathered at night in the mess for a bit of roistering, Wennerström went back to his room to bone up on his Russian. He had decided to study Russian, he told the police, merely because he thought it might come in handy at some future time.

Trained as a naval officer, in the 1930s he switched to the Air Force. A visit to Riga in the winter of 1933-34—on a military scholarship to study Russian—first awakened his interest in espionage, when he met a British intelligence agent who talked freely about his work. One gathers

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hat espionage initially held the same fascination for Wennerström that it does for the millions who read Ian Fleming. A seed was planted, however.

He was married in 1939 to Ulla-Greta Carlsson, the daughter of a Stockholm newspaper executive, and in 1940 was sent to Moscow as air attaché, having gotten the job largely because of his command of Russian. The Nazi-Soviet pact was still in force, but there was a growing restiveness between the partners. In the normal course of business, Wennerström established contact with his opposite numbers at other embassies, his relations with the Germans becoming particularly loose. Like many Swedish military men at this stage of the war, he may well have sympathized with Germany; what is certain is that he had no moral qualms about supplying information. The Germans reciprocated by giving him access to their source of black-market rubles.

After returning to Sweden in March 1941, Wennerström continued amiable relations with the German Embassy. In 1943, Swedish intelligence broke a German code and discovered Wennerström's name mentioned in telegrams to Berlin as a source of information. The authorities hereupon tapped Wennerström's telephone, but apparently nothing of a more incriminating character was found. In October 1943, these activities ceased when he was posted to an Air Force base in Sätenäs. Two years later, he returned to Stockholm to take a staff post. Wennerström's main contacts were now with the Americans and the Russians. He often served as an escort officer when Soviet officials visited Air Force installations.

Wennerström's first job for Soviet espionage occurred late in 1948. Having become aware that Colonel Rybachenko, the Soviet air attaché in Stockholm, was interested in a new Swedish airfield, Wennerström remarked to him, "If this airfield is so very important, I could tell you what I know about it for 5,000 crowns" (about \$1,000). Rybachenko was startled and said he would inquire about the matter. Several weeks later, they met at a large diplomatic cocktail party; as they shook hands, Rybachenko murmured, "It's a deal." At their next meeting, the Russian gave Wennerström the money and subsequently received a map showing the location of the field.

As he tells the story, Wennerström's motive in this transaction was, of all things, to penetrate the Soviet espionage apparatus on behalf of the United States! Wennerström maintains that he first had contact with American intelligence in 1946. At that time, he had been invited to attend a military aviation show in Moscow. Prior to the

trip, he met an American intelligence agent who surprised him by revealing that Wennerström's name had been found in the records of the wartime German espionage organization headed by General Reinhard Gehlen. After the war, Gehlen had been recruited by the Americans and thus it happened that Wennerström's identity had become known to the U. S. authorities. The American agent suggested that, since Wennerström had previously worked against the Soviets for the Germans, he might be willing to be similarly helpful to the Americans. Wennerström agreed. The job was modest enough—mailing a parcel (which he thought contained radio tubes) as he passed through Leningrad on his way to Moscow.

How the Russians Handled Him

Wennerström says that two years passed before he had another contact with American intelligence. At this time, an American agent engaged him in a lengthy conversation about espionage operations and especially about the technique of the "double agent"—a spy who infiltrates an enemy intelligence organization with a view to betraying its secrets. The American operative merely asked for any information he might have on how the Russians recruited their agents. Wennerström explained what he knew, but soon afterward found the subject so fascinating that he decided to become a double agent, insinuating himself into the Russian service in order to help the Americans. Wennerström makes it quite clear, in the police interrogation, that the American agent did not suggest this venture. As a start, Wennerström then made his proposal to Colonel Rybachenko.

American authorities have emphatically denied that Wennerström ever worked for U. S. intelligence. His account is also improbable. It seems unlikely, in 1946, that he was approached for such a minor chore as mailing a parcel in Leningrad, especially since he says he received no further overtures from the Americans for two years. And that he would undertake to become a double agent, without any prompting, strains credulity even more. It is quite possible that Wennerström, during the police interrogation, spun some fantasies about his American connections in order to take the curse off his demonstrable services for the Soviets.

A more plausible explanation of the sale of the map is that he was attracted by the opportunity to make a fast 5,000 crowns; throughout his espionage career, he was never indifferent to the

financial rewards. There may have been another motive, as well. During the course of 1948 Wennerström, then a lieutenant colonel, was informed that he was being passed over for appointment as wing commander; instead, he was offered an opportunity to go to Moscow once again as air attaché. He was bitterly disappointed and might well have enjoyed a measure of revenge in selling a Swedish military secret.

In any event, when he handed over the map, Wennerström agreed to continue contact with Russian intelligence after his arrival in Moscow. He took up his post there as air attaché on January 27, 1949, and remained for three years.

In handling Wennerström, the Russians showed superb psychological skill. They exploited his sense of professional frustration, played to his vanity, bolstered his ego at every turn. The formal invitation to join the Russians, for example, came from a high-ranking general who invited him to a sumptuous lunch. Over vodka and caviar, in a sitting room, the General treated him to an elaborate politico-military analysis of the offensive threat which NATO posed to the Soviet Union. As a defensive measure, it was vital for the Soviets to learn what they could of NATO's war planning. Wennerström would have easy entry to NATO embassies; hence he could be very helpful in obtaining information. Would he be willing to join the "American section" of Soviet intelligence? He was assured that espionage against Sweden was no part of the assignment. The General told Wennerström to take his time in deciding, and then proposed that they go in to lunch. When the time came for coffee, in the library, Wennerström announced that he was happy to accept the General's invitation. A little later, the business details were worked out—who Wennerström's contact man would be, and finances: he was initially to get 10,000 rubles, then 5,000 rubles a month.

As the months passed, Wennerström was dismayed to discover that he was being put through a trial period; to establish himself solidly, he determined to pull off a major coup. The opportunity came on a visit to Stockholm, when he managed to get possession of an important Swedish military document (the exact nature of which the Swedes still refuse to divulge). Although he was presumably not supposed to be spying against Sweden, Wennerström passed the document to Rybachenko, who photographed it.

When he returned to Moscow, Wennerström was effusively complimented by his Soviet contact man. So pleased were his employers that they forthwith made him a "top agent," relieving him

of routine chores and also allowing him to draw as much money as he needed. Extra precautions now had to be taken to protect his identity; henceforth, in all communications, Wennerström was to be known by the code name, "Eagle." (Obviously, no idle choice; the Russians were too shrewd to call a man of his distinction "Sparrow.") He was simultaneously given the rank of major general, which was far higher than he could aspire in the service of Sweden.

Wennerström was also assigned to a new liaison officer—a general whom he knew as Pyotr Pavlovich Lemenov. He was greatly impressed with Lemenov, whom he describes as a man with an "almost hypnotic ability" to arouse enthusiasm in his co-workers. Lemenov took especial pains with Wennerström, sketching in the strategic importance of the various tasks given him. "I do not think it was normal for such exhaustive orientation to be furnished," Wennerström states; it is clear that he prized these Olympian discussions.

Lemenov remained his headquarters contact to the end. After Wennerström left the Soviet Union in 1952, the two men still met occasionally, in Helsinki, East Berlin, or Moscow; otherwise, they kept in touch by letter. Wennerström's correspondence may have been unique in the annals of espionage, for he says that he wrote Lemenov about family matters, his social rounds, and indeed whatever troubled him. Lemenov was the one man in whom he could confide; Wennerström once called him "the best friend I ever had."

A Change of Heart

During the Moscow period, among the other matters that he reported on were lists of bomb targets in the Soviet Union being compiled by the Americans. Wennerström states that he was able to be particularly helpful on this subject because of his role as a double agent—he was simultaneously feeding the Americans information about Soviet factories and airfields acquired on his travels through the country. (He never, however, informed his American friends that he had infiltrated Soviet intelligence—an omission that again casts doubt on the dual game he claimed to be playing.) During this early period when the Soviets knew little about the U.S. Strategic Air Command, Wennerström also says that he passed along information on its organization and methods.

During his final months in Moscow, Wennerström learned that his next post would be in

Washington, where he would not only serve as attaché but also be involved in procuring U.S. military equipment for the Swedish Air Force. General Lemenov was delighted.

When the sky fell in. At a meeting at a villa on the side of Moscow, Lemenov suddenly informed Wennerström that he had been discovered to be an American agent. The Russians had deciphered a U.S. Embassy radio message in which Wennerström had been mentioned as a source of information. For several grim moments, Wennerström thought he might be dispatched with a bullet in the back of his neck. The General, however, did not even admonish him. On the contrary, Lemenov assured him that he knew that Wennerström's true loyalty was to the Soviet Union. Moreover, Lemenov wanted him to continue his American contacts; they were too valuable to relinquish.

Wennerström's gratitude was boundless. For the time, his political views had apparently been undergoing a change. "When I started in international great power espionage," he told his police interrogators, "I started with sympathy for NATO and an antipathy for the Soviet Union. However, during my stay in Moscow, a gradual change occurred in my sympathies and it resulted in a total switch. . . . I had seen behind the curtains on both sides, and it was fully clear that Soviet intelligence was working for a defensive aim and the Americans for an offensive aim." Lemenov's indoctrination had obviously been effective. His forbearance at Wennerström's disclosure completed the switch in the Colonel's loyalties. He was now, he says, a "false agent" in American intelligence, rather than the reverse.

The "unmasking" of Wennerström was a psychological masterstroke. But how had it occurred, Wennerström had indeed never been an American agent? What might well have happened was that Wennerström had routinely traded information with the American Embassy, as many military attachés do. Wennerström's name might have been mentioned in an American message; on the other hand, the Russians could have fabricated that detail in order to test his reactions.

Lemenov had a number of specific tasks for him in the U.S., the most important being to obtain technical data on the development of American aircraft, missiles, bombsights, radio radar systems, and electronic miniaturization. Wennerström arrived in Washington on April 8, 1952; it was not until August that his contact man, Major General Viktor Kuvinov, the Soviet air attaché, got in touch with him. Kuvinov called on Wennerström in the latter's office

at the Swedish Embassy and gave the password—"Nikolai Vasilyevich wants to be remembered"—whereupon Wennerström soon began to talk about business. Without uttering a word, Kuvinov put his hand over Wennerström's mouth. He then handed Wennerström a slip of paper, indicating where their next meeting would take place.

Kuvinov, and the other Soviet contact men who succeeded him, were always very cautious. Seemingly casual meetings were arranged in parks and downtown Washington streets; the two parties would express surprise at encountering each other, shake hands, and walk together a bit. Meetings on occasion took place at isolated spots in the countryside; on one occasion Wennerström and Kuvinov went fishing, with the General providing a picnic lunch.

Wennerström microfilmed the documents he planned to hand over. If only a single film roll was involved, he would pass it to Kuvinov while shaking hands; if there were two rolls, one would be transferred when they greeted each other and the second when they said goodbye. The Russian Embassy, during a large diplomatic reception, was the safest setting for a transfer. All Wennerström had to do was to leave the films in his topcoat in the cloakroom; he would tell Kuvinov the number of the peg on which his coat was hanging, and at his leisure Kuvinov would empty Wennerström's pocket.

Initially, Wennerström received \$5,000 as "starting capital." Thereafter he got smaller sums, and says that he averaged \$750 a month from his Soviet employers during his five years in Washington. While he had the right as a "top agent" to draw unlimited funds, it was regarded as imprudent to throw money around; instead, he says, he accumulated funds in his name in Moscow, to be withdrawn upon his retirement. He has never specified the extent of these savings.

What He Gave Them

What did Soviet intelligence get in return? Wennerström states that he concentrated on data about new military products, but he is often not specific and, when he is, the public record of his police interrogation censors the utterance. After his arrest, American intelligence agencies sought to retrace his steps. The Pentagon's Defense Intelligence Agency, which had primary responsibility for piecing the story together, claims that it does not know what U.S. data Wennerström compromised. Moreover, says a Pentagon spokesman, if the DIA did know, it would not tell a

reporter—a reticence that is traditional among intelligence agencies.

Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara has said that the "current weapons system" has been compromised by Wennerström, pointing out that he left the U. S. in 1957. On the other hand, McNamara conceded that "It is possible that he received certain information regarding design of U. S. weapons." Indeed, it is highly likely, inasmuch as Sweden was buying equipment under our Military Assistance Program, and it is traditional for the Pentagon to treat Swedish military attachés as good security risks. Wennerström also traveled widely around this country, visiting Air Force installations and defense plants.

During this period, he also claims to have done a little work for American intelligence. On two occasions, he says, he delivered parcels for the Americans to undercover contacts in the Soviet Embassy, receiving \$1,000 for each errand. The price would seem to have been exorbitant, and one wonders why Wennerström would have been recruited for such chores. After these incidents, his American undercover connection completely faded from the chronicle.

Wennerström returned to Sweden in 1957. The next six years represent the apex of his espionage career. Beginning in October 1957, he worked in the Defense Command Office, which reported directly to the Minister of Defense, serving as his liaison with the military hierarchy. The office had a chief and under him three sections, for the Army, Navy, and Air Force; Wennerström headed the Air Force section.

His new job vastly increased Wennerström's productivity as a spy. He regularly attended the weekly meetings of the Air staff. Across his desk, all sorts of secret documents routinely passed—operational plans, data on installations, new weaponry, air defense mechanisms. He had an additional assignment to brief the Defense Minister on guided missiles, which probably gave him far more access to classified material from the U. S. than he had in Washington. He also had excellent opportunities to confer with his Russian principals, for one of the duties of the Command Office was to be of service to the military attachés at the various foreign embassies; it was thus quite normal for him to have frequent dealings with the Soviet Embassy. As in the past, the Soviet air attaché was his espionage contact.

Transmission of the contraband was handled in the same fashion as in Washington—by palming film rolls and by rifling Wennerström's unattended topcoat at Soviet Embassy functions. When a large amount of material had to be trans-

ferred, locked medicine chests were used. The Soviet attaché had a key to a medicine chest in Wennerström's bathroom, and Wennerström had a key to a similar cabinet in the Russian's home. When the two men were visiting each other, Wennerström merely placed the film packets in the cabinet and locked the door.

Despite censorship, it is possible from the record and from informed sources in Stockholm to get a notion of the range of military secrets that Wennerström handed over to the Russians. He completely compromised Sweden's air defense system—STRIL—a semi-automatic amalgam of radar and computers which locates the path and speed of attacking aircraft. He betrayed the Swedish military plan of 1962. He gave away information on the Draken J-35, the all-weather fighter-interceptor manufactured in Sweden, and also provided technical details about the new Viggen, a faster supersonic which in different versions can serve as a fighter, bomber, or reconnaissance plane and which ultimately will be the mainstay of Sweden's fleet.

Beginning in 1958, Sweden began to acquire U. S. and British missiles—the American Sidewinder, a supersonic air-to-air missile which serves as armament for the Draken; the Falcon, a larger air-to-air missile; and the Hawk, a surface-to-air missile designed for defense against low-flying intruders. The Swedes also bought the British Bloodhound, a high altitude ground-to-air missile. Wennerström sent Moscow classified data on all these weapons. In addition, he is known to have transmitted considerable information about the Swedish naval and coastal artillery. And whenever he could, he tried to be enlightened about NATO operations—with, for example, information on American reinforcements in the Mediterranean during the 1956 Suez crisis and contingency plans to meet the Soviet threat to West Berlin.

Enter the Security Police

In the latter part of 1959, reports reached the Swedish Security Police that Wennerström had aroused suspicion among a few of his colleagues because of his persistent curiosity about classified documents which did not seem relevant to his work. Superintendent Otto Danielsson obtained court permission to tap Wennerström's telephone; he also put him under intermittent surveillance.

Wennerström, however, was much too cautious to have an incriminating conversation over the phone, and he seemed to have a sixth sense about

presence of the police. Danielsson once passed Wennerström's home in a brand-new Mercedes. Wennerström, who was sitting in his own car on the quiet suburban street, made a U-turn and followed the police car; he had obviously found it as unfamiliar in the neighborhood.

On another occasion, the police heard Wennerström make a date on the telephone to meet a Soviet Embassy official at a curling rink. To observe the rendezvous, plainclothesmen in two cars parked some four hundred yards from the rink. The next day, however, Wennerström asked a military colleague, who was conversant with counterintelligence operations, whether the Security Police generally tailed Soviet diplomats. The colleague reported his remark.

Although there was no charge that could be brought against him, the police were sufficiently concerned to prevent Wennerström from obtaining another post with even greater possibilities of espionage. He was due for retirement in 1961; in Sweden a retired officer frequently takes a desk job in a military establishment to supplement his pension. In March, anticipating retirement, Wennerström applied for appointment as a duty officer on the Air Force staff. This was a strange choice, inasmuch as the job was normally held by either a captain or a major; its value, from Wennerström's point of view, was that it provided access to all classified documents that passed through the Air Force. The Security Police prevailed upon the Minister of Defense to deny Wennerström the post.

Instead, Wennerström was ultimately employed by the Foreign Office as a disarmament consultant. Osten Undén, the Foreign Minister, had asked Defense Minister Sven Andersson for another to help in the preparatory work for the Geneva disarmament conference. Andersson immediately thought of Wennerström, because of his linguistic skills and the fact that in the Foreign Office he would be less of a security risk—an unwarranted assumption, as it turned out.

The decision to employ Wennerström in the Foreign Office was the first of a series of blatant special blunders. Foreign Minister Undén was informed of the doubts about Wennerström, but the police, fearing a leak, did not want anybody in the Foreign Office to be told. The result was that it was impossible to keep Wennerström under observation on the job. This situation prevailed from June 1961, when Wennerström received his new appointment, until December 1962, when the new Foreign Minister, Torsten Nilsson, received a full briefing and other officials in the department were filled in.

Once installed in his new post, Wennerström would visit former colleagues in the defense establishment and ask for secret military information, explaining that he needed it as orientation for his disarmament work. He often got what he wanted, but at the price of further alarming the police. The first such incident occurred in September 1961, when the police overheard Wennerström ordering two top-secret documents over the telephone; there was a similar flurry in March 1962. In July, an effort was finally made to control Wennerström's access to secret documents by ordering that all such requests be channeled through the office of the intelligence chief, Colonel Bo Westin. But again there was a snafu. Nobody sent the order to the Defense Books and Forms Warehouse, where Wennerström freely repaired to pick up classified material.

Still there was no hard evidence against him. The police learned that Wennerström had a short-wave radio set; over the phone, Wennerström's younger daughter once told a friend that her father had "the world's strangest radio," which could only pick up Russia; if she approached the set, her father shooed her away. The police investigated to find if Wennerström was doing any transmitting, but could discover nothing.

On another occasion, the telephone tap yielded a conversation between Wennerström and Georgi Baranovsky, first secretary of the Soviet Embassy, in which the latter said he had just received a special book on disarmament from Moscow and would bring it around to Wennerström's office in downtown Stockholm. The mission was plausible, but the police thought the conversation sounded labored and decided to monitor the meeting. They found it impossible to do so; one gathers that they had neglected to bug Wennerström's room in advance.

The police could have obtained a court order to search Wennerström's home, but feared that if they found no evidence, they would have destroyed the case. As early as February 1962, Danielsson and his colleagues discussed the possibility of approaching Mrs. Carin Rosén, Wennerström's part-time domestic, to enlist her as an undercover agent. The idea was put aside as being too risky—she might tell Wennerström. The risk was, of course, no less when Mrs. Rosén was finally approached in May 1963. She proved cooperative; had she been recruited before, the case might have been broken more than a year earlier.

Mrs. Rosén, a quiet woman in her mid-fifties, had long been suspicious of Wennerström, for he owned an odd assortment of equipment: a large stand with overarching electric lights and a cam-

era suspended above, which she correctly surmised was used for photographing documents; a safe hidden behind a curtain in a storeroom; a radio, of a sort she had never seen, built into a bookcase. The Colonel would spend hours at his photography behind the locked door of his storeroom. Afterwards she sometimes found evidence that he had burned paper in a fireplace grate.

One morning, about a month after Mrs. Rosén had been recruited, she rang up the police to say that she had found two odd packages under some sawdust in the attic; they were of the sort in which she had seen Wennerström wrap film rolls. The police at last had the evidence to allow them to move. The next day Wennerström was arrested.

It was just in time, for he was planning to flee the country. He had been alarmed by an incident that had recently occurred at a British Embassy reception. Wennerström had affably approached General Torsten Rapp, the Commander-in-Chief, whom he had long known. Rapp inexplicably cold-shouldered him; Wennerström suddenly feared the General suspected him. He was correct.

Once in custody, the Colonel initially said that he was a member of an undercover Soviet opposition group, working against the present regime. Then he stated that he had only spied against the United States, not against Sweden. When that story did not stand up, he said he would tell all. He maintained a dignified bearing throughout.

The façade finally cracked after four months in jail. In October, Wennerström tried to kill himself with an overdose of sleeping pills. Had he succeeded, his wife would have received his pension, for he had not yet been convicted. A psychiatric examination later determined that he was sane, despite his depression. He submitted to several weeks of psychotherapy, recovered his equanimity, and resumed the marathon police interrogation. Much of it consisted of Wennerström's being shown secret documents and asked whether he had transmitted them to Russia.

Why So Slow?

P rime Minister Tage Erlander called Wennerström's espionage "the worst ever to hit Sweden." General Rapp estimated that the damage to the country's defenses would cost \$57 million to repair; much of it was irreparable. In court, Wennerström maintained his hauteur and made no plea for mercy. "My activity has been a part of the international big power espionage which in turn is a factor in the Cold War," he said, not without a trace of pride. Then he clicked his heels

and announced: "I am prepared to stand for the juridical consequences." In some other countries, the consequences would have been worse. In humane Sweden, Wennerström's life term means that he can be released for good behavior after ten or twelve years.

When I was in Stockholm in July, a month after the sentencing, the trauma of the Wennerström case was still a raw experience in government circles. By this time, there was less bafflement about the Colonel's motivations: he had clearly been animated by a pathetic drive toward ego aggrandizement, combined with greed. The Social Democratic government had survived a parliamentary challenge to the competence of its ministers in handling the case, but it had by no means satisfied its critics. The most telling charge against the government was its assignment of Wennerström to the Foreign Office, after the persistent suspicions he had aroused at the Defense Ministry. It is by no means clear why he had to be continued in a government post after retirement, or why he could not have been given some innocuous military job.

The probable explanation is that very few officials were really able to credit the suspicions about Wennerström. In their view, the rumors were vague; the Colonel was an estimable fellow; they could not bring themselves to believe that an eminent, lifelong soldier could betray his country. If Wennerström had been a sergeant, he would not as readily have been given the benefit of the doubt; ironically, he also could not have done as much damage.

On the highest levels of government, it is clear that the case was handled with an indifference that is difficult to understand. Early in April 1962, about fourteen months before Wennerström's arrest, the Minister of Justice arranged for Prime Minister Erlander to be briefed on the affair by Prosecutor Werner Rhyninger. Rhyninger fell ill; the briefing was postponed until April 13; on that day the Prime Minister was too busy to spare time for it. Nobody brought up the Wennerström case again. Sometime after the Colonel's arrest, the Prime Minister stated, "Regrettably, on no occasion did I receive the impression that the issue concerned a very important question."

In matters of espionage, every nation apparently needs one major shock to lose its innocence. In the postwar period, the only other spies caught in Sweden had been small-time operatives, with limited sources of information. The Wennerström case has had the same educational effect in Sweden as the Hiss case did in the United States.

Saarinen's Dark Tower

The CBS Building and How It Grew

by Eric Larrabee

New York's newest skyscraper is not a steel-and-glass box; it is a radical challenge to a stagnating contemporary cliché.

In March 1961, five months before he died, the architect Eero Saarinen sent word to the president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, Dr. Frank Stanton, that he now had "a really good scheme" for the company's future headquarters at 51 West 52nd Street. "Its beauty will be, I believe," Saarinen wrote, "that it will be the simplest skyscraper statement in New York. Plans, structure, elevators, and the mechanical systems are all falling into place in a very organized way, so I believe the building will turn out to be quite economical. Forgive this little bit of pre-propaganda." Privately, within the office family, Saarinen compared his new design to what had hitherto been the "simplest skyscraper" in the city: "It's even going to make the Seagram building look gaudy," he said.

Saarinen's scheme—his first skyscraper and, as it sadly proved to be, his last—was as simple as he had promised: a rectangular shaft supported by triangular piers, standing straight and free, from the ground to the thirty-eighth floor. The piers, a dozen on the short side and fifteen on the long, are of reinforced concrete faced with Canadian Black granite, making of

CBS/51W52—as the company calls the building—a somber and elegant tower. By being obvious the architect had found a way of being unique, for in the dozens of new steel-and-glass boxes which dot Manhattan none is wholly sheer and wholly disconnected from its neighbors, and none is so uncompromisingly dark.

Two commissions of the ten he was working on when he died had particularly pleased Saarinen to get: the Dulles airport near Washington, because it would be the portal at which his country greeted distinguished visitors; and the CBS building, because the Manhattan skyscraper is a subject on which he felt an architect should have something of his own to say. "Statement" may often be an architectural euphemism for "work of art," but the CBS building does "say" something about the skyscraper as such—where it came from and, hopefully, where it is going. Saarinen was not one of those who believe that the modern style is virtually complete, so that all of its possible statements have been made and nothing remains but to polish and perfect them. "We are in one of the great formative periods right now," he told an audience at the Museum of Modern Art in 1952. "This is not a period of refinement."

What the CBS building says, first of all, is that the prevailing solutions—the variations on the steel-and-glass box—are not binding, either aesthetically or economically; that they are not required by the evolution of the office building

as an art form or as a business enterprise. It is an assertion of vitality in a stagnating genre. It is traditional to the extent that it calls to mind the origins of tall commercial buildings and reopens questions about them which had seemed to be closed. It is radical in its reassertion of the architect's power to create original and meaningful shapes, in the face of both an inimical economic environment and a stylistic dead end.

Messing with an Architect

Even now, while the granite is still going up on the top stories, the tower stands out from its surroundings; when completed, over a matter of months to come, it will rebuke them. The first occupants were scheduled to move in around Thanksgiving and William S. Paley, chairman of the board of CBS, expects his own office to be ready by April. From his present quarters on Madison Avenue, he has a spectacular view of the new building. His own tastes tend toward the traditional ("I live in another world, as you can see") but he is reconciled wholeheartedly to the architecture of CBS-51W52 and reluctantly ("We want to be good neighbors: I'm sure those other men did the best they could") to its role as implicit critic of its contemporaries. The location is one he likes: "We did consider others. Park Avenue seemed right for a time, but it's too passive, too many banks. We think Sixth Avenue will be more stimulating."

North of Rockefeller Center, which Saarinen regarded as the "anchor" of the area, Sixth Avenue is visually a parade of overblown icebergs, a string of architectural bad bargains—except for the Time-Life fountains and plaza at 50th Street—which fail to make up in commodity for everything they lack in firmness and delight. They have both an inflated and a brittle quality, as though their shiny surfaces were about to explode under the financial pressures which have puffed them out to the very limits of the zoning laws. Buildings like these, and their facsimiles which line Park Avenue above Grand Central Station, are not really designed; they design themselves. They are package deals in the literal sense that they are shaped to contain a set of real-estate arrangements. When a large concern like CBS goes into the market for office space, it is promptly set upon by the speculative builders who specialize in assembling prospective tenants and plots of land, then putting the two together in a new structure which combines the maximum legally allowable square feet of floor space with a

minimum of fuss. To their clients these entrepreneurs argue more or less openly that getting involved with an architect is a lot of needles bother and expense, which as it happens they themselves are only too happy to take over and dispense with. The object of New York real estate economics is in this respect to make the architect superfluous, and it has very considerably been achieved.

CBS and Saarinen between them showed that this need not be so. The company, during the early stages when it still thought it might combine its administrative and studio facilities managed to decide first against going into the Pan Am building and subsequently—though, as Dr. Stanton has said, "we came terribly close"—against going into what has become the Chemical Bank New York Trust building at 277 Park Avenue. They increasingly realized the hazard of wanting so much space: "The ordinary company," said Clarence H. Hopper, the CBS vice president in charge of facilities, who oversaw the operation, "could well have ended up with a monstrosity of a building." When they finally decided to go it alone, and house the broadcasting requirements apart, in a newly remodeled complex on West 57th Street, Saarinen justified both their decision and his profession with a design both simple and efficient. Dr. Stanton, having listened for so long to builders who told him how expensive "messing around with an architect" would be, issued special instructions to the contractors that any needlessly complicated or costly item should be reported to him. None has been brought to his attention. "They said," he adds, "that they had never bid on anything so clean and economical."

Saarinen's skyscraper says something about skyscrapers in general, both by going against current conventions, and by bringing history full-circle. He was no antiquarian, and the details of historical architecture stimulated him more often than they deeply concerned him. "He was a man of few words," as Mr. Paley has said, "and very little came to the surface of what was inside." Yet when Saarinen did try to put what he was doing into words, he recurred as though

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invariably to the Chicago school of architecture the three-quarters of a century ago when the skyscraper was born, and to its most notable prophet. "I wanted a building that would be a soaring thing," he said his wife Aline. "I think Louis Sullivan was right to want the skyscraper to be a soaring thing. I wanted a building that would stand firmly on the ground and could grow straight up." The reference to Sullivan is not quite right, however. The skyscraper had to learn its way up a wayward route, and the name of Sullivan will be found on the road signs no more often, paradoxically enough, than the name of Saarinen.

Ever since William Le Baron Jenney's Home Insurance building of 1884-85 (Chicago), the skyscraper's natural skeleton has been of steel. Sullivan, as much by preaching as by practice, strove to convince Chicago architects that they should not design office buildings a story at a time, like a *pousse-café*, but even so, he remained

himself a captive of the notion that like Greek temples they should come in three sections, with a bottom, a middle, and a top. He said as much in an article for *Lippincott's* in 1896, "The Tall Office Building Artistically Considered," and he did as much in his own two best skyscrapers, the Wainwright building in St. Louis and the Prudential in Buffalo, each of which has a solid two-story base and a heavy cornice.

Real freedom came to the skyscraper when it completely threw off the veneer of styles left over from stone and manifested itself as what it was: a metal cage on which to hang windows and a "curtain" wall of whatever material one wished.



EUGENE COOK

CBS/51W52, New York City. *"I wanted a building that would stand firmly on the ground and would grow straight up," Saarinen said. And even before the black granite went on the top stories, the building was clearly "a soaring thing."*

Sullivan understood this in the abstract, and when a design truly free of the past came along he broke into a rhapsody of his typically excessive prose:

... a voice resonant and rich, ringing amidst the wealth and joy of life. In utterance sublime and melodious, it prophesies a time to come, and not so far away, when the wretched and the yearning, the sordid and the fierce, shall escape the bondage and the mania of fixed ideas. . . . In its single solidarity of concentrated intention, there is revealed a logic of a new order, the logic of living things; and this inexorable logic of life is most graciously accepted and set forth in a fluency of form.

Rising from the earth in suspiration as of the earth and as of the universal genius of man, it ascends and ascends in beauty lofty and serene to the full height limit of the Chicago building ordinance, until its lovely crest seems at one with the sky.

Thus Louis Sullivan, for the *Architectural Record* in 1923, about a building which was never built, the plan submitted by Eero Saarinen's father Eliel in the competition for the Chicago Tribune tower. It is one of the truisms of architectural history that the elder Saarinen's second prize made him as famous as the first prize made Raymond Hood. This was the reason he came from Finland to the United States (therefore the reason Eero grew up here), and throughout the 'twenties and 'thirties American architects imitated, and learned from, Eliel Saarinen's lesson that the skyscraper can also be understood as a kind of ziggurat, an upward massing of cubes, with setbacks like those of an ancient Babylonian temple tower. Raymond Hood learned better than most, and if Rockefeller Center owes all to him, there is also an indirect debt to Eliel Saarinen; perhaps it is not entirely imagination to see in the feathered turning of its top spandrels an echo of the "lovely crest" Sullivan so much admired. What happened thereafter, on the other hand, in the years before Eliel's son Eero came to build his own "soaring" tower nearby, was the triumph and the exhaustion of the pure rectangular cage.

Making the Columns Work

Implicit in steel construction from the start had been the possibility of dispensing with solid walls and filling most of the openings in the cage with glass. Chicago was the natural locale for carrying the Jenney principle to its logical conclusion—even if Mies van der Rohe had to be imported from Europe to do it, first in his classrooms for the Illinois Institute of Technology and then in his Lakeshore apartments. The functional "purity" of a Mies design is often more apparent than real (a piece of burnished steel used as an appliqué is just as artificial as limestone or terra cotta, and a good bit more expensive), but it must be said for Mies that he cleaned away the last of the "fixed ideas" which had tormented Sullivan and, so doing, perfected a style. The Seagram building by Mies and Philip Johnson, and its chronological parent but aesthetic offspring across Park Avenue—Lever House by Skidmore, Owings, and Merrill—have

served as the two signposts of commercial office building in New York. Together with the U building—and with minor deviants of the TV dinner-plate school, like the Socony building and 666 Fifth Avenue—they seemed to have set the skyscraper in its final form.

Saarinen wanted to break the mold, and so did his client. "After all," as Mrs. Saarinen says, "that's why they came to Eero and not to Skidmore." Mr. Paley says, "We had made up our minds not to have steel and glass," and Dr. Stanton as well was determined from the start on a "uniform cross section" (i.e. a sheer tower) and a lesser percentage of glass than wall. Where CB left off and Saarinen began is now difficult to determine, especially since he was the kind of architect—as the late President Whitney Griswold of Yale said of him—who "brought client along with him," and cared less who got credit for an idea than whether his own ideas prevailed. But what Saarinen did, beyond the point where he took over, is an almost classic demonstration of the architectural intelligence and imagination at work. He did it by taking the skyscraper back to its beginnings and restoring function to the masonry pier.

Saarinen was going to be going much higher than reinforced concrete had hitherto been used to go. He had a piece of good luck in that concrete had been getting better and cheaper at the same time that steel had been getting more expensive. By using concrete he could take vertical columns on the outside wall and make them do something for a change; by thickening and deepening them he could set the windows in such a deep recess that, from an angle, you would see no glass at all. Make the columns more hollow as they go higher (since the load is less) and you can put mechanical facilities in them, like return air-conditioning ducts which need to be thicker the higher they are, as more floors feed into them. Put the elevators, washrooms, fire stairs, and other odds and ends in a central core, and you can get thirty-five feet of uninterrupted floor space between the core and the outer wall. Make those columns five feet wide with five-foot windows between them, put the lighting fixtures and electric outlets on the same five-foot measure, and you will be able to move around office partitions at will without making structural changes. We'll need two mechanical floors for plumbing, since each can handle about twenty floors, and these are going to be a problem because they are a different size than the other floors and tend to put a ring around the building, the way they do at Pan Am and Time-Life. Let's put one on the second floor and the other

the top, and that way you'll hardly notice. Wait a minute! Forgot about the building code. Usually it was the essence of a man like Saarinen that he did not forget it at all, but in fact thought of it almost sooner than he thought of anything else. To give CBS an economically sound structure, he needed 20,000 square feet per floor (as opposed to 16,000 for the Seagram Tower). New York had for some time been preparing to revise its code, but even the proposed new code would have allowed him only 16,000 square feet. The revisions were being made in collaboration between the Planning Commission and representative architects, and Saarinen saw his chance for strategic intervention. He could argue that the code should make allowance for a straight-sided tower that left so large a plaza at the base for the use and delectation of the citizens. Saarinen got his change, and the CBS building will be the first skyscraper to go up under the new code. He knew this was "the heart of the problem," as the architectural critic Walter McQuade wrote of him, "and he went for

Given the essentials, he could fix them in their most appropriate form. "Our buildings," as his partner John Dinkeloo remarks, "always developed as a whole, not a piecemeal sort of thing. Maybe that's the reason we're criticized for not having any particular style." No future historian, in other words, is immediately going to recognize the CBS building as coming from the same hand as the Ezra Stiles and S. F. B. Morse colleges at Yale, or the Jefferson Memorial arch in St. Louis, or the TWA terminal at Kennedy International Airport, or the General Motors Technical Center in Detroit, or any of the other products of Eero Saarinen's barely fourteen years as an independent practitioner. His works assert, not his personality, but their own.

Visually, the ingenuity of the CBS building resides in the triangular columns. Seen from above, the angle of each as it points outward makes a right angle, so that all of the building's upright stone surfaces are offset by 45 degrees, now half a quarter turn, to the rectangle of the tower itself or to the grid of Manhattan streets. Optically the effect is to accentuate the building's upward thrust, to liken it more to a soaring thing." Where two columns meet at the corner, their adjoining halves match in the same plane, giving a chamfer, or bevel, to the edges of the tower as a whole which makes it seem to taper, even though it actually does not (Saarinen at one time thought of tapering it, according to Mr. Paley, but was discouraged by the expense

of varying standard dimensions from floor to floor). The level on which it sits is set down in a shallow depression, further to emphasize the tower's verticality and to make its entrance from the street inviting, and this plaza too will be lined with the same black granite.

Granite for the Long Haul

The granite has come in for more than its share of comment, partly because so much of the building's first impression depends on it, partly because the process of producing it turned out to be complicated, and partly because Saarinen himself was no longer present to legitimize the choice. He had specified no stone in particular, indicating no more than a preference for something similar to the composite black granite he had used for the U.S. Embassy in Oslo. He did definitely want a New York tower to be dark, and to weather well. One time he and Mrs. Saarinen had called on Bernard Berenson at I Tatti; B. B. had made some obvious remark about great buildings being those that made great ruins, but most of all Mrs. Saarinen remembers the vehemence with which Eero agreed. Without him there, and with designer Kevin Roche and John Dinkeloo left to carry the building through to completion, automatically the center of decision shifted back toward the client; and it was only after much soul-searching that the CBS officers arrived at what they now believe—or else secretly cross their fingers and hope—is the right answer.

The problem with the granite was how to make it both dark and matte—that is, non-shiny. A polished granite would catch the light just as harshly as glass, and produce precisely the sleek effect Mr. Paley and Dr. Stanton had determined to avoid. Actually the piers looked handsome in raw concrete; seeing them before the granite went up, President Pusey of Harvard, which has several new raw concrete buildings, mistakenly congratulated Dr. Stanton for having the courage to emulate Harvard's example. But for the long haul, in New York's corrosive atmosphere, granite was the sound material. The trouble was that roughening the surface tended to whiten it; only polishing seemed to produce the dark color.

Eventually a way was found to have the best of both worlds, a combination of the two methods called thermal stippling and liquid honing. The granite slabs two-inches thick are run under a flame at 5,000 degrees, which flakes away the surface in an evenly rough texture; then each slab is sprayed under high pressure with water

containing an abrasive of spherical glass beads, a "slurry" with the texture of fine talcum powder. Once started, the process is mechanical and standardized, and less laborious than it sounds, but the agony of deciding to choose it made such an impression on everybody that both Mr. Paley and Dr. Stanton now keep ornamental samples of the stone on their desks.

"It's an honest building," says Mr. Paley, and commercially sound. "The cost per square foot is well within the limits we set, and we're quite pleased with the economics of it. When it's all depreciated, twenty-five or thirty years from now, it will still be valuable—and some of these others will be ready to come down." John Dinkeloo adds: "It's less expensive than I think any other major building in New York City, cheaper certainly than the Chase, or Equitable, or Seagram's." And as to honesty: "Those pillars, you know, they really hold up the building." Within limits, of course, for structural honesty is relative. The pillars don't bear all the load (the core takes more), nor do they bear it evenly. In fact the one at the northwest corner is fake, with a removable section at the second floor so that mechanical equipment more than five feet wide can be moved in and out. But the pillars under a Greek pediment don't bear the load evenly either, as far as that goes, and no modern building can fully show all its functioning in its design. No one any longer sees or expects to see the devices that really make it work: the purring, oily winches of the elevators, the great two-story blowing fans of the ventilating system, the rat's nest of ducts and wiring tucked away in the false ceiling under each floor.

The honesty of the CBS building is the honesty with which it occupies its context. Any major modern building is the product of near-impossible compromises, among pressures so intense as to make all character and individuality precarious. A design that handsomely incorporates all its material requirements is remarkable enough; one that does so boldly and uniquely is miraculous. In historical perspective, the conditions are new, so new that architectural history has only begun to find the language to praise and explain this kind of achievement—as opposed, say, to the achievement of building a jewel-box private house for a client with unlimited funds. Commercial buildings are fragile; they have a fatal tendency to be torn down as soon as they are amortized and replaced by others, so that the slow processes of comparison and judgment—of separating the permanent from the merely chic—hardly have time to operate. Few indeed

are the tall office buildings "artistically considered" of which we can confidently say: masterpiece.

Descended from Jumbo

There is one, however, that the CBS building strikingly echoes. When Saarinen mentioned Sullivan, for what his own design recalls is not a skyscraper but that other strong and simple masonry statement, that other tall darian he had the right era but the wrong architecture of American architecture, the Monadnock building in Chicago, designed in 1889 by Daniel Burnham and John Wellborn Root. Neither Saarinen nor anyone in his office seems to have thought of the Monadnock while they were at work, so that none of the parallels are conscious but it is extraordinary how many things—in addition to visual resemblance—the two buildings have in common. Both came at historical turning points in architecture and each is unique of its kind. Both involve unusual methods of masonry construction and each is unusually severe in appearance by the standards of its time. Each was also among the last designs of an architect who died untimely young.

The Monadnock was both the last and the first. It was the last attempt to make a skyscraper out of solid masonry, sixteen stories of stone and brick so heavy that the walls are seven feet thick at the base. Yet it was the first skyscraper design truly to soar, the first in which all ornament was removed, leaving nothing to recommend it to the eye but the upward sweep of its lines and elegance of its proportions. At a time when the first steel buildings were struggling to discover themselves, the Monadnock, without using steel at all, showed them the way to go.

Root, who died in 1891, always referred to the Monadnock affectionately as "Jumbo," and if the conception was Burnham's the execution—the taper and the sculptured bays—was certainly his. For a time not everyone understood the Monadnock, some considering it "not architecture at all," according to Root's sister-in-law, Harriet Monroe. She wrote beautifully of it—"From the great outward sweep at the base, the eye rises without weariness to the gentler slope of the cornice and wins a sense of vastness, of dignity and repose"—as did Sullivan, the critic Montgomery Schuyler, and Robert D. Andrews, the president of the Boston Architectural Club, who called it "an achievement unsurpassed in the architectural history of our country." But for many years

se were lonely voices, and even as late as 1915 writer summing up the work of Burnham and not for the *Architectural Record* was still apologizing for the fact that Root, in the Monadnock, "deliberately renounced colonnades, moldings, and all other customary architectural embellishments."

"Belonging to Our Time"

The CBS building can hope for a better fate, at least at the start; already the praise being heaped on it is almost embarrassing in its unanimity. Such doubts as are expressed concern interiors, which are of course yet to be seen and will not be Saarinen's. He badly wanted to change them, for it bothered him about modern architects that they had given up too many responsibilities, if only in comparison to the beaux arts tradition of expecting to design everything, from the landscaping to the silverware. He was himself no mean designer of furniture, and CBS has a reputation to maintain for quality in graphics—and fussiness over details ("I'd hate to work for us," says Mr. Paley). Dr. Anton, whose own taste is precise and has much to do with his company's sense of style, has in his office two of the Mies stainless-steel Barcelona chairs which have become a classic of their kind. "I had rather hoped," he said, gesturing at them, "that there might some day be a CBS chair."

The construction of CBS/51W52 has produced engineering as ingenious as the design. The site is cut across diagonally by a subway tube, which meant that enormous girders (one of them nearly 10 feet thick and weighing a hundred tons) had to be built into the foundation to support the tower, and also that the concrete basement floor will actually be lifted several inches in the air (on hundreds of rubber-cushioned jacks) to dampen the vibration of the trains. Two enormous cranes were set up, in space that will eventually be elevator shafts, to lift materials as the building moved up around them. Steel forms for the concrete were specially made, the same shape as the triangular piers and one floor tall, so that as each floor was finished they could be slid upward ready to cast the next. Once the process got going, it went fast, at the rate of a floor every four days. At the traditional topping-off ceremony one contractor said, "Why stop now when we're just getting the hang of it? Let's do a couple more floors."

Those who knew him speak of their re-



The Monadnock building, Chicago. The other tall dark tower of American architecture, designed in 1889 by Daniel Burnham and John Wellborn Root. (Photograph from *The Chicago School of Architecture*, by Carl W. Condit, University of Chicago Press, 1964. © 1964 by The University of Chicago.)

gret that Saarinen will not be there to see his building finished. He was an uncommonly endearing man. "With all Eero's highly refined skills," his friend Charles Eames said of him, "he remained always like a puppy with big feet." From his closeness to Eames, who experiments with films and slides, Saarinen had caught a contagious interest in "communications," and part of what he liked about doing a building for a broadcasting company was the sense it gave him of "belonging to our time," a favorite phrase of his. Mrs. Saarinen thinks he would especially have enjoyed the way CBS has kept the site both neat and interesting, as the building has gone up, by putting a line of headphones along the fence which play tapes of thirty-five great news events, as covered by CBS News.

"Eero would have adored that," she says. "He would have been down there listening to every telephone every minute."

The Traffic in Guns:

A Forgotten Lesson of the Assassination

by Carl Bakal

A jolting report on the high-powered lobby that has thus far managed to kill even the mild firearms-control bills introduced in Congress since the murder of President Kennedy.

In the aftermath of President Kennedy's murder, the press and public clamored for controls over the sale and use of firearms. To many people, indeed, it seemed that such legislation was long overdue. Within the past one hundred years, bullets had been aimed at seven and killed four of our nineteen Presidents—a record perhaps unparalleled in the annals of history.

Less publicized are the obscure victims of firearms now numbering more than 17,000 annually, or about one every half-hour around the clock. This figure includes more than half of the 8,500 murders reported last year (many go unreported), at least half of the estimated 22,000 suicides, and about 2,000 accident victims, a quarter of them less than fourteen years old.

With good reason, J. Edgar Hoover has called the easy accessibility of firearms a "significant factor" in our high homicide rate, for the United States is the only modern nation without enforceable restrictions on the sale and use of guns. (In some countries, even ammunition must be

accounted for.) In the land of the free—as Lee Harvey Oswald demonstrated—anyone with a few spare dollars can buy a shotgun or rifle. There are no restrictions on the sale of these guns anywhere. And in only nine states do you need a permit to buy a pistol or revolver. Generally speaking, there is therefore nothing to stop a criminal, a child, a narcotics addict, or a lunatic from buying some kind of gun by mail or from his friendly neighborhood arms dealer. These merchants, though licensed in but twenty-one states, must also get a federal license only if they do an interstate business. To obtain the federal license, you merely fill out a simple form and send it with a dollar to the Internal Revenue Service. I got one myself on April 29, 1964, with no trouble at all, although I've never sold a gun.

Within weeks of the Kennedy assassination, eighteen firearms-control bills were introduced in Congress and more than 150 were tossed into state legislative hoppers. Popular support for these bills was widespread. For example, in a January Gallup poll—as in previous samplings—nearly eight out of ten of those questioned favored a law requiring a police permit for the purchase of a gun. And in Congress, Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield joined his Republican opposite, Senator Everett McKinley Dirksen, in eloquently voicing the need for firearms regulation.

Yet this August, nine months later, Senator Thomas J. Dodd of Connecticut, chief proponent of one of the two Senate bills, conceded that there was no hope of its passage by the 88th Congress.

and the sixteen House bills were buried in committee, just as others had been in years past, thanks to the skilled exertions of a highly vocal and militant lobby of sportsmen, hunters, gun clubs, firearms manufacturers, and assorted "patriotic" organizations.

Self-appointed spearhead of these pressure groups is the National Rifle Association, whose base—within gunshot of the White House—is a gleaming \$3 million structure with a rifle and pistol range in the basement. From a small group of New York National Guard officers, the NRA has grown, in ninety-three years, into a nationwide organization with a staff of 230 and close to 650,000 members. It can mobilize another 100,000 followers in some 11,500 NRA-affiliated gun clubs and other groups whose many interests touch common ground in an affection for guns and shooting and in love of country—as the NRA official monthly, *The American Rifleman*, once put it.

Originally formed to promote proficiency in rifle (and later also, pistol) shooting, the NRA is the governing body of sport-shooting in this country. Over the years it has also become the chief defender of the citizen's "right" to "keep and bear arms."

Taking Aim at Congress

This crusade bases its legitimacy on a fundamentalist, out-of-context reading of the second amendment to the Constitution: "A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

Constitutional experts and many court decisions agree that the intent of the amendment was to safeguard only the people's *collective* right to bear arms as members of a militia. The NRA, however, invokes the memory of the self-armed minutemen of Lexington and Concord to argue that a similar armed citizenry is still necessary—in spite of our modern Armed Forces, National Guard, and local police—to defend the country against enemies without and within. Indeed, living as it does in the past, the NRA likes to characterize itself as a "Paul Revere organization," eternally vigilant against any encroachments on its interpretation of the Constitution.

To this end, a widely distributed NRA folder

urges readers to "watch for firearms-control proposals that may appear in Congress or your state legislature, in your community, city, or town" and to oppose them "by letter, telegram, or telephone call to your elected representatives or by personal appearance at open hearings."

Similar warnings appear regularly in the *Rifleman*. When emergencies arise, special legislative bulletins are mailed to members and clubs. The NRA has all the appurtenances of a lobby, including a Legislative and Public Affairs Division which in 1963 spent \$144,459 to produce, among other things, forty-two such bulletins. Yet, thanks to loopholes in the federal lobbying act, the NRA is not required to register as a lobby, because—allegedly—its function is not to influence legislation, but merely to "inform" or "educate" its members and the public.

Lobby or not, the NRA is probably the only private pressure group to receive a public bounty—one amounting to millions of dollars a year. A little-known Defense Department program provides NRA members with free ammunition and free or bargain-priced guns. This program is run by the Army's National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice, which the NRA was instrumental in setting up back in 1903. Since 1959, the National Board program has cost taxpayers at least \$12 million. Of this, \$7.2 million was for 247 million rounds of free ammunition for NRA-affiliated clubs, and \$2.3 million for guns and other equipment on loan to the clubs. (NRA members—and *only* NRA members—were also able to buy more than 500,000 surplus U. S. weapons at a fraction of their retail value.) Another \$2.5 million was used for the other incidentals involved in the National Board's civilian marksmanship program.

In effect, the NRA is the sole beneficiary of the National Board's annual appropriation of some \$500,000, most of which goes to pay for NRA facilities, for transporting shooting teams to matches here and abroad (for example, to the Olympic games in Tokyo this year), and for targets, trophies, badges, and medals. The NRA, however, reiterates monthly in the *Rifleman* that

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it "does not receive any grants or subsidies from the federal government or from the manufacturers of arms and ammunition."

Yet advertising space in the *Rifleman* bought by makers and vendors of arms, ammunition, and related products provided a quarter of NRA's \$4 million income in 1963. And on these revenues, the NRA, as a nonprofit organization, of course, pays no federal taxes. Clearly, Congress has smiled on the NRA.

One of its most dependable pals on Capitol Hill is Florida Congressman Robert L. F. Sikes, an Army Reserve major general and a member of the NRA. He often sponsors legislation written or approved by the NRA and, conveniently, sits on the House Appropriations subcommittee on defense which passes on the National Board's annual budget. Last January, because of the impact of the Kennedy assassination, the subcommittee sought special assurance that members of the NRA were carefully screened, law-abiding citizens. Such a justification was deemed superfluous "as long as General Bob Sikes is on the committee," by Congressman Daniel J. Flood of Pennsylvania, a committee colleague. (Several months later, Sikes was fined \$50 after pleading guilty to violating a hunting law.)

The NRA's influential friends also include Congressman Wilbur D. Mills of Arkansas, chairman of the powerful Ways and Means Committee, and Cecil R. King of California, number-two man on the committee, to which all the various firearms measures proposed this year in the House were routinely referred. King is a director of the NRA.

One Bill Shot Down

In the Senate, Warren Magnuson of the hunting state of Washington, and a natural ally of the shooting fraternity, presides over the Commerce Committee, which this year buried S. 1975, the bill sponsored by Senator Dodd.

S. 1975 was the fruit of nearly two and a half years' toil by Dodd's juvenile-delinquency subcommittee. It was referred to the Commerce Committee in August 1963 and amended several times after the assassination. In its final form, it required a mail-order purchaser to report his criminal record, if any, and to furnish affidavits proving that he was eighteen or over, and that his ownership of a gun would not violate state or local laws. The dealer, before shipping the gun, would forward a copy of the affidavit to the police in the purchaser's community. More

stringent federal regulation of dealers was also provided.

The bill was regarded by many people as a mild, middle-of-the-road proposal, no more than "a step in the right direction," according to James V. Bennett, then Director of the federal Bureau of Prisons.

The NRA gave lip service to the bill, perhaps in deference to public opinion or perhaps because of a sense of filial obligation. For NRA officials had worked closely with Dodd and his staff to draft the original and finally amended versions of S. 1975. Though the Justice Department would have preferred a stronger bill, it backed S. 1975, as did Treasury, State, and Commerce. On November 29—a week after the assassination—Senator Magnuson announced that he had polled his committee, and that the bill was ready to be reported out for a vote. This optimism proved premature for after meeting in executive session the committee suddenly decided to order public hearings on the bill. The hearings began on December 15 and stretched into January 1964. Mail at the outset was eight to one in favor. But as the volume of letters rose, sentiment turned *against* the bill.

Hostile correspondents accused Dodd, who with his staff had labored on the bill since 1961, of hasty action. Many cited the cherished second amendment and warned that the bill was part of a Communist conspiracy to disarm America—an odd charge to level at Senator Dodd who has been one of the most persevering anti-Communists in Congress.

Such a deluge of homogeneous mail can usually be traced to a single fountainhead. In this case it was not hard to identify a likely source, for NRA spokesmen claim privately that they can flood Congress with half a million pieces of mail in seventy-two hours. However, NRA President Bartlett Rummel piously assured the Commerce Committee: "We have not drummed up people from all over the country to contact you . . . we have made no concerted effort to bring pressure on Congress . . . these communications to you have more or less arisen spontaneously." But Senator Dodd felt otherwise. In a surprise appearance before the Commerce Committee in March, he spoke bitterly of "a concerted attempt to kill the bill" through "an irresponsible lobbying campaign." He charged that "row upon row" of witnesses, posing as supporters of the bill, had given false or misleading testimony to discredit it. He accused these individuals of sowing confusion by attributing provisions to S. 1975 which were not in the bill at all.

To support this contention, Senator Howard Cannon of Nevada interrupted Dodd's testimony and read a newspaper attack on "the infamous Dodd bill, aimed at registering firearms." Cannon also said that many of his correspondents objected to the "gun-registration provisions" in the Dodd bill. There was of course no registration requirement whatever in the bill.

Rootin'-tootin' Octogenarian

Dodd did not identify his adversaries by name and—curiously—took particular pains to absolve the NRA. "There has been a studied effort to make it appear that the National Rifle Association opposed," he said, adding that even members of that organization "got this impression some way or other."

This "impression" is not surprising, for the NRA was exceptionally adroit in concealing from its members its alleged enthusiasm for the Dodd bill. Thus, the day before the Commerce Committee hearings opened, NRA President Rammel, who is a Tacoma, Washington, Superior Court judge, in a newspaper interview urged Americans to make a "careful study of any antigun laws." Dodd's proposal was called "the 'hot' bill as far as sportsmen are concerned."

At the hearings an exchange between NRA executive Vice President Franklin Orth, a former Deputy Assistant Secretary of the Army, and Senator Philip Hart of Michigan went like this:

HART: Lest a reader of this record or others present may have any doubt, does the association support the bill in the form introduced this morning by Senator Dodd?

ORTH: In the form introduced this morning, the association supports the bill of Senator Dodd. I would like to add, parenthetically, that normally we are opposed to legislation relative to guns of any kind because we don't think that they reach the criminal. We think the criminal gets the gun anyway. You mentioned, Senator Hart—

HART: Don't leave me hanging there. Is that a "Yes, but . . ." or—

ORTH: No, it is not a "Yes, but . . ." We support Senator Dodd's bill as presented here this morning.

However, ten days later the NRA mailed to its 1,500 affiliates a bulletin which summed up the provisions of the Dodd bill, and stated that Orth had "testified in opposition to any proposal which isolated NRA legislative policy."

"Others testified in similar vein," the bulletin went on, "and it became apparent that the Senate

was not going to take seriously restrictive action in haste or in a highly emotionalized climate." The bulletin also revealed that none other than the NRA itself had prompted the decision to hold hearings:

So great was the public pressure to do something that there was fear at first that legislation would be forced to the floor of the U.S. Senate without hearings of any kind. Fortunately, through NRA friends in the Senate and by direct contact with members of the Senate Committee on Commerce, this did not happen.

Listing the other firearms bills, the January *Rifleman* informed its readers that the text of these bills was not being reported in full, "because each is either identical to the amended Dodd bill or is even more restrictive and severe."

In its first four 1964 issues, the *Rifleman* devoted thirty-one columns and every editorial to firearms legislation and urged its readers to make known their views to their elected Representatives and to members of both the Senate Commerce Committee and the House Ways and Means Committee.

A follow-up bulletin in February catalogued all thirty-four witnesses who had testified at the Commerce Committee hearings. Only six were proponents of the Dodd bill or of stricter controls. The rest were either NRA members or designated as "NRA oriented." One of the latter was Representative John Dingell of Michigan, who testified that while the Dodd bill was "perhaps less onerous and less objectionable" than others, it was still "clearly not in the public interest."

Thomas L. Kimball, executive director of the National Wildlife Federation, called the Dodd bill "good," but suggested some further modifications, contending, for one thing, that if "police have the serial numbers of guns they will use the information to set up firearms registration." (The bill at no point called for the recording of serial numbers.) "This," Kimball went on, "would provide the most effective and convenient way of disarming the private citizen should a subversive power infiltrate our police systems or our enemies occupy our country."

Later, David J. Steinberg of Alexandria, Virginia, one of the few favorable witnesses, sardonically remarked, "An efficient army of occupation would probably not take the time and trouble to seize the files of all the police departments and game wardens of the country, but might prefer . . . a quick single trip to 1600 Rhode Island Avenue, Washington, D.C., the headquarters of the National Rifle Association."

In a brief but memorable appearance, Arizona's senior Senator, eighty-six-year-old Carl Hayden, President pro tempore of the Senate and an NRA member, was introduced by Senator Magnuson as "the rootingest-tootingest sheriff that Arizona ever had." Hayden was then handed a gun which he jovially aimed at Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, who ducked in mock fright; Hayden also waved the weapon at others, asking, "Who shall I shoot?" Then he proudly introduced constituent Ben Avery of Phoenix, head of a contingent of Arizonans who had driven the 2,500 miles to Washington in fifty-four hours in order to "help stem the tide of unreasoning emotionalism aimed, apparently, at disarming the American people."

After objecting to "bad" features of the Dodd bill, Avery, who is an NRA director, produced a sheaf of statements from Arizona rifle clubs. "The first," he began, "is a statement by the Mesa Gun Club in which they oppose the registration and licensing of all firearms."

"That, of course, is not required in the bill," Senator Cannon interrupted. "Do they take a position on the bill that we are considering or not?"

"Sir, they didn't know what was in the bill," said Avery. "They were honestly trying to express their opinion."

Another Arizonan, Thurman Gibson of Bagdad, declared, "The gun is the standard of freedom in the United States of America. When there are restrictions placed on the right of the American citizen to keep and bear arms . . . then it is only a matter of time before the Communist take-over."

NRA Secretary Frank Daniel told the same convention:

So far as I can see now, we are pretty well out of the woods . . . It would appear that there is little likelihood of our being forced to accept in 1964 any legislation at either the federal or state level which does violence to the NRA's announced policy on firearms legislation.

Thus perished the Dodd bill. Meanwhile, the news from the other side of Capitol Hill was similarly comforting to gun lovers. Chairman Mills assured the NRA that his Ways and Means Committee would not discharge any of the pending House firearms bills without open hearings. At this writing, no hearings have been scheduled.

In state capitals and municipalities throughout the nation, NRA fared equally well. Thus, for example, in Vanderburgh County, Indiana, mothers had complained late last year that their

children's lives were being endangered by hunters. But a bill to prohibit the discharge of firearms within a thousand feet of a residence was defeated in February. About the same time, Leonard S. Blondes, a member of the Maryland General Assembly, received phone calls threatening that he would be "bumped off" unless he stopped pressing for a firearms-control bill requiring safety instruction for gun buyers, and limiting gun sales to persons of good character and mental competence. Blondes and his wife also received a barrage of vitriolic letters, many of which began with the same clause: "I have just received a bulletin from the National Rifle Association . . ."

In New York State, the firearms lobby triumphed in January when the joint legislative committee on firearms and ammunition declined to recommend a bill requiring the registration of weapons. (On the eve of the Kennedy assassination, committee members had been feted at a dinner by the NRA-affiliated New York State Rifle and Pistol Association.) Sixteen guns were given away as door prizes.)

The World's Least Exclusive Club

The guiding principle of the NRA is the belief that the only justifiable laws are those providing stiffer penalties for the criminal use of guns, and that preventive measures, such as a registration requirement, would neither stop lawbreakers from obtaining guns nor reduce crime.

To support this thesis, the NRA vilifies as ineffective New York's strict Sullivan law, which requires a permit to own as well as to buy a handgun. Congressman Dingell once called it "the continuing sorrow of collectors, shooters, and hunters." The state's high crime rate is cited as evidence.

But in fact, as Senator Dodd has pointed out, the homicide rate per 100,000 population in cities with some gun regulation is lower than in those with no controls. In the first group the rate in 1962 was: New York, 5.4; Chicago, 7.6; Los Angeles, 6; Philadelphia, 4.9; and Detroit, 5.5. In pistol-packing Phoenix and Dallas, with virtually no gun controls at all, the homicide rates were 8.1 and 13.4, respectively.

Opponents of gun-control laws question the validity of such comparisons. But this is really not the issue. For like most lobbies, this one is powered by dollars-and-cents logic, with a

ong admixture of pseudopatriotism to give it led status.

hunting, target, skeet, and trap shooting are business today. Their devotees spend an estimated \$200 million to \$250 million a year on guns, ammunition, and shooting accessories. Even more lucrative are the "side" ramifications which probably produce a billion dollars annually for the makers of automobiles, fuel, wear, apparel, and boats.

Also worried about legislation that might hamper hunters are state conservation departments, which depend heavily on hunting license fees and taxes for financial support. There is, of course, no law now on the books or under consideration which would prevent the bona fide sportsman from buying any weapon or ammunition he needs to train his sights on a buck, quail, or clay pigeon. Indeed the genuine sportsman's voice is seldom heard in the outcry against gun-control laws. The dominant note is the shrill voice of the superpatriot. His sentiments were once well synthesized by Goldwater's ghost-writer, Karl Hess, in a magazine article. "The question of freedom, when stripped of its steel center, is just this: Who has the guns?" he wrote. "[Ours] is the sort of freedom which, based upon an ideal and an image, was born in gunfire, preserved in gunfire, and which even today, maintained by a ready strength of arms."

On another occasion, Hess, a lifetime member of the NRA, wrote: "It would not be America really if it did not produce men who suddenly are tired of palaver and reach for the rifle on the wall, to use themselves or to hand to the underdog who needs it."

These sentiments are enthusiastically shared by such rabidly anticommunist groups as the Minutemen. In fact, guns are valued accessories of the ultras, antis, and other fanatics.

"I don't believe in passive resistance," said Malcolm X last March as he left the Muslims to form his own black nationalist movement. Every Negro ought to have a weapon in his house," he said, exhorting Negroes to buy rifles and shotguns and form gun clubs. Shortly afterward in Cleveland, he advised Negroes to fight back as the city went through the worst racial disturbance in its history. The police were further worried when the formation of a local Negro rifle club was announced.

In May, New York City police seized more than 12,000 rounds of ammunition belonging to a Harlem gun club, and served summonses on two of the club's officers in whose homes the

ammunition was found—one third had come from the government through the club's affiliation with the NRA.

There was no evidence that this club was an extremist group. The seizure was simply the result of a city ordinance which requires a special permit for the storage of more than two hundred rounds of ammunition in a residence. Nor is there any direct evidence linking other NRA clubs, also receiving free government aid, with extremist groups, black or white.

"Guerrillas" by the Thousands

But in recent months, the question has been raised as to whether the government's civilian marksmanship training is being abused. One such skeptic, Texas Congressman Henry Gonzalez, read into the May 26, 1964, *Congressional Record* a newsletter from the Paul Revere Associated Yeomen, Inc. which predicted a "Goldwater-Nixon ticket defeating the Dems by a 60-40 vote" followed by an attempted "revolution-insurrection" by the "diehard liberals and Reds who controlled our government for thirty-one years." Readers were urged to "stock up on rifles, shotguns, pistols . . . arm every member of your family," and to "join the National Rifle Association; join the Minutemen."

Some months later, in a newspaper interview, Robert B. de Pugh, national leader of the Minutemen, explained that it is "a common tactic" for Minutemen without disclosing their affiliation to organize or join gun clubs in order to gain access to rifle ranges for target practice. Believing the United States will be subverted by Communists within ten years, Minutemen—now said to number 25,000—are preparing to resist as guerrillas. Thousands of them, he said, have joined the National Rifle Association in order to get free ammunition through the Army program and, by their dues, to support the NRA's fight against gun-control legislation.

The NRA has vehemently disclaimed connection with the Minutemen, Paul Revere Associated Yeomen, or "any group which advocates or condones activities of violence." However, one wonders how closely the credentials of would-be members or affiliates are examined. The NRA bylaws specify that individual applicants must be endorsed either by a member in good standing, a public official, or an officer of the U. S. Armed Forces. To test this rule, I recently sent for an NRA membership blank and had it en-

dorsed by my brother-in-law who is not an NRA member, nor a public official, nor an officer of the Armed Forces. I was accepted as an NRA member, nonetheless, on May 5, 1964. And so far as affiliated groups are concerned, there is nothing to prevent, say, ten Minutemen from forming a gun club and then applying for affiliation. Approval is routine after the Adjutant General and NRA office in the club's home state "review" the club application, supposedly to determine whether the officers listed have criminal records. (Oddly enough, however, fingerprints—the only reliable way of checking criminal records—are not required with the application.) Once it has its NRA charter, the club can then apply to the Army for its free quota of guns (twelve for a ten-member club) and ammunition.

Like most organizations, the NRA is concerned with its self-perpetuation and growth. To this end, the phrase, "Keep and Bear Arms," is an ideal rallying cry which becomes irresistible to gun lovers when coupled with the enticement of free or cut-rate government arms and ammunition. The result is a formidable—and dangerous—coalition of diverse pressure groups.

On the other hand, the vast majority of our citizens, including those who own guns for sports or other legitimate purposes have expressed themselves as being in favor of firearms

controls. But they are unorganized and, as memories of the Kennedy assassination recede, increasingly apathetic. "You can't run into anyone who doesn't really want some form of gun legislation," says Brooklyn Supreme Court Justice John E. Cone, head of the National Committee for the Control of Weapons, a well-meaning but ineffectual and fundless local organization with perhaps two hundred members.

Most serious students of the problem advocate measures much more stringent than the mild Dodd bill. They particularly believe that like automobiles, guns should be registered. Moreover, guns should be sold only to individuals holding permits or licenses, which should also be required for all present gun owners. Since a large number of deaths are caused by accidents it might be well to provide mandatory safety instructions or to require proof of proficiency before issuing licenses to would-be or present gun owners. It follows that ammunition would be sold only to holders of firearms licenses.

Although such restrictions are anathema to the American shooting fraternity, most civilized countries have long since established some sensible form of firearms control.

Yet, barring another great national tragedy for the moment at least Congress seems to have said farewell to arms legislation. This, too, has been the temporary fate of other government regulatory programs opposed by well-organized minorities which can generate a noisy clamor in the press and a flood of mail out of all proportion to their numbers. Such lobbies have sometimes been beaten by the exertions of other well-organized groups, such as the League of Women Voters and the AFL-CIO.

With nearly fifty lives now lost every day because of the indiscriminate sale and use of guns, it would seem high time that responsible civic and other organizations put the matter of firearms control at the top of their legislative agenda. I am confident that, in the end, they will command far more political firepower than the firearms lobby.

Congressman John V. Lindsay of New York in his testimony before the Senate Commerce Committee last winter summed up the issue in these words: "Responsible sportsmen and gun owners find their sport or hobby degraded by the greedy practices of irresponsible gun sellers and the murderous practices of irresponsible gun buyers. I cannot see how it helps *bona fide* hunters, gun lovers, and even the dealers and manufacturers to have a national sport become a national scandal."

Bad Shots, or What?

Firearm accidents take their largest toll in November, when hunting activities are at a maximum. Altogether, the three-month period October-December accounts for nearly two-fifths of the annual loss of life. Yet, even in the spring, when the toll is usually lowest, well over one hundred lives a month are lost in such accidents.

The United States has an unfavorable position among the major countries of the world with respect to fatal firearm accidents. Our death rate from this cause is approximately ten times that recorded in England and Wales, the Netherlands, and Japan. It is also appreciably higher than the rate in Denmark, Norway, Scotland, and Northern Ireland. . . .

—Statistical Bulletin of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, September 1963.



A Christmas Dinner

A story by Noel Mostert

yle began to feel about Christmas that he s permanently lost somewhere in the long pas- ge between the kitchen and the dining room his Aunt Anna's house, pivoting there with kward gestures and murmurs of embarrass- nt, always standing aside for the purposes of ers, for the trays of pineapple salad, cold duck d turkey, nuts and raisins, that went to the ont, and the loads of glasses and silver and er things for cleaning that came out.

There seemed nowhere else to go; he was less the way in the passage than in the dining room kitchen, where the prevailing urgency spelled mistakable exclusion. He felt in both of those aces that true isolation of the outsider, of not owing where things were, of being unable to spond to the constant exclamations for the ob- cts that were missing or suddenly required.

It was eleven and he had been in the house for over an hour already.

This dejected floating between other people's preoccupations was the logical anti-climax, it now seemed, to the unreal journey from Tokai reform- atory; all the way out here through Capetown he had traveled blinking and self-conscious, as if the bright sunlight in which he worked shirtless every day were something as new and unfamiliar as his blue suit and tie. But the sense of the South African sun and the cool stillness before the heat of the day *was* different when he set out, though its quality and dove-laden murmur was indistin- guishable in mood and modulation from all other days. Undoubtedly his being outside the gates made a difference in the mountains and in the sur- rounding vineyards and the pine forests he was used to, and he decided that it was the sound of his

foot steps unaccompanied on the dusty road toward the bus stop, the absence of any voices around him; the heaviness of the impending heat was sweet and languid instead of tense. But it was too still.

He went through a world in which everything seemed somewhere else; the people were busy with the special ceremonial of this day, and they were busy on their own.

"Merry Christmas," the bus conductor said offhandedly, and this made Lyle feel less timid and intrusive.

The bus was as empty as the road it traveled but there were colored-paper decorations inside to also remind him that it was Christmas. These, although dirty and torn, did not seem as perfunctory as those above the silent, watchful meals at the school, so that he went on with a mingled sense of skepticism and expectation; afraid of the unfamiliar, of the heavy responsibility of being alone and for every gesture he made and syllable he uttered.

When he'd left and gone out through the main hall, past the principal's office, Mr. Hendriks had called him in.

The principal was dressed as he normally was on a Sunday, in khaki shorts and with a short-sleeved open-neck shirt, and he was sucking a pipe. His two small daughters were there with him, nursing new dolls. Mr. Hendriks was a lean and athletic man; his eyes were sharp and flat as a detective's and he talked with the same sinister matter-of-factness, but he was not an unkind man. "You're going to behave yourself, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"The last time you got probation you didn't." Mr. Hendriks was studying him carefully. He wasn't accusing or doubting, just recalling a fact which seemed to have some relevance. "Your relatives are good people. I know their minister. You know, it was good of your aunt to phone and ask for you. So you mus' jus' behave yourself, man. Jus' behave yourself and have a good time."

"Yes, sir."

The strain of his fears that somehow he wouldn't already had given him a slight headache and Lyle decided to leave the corridor and go outside. He went onto the verandah, but here too he was in the way, awkwardly on the fringe of the boisterous greeting incoming guests got as they burst through the small front gate, with gifts held high in arms outstretched for exultant embrace.

Lyle went inside again, found a chair in a

darkened corner of the hall and sat holding his head in his hands, gazing at the floor and the frayed carpet with its design of camels and rampant lions.

"Is anything the matter, Lyle?" His Aunt Anna had approached him unaware and jumped quickly to his feet.

"No," he said.

"Are you enjoying yourself?"

"Oh yes, thank you."

"Well, I'm glad they let you come. We've much wanted to have you. I don't suppose it's very nice staying there."

"No."

She regarded him intently. "Do they . . . do they bully you much?"

"No."

"The man I spoke to, the principal, he seems very nice. He said you've done very well lately and that you've been very good. Very quiet. That's why they let you come today. He says you're going out to St. Michael's home next month. Then you can go to the trade school after the day."

"Yes."

"What are they going to teach you?"

"Electrician."

"Would you like that?"

"I don't know; I suppose so."

"Is there anything special you'd like to do now?"

"Have you got any books?"

She hesitated. "Well, we've got some nice books here you can look at, if you want to. Your uncle bought the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. It's in the front, but be sure to wash your hands first. I know you read a lot there?"

"They don't have many books."

"You must make yourself at home; we're all happy family here."

"Oh, I do feel at home, thank you."

"Good." The word was a crisp satisfaction with duty done but something else occurred to her. "We'd have liked to have had you here instead of going to the home, of course. But we don't have so much room. You'll be free to come and visit us on Sundays though."

"Thank you very much, that'll be nice."

Noel Mostert, a Canadian citizen and journalist whose magazine work takes him from Tangiers to Toronto and points between, regards himself as a South African writer because he was born and educated there. He is writing a novel set in the U.S., where he feels he spent the most formative part of his life.

"Oh . . . Heavens! Where do you people come from so suddenly?" She had turned to greet a mucous invasion.

There was momentary bedlam. Lyle drifted behind them into the kitchen, where one of the new rivals, a woman in black Sunday best and pearls, was dancing excitedly from one foot to the other, and then cried to Anna, "Here let's give you a hand. We'll wash up and let Minnie get on with what she's doing." Minnie, the Malay maid, was standing scowling at the sink.

"No. You go inside. But come see this pudding first."

"It's beautifully done. You're so good at puddings. Mine never come out."

"I don't know what I'm doing anymore, what with everything." She gave Lyle an involuntary glance and was immediately embarrassed. The other woman looked as well.

"Is this Mary's boy?" she cried in the same, sharp voice. "Are you Jimmy? But you've grown! My God." Jimmy was Anna's grandchild.

"No," Anna said. "This is my nephew, Lyle. He's Julia's son. You remember Julia? Lyle's come for the day." She swallowed some further explanation and then called across the kitchen, "Lyle, get Auntie the cake forks, please. You'll find them in the dining room, in the sideboard."

He went with a rush, as though success or failure of the elaborate preparations in that hot, hissing, and littered kitchen, aglow with livid copper, split fruit, colored tarts, creams, and icings, were dependent upon imminent arrival of the forks.

An older cousin was standing on a chair in the dining room hanging decorations.

He began opening the sideboard drawers and she paused, holding a mass of red streamers which looped out from the ceiling centerpiece, a great scarlet paper bell. "What are you looking for?" she asked sharply.

"Auntie Anna wants the cake forks."

"Oh. They're in the top drawer there. No, the other one. Not those. Yes, those."

She watched him until he had taken the forks out, closed the drawer and started for the door.

He was about to rush back down the corridor when a familiar instinct stopped his pace and set his heart beating. He knew they were talking about him at the end. He went down the corridor casually, but skillfully silent. He stood quietly outside the kitchen door. Their voices retreated toward the oven, strengthened back to the center of the room.

"But where's the father?"

"God knows. Not that anyone cares."

"And Julia?"

"In Johannesburg, last I heard. I didn't ask him, but I don't think he knows either. I don't honestly want to know myself anymore where she or any of them are. It's your own flesh and blood but there's a limit."

"You've done very well, I think. It was good of you to have him today."

"The man at the reformatory called and asked us to have him—I don't know how he knew about us. Those people always seem to know things. So of course I said yes. One couldn't very well refuse, could one? He said they wanted to let him out of there next month and that the outing would do him good."

"Yes, but . . ."

The conversation dropped to whispers.

Lyle entered. "Here are the forks," he said.

"Oh thank you, Lyle," Anna beamed, and the other woman smiled, her eyes going to and fro across his face, as if to read some story there.

Lyle said, "Excuse me, please," and went out into the hall. He felt a taste of sickness in his mouth.

The children were moving into the house and they went solemnly past him; they were coming from some point in the garden, where they had been hovering distractedly, restrained by their party clothes and absorbed in the malice of their various comparisons, one's toys against another's.

They entered in clusters, squeezing through the door, and with their quick movements and laughter they shook loose from their shoulders and shining hair the fragments of sunlight that still lay upon them, like bits of golden straw. They were all much younger than Lyle and they ignored him for this, also for that instinctive refusal in the community of the very young of association with the lost or isolated. He both envied and resented them; they wore the confidence of all the liberties conceded them that day.

The children had not been summoned, but a sure sense of the order and ritual of the occasion now brought them forward. An army of small masters, they advanced upon the lounge to exercise their prerogatives.

The tree was there of course. They moved unerringly to the various knees and laps that awaited them, and when they had settled, silent beneath the hubbub overhead, they fixed their attention upon the tree, scanning its base for new deposits from the late arrivals.

There was a mound of new stuff, all of it lavishly wrapped, and the room's ambrosial mist, a fragrance of Eau de Cologne, lavender, candle

wax, mince pies and cigars, resin, new clothes and unbroken shoe leather, and brilliantine, seemed to emanate from there.

Corks popped and each bottle apparently contained a gust of imprisoned laughter that burst into the room, foamed joyously around the walls, and then was reflectively amber.

"I shouldn't really."

"It's Christmas, what the hell. Just say when."

"Oh that's fine, thank you."

"How about you people?"

"Fill 'em up. Fill 'em up."

"They can say what they like, this is as good as French champagne any day."

"Good old South Africa."

Another round of gift-giving began for the children, who went forward like victors and returned with expressions of vanity and smug triumph to parental fuss.

Lyle retreated into his corner. Anna earlier had given him a pullover and a box of handkerchiefs but he felt now that he should be out of sight, that there was some obligation to avoid touching their conscience with this round, especially since the older children were going up as well. The distribution was soon over, however, and no one had noticed him. There was great hilarity.

Anna entered with a tray of gingerbeer for the children. She served them all and was about to leave when someone near Lyle called out, "You've missed somebody."

"Oh, I didn't see you there, Lyle," she said, with genuine concern. "Would you like some too?"

"Of course he does. Too young for champagne."

The glass came across. The room seemed heavily silent as he accepted it, without looking at anyone.

"Lyle's going to trade school soon; he's going to be an electrician," Anna said, to no apparent purpose, but as though in apology to Lyle.

Various people said, "Hmmm," or "Really?" and smiled in Lyle's direction. All the children turned to stare, examining him gravely, as though there were some extra qualification for attention which they had somehow

omitted from their own calculations for the day.

"That's a good trade. You'll make good money when you're qualified," one man said seriously with that solemn tone used in addressing boys on a man-to-man basis. There were further murmurs of agreement.

The gingerbeer glass was soothingly cold and Lyle rolled it across his forehead, from one side to the other, slowly, to and fro. When the glass was warm he drank the gingerbeer. But it was then too sweet and he couldn't finish it. His hands grew steadily stickier; he was embarrassed to put the glass down.

There was a movement, a stir, groups forming and reforming, higher, sharper laughter from all; and then most of the people were gone.

Those who remained became involved in an argument in the center of the room. Anna was protesting, "Oh, we can't now. We're going to eat soon. What about this afternoon?"

"Rubbish. It's early. You're not going to have it hot anyway. So come along. If the kids get hungry there's masses at our place. They'll eat again, don't you worry."

"No really, I don't think so," Anna said. "Look how many there are of us. What about you, John?" She addressed her husband.

"I'm easy. Just say the word."

He was a big man and his face was red from the morning's steady drinking. He was grinning happily, content to let others settle it all. So long as there was another drink, somewhere, soon.

The woman who earlier had been in the kitchen with Anna said, "Nonsense, you're all coming. It's your turn to sit down for a while."

"Oh well, all right. Only for an hour."

"Let's go."

Anna said, "You'd better comb your hair a bit, Lyle. You've been rubbing it."

He said, "Would you mind if I went for a walk or something or sat on the verandah until you come back?"

"Don't you want to go? We're all going."

"I've got a headache."

"Oh, dear," Anna said.



"It doesn't matter, you can lock up," Lyle said. "You can stay on the verandah."

"No, it's all right. Minnie's got to stay here and clean up anyway," Anna said, and then looked thoughtful, as if reassessing her decision. "Isn't he coming?" the other woman asked.

"No," Anna said. "He's got a headache."

"Oh," the woman said. "Oh," and she looked at Anna.

"Minnie's going to be here," Anna said again, reassuring herself.

They left without further questions, and Lyle listened to the sounds of their departure. He stood and waited listlessly.

The Malay woman was cleaning up the mess in the lounge, stacking glasses and clearing ashtrays. He stood in the doorway watching her but paid no attention and when she had finished straightening the cushions and drawing the curtains against the heat she pressed silently past him and went out into the backyard to her room. He heard its door slam distantly. She would probably sleep until called to serve dinner.

He felt a sudden uneasiness about being left alone like this. The house was alarmingly empty, though still filled with its Christmas spice. He now fervently wished he had gone with them. His next regret was that he had come at all, the stillness in the mess and the dormitories at least so familiar.

In the dining room the great array of prepared food lay pensive under the cheesecloths spread to keep off the flies. It was a sumptuous silence here, and over it now and then there flicked a wash of complementary color from the balloons to the ceiling as they caught some brief light when the curtains stirred from the merest breath outside. The salads—potato with grated pineapple, orange, crayfish and avocado, egg, papaya, and so many more—stood deep and undisturbed in their bowls, around vases crammed with poppies, roses, and chrysanthemums. There were cold turkey, a suckling pig, sliced ham, duckling, various jellied meats, sweets, candied watermelon, fruits, raisins, nuts. There were Christmas crackers, paper hats, and tall new candles. Lyle had never seen anything like it. He wanted to pick something up, a nut, a sweet, and to eat it and break this spell of unreal anticipation, to convince himself of its intended gaiety. But he was afraid. He couldn't.

He wandered onto the verandah and the light there was so fierce by this time that it blinded him and set his head throbbing violently again. Below the verandah the houses fell toward

Table Bay in a dazzling avalanche of whitewash and red tile. Out beyond the whaleback hump of Robben Island in the center of the bay the sun hammered silver from the sea. You could see the long shadowed creases of the South Atlantic swell moving in with slow appraisal of the shore, searching where to break.

There was no movement in the harbor below, no tug adrift; two Union-Castle mailships stood dozing in their elegant dress of lavender and red and black, lending a tone that seemed specially festive for the day. A big whale factory ship lay between them.

The only person was a Cape Colored, who sat on the edge of the pavement near the front of the house, his head sunk upon his arms, lost in thought or sleep.

Then a double-decker bus came by, half-empty, and two blond boys a little older than Lyle got off. They were in khaki shorts and carried their bathing suits wrapped in towels. Their hair was still wet from the sea. A woman simultaneously appeared on the verandah of a house up the road, summoned no doubt by the sound of the bus, and she beckoned. "We're waiting," she called cheerfully, and the boys broke into a run and disappeared inside.

Lyle and the Cape Colored once more were the only ones left adrift amongst these dense, pre-occupied suburban houses.

The street was quite empty, and so was the road that traversed the sun-burned expanse of Green Point common far below, near the docks. Later, when they had slept the insensible sleep of summer heat and heavy dinner, the rush of secondary gift-giving would start in the city and the motorists would pass down there, and up here, in a fast and steady stream, renewing the morning's rounds of visits. But only later. Now there was this hush of Christmas noon, heavier than any Sunday; a hush of heat and unblemished sky which he somberly considered while the silence of the house behind him itself grew deeper. But there was no solace in this stillness and its blue-white beauty. He felt only a great sense of absence, himself from somewhere: the only man outside the caves, beyond the feast.

For the first time that day Lyle wondered about his parents and some other Christmas that might have been his; felt for that moment as though he had been misdirected, that there was indeed another Christmas that was his, that they were waiting for him as that woman had been waiting for her sons. But the day seemed to grow only more still and indrawn, absolute in its emptiness.

Judgments

by William Stafford

I accuse—

Ellen: you have become forty years old,
and successful, tall, well groomed,
gracious, thoughtful, a secretary.
Ellen, I accuse.

George—

You know how to help others;
you manage a school. You never
let fear or pride or faltering plans
break your control.
George, I accuse.

I accuse—

Tom: you have found a role;
now you meet all kinds of people
and let them find the truth of your
eminence; you need not push.
Oh, Tom, I do accuse.

Remember—

The gawky, hardly to survive students
we were: not one of us going to succeed,
all of us abjectly aware of how cold,
unmanageable the real world was?
I remember. And that fear was true.
And is true.

Last I accuse—

Myself: my terrible poise, knowing
even this, knowing that then we
sprawled in the world
and were ourselves part of it; now
we hold it firmly away with gracious
gestures (like this of mine!) we've achieved.

I see it all too well—

And I am accused, and I accuse.

and clarity, and himself more desolately observant
of these.

There was a flare of gramophone music from
somewhere, swiftly reduced. Laughter.

Lyle rose and then, from some compulsion, went
out onto the street and up to the colored man.
He touched him on the shoulder and the man
looked up quickly. His eyes were alert, as though
he had anticipated the approach and expected
some sort of interference with his meditation.

"Hello," Lyle said.

"Hello," the man said. He was young. About
twenty. He looked at Lyle steadily.

"I thought something might be the matter,"
Lyle said.

"Oh," the man said, and his expression relaxed.
"I sat down and I fell asleep." He yawned.
"What's the time?"

"Going on for one."

"Christ," the man said. "I should've been
aboard ship by now. We sail at three, and I've
missed my dinner." He shook his head. "Jonny,
I've had a lot to drink. I've got a terrible hang-
over. I started walking from Hout Bay when the
sun came up. I didn't even have my bus fare left.
That's a long way to walk. How many miles?"

"Dunno."

"I'd say seven."

"I don't know how far it is."

"Aren't you having Christmas?"

"Yes," Lyle said.

"Do you live here?"

"I've just come for the day."

"Where?"

"There."

"Other people there?"

"They've all gone out."

"Can you do me a favor then?"

"I'll try. What's it?"

"Get me a drink of water please, man. There's
nowhere I can get a drink."

"Sure," Lyle said.

He went across to the house and found a tin
mug he remembered the Malay woman using.
Beside it, in a special niche above the sink, separat-
ate from the household dishes, were her plates
and utensils as well. There was a Christmas
cracker and a paper hat beside them today.

He carried the water back carefully and the
man put it back with a single gulp.

"Ah," he said. "That was good." He frowned.
"You can't go to a café or a European house for
a drink because they think you've come to steal
and they chase you or call the dogs. So what do
you do? Thank you very much, that was really
a favor."

"Would you like some more?"

"I would," the man said. "I really would." He
rose slowly to his feet and dejectedly examined
his clothes and started brushing them off with
his hands. He was well dressed but the suit was
crumpled and dusty. "The first time I have this
suit on, look what it's like. It cost me ten quid.
That's one thing I hate, man, to get kaffir drunk
like that." He sighed. "Oh well, I've got lots of
time to clean it."

"Where are you going?"

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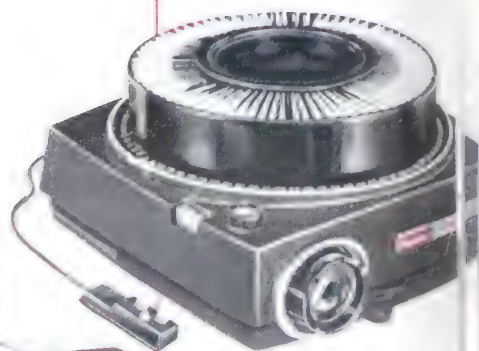
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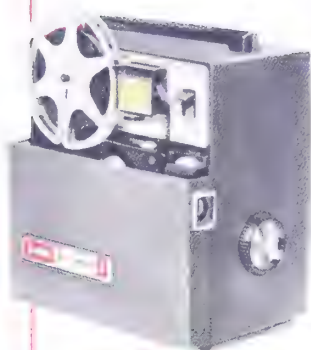
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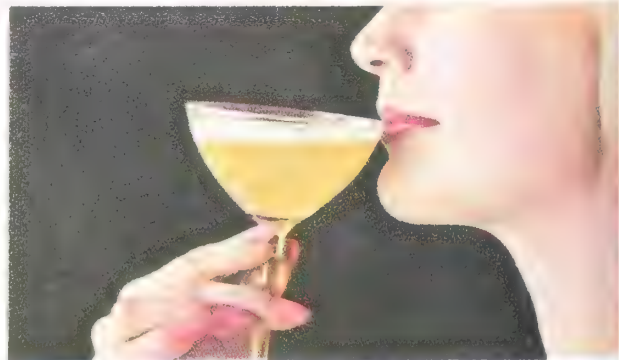


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"Whaling. That's her down there," and he indicated the factory ship below. "When I come back in the autumn I'll have five hundred pounds. When I'm going to Canada. I've got a girl friend here. My fee-ansay." He pronounced the word with an air of sophistication, took out his wallet, and flipped it open. "That's her. I'm engaged. Next Christmas this time I'll be there. Saint John, New Brunswick. We took oranges there."

"She's European," Lyle blurted.
 "Yes," the man said. "So am I. Over there." It was true. He could have passed for white. His skin was olive, his hair thick and straight; only his nose was a little broad and so were his lips, but he was pleasant looking and had thick shoulders.

"Did you see snow in Canada?"
 "Yes."
 "Do you like it?"
 "I don't like the cold, but it's nice to pass for white."

"I suppose so. There's a boy at the place where I am, at my school. He was born in England and he's seen snow."

"You couldn't fetch me that other drink of water, please?"

"Are you hungry?"
 "Yes."

"Come inside," Lyle said.
 "You mean in the house?"

"Yes, there's no one there."
 "Got any dogs?"
 "No."

The man looked up and down the street. "You're sure you know what you're doing? I don't want any trouble. I want to get to my ship. What if they come back and find a colored man in the house? You're a small boy and you don't know what you're doing—I don't like going into European houses."

"They won't be back for a while," Lyle assured him. "They've just gone. I feel like dinner. Everybody's having it."

"Why didn't you go with them?" the man asked suspiciously.

Lyle shrugged.

"Come and see the dinner they've got," he said.

The colored man was awestruck by the splendor of the table. "My God," he said. "I've never seen anything like that. Not even at my brother's wedding. Man, I don't like this. It's all there waiting for them; they come in here licking their chops and they see me . . . ? No!"

"Don't worry," Lyle said. He felt master of the situation, proud of his own resolve against the

older man's hesitation. "We'll take it off the tops of the salads and smooth it over. Don't take all your nuts or sweets from the same dish. See?" He had begun filling a plate, and he handed it to the man, who began eating slowly and then with relish. "Whose place is this?"

"My aunt's."
 "Why didn't you stay at your own home?"

"I don't have one. I'm at Tokai."
 The man put his plate down slowly. "You mean the reformatory?"

"Yes."
 "Jesus Christ man are you lying to me?"

"About what?"
 "This house. What are you doing here?"

"I just told you."
 "Then why aren't you at Tokai? Did you run away?"

"No. They let me off for the day—they're letting me out soon and they want me adjusted."

"I don't know what that word means," the man said.

"Oh, getting on with people."
 "You get on with people all right. You get on very well with people."

"No, I don't," Lyle said. "I get on people's nerves."

"You don't. Not on mine. You're the first European who doesn't get on my nerves."

"I do, honestly. I get on people's nerves after a while."

"Why?"
 "I do funny things."

"You do funny things all right. What sort of things?"

"Oh, all sorts. It depends. Sometimes I make noises."

"What noises?"

The man had seated himself and he was eating with increasing enjoyment, his eyes roving the table as he talked, his arm extending occasionally to filch some sweetmeat that caught his fancy. "What noises?" he repeated, looking at Lyle, who had become thoughtful.

"Oh, moans and groans, dog in agony, noises like that."

"Do you do it all the time?"
 "No."

"What makes you do it?"
 "I dunno, I just want to. I get a feeling I want to."

"People must think you're crazy."
 "I dunno."

"What do they say?"
 "Oh, nothing much. They just talk a lot afterwards and look at me. I don't do it such a lot at

Tokai, except when I'm by myself, because the other boys don't like it and they put me in the shower."

"But is that what they put you in Tokai for, those noises?"

"Sort of," Lyle said, and then asked, "Do you want to pull a cracker?"

"That red one," the man said.

They pulled. "There's a paper hat inside," Lyle said. "You must put it on."

They pulled another cracker, and then both put on their paper hats. "I'm getting full," the man said. "What did you mean, 'sort of.' What for?"

"I used to make a lot of noises when I was in the Anglican Home. I was put there after my parents went off. They used to get drunk and quarrel and then he stabbed her, and she was sick, and I don't know what happened to them after that. They were always quarreling. I didn't care when they went off. But I used to make a lot of noises then, and I was in the choir and Easter when the Bishop came for the sermon I did dog in agony in the middle of it. Then they made me polish the altar brass in the vestry and there was a hundred pounds in the collection box and I gave it to a native."

"What native?"

"He looked like a Zulu. He was very big. I leaned out the vestry window and he was passing and I gave it to him. I gave him the whole box. They said afterwards it was a hundred pounds."

"What did he say?"

"He laughed and he ran away."

"Damn right he ran. Did they catch him?"

"No. They wanted to know what the native looked like. He just looks like any native, I said. Then they put me in the reformatory."

"I was going to steal something," the man said. "But I won't."

"What?"

"This fountain pen." He took it from his pocket and placed it on the table. "I picked it up when we came in. I don't mind taking from Europeans.



But never get your mates into trouble."

"No," Lyle said.

They sat in their paper hats examining the table. The room was very quiet. The dishes showed deep indentations.

"We've done a lot of damage here," the man said. "Let's clean it up quickly or you'll get into trouble." He was laughing. "That really was Christmas. That was Christmas forever for that Zulu."

"He couldn't believe it," Lyle said.

"Nor would I," the man said. "But I wouldn't wait to believe it either; I'd run like he did."

"He ran very fast. I watched him."

They leveled the salad bowls, patted the tops into shape, dusted the table of crumbs, and Lyle took the dirty plates to the kitchen and rinsed them.

"I've got to go now," the man said. "That was the best Christmas dinner I ever had."

"Me too," Lyle said.

They went out to the verandah and down to the street. They were still wearing their paper hats and looked at one another and the man touched Lyle's shoulder. "You're a nice boy. You mustn't go on doing funny things. What's going to happen when you grow up and you still do funny things?"

"I won't anymore. Not so much," Lyle added. "I'll watch you sail. I wish I were going. I'd like to go away, on Christmas day."

"Some day you'll go, when you're big. Ag shame now, you mustn't cry."

"I'm not."

"Goodbye then."

He crossed the road and began running down the hill toward the docks. He turned suddenly his teeth white under his pink hat. "Merry Christmas," he shouted.

"Merry Christmas," Lyle cried. He watched the man disappear and then took off his paper hat, folded it carefully, put it in his pocket, and went back to his bench on the verandah.

Harvard's Bruner and His Yeasty Ideas

by Andrew T. Weil

his theories on teaching—for example, that any child can learn any subject at any stage of his development—have stirred up more excitement than any educator since John Dewey.

Harvard University follows a happy policy of giving senior faculty members very much to their own devices, and, consequently, many full professors work on multitudes of extracurricular projects. But if any citation is to be given to the most active man on the Harvard faculty, it must surely go to Jerome Seymour Bruner, professor of psychology. Bruner lectures in a popular General Education course for undergraduates and directs Harvard's Center for Cognitive Studies. He is president of the American Psychological Association and staff member of a private Cambridge corporation studying school-curriculum revisions. At forty-nine he has become the most widely quoted American educational theorist. On top of all this, he fills an undefined but prestigious role as Harvard elder statesman—a self-appointed spokesman for the university to the outside world.

I met Bruner for the first time at a dinner given by the Harvard *Crimson*. Twice each year the undergraduate staff of the paper invites members of the faculty to an evening which serves to cement relations between student editors and their main sources of news. Over cocktails in the *Crimson* building before one of the occasions, Bruner was discussing Harvard's General Education program with several undergraduates when I joined the company.

I remember being struck at once by Bruner's facility with words. Conversation for him seemed a delightful game, and he took enormous pleasure in parrying witticisms with the *Crimson's* best talkers. He entered debate with enthusiasm, listening thoughtfully to an argument with his chin cradled in his hand, then suddenly making a point of his own with animated gestures. I was somewhat dazzled by the man's mental agility; merely keeping up with him as he dashed from subject to subject was exhausting. But I cannot for the life of me remember the specifics of the conversation; I know we talked about the teaching of the natural sciences at Harvard, and I recall being captivated by Bruner's charming manner of making us all feel we were participating with him in a momentous intellectual occasion, but I suspect nothing terribly important was said.

Several weeks later I had another talk with Bruner, this time in his own house in Cambridge. His wife was there and several friends who had dropped in for a fireside talk on a cold evening, but despite an absence of undergraduate inquisitors, Bruner dealt with his guests just as he had taken on a table of *Crimson* editors—he drew us into a relentless discussion of any number of topics. It occurred to me that Bruner must live in a state of constant mental excitement, that he cannot bear the thought of being slack. A roguish good humor accompanies all this energy. When we deplored the architecture of several new buildings around the university, Bruner argued that the way to rouse the public to protest was to promote the construction of something so hideous that a citizens' committee would at once spring up to supervise all future

urban redevelopment. "A skyscraper with a Chinese pagoda effect, I think," he suggested.

The most casual remark sets him off on a train of observations, and his catholicity continually astounds those around him. More than anything, he likes to tell people what he thinks.

"St. Jerome's Gospel"

What Bruner thinks about certain subjects—notably education—has become of great interest to many laymen as well as psychologists. Since the publication three years ago of his little book, *The Process of Education*, he has been in demand as a speaker on teaching methods and a consultant for institutions planning educational reforms. The book itself grew out of a 1959 conference at Woods Hole, Massachusetts, on science education in primary and secondary schools; the meeting was called by the National Academy of Sciences, and Bruner directed it.

Bruner developed three important themes in the book. He first argued that school curricula should be rearranged to emphasize the "structure" of knowledge rather than its "details." By "structure" Bruner meant the general nature of the phenomenon under consideration—the broad, unifying principles of a subject. In a physics curriculum, for example, Newton's law of universal gravitation would be a structural element because it is fundamental to many situations encountered in physics. On the other hand, a lesson on how the moon affects tides would be "details," especially since it might be presented as a specific application of Newton's law. Bruner believes there are a number of advantages to this method. For one thing, comprehension of fundamentals may make a whole subject easier to understand. One can always reconstruct forgotten details if he thoroughly comprehends the basic material. Furthermore, learning fundamentals increases the ability to recognize whether an idea one has learned is appropriate to a new situation. Bruner would claim that the student who first learns the nature of gravitation will understand tides more easily and usefully than the student who simply learns about tides.

As a second theme of the book, Bruner argued that "any subject can be taught effectively in some

intellectually honest form to any child at any stage of development." He admitted the difficulty of finding ways to make ideas understandable to children, but he noted that learning theorists had already devised engaging "games" to communicate abstract scientific principles to youngsters in the lower grades. Basic notions in physics, for example, "are perfectly accessible to children of seven to ten years of age, *provided that they are divorced from their mathematical expression and studied through materials that the child can handle himself.*" Here is Bruner's own description of such a technique for teaching the conservation of momentum:

We hang a thread with a ball at the end of it from the ceiling of a high room, and then put a tape measure along the floor and take the ball to six units away from the center. We say to a child, "Tell me how far you think this ball is going to swing in the other direction when we let it go. It's out to six over here." And the child—an eight-year-old, perhaps—says, "About three; it will go up three on the other side." Then we say, "How come?" and he says, "Well, you see, here it's going downhill and there it's going to have to go uphill."

So we drop the ball, and, much to the child's amazement, momentum is conserved and it goes all the way to six on the other side. He looks at it and says, "Well, that was only once." So we do it three times (and that's "always") and then he says, "Oh, yes; that works. That's just fine."

Then we take two balls and hang them from the ceiling in exactly the same way; we leave one of them motionless and carry the other one out and prepare to drop it so that it hits the first. "How far is that other one going to go out?" we ask. "This one is out here to six." The child says, "Well, it's got to push the other one." Sure enough, it hits it and "pushes" the stationary one, and again (thanks to Newton) momentum is conserved and the stationary one goes out to six on the other side. We do it three times to convince the child, who then begins to have some notions about the operation, and says, "Well, that's because there's only one ball that's hung there."

We take five balls and hang them next to one another, and tell him we're going to drop another from six, and get him to predict what is going to happen when we drop it. Then the child begins to say things like, "You know, I'll tell you how it is. You see, this thing is coming down like that and it is moving and it sort of tells its movement, or sort of gives its movement to the other ones, and it carries up like that and there is nowhere else for the movement to go so it has to go up there like that." He's shifted at this particular point from a kind of body kinetics—human body kinetics—uphill-downhill pushing—to a good model of inertial physics in which he gets the idea that motion has to be translated.

Andrew T. Weil is a first-year student at Harvard Medical School. As an undergraduate he was on the editorial board of the "Crimson" and editor-in-chief of "The Harvard Review"; he was graduated last June with honors in biology.

You do this to start off with by letting the children manipulate the materials, then letting them get some imagery that stands for these manipulations, and then getting them to put it into words like "it's carrying, the movement carries through to the balls on the other side and moves on that way."*

In *The Process of Education*, Bruner made a third memorable point: the importance of intuitive thinking in achieving insights that ensure the acquisition and retention of knowledge. "Intuition" he described as a technique of solving problems; it does not make use of the careful, planned steps of analysis but depends on a kind of immediate apprehension. Intuition, one might say, is the "Eureka!" method of arriving at a solution. In Bruner's words, "The intuitive thinker arrives at an answer, which may be right or wrong, with little if any awareness of the process by which he reached it. He rarely can provide an adequate account of how he obtained his answer.

... Usually, intuitive thinking rests on familiarity with the domain of knowledge involved and with its structure, which makes it possible for the thinker to leap about, skipping steps and employing shortcuts in a manner that requires a later rechecking of conclusions by more analytic means. . . ." Can a person be *trained* to think intuitively—to make shrewd guesses, have sound hunches, and jump to conclusions? He can, said Bruner, but our schools are not making the attempt.

Although *The Process of Education* is sensible throughout, it gives little practical help to educators. Emphasis on structure is all to the good if one knows what structure is; outside the natural sciences the meaning is not clear. What is the "structure" of history? or of literature? The answers are not obvious. The conviction, no matter how forcefully stated, that abstract concepts can be taught to young children does not tell teachers what to do. Curricula revisions to encourage intuitive thinking in children can only come after thorough studies of the very nature of intuition. Bruner's book is a set of research proposals, not a manual for educators.

Yet *The Process of Education* has become a sort of bible to educational theorists ("The Gospel According to St. Jerome," some call it), and its author is now the golden boy of American educational psychology. To hold a colloquium on primary school teaching and not invite Jerome Bruner would be unthinkable, and few theorists

would dare draw up curriculum revisions without consulting his book. All this seems the more strange since the book never claims to do more than suggest lines for further investigation.

A Barren Field

Bruner's enormous prestige says something about educational psychology in America. Educational psychology is rarely worth studying. Too often it is pseudoscientific, making use of the forms of scientific discourse to lend intellectual respectability to the shoddiest thinking. It is a field in which men of little ability or training frequently have the greatest influence. Particularly in America, educational psychology is given over to fuzzy minds, cranks, and merchants of bogus ideas. Not surprisingly, experimental psychologists, philosophers, and most serious persons interested in education in this country have long since stopped listening to educational theorists.

Consider, in this context, the importance of a brilliant and disciplined man like Bruner. He is the first person to come along in years—perhaps the first since John Dewey—who can speak intelligently about education to his fellow scholars as well as to educators, the first writer on educational psychology who has been respected in other fields. The president of one Eastern university went so far as to call him "the only man in the behavioral sciences today of striking intellectual capacity."

Here, also, is the explanation of the absence of any interesting controversy over Bruner's work. Bruner himself has certainly stirred up resentment, but much of it seems to stem from the usual personal jealousies among colleagues; practically no one criticizes his theories. To people starved for reasonable comments on education in intelligible English, Bruner's writings are above reproach.

This does not mean that Bruner has no faults; he has, and one of them, in fact, is that he is too impressed with his own triumphant reception. He has very nearly come to share the feeling of his admirers that he can do no wrong. Because his public hails his every word with the same enthusiasm, he is occasionally led to misjudge the quality of his own work. And he has such a way with language that he can make the most trivial point seem fraught with consequence. Much of the time he simply elucidates the obvious, and his audience never seems to notice.

A friend of mine who observed Bruner in a recent conference gave me a good illustration. The

* J. S. Bruner, "How We Learn and How We Remember," *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, Volume 66: November 9, 1963.

conference was called to consider an educational film prepared for primary school children. A number of psychologists had been debating how they might determine probable reactions of children to the film, and Bruner, summoned for advice, had been studiously following the arguments. After much fruitless discussion, Bruner suddenly interrupted. "I've got it! We'll get a child," he said excitedly, "we'll show him the film, and we'll ask him what he thought of it!" Then he leaned back, satisfied, while his colleagues applauded his wisdom, their faith in his infallibility once more sustained. Such reactions must account for Bruner's incredible self-assurance, a trait his detractors call smugness. Unhappily, Bruner's very success may be his undoing. Lack of responsible criticism eventually renders one unable to distinguish a mediocre effort from a good one. Such cautions, however, may be long-range. Most of what Bruner says is worth saying, and in a field where unmitigated nonsense has often emerged triumphant, he is unmistakably a force for enlightenment.

Values and Perceptions

Bruner's views on education are developments of his ideas on human mental processes, and these ideas have been long in evolving. Bruner recalls that as an adolescent he was impressed by the fact that when people disagreed, the sources of their disagreement were often their different ideas of reality. The simple recognition that reality is to some extent a construction of each individual was a significant step for Bruner as a young man and the beginning of his career as a psychologist.

Yet he remained indifferent to psychology as an undergraduate at Duke in the 'thirties. His family—successful, middle-class, Jewish New Yorkers—expected him to go into law. When he did look into psychology, he found that Gestalt theory reflected his own early thoughts on the nature of reality, and he decided to explore the subject further. After a year of postgraduate work in psychology at Duke, Bruner transferred to Harvard, where he studied under the great experimentalist, Karl S. Lashley.

Shortly before his arrival in Cambridge, a major change took place in Harvard's psychology department, which had long been a Department of Philosophy and Psychology. In 1933, E.G. Boring managed to create an independent Department of Psychology devoted to research on perception and animal learning, and it was to this

environment that Bruner came in the late 'thirties. He began his studies there with an investigation of perception in animals, but by the outbreak of war in Europe, his main interest had become social psychology. He wrote his doctoral dissertation on the techniques of Nazi propaganda, and during the war he was with the Psychological Warfare Division of SHAEF.

On returning to Harvard, Bruner went through what he now disparagingly calls "a phase" of examining factors influencing perception. He showed, for example, that poor children tend to imagine coins as being bigger than rich children imagine them. After a series of such experiments, he came to two conclusions. He first decided that a man's values and needs strongly determine his perceptions; in other words, he assumed many possible ways of seeing something like a coin, and suggested that the particular way an individual does see it is a consequence of inherent psychological factors. The coin is bigger to the poor child because he has been made more conscious of the importance of coins. Bruner's second conclusion embraced the idea that "man has an enormous capacity to restrict surprise at his environment." The factors determining perception give each person a coherent view of the universe. Of all the patterns one *might* perceive in reality, one's motivations, fears, and needs together select the pattern he *will* perceive. And whatever the pattern is, it will be consistent, so that when man encounters something he has never seen before, he can fit it into his scheme and make sense of it. According to Bruner, these "models of the universe" we all carry about in our minds help us reduce mental strain when we deal with things we know nothing about. We "restrict surprise" at our environment by preparing in advance for everything it can confront us with.

Both of these conclusions, particularly the second, laid a foundation for much of Bruner's later work. Back in the 'forties, they achieved recognition as a "new look" in perception theory. They also were the basis for cognitive psychology.

"Cognition" is defined as "the process of knowing." Cognitive psychology deals with man's ability to build conceptual models of his world, to go beyond available information, and to predict the nature of things he has not previously experienced. Robert W. White, a long-time Harvard professor of clinical psychology, in appraising Bruner's effect on American psychology, says, "It isn't as if he invented the field of cognitive psychology, but he picked it up and made it systematic. And although cognitive studies had a strong tradition in France, they had been badly

neglected in America until Bruner came along."

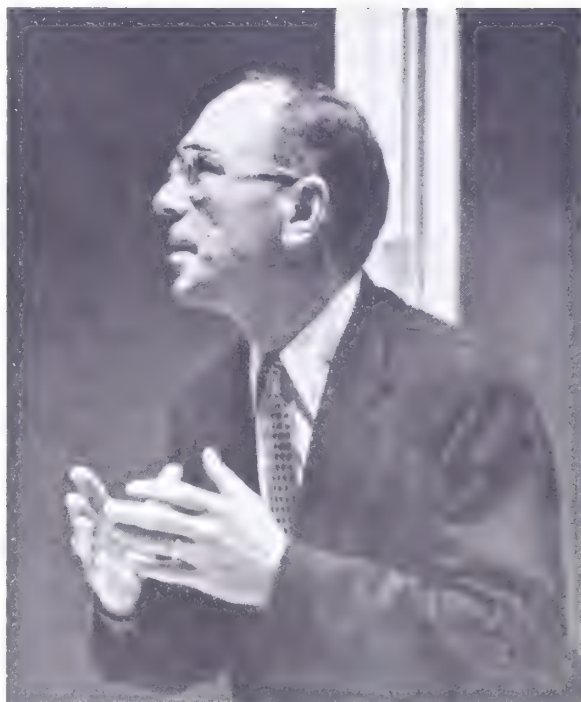
Because language is a conspicuous element of man's models, cognitive psychologists devote much attention to its structure and to the relationship between language and thought. Bruner began delving into linguistics about the time he was a visiting fellow at Princeton's Institute for Advanced Studies. For him the fellowship was a year in which he concentrated on man's "brutal selectivity" in perceiving the world; he tried to understand cognitive processes through language. In those days, psychologists merely dabbled in linguistic studies; no one dreamed of any formal discipline of "psycholinguistics." But today, mainly through the efforts of men at Harvard and MIT, psycholinguistics is an established field of inquiry, and much of the research in it has been carried out by close associates of Bruner.

Roger Brown, for example, whose *Words and Things* was the first psycholinguistic textbook, is now a staff member of Bruner's Center for Cognitive Studies at Harvard. Recently he has been investigating the effects on perception of the ways different languages "encode" reality. In particular, he has been comparing the color names available in English and in Yoruba, a Nigerian language. Speakers of English divide the visible spectrum into six colors: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet. But speakers of Yoruba use only two names: *dudu* and *pupa*, one referring to the cold colors (green, blue, violet), the other to the warm (red, orange, yellow).

Do users of English perceive different relationships among colors than users of Yoruba? To find out, Brown and others at the Center had people watch sequences of colors and asked them to detect a recurring serial pattern. One sequence might have been *red-green-yellow-blue-orange-violet-red-green-yellow-blue-etc.* A speaker of English ought to perceive the recurring pattern as ABCDEFABCD . . . , while the speaker of Yoruba should see it as ABABABABA Brown got just this result. In fact, when he tested a man who knew both languages, the man did not notice the simple alternation of warm and cold colors until he began to give the Yoruba names. Clearly, the language we use helps make us "brutally selective" in perceiving.

Renoir's Bicycle Rack

After a period at Cambridge University in the mid-'fifties, Bruner, now a full professor at Harvard, decided that in order to study cognition as he wished, he would have to devise new



Dr. Jerome S. Bruner

methods of experimentation. The main problem he found with standard techniques was their inability to cope with the speed of most cognitive processes. It occurred to him that it might be profitable to study children who could not learn; presumably, cognition was slowed down in them. He began a two-year project on "learning-block" children, developing some tutoring techniques and working out some methods of therapy. By far the most important outcome of this work was that it left Bruner interested in child development. "From there," as he now reflects, "it was a cinch I would become involved with education."

Cognitive studies rest squarely on an experimental basis: every hypothesis is put to a test with real people. Bruner, with his strong background in both experimental and social psychology, is unique at Harvard, where the behavioral sciences are beset with great internal dissension. In 1960 he established the Center for Cognitive Studies as an independent research unit to "foster interdisciplinary studies of the higher mental processes." The Center has its own staff and building and is supported by grants to Harvard.

A great variety of experiments goes on at the Center. One of Bruner's own favorites is the study of recognition of blurred pictures. Volunteers are placed in front of a screen and shown photographs of familiar objects out-of-focus. Then the picture is slowly cleared up until the person recognizes the object. It is not as easy as

it sounds. When I was shown a blurred fire hydrant, I did not realize it was a fire hydrant until the photograph was nearly fully focused. For a long time I thought I was seeing a picture of a table with wineglasses on it. Most people find it hard to recognize pictures when they have first seen them blurred. After Bruner's procedure, some persons will sit in front of a completely sharp photograph for nearly a minute, totally perplexed, unable to identify the picture.

Bruner explains this by suggesting that low-grade information (such as a blurry picture) tempts a person with hypotheses which interfere with recognition. He arrived at this theory when he took the test himself: "... because of the parking problem in Cambridge, many of us have taken to bicycles, myself included, and each morning I was accustomed to putting my bicycle in the rack outside Emerson Hall. One morning my assistant chose to show me a picture of that rack. As it started out of focus and moved into focus I thought, 'Aha! I've got it! I know this particular one; this is the painting of Renoir in which the young girl is being taken to the opera for the first time by her mother, who is sitting in the background. There she is in all her freshness!' I started elaborating, and the machine stopped, indicating it was in full focus—and I sat there for forty seconds unable to make the thing out!"

When delayed recognition finally comes, a subject's usual reaction is: "My God! How could I not have seen it?" Bruner cites these tests as proof of his contention that an attitude of "I believe what I see" is the "royal road to stupidity." Typically, he did not stop with discovery of the effect but went on to find out what could be done to help people overcome it. He showed first that giving hints—for instance, saying, "You're getting warm," when the observer came up with a guess in the right direction—does no good at all. (I can testify that being told, "You're off the track," is just as useless; I still saw a table with wineglasses, not the fire hydrant.) On the other hand, giving the person alternatives to work with is a big help, even if the set of alternatives does not include the right one. For example, had I been told, "This picture might be a famous painting, or a common household object, or a crowd of people," I would have recognized the hydrant more quickly. Apparently, when one has several possibilities to think about, one is less likely to get stuck in a wrong hypothesis. Keeping several alternatives in mind, however, seems to require some effort, and Bruner's volunteers complain that the procedure is fatiguing. Bruner specu-

lates that this extra effort may be the price required to avoid an incorrect conclusion based on poor information.

What a Child Sees

Other activity at the Cognitive Studies Center is more directly related to education. The more extensive background for Bruner's work is the research of Jean Piaget, who has studied child development with his group at the Jean-Jacques Rousseau Institute in Geneva. Following Piaget's lead, Bruner and others in Cambridge have investigated the growth of intelligence in children. Bruner says that man makes successive use of three modes of representing the world to himself. He calls them "enactive," "iconic," and "symbolic" representation (that is, representation by actions, by pictures, and by symbols), which appear in that order in the growing child. Youngest children can represent objects or past events only by appropriate actions; the infant who drops his rattle cannot indicate the lost toy except by shaking his hand as if he were holding the rattle. Later, the child acquires imagery independent of action; he can imagine things, such as a rattle, and can copy or recognize visual patterns. Finally, the child begins to use the most powerful representational system of all—the symbolic, which brings with it language; he can now employ the convenient vocal symbol "rattle" to designate his toy. Intelligence depends largely on how well a person learns to use this symbolic representation of experience.

When a youngster seems unable to learn, it may be due to a flaw in this development. For example, a child who still deals with information mainly in terms of imagery is often misled by appearance. Shown two glasses, one taller and thinner than the other, with equal amounts of water, he will say the tall, thin one contains more liquid because the level is higher, even if he has seen the water poured into both. But, as Bruner has demonstrated one can get across the notion of the difference between diameter and height of the container by encouraging the child to put what he sees into words. In this respect, the method resembles the one Bruner uses to teach conservation of momentum.

Again, Bruner lets the child handle the apparatus. Then he puts the two glasses behind a screen with only their tops visible and has the child watch him pour equal portions of water into each. Now, the youngster will insist—usually very stubbornly—that the glasses contain the



Plastics manufacturer Brent Pendleton and his wife Dina relax at El Yunque rain-forest.

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ne amount since, in his words, "I saw you do it." Without pausing a moment, Bruner takes away the screen, revealing the dissimilar vessels and different levels of liquid. He finds it not very hard at this point to prod his young pupil to say something like, "Well, the tall one looks as if it has more, but it really doesn't." The child has used symbolic representation to distinguish appearance from reality and is ready to put into language the relation between height and diameter of a fixed amount of liquid. "There's not much room sideways in the tall glass," he might say, "so the water has to go up more." The trick is simply to help the child discover for himself the powers of language to make sense of what one sees.

Experiments like these have assured Bruner a prominent place among psychologists and educational theorists. But he often holds forth on topics far removed from the concerns of psychology. He especially likes to make pronouncements at events at Harvard, and many persons outside the university listen to him. As might be expected, he is resented for this role. Much of the resentment comes from fellow psychologists, many of whom Bruner dismisses as "technicians." "There are two kinds of people I cannot abide," he says, "the technician—a damned bore—and the utopian, especially when his utopia is based on a technician's way of thinking."

"Prissiness" in the Academy

Charles E. Silberman, author of *Crisis in Black and White*, a close friend of Bruner, described him to me as a "synthesizer and scholar who cares about the meaning of his work—its relevance to the real world—without abandoning scholarship." But academic communities breed that strange snobbishness which condemns the scholar who is also a success in the nonacademic world. The biologist sneers at the physician, the theoretical physicist patronizes the engineer, and a number of psychologists try to belittle Bruner's achievements beyond Harvard. Some of his critics call him egotistic, which he is; some call him superficial, which he is not. Others complain that he takes credit for ideas not entirely his own—a more pointed comment because it is not easy to deny. Many of Bruner's ideas, like those in *The Process of Education*, have come out of conferences. And while most participants in educational colloquiums are happy to let Bruner do the work of writing up final reports, many resent his getting all the acclamation.

For his part, Bruner feels "constrained" by the American academic community, which, he thinks, "is doing its best to choke us all; it has a curious prissiness about it and harbors that most self-righteous of persons, the American academic intellectual. We're all becoming big, fat entrepreneurs. We try to get out of our own research, and, before we know it, we're tied up in outside research contracts and in editing journals. The academic community in major American universities simply hasn't done a sufficient job of maintaining enclaves for quiet reflection."

Bruner gets away from academics completely only in the summer, when he likes to go off sailing with his "great brood" of seven children and stepchildren. He finds he has lost most of his interest in travel and has, instead, developed "a strong need of 'inner journeys' which I can better take in familiar surroundings where I can withdraw. I suspect it's a sign of old age creeping up."

In September of this year, Bruner took office as president of the American Psychological Association, where he hopes to do something conspicuous toward underlining the unity of psychology. "Psychology is beginning to split up badly—there are too many adjectives modifying 'psychologist' today. Why, people would think it cheeky if you just said, 'I'm a psychologist,' with no modifier." Bruner sees two sources of unity to be exploited. The first is on the technological and engineering level, and it operates most significantly when psychologists are called upon to solve urgent problems, as in wartime. The second and more important is the attainment of deeper theoretical insights; they usually make it possible to do away with some of the adjectives.

In addition to the troubles of psychology as an academic discipline, Bruner worries about the growing difficulty of communicating knowledge. "How," he asks, "is the intellectual to pay his taxes for the right to inquire?" He should do it, Bruner feels, by informing those who are not informed. But with the tremendous explosion of knowledge that has occurred in this century, such a course is impossible, and Bruner sees the resulting plight of the intellectual as the great crisis of our age.

A consequent problem is the tendency of researchers today to bog down in narrow specialties where they appear to lose both the desire and the ability to make their work intelligible to others. My own hope for an answer to the "great crisis" is in men like Jerome Bruner, who are committed to their special fields yet are always mindful of their responsibilities to the unenlightened.

Pacific Love Song

by W. M. Peck

Dr. Peck is a public-health physician who worked for the Government of Guam for four years. This fall he retrained in the U.S. for an assignment to Malawi under the auspices of the University of North Carolina.

Gratitude to the brave little boat that brings us back to our village
And a kind of love for its chugging, evil-smelling motor
that will cause me to pat it, and remove with care any
sea-weed from its propeller, and rinse it with fresh-
water as I put it away for the night
Never losing a stroke and measuring time like a good heart
O little boat, homing us with the certainty that your sparkplugs permit!
O I know that there must be a spark-gap of exactly twenty-five
thousandths of an inch, and that a slight erosion or crusting
would stop you dead
And that Pacific currents would carry us steadily at four knots per hour
Southward Defeated
Hour after hour and day after day
Toward Yap

Koror

Or maybe Kapingimarangi

While search planes would comb each mile of ocean
Searching for wreckage—
A floating gasoline can or a life preserver—
And the Admiral, smoking a cigar on Nimitz Hill
(called Nimitz Hill through the conceit of admirals, for Chamarros
who knew the names of hills before admirals were invented, call it
Libugon)

would issue a memorandum:

"Civilian boatmen must be more careful and always carry a whistle and
an extra anchor"

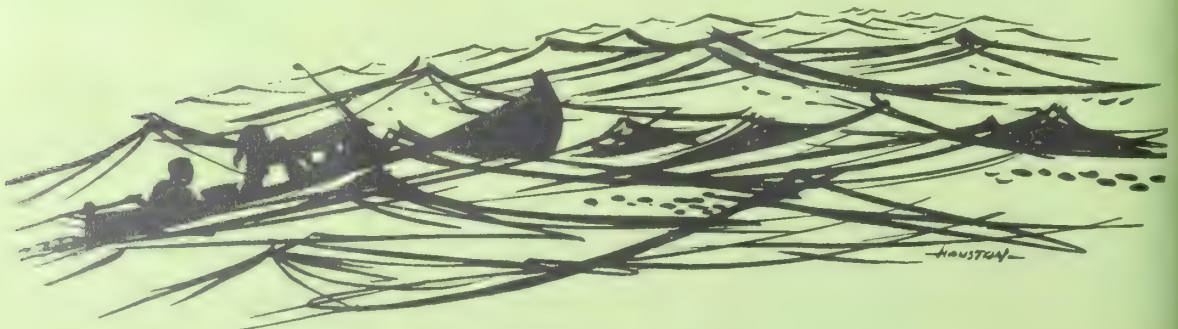
Or some such nonsense which would have nothing to do with your spark-
plugs, or the fact that we would be headed for

Yap

Koror

Or Kapingimarangi

O little boat!





This morning in dark mist we left our Guam village and its
 encircling mother-armed mountains
 Felt the slow-breathing, night-breathing ocean raise your keel
 And the deep ocean's-strength come at you increasingly
 Until the waves mounted about us like Virginia fences
 Towering
 Snow encrusted—
 You bolting a little from panic, sunfishing, and twisting
 so I thought you might lie down and roll over
 But learning
 Until there was nothing to it.

And when the birds filled the sky in frantic joy
 Pointing in duplicity the tuna run
 O how you throttled up
 Slamming into the waves with wonderful abandon, and
 Throwing my wife
 —it was you not I that did this; it was your
 uncontrollable eagerness—

to the deck in a tangle of lines and
 trolling gear so that she cried at me: "You don't love me. No
 man should treat a woman like that." But she forgot her pique
 for she must get up and let out feathered jigs, and brace herself
 for the fury of a strike and the sing of carried-out line.

O little boat
 Bring us safely back to our village
 That we may attend San Dimas' Fiesta tomorrow.

What your doctor probably doesn't know about sex

by Harold I. Lief, M.D.

Because of a curious kind of prudery in the medical schools, many physicians are surprisingly ignorant in a field where they are supposed to be wise.

During the next twelve months nearly two million American couples will call on doctors for the premarital blood tests which are now required by law in most states. Many of these young folk will be a good deal less sophisticated than popular myth would have us believe. Consequently, they will seize on this visit as a unique chance to get some expert advice about the emotional and physical mysteries of sex. Predictably, too, many thousands of older married people will bring to their family doctors problems of infertility, frigidity, impotence, and the many other quandaries known as "marital difficulties." Only a handful will take troubles of this sort to a psychiatrist—and they will seldom do so until they have exhausted the wisdom of the family doctor.

Probably this is fortunate. For the thirteen thousand psychiatrists in the United States could not possibly treat all the patients beset by emotional difficulties related to sex. However, only the psychiatrists, and some obstetricians and gynecologists, are in any way trained to deal with such matters. The few physicians in other specialties

who are competent to treat sexual disorders have acquired their skills through a combination of intense interest in this area and professional experience rather than specific training.

Most doctors, indeed, are not much better informed than the patients they counsel. To be sure, they are familiar with the anatomy and physiology of sexual organs. But this knowledge is of no real use in helping a teen-ager manage strong sexual feelings, in resolving the sexual frustrations of young married couples, or in allaying the anxieties of a middle-aged man who is panicky because of failing sexual powers.

As a result, patients who seek the average doctor's help with such problems generally come away disappointed. One consequence is the burgeoning business of marriage counseling. Some of its practitioners are clergymen who offer this service gratis. Others—who often charge as much as the doctor for their services—may have training in social work or psychology. Or they may be simply laymen who have read the works of Freud or written popular marriage manuals. They are, in any event, not embarrassed or repelled by the facts of human sexuality—which gives them at least one immediate advantage over the typical medical man.

In an attempt to pin down some of these general observations in concrete terms—and to discover what might be done about them—as part of a more general study of the psychological processes involved in becoming a physician, some of my colleagues and I recently made an intensive study of 250 students at the Tulane University School of Medicine. About two-thirds of the students had previously sought help from our psychiatric clinic. The rest were "nonpatients" who were interviewed by our research team.*

We found, as might be expected, that these young men and women bring to medical school a considerable body of misconceptions about sex. Such misinformation is, of course, widespread among the young and is often corrected by personal exposure to reality.

Unfortunately, the medical student is destined to be peculiarly cut off from the kinds of experiences through which most young people in their twenties achieve maturity. The task of becoming a physician is exceptionally demanding. The student must not only master difficult knowledge and skills, he must also acquire the inner feeling

* Harold I. Lief, Katherine Young, Vann Spruiell, Robert Lancaster, and Victor F. Lief, "A Psychodynamic Study of Medical Students and Their Adaptational Problems," *Journal of Medical Education*, Volume 35 (1960), page 696.

of becoming and then being a physician, the certainty that the role of physician fits him and that society accepts and approves his behavior in this role. Thus he must learn to *identify* with his new profession, not only directly in the classroom, laboratory, clinic, and ward, but also in all the transactions between himself and his peers, his instructors and his patients.

This process is so intense, so concentrated that he must necessarily narrow the range of his interests and activities. Medical school becomes almost as closed an environment for its students as does the submarine for its crew. As an inevitable consequence, much of "outside" living escapes the medical student. Dr. D. W. Winnecott, an English psychoanalyst, put it this way:

The doctor's long and arduous training does nothing to qualify him in psychology and does much to disqualify him. It keeps him so busy from eighteen to twenty-five that he finds he is middle-aged before he has the leisure in which to discover himself. It takes him years of medical practice and the struggle to find time to live his own life before he can catch up on his fellow creatures, many of whom have lived a lot by the time they are twenty-five.

This picture is quite different from the stereotype offered by such books and movies as *The Interns* or the *English Doctor in the House* series. In fact, medical students do not spend a lot of time cutting up, drinking and whoring (the exceptions are very few) and thus learning about sex, by varied and direct experience. On the contrary, they are forced into a constricted way of life which tends to reinforce the special personality traits which attract students to a medical career.

Why They Work So Hard

The majority of the young men and women whom we studied at Tulane were what psychiatrists call obsessive-compulsive personalities. Such people tend to strive for mastery, control, thoroughness, safety, and self-restraint. They put intellectual matters above emotions, security above pleasure, service to others above self-service (at least at conscious levels), exactitude above fantasy. As students they work harder than most for good grades even in subjects they care little about. Faculty members describe the typical medical student as "a hard worker, extremely conscientious, a little shy and retiring; doesn't let go of his feelings, is somewhat hard to draw out."

Students like this flock to medical school, because it offers an intellectually satisfying way of serving others and gaining control over life and death. Usually, too, this sort of student is apt to get the good college grades which make him eligible for medical school. And when he applies, he makes an excellent impression on admission committees, which are often composed of people with similar personalities.

These are not intended as disparaging comments. This type of student has an easier time than any other in meeting the demands of medical school. Furthermore, his personality conforms to the public's view of the "good doctor"—who is educated, wise, thoughtful, patient, careful, dependable, and trustworthy.

Part of the ancient Hippocratic oath reads: "Into whatever houses I will enter I will go into them for the benefit of the sick and will abstain from every voluntary act of mischief and corruption; and further, from the seduction of females or males or freemen and slaves." In modern parlance this means that the physician should be a model of decorum in sexual matters. The student, of course, strives to identify with this image of the "good doctor." He has, in any event, little time or opportunity to engage in romantic adventures. Nor is he usually able to develop a warm, intimate relationship with his wife, if he is married—as are nearly two-thirds of all medical students today (this is an astounding figure when one recalls that most hospitals would not accept a married intern twenty years ago).

Though only a minority of these student marriages go on the rocks, many of them are troubled, even stormy. Most of the wives work in order to help support their husbands through school. This abnormal situation, plus the need to postpone having children, and financial insecurity provide the recipe for many a foundering marriage. I have seen students who "gratefully" accepted their wives' earnings through school turn around and discard the wives when they no longer needed them.

Over half of the married students have children before graduating. But the father has very little time to devote to his family. When he is home he often is torn between his desire to play

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with his children and his need to study, a conflict which frequently makes him both guilty and irritable. Either his studies or his family may come to seem an intolerable burden, and his mental health is bound to suffer.

In our study we ranked our subjects' mental health on a scale which ranged from "mature" at one end to "conflicted" (or "emotionally disturbed") at the other. In between were two groups—"emergent" and "adjusted." The "emergent" individual is on the road to maturity but is essentially still in late adolescence. His personality is rapidly changing, albeit in a healthy direction. The "adjusted" individual is so called because he makes a good social adjustment. But a skilled observer—or perhaps, over a period of time, a spouse or close friend—will discover that he has emotional difficulties. The "adjusted" person is not very comfortable with his own feelings (or those of his patients); he tends to be outwardly directed and conformist, more anxious to please others than to act in accordance with his inner standards and beliefs; he is not introspective himself and tends to be wary of introspective people. Thus he is hostile to psychiatry and its insights. The "mature" student, on the other hand, does more than make a good social adjustment. He is at peace with himself emotionally and is usually more introspective, and more creative, than the "adjusted" one.

The "conflicted" students may be slightly or seriously disturbed; most of them have troubled relationships with other people as well as inner conflicts. Usually, however, they are more introspective, and at least potentially more creative than the "adjusted" group.

Patterns of Frustration

Of the sixty nonpatient students whom we studied intensively, approximately one-third were found to be either "mature" or on the way to maturity, one-third were classed as "adjusted," and one-third "conflicted." Though the group did not include any overt homosexuals, each class seems to have at least one; yet on the whole we encountered little "far-out" aberrant behavior. However, in both the "adjusted" and "conflicted" groups we found emotional patterns which are bound to limit a doctor's usefulness as a psychological counselor and, in some instances, wholly disqualify him for such a role.

A surprising number of students are virgins when they enter medical school. Sometimes this is due to religious scruples; more commonly it is

the result of sexual fears. Extreme examples of the latter were the young man and woman—both interns—who fell in love and wanted to get married. Neither of them, however, had any idea of how to proceed with the sexual act, so they consulted the hospital's urologist for advice. It took courage to do this. Most students are deeply ashamed of their ignorance of sex, since they are well aware that the public expects them to be experts in this field.

Another student I will call Edward (all names used here are fictitious) had been a very shy boy who found it difficult to make friends with girls. He married a college classmate. Though they were outwardly happy, he was haunted by the feeling that he had missed something in life. However, he felt strongly that a man should be a virgin at marriage if he expected his wife to be one. He made it clear that he would expect any man to conform to this standard.

Another student, Fred, had been a sickly child. Overprotected and dominated by his mother, he saw all women as spiders attempting to trap him in their webs. He had no trouble finding girls, but each time the affair threatened to become serious he found an excuse for breaking it up, usually by provoking the girl into a fight or into the arms of another man. The first time that Fred thoroughly enjoyed sexual relations, his partner was a married woman. But when she declared her love and her intention of seeking a divorce in order to marry him, he turned her down.

Another youth, George, was so guilty about sexual activities that he suffered great pangs of remorse after petting. On several occasions he was certain that the girl would become pregnant although the nature of their limited lovemaking rendered this anatomically and physiologically impossible. He also worried about contracting syphilis or developing a cancer of the penis. These fears are quite common among adolescents but it is surprising to find them in many medical students as well. Guilt over masturbation, for instance, is commonplace.

Guilty fears, with or without religious scruples, make many students adopt a moralistic attitude toward others. This is noticeable even in the classroom. For instance, a professor of public health, in a lecture on health practices of certain pre-literate societies, included examples of their polygamous sexual behavior. On an examination, the students accurately described this behavior, but many appended notes such as, "This is morally wrong," or, "This is indecent."

While inhibited, "overcontrolled" personalities are far and away the predominant type among

nical students, the group we studied also included a few whom we classed as "undercontrolled." Arthur, for example, viewed girls with contempt but became an expert seducer. He enjoyed his reputation as a lady-killer even though his fellow students, almost to a man, detested and shunned him.

Another student, Bernard, had a similar attitude toward women, but disguised it under the facade of a clean-cut, righteous "All American Jew." Bernard was married to an older woman who mothered him. His avocation was seducing nurses who had a reputation around the hospital for being easy marks or "pushovers."

A third such student, Caesar, came from a Latin-American country where a man is expected to prove himself by having many affairs, and a stress after marriage. In this cult of *machismo* only a weakling is celibate, or faithful to his wife. Caesar spent a lot of time that should have been devoted to his studies pursuing and seducing women in order to reassure himself that he was a man.

Similar in behavior was Dan, who hated his aggressive, domineering, and sadistic father. Dan acted out his unconscious desires for revenge upon them by seducing married women. Immediately after making one his mistress, he would leave her to begin the cycle over again with another. Many of the women were the wives of his "friends," including fellow students.

Whether they behave like monks or Lotharios, all medical students, we found, have anxieties about sex. Even mature students who are otherwise self-confident and poised, are hesitant and embarrassed when the need arises to discuss the intimate details of a patient's sex or married life. This is, I think, an inevitable consequence of our Hollywood-Madison Avenue culture, which overstimulates sexual appetites yet surrounds sex with tantalizing mystery. The Victorian era of repression produced guilt; the modern era of sexual expression and performance evokes shame and humiliation.

The medical student has to *learn*, through practice, that it is part of his job as physician to obtain sex information, and that the public sanctions his efforts to do this. He has to *learn*, through experience, that the psychiatrist's interviewing techniques are not akin to the furtive whisperings of adolescents behind closed doors. The "adjusted" student, who is not comfortable with his own feelings, is even more uneasy with those of his patients. He would be happier if he could deal with each patient as though he were a machine, rather than a person with feelings. This

student, while exhibiting the outward poise and grace of good personal relations with his patients, is troubled by emotions patients show when their marital and sexual lives are discussed.

The All Too Human Patient

In any event, nearly every student has some anxiety when dealing with sexual material, especially in taking a history from a patient. This often becomes most noticeable in the clerkship in psychiatry. "The initial encounter with psychiatry," states Dr. George Miller, "may trouble a student deeply as he is led to introspection about his own emotional problems and conflicts. It may become particularly evident as he meets the open expression of sexual problems that are found so frequently in disturbed psychiatric patients. This causes at least some discomfort to almost any student, and may produce great anxiety in the one who has some sexual problems of his own."

Sexual anxieties may make medical interviewing difficult. If the student communicates his embarrassment to the patient, the patient's own feelings of shame are increased and the student may never obtain information vital to an understanding of the case.

Disturbed students, particularly those who have trouble controlling their own sex drives, may be very brusque and tactless. Their questions may probe too far, too fast, and thus increase the patient's anxiety. One such student, for example, would steer every interview around to sex and, even in the first interview, ask for detailed descriptions of sexual behavior. His patients would squirm like fish at the end of a hook; many became enraged.

Such unusual interest is, in reality, a defense against sexual fears, as are such emotional reactions as disgust, contempt, and sarcasm which should have no place in a physician's response. In some instances, students—and physicians—handle their own sexual anxiety by means of over-identification; that is, the doctor sees the patient's problems as his own or as very similar to his own. Losing his capacity for objectivity, he may even go on to recommend his personal solutions to the patient. For example, very inhibited doctors are likely to restrict stringently the sexual activity of patients with coronary heart disease and healed tuberculosis even though the failure to release sexual tensions and the loss of pleasure shared with a loved person may be much more dangerous to the patient than the

energy expended in coitus is likely to prove.

The examination of patients provides additional sources of stress for students. Breast and pelvic examinations are not learned without blushes and trembling, fumbling hands. Though the techniques are eventually mastered, some of those experiences remain in the student's memory for life.

Humor among medical students is often a symptom of anxiety about sex. One student put it this way:

The only way sex is discussed by the class is to make a joke of it. No one can be serious about it except when he is by himself. A student bought the book, *Sexual Deviants*; when a number of students were looking at it, they could only joke about it. That was their way of responding to it. The private beliefs of students about sex are really not known because they won't be serious about it. No one in the class has discussed sex, that is, no lecturer has discussed it, except in anatomy. Oh yes, Dr. B. gave us a lecture on the physiology of sex, but we turned it into a big laugh session. The students' ignorance of sex is colossal. Only in jokes will they consider sexual deviations. What you [the psychiatrist] know from years of experience is unknown to them. They think that you put words in the patients' mouths by your manner of interviewing. They don't realize that it is experience that leads you to ask questions in certain directions. The students can't act shocked, although they are; so they respond with humor.

A Job for the Medical Schools

When sexual material is taught in the classroom, students may show great interest. But they are usually afraid to seem unduly concerned, so they pretend to be casual or "sophisticated," even though actually they may be shocked by information which is new to them.

At other times they may argue that a relatively normal or frequent form of sex behavior is perverse or that a genuine perversion is normal, depending on the relative strength of their beliefs and guilty fears. They may object to case presentations of sexual material because they feel the presence of a patient before a medical group is damaging or "traumatic" to the patient.

Resistances decrease sharply in small group discussions and in informal bull sessions in which the students feel less threatened and defensive and are reassured by finding that their ignorance, doubts, and fears are shared by others.

During internship and residency young doctors

are more open to experience than are students. Unfortunately, however, there are practically no formal programs of sex education for them, except in psychiatry and in obstetrics and gynecology.

Indeed, although the need for better methods of education in marital and sexual adjustment is beginning to be recognized, very little is being done to teach medical students how to deal with these problems. In part this lag can be traced to faculty members who find it embarrassing to discuss sex with their students, much as the subject embarrasses parents. Many teachers feel that sex is too intimate a topic for the classroom, that discussing it will make the students too anxious. This attitude, of course, is simply a projection of the teacher's own feelings. Teaching about sex is likely to stir controversy, especially if it involves strong feelings and cherished beliefs.

Education in sexual matters has also been hampered by the intense specialization that has taken place both in the practice and in the teaching of medicine. A medical scientist with a narrow field of specialization is unlikely to be aware of or probe into a patient's minor sexual problems even though they may have major consequences for his physical and mental health. From a narrowly "scientific" point of view such problems do not seem important.

Thus the ignorance of medical students in sexual matters may be dismissed as a common failing among middle-class Americans. But as our study has demonstrated, the average young man or woman entering medical school falls even below the general level in this respect.

To be sure, no investigation comparable to ours has been made of students of law, engineering, or architecture. Such a study would, in fact, be of little more than academic interest. For it is the medical student who will eventually become the chief counselor of his fellow-citizens in the most vital and delicate of human relations—love and marriage.

Following our study at Tulane, and in keeping with the pioneering experiences of two other medical schools—Pennsylvania and Bowman Gray—we are introducing a pilot elective course on family life, marriage, and sex into the third- and fourth-year curriculum. Panel discussions on contraception, under the auspices of the Department of Pharmacology, have also been instituted. This is at least a beginning. I am hopeful that before too long similar courses will not only be offered but made mandatory in every medical school.



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for everyone who
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celebration. Pour
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Sip. Sip. Hooray!

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On Giving Oneself Away

by Elisabeth T. Harris

My grandmother, Elizabeth Bishop, was a petite, fragile-looking woman, with ingenuous brown eyes. She married an artistic, impractical man, and gradually found herself supporting a family of six in Brooklyn on a substitute teacher's per diem pay. In those days the public school system would not appoint a married woman to a regular post, even when she carried full responsibility for a class year after year, presumably on the theory that she couldn't really need the money.

By clever management of a small income, Nana achieved a surprising standard of living for her family, including a summer home on Long Island, college for three of her children, and, always, the luxury of charitable giving. The dollars—for the family or for helping others—were accumulated by strict surveillance of the nickels. Nana considered waste of any kind, so long as others were in want, immoral. And she never threw away anything worth giving away.

Ironically, when Nana died at the age of eighty-seven, she was given an expensive funeral, the haphazard outcome of hurried, emotional consultations. My parents quietly paid the bill, and afterwards agreed on a policy for future funerals—prompt cremation, without embalming or display of the body, to be followed by a simple memorial service, in church, with donations for favorite philanthropies requested instead of flowers. At least, that was the plan until I read an article by J. D. Ratcliff, "Let the Dead Teach the Living," in the August 1961 issue of *Kappa's Digest*, explaining the urgent need of medical schools for donated human bodies for the instruction of students in anatomy.

Although I had long ago pledged my eyes for corneal transplants, the idea of having my body dissected took a little more consideration. Cremation seemed simpler and aesthetically more appealing. But surely it was wrong to throw away anything of value to others. And who would want to be treated by a physician who had not adequately studied the human body? Here too was a service that didn't involve any personal sacrifice, such as people make in giving away a kidney while they're still alive and might need it again. Finally, as an attractive fringe benefit, donating the body ought to be the least expensive way of disposing of it. So I made the big decision, confident that the medical schools would be eager to receive my body and that I needed only to choose among them. I selected the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons, of which my brother is a graduate, and wrote to this school in late August 1961. In reply, the assistant dean, in September, thanked me politely, but stated that "a long-standing policy of the university" prevented the acceptance of such donations. However, the matter was "currently under reconsideration by the faculty and the university administration," and I would hear from him further.

I felt puzzled and slightly rejected. But there were other medical schools. My next approach was to Cornell University Medical College, which proved to be ready with a letter of instructions and triplicate forms to be signed by the next of kin. You can't sign them yourself, it seems; in most states your body doesn't belong to you. This positive response was gratifying although I was faintly disappointed that the letter was

mimeographed. I had, I suppose, expected a personal message, congratulating me on my patronage of science and thanking me for my bequest in advance, since I could hardly be thanked afterwards. Before long, in January 1962, I heard again from Columbia, which had changed its policy. This letter was mimeographed too, but by this time I was becoming accustomed to the impersonality of the scientific mind.

Both Cornell and Columbia pointed out clearly that I could not arrive C.O.D. It was up to me to make my own transportation arrangements and pay my own way. This prospect worried me. I had hoped the medical school people would call for my body in an old ambulance and let my estate reimburse them for the expenses of the trip. I learned, however, that only a licensed undertaker may transport a body. This law is allegedly intended to inconvenience murderers who want to dispose of their victims, but it is really just a concession to the undertakers. After all, if you were conveying the body of your late Uncle Rupert to a medical school in your station wagon, and a policeman should stop you, you could always produce the death certificate to prove that he hadn't been murdered, just as you could produce your registration to prove that the car wasn't stolen. My body-transportation problem was complicated by the fact that I travel a great deal and therefore cannot be sure that I'll die in the New York metropolitan area. Since I wouldn't want my estate to squander money flying my body back to New York from an African safari, I decided to specify in writing that I wanted to donate my body to a medical school only if I should die within reasonable proximity to one.

Anyway, on the chance that the trip might be from my present home, it seemed worthwhile to get a few estimates. If the cost proved to be much higher than the price of cremation, I might give up the idea. Accordingly, I sent postcards to four undertakers asking how much it would cost to transport a body to New York from Westchester County. They phoned me in anxious succession. Never before, apparently, had anyone used the mails in connection with funeral arrangements, except possibly to render postfuneral bills. After I had assured each funeral director that the body under discussion was not in emergent need of his ministrations, an incredible dialogue ensued which, in a composite tape recording, would go approximately as follows:

Funeral Director (solemnly): Mrs. Harris, have you reason to anticipate that you have not long to live?

E.T.H.: No, but I expect to die sometime, don't you?

F.D. (shuddering delicately): But most people prefer not to contemplate these unfortunate events beforehand. It is most unusual even to consider such things until a loved one has passed away.

E.T.H.: That's very impractical of most people. I believe that the sensible time to make funeral plans is when there is no imminent prospect of death to interfere with rational thinking.

F.D. (after asking my age): But you're a young woman still, and in good health?

E.T.H.: Excellent, but I drive a car daily and I frequently travel by plane. I could be killed tomorrow.

F.D. (jestingly): You'll probably outlive me, since I'm ten years older. Besides, the cost of living is constantly rising. If I gave you a price estimate today it would be impossible for me to hold to it ten or twenty years from now.

E.T.H.: I'm aware of the increasing cost of living, but I would like to obtain comparative rates. If I don't need your services for many years, I may have to make another survey later on.

F.D. (faintly): Survey? Do you mean to say that you would shop around for a professional service like funeral direction?

E.T.H.: If I were buying a raincoat, I would check at least three stores for the best buy, and I wouldn't pay \$25 if I could get a satisfactory one for \$20. So it seems reasonable to me to make cost comparisons when I'm dealing with figures of unknown magnitude. You must know what you would charge to transport a body to the city.

F.D.: Mrs. Harris, a basic principle of the American way of life is involved here. How can you even consider giving your body to a medical school instead of having a dignified, traditional funeral?

E.T.H.: If you must know, I've always considered American funerals commercialized and barbaric. In my opinion it is more dignified to give one's body to science.

F.D. (shuddering noticeably): But what would

Elisabeth T. Harris, who has been a writer and editor since the third grade, currently expends most of her literary effort by dictating case reports in a mental hygiene clinic, where she does therapy. She has an M.S. from the Columbia University School of Social Work. She married a professor and has an eleven-year-old son.

people say? And have you considered the feelings of your loved ones? How can you inflict such stress upon them?

E.T.H.: Well, naturally, I've discussed the matter with my loved ones and they approve; in fact, some of them are planning to do the same thing. What other people say has never concerned me. But I think you are evading my question. Can you give me an estimate for the transportation of a body to New York?

F.D.: Well, I've never had such a request before. There really isn't any precedent. The basic price of a funeral, as you may know, is the price of the casket, plus a few incidentals of course. I don't offer anything under \$1,000.

E.T.H.: I'm not buying a funeral or spending \$1,000. Whatever estate I leave is for the use of my dependents. My son could have a trip to Europe for \$1,000. Am I to understand that you are not willing to do business with me?

F.D. (slightly embarrassed): Well, you're not really in a position to do business at this point, are you?

E.T.H.: If we wait until I am, it is likely that you'll have the last word, so I'll thank you for your time and say goodbye.

Since my four funeral directors were all usually uncooperative, I suspended my inquiries temporarily, and the transportation problem remained unsolved for several years. Then I heard that medical schools elsewhere would provide transportation within rather a large radius. So I wrote to Harvard. The report, I learned, was correct, but applied only within the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. This did not seem the moment to move back to Massachusetts, where I have lived before, but my itinerant life might take me there again, so I saved the letter. Besides, it was a personal one, which disposed me favorably toward Harvard.

Meanwhile, within the past few months, a solution to the donated-body transportation problem has developed nearby. The Funeral Planning Association of Westchester, Inc.,* has been organized, along the lines of funeral associations elsewhere, "to assist its members in planning, while in health, free from the pressures of time and emotional stress," in order to assure their

"freedom of choice of meaningful death arrangements, including, if desired, the donation of bodily remains to medical science for the welfare of the living." I, who desire no funeral whatsoever, have become a charter member of this association. Acting as a group, the association has been successful in locating reasonable funeral directors who will provide advance estimates for all types of death arrangements, including this one.

The Funeral Planning Association points out, though, that it is well to specify one's second choice of plans in case any hitch develops. For instance, there's a fluctuating, seasonal demand for bodies. Like fur coats, they tend to move best in August or September. Once the academic year is under way, a particular school may have an adequate supply to meet next year's deficit.

How the schools manage to maintain an adequate supply of bodies continues to mystify me. In addition to the causes of shortage described by J. D. Ratcliff, I have learned, via an associate of my physician-brother, that the Undertakers' School at Bellevue Hospital has first call on unclaimed bodies in New York City, even ahead of the medical schools. To verify this, I wrote to Bellevue Hospital, after searching the telephone book in vain for a listing for the Undertakers' School. My answer, from the Coordinator of Mortuary Services, City of New York, Department of Hospitals, Mortuary Division, was evasive. "The unclaimed bodies are released to the medical schools in ratio to the number of matriculated students in each," he wrote, in part, and added mysteriously, "I am not in a position to inform you whether or not the needs of the medical schools are satisfied."

If he isn't, who is? He ignored my direct questions about the Undertakers' School. Presumably, its very existence is classified information. Perhaps the Mortuary Division is the Undertakers' School. How does it effect rapprochement with prospective students? Perhaps to become an undertaker, as to become a gondolier in Venice, a young man must be the son of one.

However, my plan for donating my body to a medical school is as adequately arranged as it can be at the present time, and I know what it is likely to cost. The estimates, to members of the Funeral Planning Association, range from \$35 to \$100 for transporting a body from Westchester County to New York City medical schools. The \$35 ride ought to be just as satisfactory as the \$100 one. And my grandmother would have approved!

*A nationwide listing of similar memorial societies and of medical schools which will accept bequests of bodies is published in *A Manual of Simple Burial* (Celo Press, Burnsville, North Carolina, 1964). The lists are reproduced as an appendix in *The American Way of Death*, by Jessica Mitford (Crest paperback edition, 1964, 75 cents).

Behold the Grass-roots Press, Alas!

by Ben H. Bagdikian

For a modest fee, you can put your "message" on the editorial page of hundreds of newspapers—because small-town publishers are surprisingly willing to turn their editorial columns over to the press agents.

The unperishing myth of American journalism is the ideal of the small-town newspaper as the grass-roots opinion-maker of the nation, the last bastion of personal journalism, the final arena where a single human being can mold a community with his convictions and fearless iconoclasm.

Needless to say, there are some small papers like this and they are marvels to behold. But the fact is that most small dailies and weeklies are the backyard of the trade, repositories for any piece of journalistic junk tossed over the fence, run as often by print-shop proprietors as by editors. Mostly they serve as useful bulletin boards of births, deaths, and marriages (providing this news comes in by its own initiative); only in exceptional cases do they raise and resolve important local issues. When it comes to transmitting signals from the outside world, a remarkable number of these papers convey pure—that is, unadulterated—press agency. Its subject matter, which is printed both as "news" and as editorial comment, ranges from mouthwash to politics—usually right-wing.

Few readers realize that the publicity pipelines supplying the small papers are numerous, gushing, and free. A dozen large syndicates pro-

vide such material without charge to local papers, sometimes in printed or mimeographed form but more often in "mats," the pressed cardboard molds into which hot type metal is poured to reproduce pictures and texts cheaply. These syndicates make their money by charging a fee to the propagandists who have something to sell. Some businesses and other organizations by-pass the syndicates and send out their own canned goods to be reproduced as local products.

For the past three years the National Association of Manufacturers has sent out editorials which have been picked up, usually verbatim, by six hundred daily newspapers, most often without attribution to the NAM as source. The AFL-CIO sends out its material, too, but with far less success. In 1962 Medicare was the subject of a syndicated and boilerplate battle, with a volunteer pro-Medicare group sending out through a commercial syndicate (at a cost of about \$15,000) canned material, some of it from officials of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. In response, the American Medical Association used the usual syndicate channels, plus three articles that it sent to local medical affiliates, which presented them personally to their local papers. The fight still goes on. Within the last few months, anti-Medicare editorials have appeared with miraculous similarity in widely separated places. Last May and June, for example, newspapers in South Carolina, Montana, and Michigan all ran editorials beginning, "Remember the Medicare proposal of the Kennedy Administration? It got nowhere. . . ."

But there is nothing like a political balance in the battle of boilerplate. In 1962 *The Ameri-*

an Press, a trade magazine for small dailies and weeklies, polled a cross section of such papers and found that 84 per cent opposed any government-sponsored medical or hospital aid to the aged, were strongly opposed to federal aid to education, and were generally found in the right-wing Republican camp. The vast body of opinion picked up word-for-word by small papers is either strictly commercial or ultra-conservative.

The reader, of course, is almost never told that he is seeing something other than the considered product of his local editor.

Look at the vision of the hard-fighting small-town editor, working late at night, his green eyeshade low, his fingers spasmodically attacking the typewriter, his mind anticipating the angry reaction to his words by people he will have to face in the street, but deciding it is his moral duty to speak his mind. But behold what happens more often. The man is at his desk, all right, but if it is a very small paper, the editor is also the owner, ad salesman, and mailer. And he is not processing issues and words through his mind. He has before him a dummy of Page Two—the girdle ad on the right, the tractor ad on the left, the annual American Legion carnival stepped between them, and nine inches of remaining space reserved for “news.” It is not his mind that is creating and discriminating for this space. It is more likely his right hand, fishing through the purple mats and yellow mimeographed canned editorials in his lower drawer, feeling for one exactly nine column-inches long. Depending on the fortuitous length and the luck of his fingers, what will triumph on Page Two the next day may be an article proclaiming the virtues of prune juice for regularity (compliments of the prune industry) or an editorial condemning labor unions (compliments of a conservative lobby). This is not to say that the local editor disagrees with the prune juice or the social doctrine; one must assume that he does not. But the thrifty transmitter of the precast words of a public-relations man in Chicago who happened to plug his product in exactly nine inches somehow seems disappointing as the hero-figure of American journalism.

A Friendly Family Business

One of the commercial conduits for the canned editorial, but not the largest, is the U.S. Press Association, Inc., which has a cosmic sound enhanced by the parenthetical note next to its address: (“12 mi. from the WHITE HOUSE.”) But it is a friendly family business run by a pleasant

couple in McLean, Virginia. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Nelson Taylor will take your words and ideas, if they approve of them, and \$175 of your money, and send your editorial message, free of charge, to 1,199 weeklies and 150 dailies. The Taylors don't hide from the local editor that he is getting conservative editorials that someone else has paid for. A standing box on top of the weekly batch of editorials says:

This regular, comprehensive service is made possible by responsible American Business Institutions who pay an established fee to present timely business stories of FREE ENTERPRISE to Grass-Roots Americans, “The Most Influential People in the World.” Clients do not dictate policy. . . . OUR OPINIONS REMAIN OUR OWN. [The Taylors' devotion to old-fashioned Capitalism includes unashamed deployment of Capital Letters.]

In a brochure inviting clients to buy its service, U.S. Press offers them a measure of freedom of opinion: “EASY TO USE . . . Just give us your story, in conference or by mail or phone. WE DO THE WORK: We write your editorial unless you want to. If we write it, or edit your copy, you have final OK.”

Among customers listed by the Taylors as having bought or written editorials distributed by U.S. Press since June 1, 1951, are some of the leading corporations in the country, plus such lobbying or special-interest groups as the American Bankers Association, American Cotton Manufacturers Institute, American Legion, American Petroleum Institute, Bookmailer, Bourbon Institute, National Association of Manufacturers, and the Right to Work Committee.

Messages paid for or written by such groups go out under the masthead of U.S. Press Association, Inc. and typically are picked up by about two hundred papers, each one run as the local paper's own opinion, usually on its editorial page. Mr. Taylor says he never tells the newspaper who paid for the editorial and this makes for an interesting guessing game. One mailing by U.S. Press last year, for example, included an editorial vigorously backing the railroad position in favor of enforced arbitration of its dispute with railroad unions. It called on Congress to make “arbitration com-

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pulsory." U.S. Press lists the Association of American Railroads as a paying client.

(Other editorials in the same mailing:

(1) Urged readers to watch a particular TV comedy program, noting that the hero gets the hilarious point of the plot "as will every viewer who has ever heard of a Purolator filter. . . ." (U.S. Press lists Purolator as a client.)

(2) Praised the steel industry and said it was incorrect to assume that the price of steel is rising. (Among clients listed by U.S. Press are American Iron and Steel Institute, and United States Steel.)

(3) Plugged Barry Goldwater and Brigadier General Bonner Fellers, head of the isolationist right-wing For America group.

Much of U.S. Press has been so fervently pro-Goldwater for so long that it was natural for it to print zealous pieces for their man before the Republican Convention, though it is not evident who paid for them. Taylor says he takes no money from political parties. In the usual accompanying editorial note to the July 14 mailing just before the Republican Convention, U.S. Press Editor Taylor quotes a favorite source, Admiral Ben Moreell, chairman of the ultraconservative Americans for Constitutional Action, denouncing Governor William Scranton of Pennsylvania as "this brash young man." This was lavish praise compared to the quoted descriptions of the Johnson Administration: "'umbrella-squad' of native appeasers, peace-at-any-price champions (and) 'better red than dead' zealots." The paid-for editorials have regularly boosted Goldwater and attacked his opponents. On July 7 an editorial said the anti-Goldwater forces in the GOP were trying to nominate a "moderate (the new word for left wing)." It ascribed this conspiracy to "Governor Scranton, backed up by his mysterious and affluent backer-uppers." In the same mailing there was another pro-Goldwater editorial entitled, "The Scranton 'Image.'" (Mr. Taylor likes interior quotes as well as Capital Letters.) Leaden with heavy sarcasm, it described Scranton as "a governor of some eastern state, Pennsylvania, we believe . . . the man whom Dr. Milton Eisenhower (that's the General's eastern brother) will be explaining to the Convention. . . ." (Mr. Taylor, who seems to dislike things eastern, lives and works in McLean, Virginia, a suburb of Washington, D.C., "Out Where the West Begins.")

Some of U.S. Press's editorials written by or for foreign clients came to the attention of Senator J. William Fulbright when he investigated the action of foreign agents last year. U.S. Press,

for example, carried fervent pro-Trujillo articles paid for with Dominican money while Rafael Trujillo was dictator. One such editorial was called "Trujillo's First 'Era,'" and it said, "Today the Dominican Republic . . . is a bulwark of strength against Communism and has been widely cited as one of the cleanest, healthiest, happiest countries on the globe. Guiding spirit of this fabulous transformation is Generalissimo Trujillo who worked tirelessly . . ."

How Naïve Is the Editor?

Another editorial paid for by Dominican money urged readers to buy a book written by "Dona Maria Martinez Trujillo, wife of the fabulous four-time president of the Dominican Republic." This U.S. Press editorial was picked up by papers in Zanesville, Ohio; Montpelier, Vermont; Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania; Germantown, Ohio; Middletown, Delaware; Calais, Maine; and Deming, New Mexico, among others.

In 1961, U.S. Press Association received \$175 from the American public-relations firm, Selvage and Lee, which, acting for Portuguese principals to defend Portuguese colonial policy in Africa, hired U.S. Press to send out an editorial called "How to Woo the Communists." When Mr. Taylor was told by Senator Fulbright that Selvage and Lee had received—for expenses and fees—in excess of \$250,000 for its Portuguese propagandizing, the elderly man looked shocked. "I think our fees are too low," he said.

Mr. Taylor told Senator Fulbright he was paid by the Netherlands government to run an editorial praising the character of a visiting Dutch princess. "I did not meet her, unfortunately." Mr. Taylor said, "but I believe I was telling the truth." Mr. Taylor looked relieved when a Senator said he had met the Princess and she seemed to be a nice girl. Later, the editor of U.S. Press told me, "I never send out anything I do not think is good for the United States or that I think is not so." Senator Fulbright obviously took a dim view of U.S. Press's editorial activities on behalf of unnamed clients. (Possibly the Senator was stung by Taylor's casual disclosure that Fulbright's own family paper in Fayetteville, Arkansas, had used U.S. Press editorials.) How, the Senator asked, could a local editor know that a paid propagandist, Selvage and Lee, had written the pro-Portuguese editorial?

"I think you are disparaging the judgment and keenness of the great American newspaper editor," Mr. Taylor said.

I just want to say I don't see how you can sibly expect them to know that this editorial ; written by Selvage and Lee," the Senator isted.

"I don't intend for them to know that, frankly," ylor replied.

Samuel Bledsoe, a Selvage and Lee official, ended more realistic when he said, "I think is pretty well known to anybody who is not ive that some interest is paying for it. . . . The ople who print it. They know that they are tting it free. They are not so naive."

Naïve or not, the newspaper editor who receives ch free editorials would have to be extraordi- rily dense not to know that it was paid-for e-grinding. When U.S. Press, for example, dis- tributed an editorial, as it did, urging the use of flectorized tape on automobile bumpers as a fety measure, the editor does not have to know at one of U.S. Press's clients is Minnesota Min- g and Manufacturing, makers of reflectorized pe, to suspect that someone is making a com- ercial pitch. While it is not unknown for a news- per editor to be extraordinarily dense, it is ore likely that he recognizes the press agency it doesn't care because it is a cheap and agree- le way to fill space.

What It Costs the Reader

The result is that almost any private citizen r special group can buy his way into the edi- orial columns of smaller papers with relative ase and low cost. In the process the reader loses is major protector against manipulated news he professional journalist.

If you were a reader of the Uniontown, Penn- sylvania, *Independent* for April 18, 1963, a weekly of about two thousand circulation, you would ave seen a column called "About Your Health." It seemed to be a syndicated news feature with a standing logotype of a silhouetted microscope. The author was Dr. R. I. Schattner, whose picture appeared in the text. The subject for the day was "Vacant Smiles," in which Dr. Schattner wrote that 22 million Americans are "without a single natural tooth" and that the major cause of this toothlessness is gum disease and the major cause of that is tartar. "However," the good doctor wrote, "tartar can be coped with. . . . During treatment, Chloraseptic Mouthwash is an excel- lent topical anesthetic for controlling soreness in these tender gum conditions. This non-prescrip- tive medication also may be used as an antiseptic to maintain good oral hygiene."

It is no derogation of Chloraseptic Mouthwash (which has received admiring clinical reports) to report that at that time it was owned by Dr. Schattner who had invented, promoted, and was selling it. He is an intelligent, ambitious, and engaging man, a resident of Washington, D.C., who sees the public relations-news syndrome in American newspapering far more clearly than do many practitioners and professors of journalism. His column on "Vacant Smile" appeared in about two hundred papers, thanks to a strictly cash arrangement. Dr. Schattner told me:

I paid a commercial artist about \$25 to draw that microscope logotype and then I paid Derus Media Service in Chicago a little under \$300 to distribute the whole thing in mat form to 1,800 weeklies and dailies. We checked placement by using a clipping service: 200 papers picked it up, so it cost me \$300. If I had run it as an ad in the same papers I figure it would have cost at least ten times as much. But as a health column or as news, it isn't advertising which would offend some professional codes, and it's much more effective.

Early this year the *Wall Street Journal* re- ported that Dr. Schattner sold Chloraseptic Mouthwash to Norwich Pharmacal Company for more than \$4 million.

Large newspapers are not safe from this flood of unfiltered propaganda. Their own processing of news and editorials is usually more profes- sional, and while the public-relations syndicates get through with successful penetrations from time to time, the mechanical use of canned ma- terial tends to be limited in the metropolitan press to special pages like Women, Finance, Travel, and Real Estate. The great, gorgeous photographs of cottage cheese delight or timothy hay that are the standardized centerpieces for household pages are provided free by the companies selling the goods in the picture. If it is a color photograph, it is almost a certainty that the food company provided the expensive color separations. The glowing travel articles in some of the greatest papers show up word-for-word—all taken from a publicity release—in still other, otherwise great papers. In such papers, the chief difference from small paper other than the concentration in special sections—is that the photos and text are engraved and typeset by the local newspaper, rather than being reproduced from mats. Big papers usually have unions which reject the use of mats.

For the earnest, openhearted believer in the editor as the unsleeping guardian of every inch of news and editorial space, it is a shock to look at the scrapbooks of clippings compiled by the

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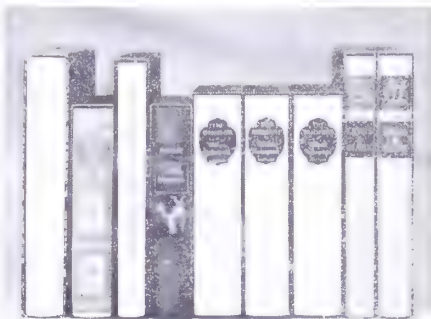
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important to the process. Some cynics insist that the canned editorials and commercial pluggery have little effect on sales or persuasion and that their chief function is to fill the scrapbooks which the public-relations operators then show the clients as proof that the clients ought to continue.

This explains why most of this press agency is plainly marked for those who know what to look for. In many photographs and cartoon features there is a symbol printed in a corner. "K," for example, means Central Feature News, which distributes free cartoons and food pictures; it also uses a small "f" for its printed features. "MS" appears on material from Master Syndicate, which has distributed, noncommittally, Medicare, AFL-CIO, and pro-Nixon copy. "Z" is for Editors Syndicate, "G" for Precise, "FM" for Fred Morris Associates, and so forth. The symbol serves as a signal to the commercial clipping services which daily scan every paper in the country and compile the clippings for scrapbooks by which the syndicates and PR men keep score. There are times when an ideological point would be stronger if the lobbying group kept its name out of the canned editorial, but it is often put in nonetheless so that the clipping-service reader can pick up the key words when the time comes to see how well the distribution worked.

It may be that commercial pluggery is relatively ineffective except for convincing the propagandists themselves. But it is hard to dismiss it all. Even if the charge were true, it would put the newspapers in the position of giving away what they ought to sell, advertising space. More important, such irresponsible editing helps destroy in the minds both of the advertisers and the readers the crucial distinction by which the American press lives—the difference between news and advertising.

A Perverse Rule

The political effect of canned right-wing messages is not easily measured. For one thing, they appear mostly in rural areas, which tend to be conservative anyway. And, undoubtedly, most editors who put such material in their papers agree with it; perhaps, left to their own devices, they would write the same kind of pieces. But there is a profound difference between the identical NAM editorial appearing in six hundred newspapers and six hundred local editors thinking and writing about what the NAM has to say. The effect of the canned editorial is to make more

rigid what is already a limited political and intellectual environment and to inhibit the individualistic responses which defenders of the rural life say they value.

Because rural papers have a disproportionate political impact and because they happen to be the major carriers of canned opinion, we are confronted with a perverse rule: *The smaller the newspaper, the greater its relative influence in national politics.*

There are 435 Congressional districts in the country, and in this year's 88th Congress, 203 of these, 46 per cent, were rural districts. Our population is at least 70 per cent urban. In many of these rural Congressional districts the leading paper is a small one, in 106 of them the leading paper has less than 10,000 circulation. In twelve of them the only paper is a weekly. To imply that a small circulation automatically means surrender to boilerplate is unfair to a number of small dailies and weeklies which, whatever their politics, are plainly the product of diligent personal editorship, and precisely in those places where this takes courage because the editor does literally have to face his readers on the street. But no one can look at the common run of small papers—and at the collected right-wing opinion which they mechanically reproduce—without being appalled at the standardized puffery that floods the countryside.

The Member of Congress almost never ignores what the small papers in his district say. For one thing, he may be interested in what the editor thinks is important. For another, he wants to know what is going into his constituents' heads. It is irrelevant to the Congressman that the editorial may be a canned one written by a paid propagandist in New York or Chicago or Indianapolis. He knows that, whoever paid for it or wrote it, when it appears in a leading paper in his district it has helped establish the political norm among his constituents.

So behold the small-town editor. He may be a conscientious journalist and community leader who thinks out issues for himself and writes what he thinks. Let the record show, futilely, no doubt, that this writer knows such men exist; some of his best friends are creative and courageous small-town editors. But beware that the grass-roots winnow of great issues may not be the thinking editorial mind, but the circling editorial hand, feeling in the lower drawer for the bit of prefabricated politics and pluggery that happens to fit, in inches and ideology, that sacred interstice for which all newspaperdom is supposed to exist: the space between the ads.

An American Rendezvous

The Question of Fidelity, Part II

by Simone de Beauvoir

Translated by Richard Howard

When you get to Chicago, go and see Nelson Algren for me," a young intellectual told me when I was in New York in 1947. I have given a faithful account of my first meeting with him in my book *America Day by Day*—our evening in the lower depths of the city and the following afternoon spent in the bars of the Polish district; but I did not mention the rapport that immediately sprang up between us, nor how disappointed we were not to be able to have dinner together. I called him before I left for the railroad station; they had to take the telephone away from me by force. On the train to Los Angeles I read one of his books and thought about him; he lived in a hovel, without a bathroom or refrigerator, alongside an alley full of steaming trash cans and flapping newspapers; his poverty seemed refreshing after the heavy burden of dollars in the big hotels and the elegant restaurants, which I had found hard to take. "I'll go back to Chicago," I said to myself; Algren had asked me to, and I wanted to; but if we found his parting painful already, wouldn't the next one hurt us even more?

The weeks passed; Sartre asked me in one of his letters to postpone my departure because M. was staying another ten days in Paris. Suddenly

that made me feel the nostalgia I described Anne as feeling in my novel *The Mandarins*: I'd had enough of being a tourist; I wanted to walk about on the arm of a man who, temporarily, would be mine. I called Algren, "Can you come here?" I asked him. He couldn't, but he would like very much to see me in Chicago.

Our first day together was very much like the one Anne and Lewis spent together in *The Mandarins*: embarrassment, impatience, misunderstanding, fatigue, and finally the intoxication of deep understanding. I stayed in Chicago only three days; I had a great many things to settle in New York; I persuaded Algren to go there with me; it was the first time he'd been in an airplane. I went around shopping, saying goodbye; at about five in the afternoon I came back to our room and we stayed with each other until the next morning. People would often talk about him to me; they said he was unstable, moody, even neurotic; I liked being the only one who understood him. If he was sometimes blunt and rude, as people claimed, it was certainly only as a defense; he really cared about people. I told him, before I left him, that my life was permanently fixed in Paris; he believed me without at all understanding what I meant. I promised

him we should see each other again, but we did not know when or how, and I arrived in Paris in a dreadful state.

Sartre was in trouble too. Before getting on the boat to France, M. had written him quite frankly: "I am coming determined to do everything I can to make you ask me to stay." He hadn't asked her to stay. She wanted to prolong her visit until July. Although she had been very friendly with me in New York, she did not really like me. In order to avoid friction, I went with Sartre to live in a little hotel on the outskirts of Paris; it was almost the country—there were roses in the garden, cows in the meadows, and I worked outside in the sun. We went for walks along the path Jean Racine used to use, overgrown with grass and splattered with bad alexandrines. On certain evenings Sartre would go into Paris to meet M. This way of life would have suited me if she had been satisfied with it—but no. The evenings when Sartre stayed with me he would receive dramatic telephone calls from her. She could not accept his letting her go away again. But how could he do otherwise? The circumstances were not favorable to compromise solutions. If M. were to make her home in Paris, sacrificing her job, her friendships, everything to which she was accustomed, she would be entitled to expect everything from Sartre; and that was more than he was able to offer. But if he loved her, how could he bear not to see her for months at a time? He listened to her complaints with remorse; he felt that he was to blame. Of course he had warned her: there could be no question of his making a life with her. But by saying that he loved her he gave the lie to that warning; for—especially in the eyes of women—love triumphs over every obstacle. Perhaps he had been thoughtless not to have realized this; his excuse was that, while refusing to alter his relationship with me, he cared for her intensely and wanted to believe that some compromise solution could be found.

I went through two painful months. My resolution was insufficient to cut myself off completely from America; I decided to return to Chicago.

When I finally arrived, Algren had been waiting for me for days. The moment we looked at each other again, I knew I had been right to come back.

It was during these two weeks that I discovered Chicago—the prisons, the police stations and the lineups, the hospitals, the stockyards, the burlesque houses, the slums.

Again Algren asked me to stay with him for good, and I explained that this was impossible.

But we parted less sadly than in May because in the spring of 1948 I was to return so that we could take a trip together lasting several months, down the Mississippi and then to Mexico.

Down the Mississippi

Sartre was getting very gloomy letters from M.; she had reluctantly agreed to spend four months with him while I was on my trip with Algren. A few days before I was due to leave, she wrote to Sartre saying that on those conditions she had decided not to see him again. This threw me into a great perplexity. I wanted enormously to be back with Algren, but after all I didn't really know how much he meant to me. The question would have been an idle one if circumstances had decided for me, but suddenly I had a choice: knowing that I could have stayed with Sartre, I was leaving myself open to regrets which might turn into a grudge against Algren, or at least into bitterness against myself. I opted for a half measure—two months of America instead of four.

This time I took a plane that flew high and fast. It landed me at LaGuardia. My visa gave the purpose of my trip as "lectures." "On what?" the immigration official asked me; when I said philosophy he shuddered: "What philosophy?" He allowed me five minutes to give him a brief account. I said it was impossible. "Has it got anything to do with politics? Are you a Communist? You wouldn't admit it if you were." I got the impression that any French person was suspect *a priori*. After having consulted some files, he gave me an authorization to stay for three weeks.

The day after that, I landed in Chicago. Algren took me in the afternoon to visit a gang of junky thieves whom I simply *had* to visit, according to him; I spent two hours in a filthy den, surrounded

Simone de Beauvoir's works of fiction and social exploration—including "The Mandarins" and "The Second Sex"—have made her international reputation as a writer and a leader of the Existentialist movement. The two articles published in "Harper's" are adapted from the new volume of her autobiography which will be brought out in New York by G. P. Putnam's Sons in the spring, with the title, "The Force of Circumstance." Last month, the first article dealt with some aspects of the author's thirty-year association with Jean-Paul Sartre and their philosophic and personal encounters with other writers in Paris and New York in the postwar years.

y strangers talking, too fast for me to follow, to other strangers. All they really enjoyed was to be with other addicts and chat about syringes, Algren told me.

After a day of repressed but frantic agitation we took the morning train for Cincinnati; the evening of the following day we embarked on a side-wheeler.

I loved the monotony of the voyage through this wide watery landscape. On the deck in the sun, I translated one of Algren's stories, I read, and we chatted over glasses of Scotch. Algren kept trying to take photographs with a German camera he didn't understand; he was quite satisfied because he had managed to get a tiny noise out of it when he pressed the catch. In the evening light, I saw the waters of the Ohio mingle with those of the Mississippi—I had dreamed of the Mississippi, listening to "Old Man River" and also while I was writing *All Men Are Mortal*. But I could never have imagined the enchantment of its evenings, its moons.

Each day we went ashore for a few hours. Louisville, sinister in the rain; a little town in Kentucky with decrepit bars full of celebrating farmers; Memphis; cotton bales along the docks, cotton factories, cotton brokers' offices.

In New Orleans, in the heart of the French quarter, we found an immense room, with an immense electric fan and a wooden balcony overlooking a patio. There were burlesque dancers and young prostitutes wandering about the hotel corridors in bathrobes, and the owner, a fat Russian woman, obstinately decreed that I too was Russian. After a creole dinner we went out to look for some good jazz, but it appeared that there was no longer any Negro jazz in the white quarter.

Spring was already over; the azaleas and the rain were through; the weather was heavy and dry. We spent the day swimming in Lake Pontchartrain. None of Algren's photographs had come out.

Next came Yucatán, with its jungle, its fields of blue aloes, its red flame trees. I have already described our trip to Chichén Itzá, in *The Mandarins*.

Mexico City was a real town where things were happening; we wandered around in the residential district and in the districts with bad reputations. One evening we let ourselves be persuaded into attending a show of "native dancing," actually organized by an old American con man; it consisted of tourists long past the bloom of youth soulfully applauding as young women in luxurious costumes went through imita-

tions of peasant dances. We walked out after half an hour and by way of revenge ended up in the sleaziest joint in the entire slum district. For most Americans, Mexico City is a jungle with an assassin working full-time on every street corner. But Algren had been around hundreds of cutthroats in his life without seeing a single throat cut. And in any case, he told me, the incidence of crimes is much lower in Mexico City than it is in New York or Chicago.

I hadn't yet had the heart to broach the subject of my departure. Every day it became more urgent and more difficult. During a long bus journey between Mexico City and Morelia, I announced to Algren with clumsy flippancy that I would have to be back in Paris on the fourteenth of July. "Oh, all right," he said. I'm flabbergasted today when I look back and think how I allowed myself to be fooled by his indifference. At Morelia, I was not surprised that he shouldn't want to get out and walk around; I strolled gaily through the streets and squares of the old Spanish town on my own.

To Make Something Happen

When I began making plans for the next day, Algren stopped me; he'd had enough of Indians and markets, of Mexico, and of traveling. I thought it was just a fit of temper and not of any particular consequence. All the same, I began to get uneasy. At the hotel I went on plying him with questions, "What's the matter? Everything was going so well; why are you spoiling everything?" Far from being moved by my distress, which eventually reduced me to tears, he just walked out on me. When he came back we were reconciled, though without explanations.

At Taxco, we drank delicious whiskey sours on the terrace of a hotel, surrounded by bougainvilleas and looking out onto a beautiful baroque church. "At the end of two days I'd be shooting off a revolver in the streets just to make something happen," Algren said. Mexico was decidedly getting on his nerves. All right. We took a plane to New York.

Algren didn't talk to me in quite the same way he used to, and every now and then I even felt a stab of hostility from him. One evening I asked him, "Don't you care for me as much as you did?" "No," he said, "it's not the same anymore." I cried all night, leaning out of the window between the silence of the sky and the city's indifferent noises. We were living in the Brittany at the bottom of Fifth Avenue; we wandered

around the Village. We spent painful hours in the French restaurants on the East Side, where I dragged him in search of a little respite from the heat, and in the suffocating West Side restaurant which he preferred because they didn't oblige him to wear a jacket and tie. It was my turn to resent him on account of his sullen behavior.

One evening, when we had dined in the open-air tavern in Central Park he was particularly disagreeable. "I can leave tomorrow," I told him. We exchanged a few more words and then suddenly he said to me impulsively, "I'm ready to marry you this very moment." I realized I would never be able to harbor rancor in my heart against him for anything ever again; all the wrongs were on my side. I left him uncertain whether I would ever see him again.

If I'd had the honesty and the intelligence to let Algren know the limits of my stay before going over to see him, things would have worked out better. I have often wondered what part his sudden disappointment actually played in our affair. I think it did nothing more, in fact, than disclose to him a situation he would not have accepted for long in any case. Even if Sartre had not existed, I would never have gone to live permanently in Chicago; or if I had tried to do so, I would certainly not have been able to bear more than one or two years of an exile which would have destroyed both my reasons for writing and the possibility of doing so. Yet our feelings were, for both of us, far from being no more than a diversion or even an escape; each of us regretted bitterly that the other refused to come and live with him.

* * *

Every week I found in my mailbox an envelope with a Chicago postmark. While speaking at rallies for Wallace, Algren had fallen in love with a young woman, he wrote; she was being divorced and he had thought of marrying her.* He explained what he felt in detail. "I won't have an affair with this girl, she doesn't really mean anything to me. But that doesn't change the fact that I still want what she represented for me for two or three months—a place of my own to live in, with a woman of my own and perhaps a child of my own. . . . It's different for you. You've got Sartre and a settled way of life, people, and a vital interest in ideas. You live in the heart of the world of French culture, and every day you draw satisfaction from your work and your life.

* Algren himself had been married in 1936 and divorced in 1939—*The Editors*.

Whereas Chicago is almost as far away from everything as Uxmal. I lead a sterile existence centered exclusively on myself, and I'm not at all happy about it. I'm stuck here, as I told you and as you understood, because my job is to write about this city, and I can only do it here."

There was nothing I could say in reply; he was absolutely right, which didn't make it any easier to bear; I would always have felt a painful regret if our affair had ended then. The happiness of the nights in Chicago and on the Mississippi, and the sudden botched-up ending would have turned it into no more than a dream. Happily, Algren's letters gradually grew warm again.

These Crazy Frenchmen

At the beginning of June 1949, I put on the white coat I had worn two years ago in Chicago and went to meet Algren's boat train. He brought me chocolate, whiskey, books, photographs, and a flowered housecoat. As a soldier, he had spent two days in Paris, but had seen almost nothing. It was odd reminding myself as I walked with him, "This is the first time he has ever looked at Paris; what do they look like to him, these houses, these shops?" I was anxious; I didn't want to see that sullen face he had sometimes turned on me in New York. But I soon grew more confident; his face was always radiant.

On foot, in cabs, once in a fiacre, I took him everywhere and he loved it all—the streets, the crowds, the markets. French cooking and Beaujolais filled him with delight, even though he preferred sausage to foie gras. He particularly liked shopping in the stores nearby; the ceremonial exchange of conversation was a delight to him: "*Bonjour, monsieur*, how are you today, thank you very much, very well and you, fine weather, nasty weather today, *au revoir, monsieur*, thank you, *monsieur*." In Chicago, one shops in silence, he told me.

I took him to meet all my friends. With Sartre, conversation was a bit difficult because Sartre doesn't know English and I haven't enough patience to be an interpreter, but they got on well.

At the Rose Rouge, my friend Bost and Algren swapped infantry reminiscences. Another of my friends, Olga Kosakiewicz, seduced Algren utterly by listening to all his stories with eyes wide in astonishment; he knew hundreds, and when he ran out he made them up. The four of us had dinner together in the restaurant on the Eiffel Tower—crammed with Americans, and the food and drink were terrible, but the view very beauti-

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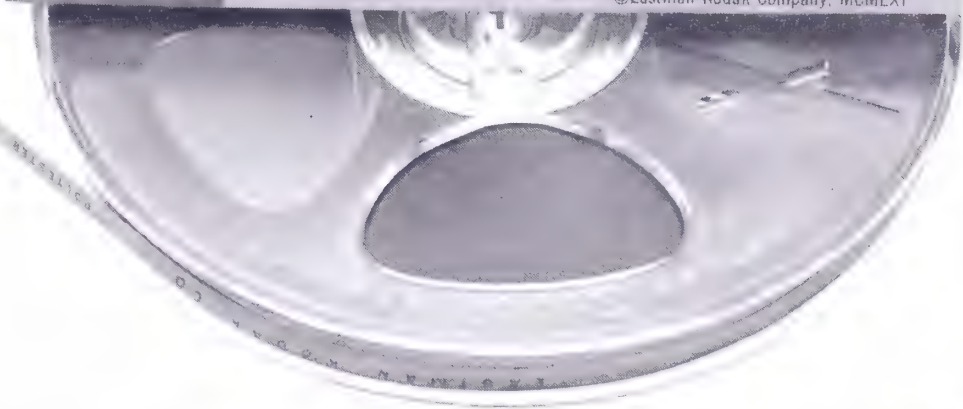
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for—and he talked for two hours straight about his friends the drug addicts and thieves, till I could no longer tell what was true and what wasn't; Bost didn't believe a word, Olga lapped up everything.

We often went for drinks with various people. At first, the "leftists" of our group eyed this American with suspicion. Irritated by this antagonism, he delighted in delivering himself of paradoxes and irrelevant truths. But when they found out that he had voted for Wallace and that his friends were all being forced out of their work in radio and television because of their anti-Americanism, above all when they got to know him better, he was accepted.

He met Guyonnet, who was trying to translate his latest novel and having difficulties with all the Chicago slang. Guyonnet invited him one morning to go and box with him and Jean Cau. When he met me for lunch at the terrace of the Bouteille d'Or, he collapsed exhausted into his chair. "These Frenchmen, they're all crazy!" he said. He had gone up to a sixth-floor room, according to Guyonnet's instructions, and was greeted by a shout of "Here's the gallant American!" He looked out the window and saw Cau and Guyonnet beckoning him to join them on a terrace, to which the only means of access was the gutter up to the roof. For Algren, who suffers from vertigo, it was a terrifying experience. The terrace was about as big as a pocket handkerchief and had no railing; they boxed on the edge of a precipice. "All mad!" Algren repeated, still not quite himself.

Later that summer Algren wanted to see the Old World, so we took a pleasure trip to Italy, and then to Tunisia and Algeria. It turned out to be quite successful.

Back in Paris, the month of September was magnificent. We had never got on better together. Next year I would go to Chicago; I was certain when I said goodbye to him that I would see Algren again.

His first letter was brimming over with high spirits. When they landed, he discovered from a magazine that he had been awarded the National Book Award for *The Man with the Golden Arm*. Cocktail parties, interviews, radio and television appearances—New York celebrated his return. A friend had driven him back to Chicago. He was very happy to be home. He wrote:

We drove all Saturday and all Sunday, and it was marvelous to see American trees again, and the big American sky, the great rivers and the plains. It isn't as colorful a country as

France; it doesn't steal your heart like the little red roofs as you come into Paris on the boat train or when you fly over them in the plane from Marseilles. . . . It's just huge, warm and friendly, confident and sleepy and taking its time. I was glad to think I belonged to it, and sort of relieved at the thought that wherever I go, this is the country I'll always be able to come back to.

"The Second Sex" Creates a Commotion

The first volume of *The Second Sex* had been published in June of 1949; in May, June, and July, *Les Temps Modernes* had printed chapters from it. In November, Gallimard published the second volume.

I have described how this book was conceived. First I considered the myths that men have forged about women through all their cosmologies, religions, superstitions, ideologies, and literatures. I hadn't expected to become involved in writing such a vast work. But my study of the myths would be left hanging in midair if people didn't know the reality those myths were intended to mask. I therefore plunged into works of physiology and history.

I began to look at women with new eyes and found surprise after surprise lying in wait for me. It is both strange and stimulating to discover suddenly, after the age of forty, an aspect of the world that has been staring you in the face all the time and that somehow you never noticed. One of the misunderstandings created by my book is that people thought I was denying there was any difference between men and women; on the contrary, writing this book made me even more aware of those things that separate them; what I contended was that these dissimilarities are of a cultural and not of a natural order.

The first volume was well received: twenty-two thousand copies were sold in the first week. The second one also sold well, but it shocked people. I was completely taken aback by the fuss that started when the extracts from the book appeared in *Les Temps Modernes*. The good old *esprit gaulois* flowed in torrents. I received—some signed and some anonymous—epigrams, epistles, satires, admonitions, and exhortations addressed to me by, for example, "some very active members of the First Sex." Unsatisfied, frigid, priapic, nymphomaniac, lesbian, a hundred times aborted, I was everything, even an unmarried mother.

The Right could only detest my book, which Rome naturally put on the Index. I had hoped it would be well received by the Extreme Left. Our



A stillness descends on the forest.

The elk, the raccoon, the rabbit, the blue jay, all pause

in their never-ending quest for sustenance amid the winter snows.

A Shining Star still sparkles in the blue of the early morning sky.

Christmas has come again.

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lations with the Communists couldn't have been worse; all the same, my thesis owed so much to Marxism and showed it in such a favorable light that I did at least expect some impartiality from them! Marie-Louise Barron, in *Les Lettres Françaises*, confined herself to remarking that *The Second Sex* would at least give the factory girls

Billancourt a good laugh—which implies a very low estimate of the factory girls at Billancourt, replied Colette Audry in a “review of the politics” she did for *Combat*. Another newspaper, *Action*, devoted an anonymous and unintelligible article to me, delightfully decorated with the photograph of a woman held fast in the passionate embraces of an ape.

My adversaries created and maintained numerous misunderstandings on the subject of my book. Many men declared I had no right to discuss women because I hadn't given birth; and why? They nevertheless produced some very distinct opinions of their own in opposition to mine.

It was said that I refused to grant any value to the maternal instinct and to love; this was not so. I simply asked that women should experience them truthfully and freely, whereas they often use them as excuses and take refuge in them, only to find themselves imprisoned in that refuge when those emotions have dried up in their hearts. I was said to be preaching sexual promiscuity; but at no point did I ever advise anyone to sleep with just anyone at just anytime; my opinion is that all choices, agreements, and refusals should be made independently of institutions, conventions, and motives of self-aggrandizement; if the reasons for it are not of the same order as the act itself, then the only result can be lies, distortions, and mutilations. I devoted a chapter to the problem of abortion; Sartre had already written about it in *The Age of Reason*, and I myself in *The Blood of Others*; people were always rushing into the office of *Les Temps Modernes* asking the secretary for addresses. She got so irritated by it that one day she designed a poster: “We do it on the premises, ourselves.”

When all is said and done, *The Second Sex* is possibly the book that has brought me the greatest satisfaction out of all those I have written. If I am asked what I think of it today, I have no hesitation in replying: I'm all for it.

During these last ten years the myths that men created have crumbled, and many women writers have gone beyond me and dared far more than I dared. Too many of them for my taste take sexuality as their only theme; but at least when

they write about it they now present themselves as the eye that looks, as the subject, the conscious free being.

A New Resistance?

At the time of the Korean War, there was a good deal of talk about a Russian occupation of Europe. MacArthur wanted to bomb China; in that case the Russians would intervene. In America, I was told, fifty million radiation-resistant identity discs were distributed for the purpose of identifying victims after an atomic attack. If war were to break out, the Red Army would invade Europe as far as Brest in next to no time; what then? “The day the Russians march into Paris,” said Francine Camus, “I shall kill myself and my two children.” In one *lycée* some teenagers, terrified by their parents' prophecies, made a collective suicide pact that would be effective in the event of a Russian occupation.

It didn't occur to me to wonder what I should do until the conversation we had with Camus at the Balzar. “Have you thought about what will happen to you when the Russians get here?” he asked Sartre; and then added with a great deal of emotion, “You mustn't stay!” “And do you expect to leave?” asked Sartre. “Oh, I'll do what I did during the German occupation.” Sartre's only objection was that he would never accept having to fight against the proletariat. “You mustn't let the proletariat become a mystique,” Camus answered sharply; and he complained of the French workers' indifference to the Soviet labor camps. “They've got trouble enough without worrying about what's going on in Siberia,” was Sartre's reply. “All right,” said Camus, “but all the same, they haven't exactly earned the Legion of Honor!” Strange words—Camus, like Sartre, had refused the Legion of Honor, which their friends in power had wanted to give them in 1945. We felt a great distance between us. Yet it was with real warmth that he urged Sartre, “You must leave. If you stay it won't be only your life they'll take, but your honor as well. They'll cart you off to a camp and you'll die. Then they'll say you're still alive, and they'll use your name to preach resignation and submission and treason, and people will believe them.”

I was shaken by these words and in the days that followed I remembered Camus' arguments and used them myself. Sartre listened to me with a mulish look on his face; he rejected the idea of exile to the very marrow of his bones. Algren, now convinced that some headstrong action on

Retrospect: Falling Out of Love

by George Amabile

In a room filled with winter dusk
And called with water snapshots of her smile,
I listen to a clock ticking off quick
Metallic heartbeats. For over a year, seconds
Have settled thickly on that Fall like tiny
Grains of earth.

Still, I try again
To revive unfinished sentences and the long
Drifting silence that released
Silt shadows into the clear stream
Of the future. Why had quiet talks
Made both of us grim, then sullen? Maybe if I
Could trap them in the mind's pure focus
The past would turn lucid for once
Like troubled water stilled in a glass jar.

But my strict intentions drift
Into the delicate balance of her long
Eyelashes, and I feel the warm
Presence of her body
Rise from the rhythms of unfathomed blood.

A train whistle pierces the room.

I light a cigarette, put on my coat,
And walk out as far as the stone bridge
To stare at an ice-jammed lake made soft with
snow,

Knowing that though my legs
Have driven the moon free from the grip of
trees,

Long walks will never free my mind
From the body's tree of blood,
Nor let it sail out, shining.

Into a cold sea of midnight blue.

Nor ever bring to bear
On the subtle changes in her shadowed face
A light this cold, this clear.

the part of MacArthur might unleash a world war at any moment, invited us both to his summer place near Chicago. But we had never detested America more violently than we did at that moment. Sartre was convinced that by going into exile, no matter how good the reasons for doing so, one lost one's place in the world, and that one could never quite recover it again. And we were considering flight from a regime which

was, in spite of everything, the embodiment of socialism!

Sartre was unable either to elude or to accept the now-manifest fact that the Communists, treating him as an enemy, were forcing him to act as though he actually were one. He never put much faith in the likelihood of a Russian occupation; but envisaging it was enough to make him feel very sharply the paradoxical quality of our situation; the shock it inflicted on him played a great role in his subsequent development.

* * *

The last time I saw Camus, he made fun of a lot of the criticisms of his book *The Rebel*—he just took it for granted that we liked it, and Sartre had great difficulty in knowing what to say to him. A little later, Sartre warned him that the review in *Les Temps Modernes* would be fair, cool, if not harsh. Camus seemed disagreeably surprised. Francis Jeanson had accepted the task of reviewing the book and had promised to do so circumspectly; but, as it turned out, he got carried away. Sartre persuaded him to soften some of his strictures, but there was no censorship on the magazine. Camus, affecting to ignore Jeanson's existence, sent Sartre an open letter in which he addressed him as "*Monsieur directeur*." Sartre replied in the next issue. And everything was over between them.

As a matter of fact, if this friendship exploded so violently, it was because for a long time not much of it had remained. The political and ideological differences which already existed between Sartre and Camus in 1945 had intensified from year to year. Camus was an idealist, moralist, and an anti-Communist. Sartre had labored since 1940 to repudiate idealism, to wrench himself away from his original individualism, to live in history; his position was close to Marxism, and at this time he desired an alliance with the Communists.

These differences of opinion were too radical for the friendship between the two men not to be shaken.

* * *

Circumstances had convinced Sartre that the only path still open to the Left was to find a way back to unity of action with the Communist party. And the contradiction that was tearing him apart had by then become intolerable. In some unpublished notes, he wrote: "I was a victim of and an accomplice in the class struggle; a victim because I was hated by an entire class; an

"I'm sure Father would have wanted me
to have a Rolls."



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accomplice because I felt both responsible and powerless. . . . I discovered the class struggle in that slow dismemberment that tore us away from them [the workers] more and more each day. . . ."

Sartre told me one day, "I've always thought against myself." But he had never done so as savagely as he did in the years from 1950 to 1952. The work he had begun in 1945 with his article on the writer's commitment was finished; he had utterly demolished all his illusions about the possibility of personal salvation. He was ready to accept a collective discipline without denying his own liberty. "After ten years of rumination, I had reached breaking point; one light tap was all that was required." It was a book that struck him first—*Le Coup du 2 Décembre* by Guillemin. All capitalists must speak with the voice of capital; yet the bourgeoisie are nonetheless individuals of flesh and blood who, to defend their interests, employ means whose violence is scarcely masked. It was Guillemin who tore away the veils hiding this process, and Sartre wrote in *Merleau-Ponty Vivant*: "In the name of the principles it had inculcated in me . . . I swore a hatred for the bourgeoisie that would die only with my own death. When I returned abruptly to Paris, I had to write or choke." He wrote the first part of *Les Communistes et la Paix* with a fury that frightened me. "In two weeks, he's spent five nights without sleep and the other nights he only sleeps four or five hours," I wrote my sister.

The article appeared in *Les Temps Modernes* a month before his *Réponse à Camus*. These two pieces of writing had the same meaning—the postwar period was over. No more postponements, no more conciliations were possible. We had been forced into making clear-cut choices. "I had to accept the point of view of the U.S.S.R. in its totality," he noted, "and count on myself alone to maintain my own. Finally, I was alone because I did not wish to be alone enough."

This epoch we had just lived through was what I had tried to evoke in *The Mandarins*.

Why Not?

Sartre and M. were not getting on well anymore. Despite his opposition she had come to live in Paris. They quarreled and eventually separated.

Algren and I spent the late summer of 1950 together at his summer place and he had told me then that he didn't love me anymore. The following year, we wrote to each other only rarely, and

even then had little to say. In one letter, though, he suggested I spend the coming October with him. He was offering, in all honesty, the friendship that it is always so easy to maintain when a rupture has been made without bitterness and the two people concerned are living in the same city. I consulted Sartre. "Why not?" he said. I accepted.

Plane, train, taxi—I was quite calm when I arrived; I had nothing to gain and nothing to lose. There was the splendor of an Indian summer. Once again I bathed in the lake, read in the sun, watched television; I finished my essay on Sade. I scarcely set foot in Chicago.

Algren was going to remarry his ex-wife. As I walked along the beach during the last days of October 1951, between the dunes dusted with gold and the changing blue of the water, I thought to myself that I would never see him again, nor the house, nor the lake, nor the sand being pecked at by little white waders.

The last morning, the hours seemed to drag for both of us; we refused to talk to each other and we were embarrassed by our silence. At last I said that I had had a very nice time there and that at least we still had a real friendship for each other. "It's not friendship," he replied brutally. "I can never offer you less than love." These words, suddenly, after those four peaceful weeks, brought all the old uncertainty back; if our love still existed, why these final, these definitive goodbyes? All the past flooded back into my heart, all my work was undone, life was unbearable; in the taxi, in the train, in the plane, in a movie theatre in New York that evening, watching a Walt Disney film in which animals endlessly devoured each other, I wept without stopping. In my hotel room, my eyes brimming with tears, I wrote Algren a short letter asking if everything was all over or not. I got back to Paris on the *Jour des Morts*; everywhere there were chrysanthemums and people wearing black. And I knew the answer to my question.

"One can still have the same feelings for someone," Algren wrote to me, "and still not allow them to rule and disturb one's life. To love a woman who does not belong to you, who puts other things and other people before you, without there ever being any question of your taking first place, is something that just isn't acceptable. I don't regret a single one of the moments we have had together. But now I want a different kind of life, with a woman and a house of my own . . ."

There remained only to write the words, "the end." And so I did.

1964



Christmas

1964



Greetings

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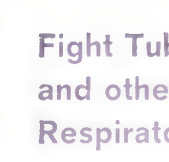
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They Know They're Monsters: Some Recent Books on Art

by Paul Pickrel

In my boyhood, when American society was still struggling along without the enlightened ministrations of the Grove Press, connoisseurs of erotic literature, at least in the outlying districts, had to make do with books like Nan Britton's account of her affair with President Harding and what purported to be a description of Brigham Young's household by one of his former wives; and one picks up *Life with Picasso* (McGraw-Hill, \$6.95) by Françoise Gilot, who lived with the great artist for a decade and bore two of his children, in the expectation that it will be a latter-day exemplar of that rather feeble tradition.

But in fact it is not. In a prefatory note the American art critic Carlton Lake, who has collaborated with Mlle. Gilot in writing the book, testifies to the extraordinary power and accuracy of her memory, and it is certain that either her memory is remarkable or she has the talent of a very great novelist, for the portrait of Picasso that emerges from her account has a monumentality, a richness and diversity and intensity of being that could have been captured only by a woman of uncommon gifts.

More than any other writer I know of, Mlle. Gilot reveals what a great talker Picasso is. A lot of what he says is nonsense, of course, born of his absurdly involuted superstitiousness, his uncertain education, his sense that the simplest situation is intricate and sinister and to be approached only crabwise, with a scuttling allusiveness. But his talk is often brilliant, passionate, surprisingly open when it comes to his own work, and wonderfully imaginative. Early in their acquaintance he was showing Mlle. Gilot some prints

"filled with bearded and clean-shaven men, with minotaurs, centaurs, fawn-like figures, and all kinds of women. Everyone was nude or nearly so and they seemed to be playing out a drama from Greek mythology."

"All this takes place on a hilly island in the Mediterranean," Picasso said. "I call Crete. That's where the minotaurs live, along the coast. They're the rich *seigneurs* of the island. They know they're monsters and they live, like dandies and dilettantes everywhere, the kind of existence that reigns of decadence in houses filled with works of art by the most fashionable painters and sculptors. They are being surrounded by pretty women. They get the local fishermen to go out and round up girls from the neighboring islands. After the heat of the day has passed, they bring in the sculptors and their models for parties, with music and dancing, and everybody gorges himself on mussels and champagne until melancholy fades away and euphoria takes over. From there on it's an orgy."

That is hardly autobiographical—Picasso is no dilettante, he works incredible hours, and he has never been dependent on the local fishermen for his supply of pretty girls—but the minotaur, one suspects, is chief among his totems: half-man, half-beast, too hideous to be loved yet superb in his strength, hotly pacing the inexhaustible labyrinth of his own imagination. In Mlle. Gilot's superb portrait he is possessive, mean, indifferent to the comfort and convenience of others to the point of cruelty, shrewd, cunning, both childish and childlike, neurotically indecisive, yet in his art capable of the boldest decisions. There are probably few men alive who have lived out

what they were capable of being on the same scale as Picasso. For the like Mlle. Gilot who became engaged with him it has been, she shows, an incandescent experience, illuminating and consuming, and her record of it is fascinating. (A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.)

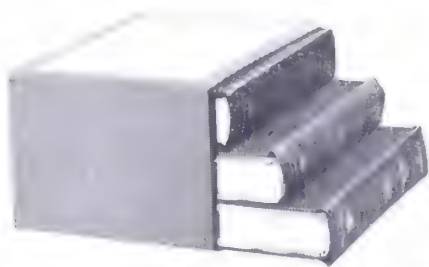
Toulouse-Lautrec was another man who seems to have thought of himself as somehow monstrous, yet the reach of human love, perhaps because of his famous physical deformity; but his latest biography, Philippe Huisman, in *Lautrec* (Viking, \$30), is at pains to show that Lautrec was in fact a man of great charm and wit, with many friends and admirers. The quarrel between the two views, which Huisman's labors, doesn't really exist; the reality of a life rarely coincides with the opinions of outsiders. What chiefly feels about Lautrec's life is what one chiefly sees in his work—his gallantry. Both in his work and his art caricature was carried very far, sometimes to the verge of brutality, and yet somehow human and elegant survives more moving because of its very precariousness.

However, *Lautrec* by Lautrec is less a reinterpretation of its subject than an exceedingly handsome collection of materials from which the reader can make whatever interpretation he pleases. The occasion of the book seems to be the release

Paul Pickrel, who has reviewed for "Harper's" for several years, is managing editor of "The Yale Review" and a lecturer in English at Yale.

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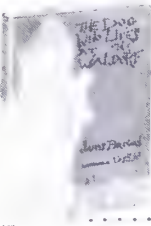
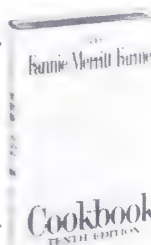
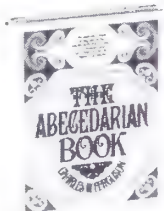
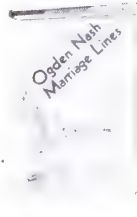
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LITTLE, BROWN

*Atlantic Monthly Press Books

good many hitherto unpublished letters and photographs in the possession of Mme. M.G. Dortu, who inherited the collection of Maurice Joyant, Lautrec's friend and dealer, and who appears as coauthor of the book. The letters are woven into Huisman's rather awkward biographical narrative, but many of the photographs are reproduced alongside Lautrec's pictures of the same subject with fine effect.

Indeed, the reproductions—123 in color—are quite wonderful, some of them in effect facsimiles. (The book was produced in Switzerland.) There is considerable rather pretentious scholarly paraphernalia, including a map of the United States showing where important paintings by Lautrec are to be found. It has Williamstown, Massachusetts, southwest of Washington, D.C., and Oberlin, Ohio,

headed in the direction of Oklahoma. One can only hope that the rest of the critical apparatus, including what is described as the first complete catalogue of Lautrec's graphics, is more reliable. But at a price of thirty dollars, the book can hardly be aimed at a scholarly audience. The affluent aesthete will find it unmatched for lavishness, inclusiveness, and accuracy of reproduction.

The most moving passage in Huisman's account of Lautrec concerns a visit of the great Degas (whom Lautrec deeply admired) to an exhibition of the younger artist's work. He came in silence, looked in silence, almost left in silence. Then halfway down the stairs he turned and spoke. "Now, Lautrec," he said, "it is clear you are one of us."

It was more than a compliment;

it was a destiny, a destiny that Degas, after years of a solitary life devoted to nothing but art, knew from the inside. His own personality, if we assume that he had one, remains a mystery. **My Friend Degas**, by Daniel Halévy, who knew the artist when he was young and read up his notes of those years in his old age, is an engaging and informative book, beautifully introduced and annotated by Mina Curtiss, who annotated it, but it hardly penetrates the shell of the tough old crust that Degas was. Halévy reports that Degas was charming, but the charm does not reach the reader. One sees instead a stubborn, opinionated old man gradually losing the sight that was his only real link with the world outside, bitterly anti-Semitic in the Dreyfus years, engaged in a serious and funny guerrilla war with Zola, his faithful cook. He once proposed marriage to a young girl to spite Zola, and Zola for her part reported that M. Degas was no man because he chased her out of his room. When she entered and found him in his study,

Introduced in *Harper's*

Sections or adaptations of the following 1964 books appeared in the magazine before book publication.

The Italians, by Luigi Barzini (Atheneum).

Roadless Area, by Paul Brooks (Knopf).

Five Cities, by Blanche R. Brown (Doubleday).

Congress: The Sapless Branch, by Senator Joseph S. Clark (Harper & Row).

The World of Wines, by Creighton Churchill (Collier-Macmillan).

Taxpayers' Hayride, by Julius Duseha (Little, Brown).

Shadow & Act, by Ralph Ellison (Random House).

The Stupidity Problem and Other Harassments, by John Fischer (Harper & Row).

The Scotch, by John Kenneth Galbraith (Houghton Mifflin).

Markings, by Dag Hammarskjöld. Translated by Leif Sjöberg and W. H. Auden. Foreword by W. H. Auden (Knopf).

Pedro Martínez, A Mexican Peasant and His Family, by Oscar Lewis (Random House).

An African Student in China, by Emmanuel John Hevi (Praeger).

Quick As Dandelions, by Louis L'Amour (Doubleday).

What Can a Man Do? by Milton Mayer. Foreword by Pastor Martin Niemöller.

Bubble Gum and Kipling, by Tom Mayer (Knopf).

Persia Revisited, by Anne Sinclair Mehdevi (Knopf).

Religion and Freedom in the Modern World, by Herbert J. Muller (Chicago).

The Words. Autobiography of Jean-Paul Sartre (Braziller).

Crisis in Black and White, by Charles E. Silberman (Random House).

Short Friday, by Isaac Bashevis Singer (Farrar, Straus).

Teeth, Dying, and Other Matters, by Richard G. Stern (Harper & Row).

Four Infinitives, by Thomas Whitbread (Harper & Row).

Art and Anarchy, by Edgar Wind (Oxford).

My Friend Degas, by Daniel Halévy. Introduced and annotated by Mina Curtiss. (Harper & Row, \$10.95.) With photographs, some of them taken by the artist himself—turned to the camera as his eyes dimmed—and not previously published (Wesleyan, \$6).

A collection of drawing studies by Degas and Renoir are completely unfamiliar to Western Europeans and Americans reported in the National Museum in Belgium and they have now been beautifully reproduced in **The Unknown Degas and Renoir** (McGraw-Hill, \$18.95, Dec. 31; thereafter, \$22.50). The collection is curated by Milo Stevanovic, formerly curator of the National Museum, contributing a history of how the works happened to end up there (they seem to have been the gift of the great dealer Victor G. Schnitzler to a young and impecunious collector named Erich Slomovic, who was executed as a Jew by the Germans in 1940); and Denis Rouart contributes a useful art-historical introduction largely concerned with questions of technique and chronology.

But the glory of the book is the pictures—about forty Degas and again as many Renoirs. Few finished works, but they are very good and very beautiful.

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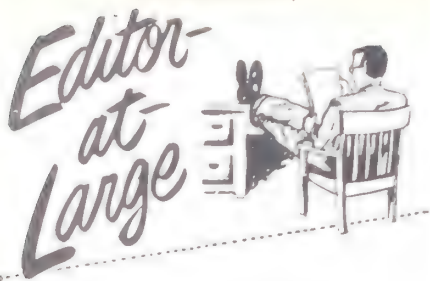
Dr. Tinder proposes a renewed awareness of the relationships of community, authority, and religious insight in a brilliantly argued view that transcends both conservatism and liberalism.

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS



One day in the late 1950s, Wolfson, then managing director of Doubleday's London subsidiary, Aldus Books, saw a television production in which Carl Jung participated. Foges was struck by the thought that while the general principles of Freud were reasonably well known, Jung's ideas had never achieved the same currency among non-professional, educated readers. In a publisher's magazine, he decided to be filled by a book, and Foges approached Dr. Jung with a proposal. Jung refused.

Ultimately, two things changed this decision. One, Foges is a persistent as well as a creative man and he tried again. The second: Jung had a dream. And anyone who knows anything of the great Swiss psychologist's work will understand how significant such a dream could be to him. Jung saw himself "standing in a public place," talking to a "multitude of people," instead of to other professionals.

This dream is not uncommon among editors, but coupled with the latest communications boom, Aldus Books, it must have appeared that Foges' message was heaven-sent—or that it was at least a message from Jung's unconscious. In any event, Dr. Jung agreed.

The book, which resulted *Man and His Symbols*, is a splendid example of "popularization": it treats complex and subtle concepts clearly and without writing down. To supplement and illuminate Jung's ideas, and those of his associates who worked on the book, Foges produced the volume in a handsomely illustrated format.

I am not overly fond of "picture books," if that phrase means large books with lots of oddly assorted scraps of art work and some sort of text or captions as a loose excuse for the whole project. But Mr. Foges' enterprise is an example of editorial genius.

L.L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Man and His Symbols (\$12.95 pre-Christmas; \$14.95 thereafter) by Carl G. Jung is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies are available at your local bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 744 White Plains Road, Scarsdale, New York.

THE NEW BOOKS

The chief interest of *Paintings of D. H. Lawrence*, edited by Merlyn Levy (Viking, \$12.50), is simply that it makes available work that has been extremely hard to come by. The reproductions are inferior to those in the Mandrake edition of thirty-five years ago, though the paintings have certainly deteriorated since then. The three essays that pad out the volume are commonplace: those by Harry T. Moore and Sir Herbert Read are flaccid in the extreme; the one by Jack Lindsay at least makes an earnest effort to say something significant about the relation between Lawrence and Italian Futurism.

Scholarship does not seem to have been pressed to discoverable since pictures in well-known institutions are tagged "J.L." whereabouts unknown."

But if you are interested in Lawrence you want to see his pictures and here they are. You can't get anywhere else. Once they're enough to bring out the police, now they hardly figure as art more than documentation of a man whose genius lay elsewhere. If we were to seek a collective title, it might be called "a dream of heresy by a Puritan who never learned to pray."

Melancholic Clown

by Brian Moore

A Little Learning: An Autobiography (The Early Years), by Evelyn Waugh. Little, Brown, \$5.50.

Only when one has lost all curiosity about the future has one reached the stage where one can afford to say "I am old and decay is all around me."

The author of both statements is Evelyn Waugh. The first is in his present persona as the caricature squire of Piers Court, raising his outrageously old-fashioned ear trumpet to repel inquisitive journalists, harrumphing about the inability of "Americans and most women" to write a good English sentence, laboriously composing a family tree of his undistinguished forebears, and, in this first volume of autobiography, often a bore.

The second statement is sung, not said, by dotty old Uncle Theodore as he gazes out of the morning-room window at Boot Magna Hall in Waugh's early novel, *Scoop*. It is Uncle Theodore's way of relieving his infrequent fits of depression and there are moments when, reading the present volume, Mr. Waugh's early admirers may wonder if this work is being undertaken by the author with a similar purpose in mind.

For one reader, at least, the hundred pages of the book led to the suspicion that the great satirist was embarking on a spoof of those ponderous, privately printed memoirs composed in retirement years by minor diplomats and obscure British naval figures. The volume is dedicated to the author's grandchildren and its first four chapters are headed "Heredity," "Environment," "The Father," and "Education Before the War." Yet, as one reads on, the promise of satire fails and is replaced by the suspicion that Waugh, the satirist, has suffered a curiously satirical stroke in his old age he is becoming one of the elderly eccentrics he once, successfully, mocked for our entertainment. This memoir, composed with seriousness, might well have come from the pen of Uncle Theodore.

The opening chapter on hereditary can scarcely be of interest to anyone who is not a member of the author's family or a devoted graduate student writing a thesis on Waugh's influences. "Environment" is a tempt, common enough to sexag-

Brian Moore's novels include Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne and (his latest) "An Answer to Limbo."

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HOUSE OF LIFE by MARIO translated by Angus. Outwardly a description of the rooms in the ancient Rome where Mr. Praz has for thirty years, this unique biography is inwardly a vision of the spiritual and actual odyssey of its disoriented author. "A new approach to autobiography is effected and welcome... a most entertaining record." *Times (London)*. Illustrated with photographs. \$10.00

MACHINE IN THE GARDEN: Biology and the Pastoral in America by LEO MARX. Generations Americans have to reconcile two conflicting aspects of their country: a simular paradise opposed to ban industrial complex. Professor Marx gives the reader insights into the basic forces have motivated Americans. "is a major book." — HENRY SMITH \$6.75

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EZRA POUND: Poet as Sculptor by DONALD DAVIE. This critical study of a "difficult" poet takes a chronological approach to his work, his translations being considered no less important than his original poems. It breaks new ground in comparing Pound's treatment of certain sources with their originals. "It has Davie's virtues, which are great... obviously an important book." — FRANK KERMODE \$6.00

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OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS / New York

THE CONCISE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF MUSIC by PERCY A. SCHOLLES, second edition edited by JOHN OWEN WARD. A thoroughgoing revision with numerous new entries; one feature is a "who's who" of 3,500 concise biographies. "Warmly recommended... entries are listed alphabetically, with helpful cross-indexing, succinct opinions, plus a generous number of illustrations." — *Saturday Review Syndicate* \$7.00

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THE BOSTON TEA PARTY by BENJAMIN WOODS LABAREE. "The tea dumped in Boston Harbor in December 1773 brewed a national revolution in an astonishingly short time. Mr. Labaree's study is far and away the most thorough and authoritative account of why the tea was sent, why it was destroyed, and why its destruction had such consequences." — LYMAN H. BUTTERFIELD \$6.00

WORLD COMMUNISM: The Disintegration of a Secular Faith by RICHARD LOWENTHAL. The schism that is cracking the Communist movement into hostile fragments had origins that most Western observers failed to evaluate properly. By retracing its stages, the author makes the disintegration of world communism historically understandable. "A most valuable review and perceptive analysis." — ZBIGNIEW BRZEZINSKI \$6.00

The Swivel Chair



From the day this issue of *Harper's* is published there are all too few bookstore browsing-hours left before Christmas. And so the Swivel Chair offers its seasonal shopping guide, full of arbitrarily categorized books and a few words of amplification when a title is rightly more lyrical than explicit.

Our choices from the fiction tables could fill evenings from the long ones of winter right through to the hammock season. Safest of all for the shopper is choice by author — Louis Auchincloss's **The Rector of Justin** (\$4.95) — a number one bestseller this autumn, David Walker's **Winter of Madness** (\$3.95), Raymond Chandler's **Killer in the Rain** (\$5.50), and Janice Holt Giles' **Run Me a River** (\$4.95).

Their non-fictional counterparts are names speaking for themselves: John Kenneth Galbraith's **The Scotch** (\$3.95), John Kieran's **Not Under Oath** (\$5.00), Prime Minister Wilson's **Purpose in Politics** (\$4.95), **Opinions and Perspectives from The New York Times Book Review** edited by Francis Brown (\$6.95), Edmond

Taylor's **Richer by Asia** (\$6.50), **Mr. Churchill in 1940** by Sir Isaiah Berlin (\$3.00), **Before the Colors Fade: Portrait of a Soldier, George S. Patton, Jr.** by his nephew Fred Ayer, Jr. (\$6.00), Margalo Gilmore's **Four Flights Up** (\$3.75), George R. Stewart's **Committee of Vigilance: Revolution in San Francisco, 1851** (\$5.00), John Bainbridge's portrait of a jet pilot **Like A Homesick Angel** (\$3.95).

For the naturalist, amateur or professional, the list is always rich — though not expensive. The incomparable Peterson Field Guide series has an impressive new volume, number 15, **Field Guide to the Stars and Planets** by



Donald H. Menzel (\$4.95). To add a new dimension to the enjoyment of bird-watching there are two 1964 albums, **Dawn in a Duckblind** (\$6.95) and **More Voices of African Birds** (\$7.75), in the superbly recorded Sounds of Nature series of long-playing records and book-and-record albums produced by The Cornell Laboratory of Ornithology and The Federation of Ontario Naturalists.

A handsome gift is **The Stars** by H. A. Rey in a revised edition with a handsome star chart for the wall (\$6.00). For the vacation-plotting conservationist there is Devereux Butcher's **Exploring Our National Wildlife Refuges** (\$6.50 cloth; \$3.85 paper). And for the fireside traveller, **Between the Sunlight and the Thunder** by Noel Simon (\$6.00) a dramatic plea for the



preservation of the wildlife of East Africa; and the portrait of the most beautiful feral family, **Cats of the World** by Armand Denis (\$5.95), illustrated in color and black and white. For equal parts wit and zoology **You, Me and the Animal World** by Martin Wells, grandson of H. G. Wells and Cambridge don (\$3.50). To round off the list with a novel, there is **The Peregrine Falcon** by Robert Murphy (\$4.00).

An election year produces not only whistle stop oratory, there is a lively competition among

people writing about the political scene. Books that outlast the campaign at the polls.



Profession by Lyndon B. Johnson by the Pulitzer Prize-winning author of **Citadel**, William S. White (\$5.00), **The makers: An Essay on Power and Wealth** by Bernard D.ichter (\$4.00), **Too Many Americans** by Lincoln and Alice D. (\$4.95), **Piety Along the mac: Notes on Politics and Morals in the Fifties** (\$4.00) by William Lee Miller, **Wies for AID** by Frank M. Coffin (\$4.50), important because Barbara Ward Jackson remarks "Only an educated, informed public opinion can be relied on to give the program stable support. It is the great function of Mr. Coffin's timely, vigorous book to keep probing such opinion."

To every parent in search of the effective argument to help the teenage smoker, the ungettably graphic **Dying Smoke** by Robert Osborn and Fred W. Benton, M.D. (\$4.00). A superb combination of modern Daumier and a mechanical finder.



Two gifts that are a compliment to the **New Euro** edited by Stephen R. Graub (\$8.50), first in the **Daedalus** series and hailed by the **York Review of Books** as "the most impressive collection." There is such a thing as the intelligent general reader, here is a book for him; and any of 42 titles in the famous cloth-bound paperback **Sentry Editions**, a distinguished library in the making.

Houghton Mifflin Company, Publishers

THE NEW BOOKS

For the Anglophile there is a half of books from England: **The Age of Illusion** by Blythe (\$4.00), **Great Britain or Little England?** by John Mander (\$3.75), **The New Look** by Harry Hopkins (\$7.50), **Birds' Nests in Their** by William H. Stevenson (\$4.50), **Museum Piece** by Laver (\$5.00), **The and His Times** by Balfour (\$6.95), **In the Heart** by Laurence (\$4.95), **The Empress** by Harold Kurtz (\$6.00), **The Model Major** by Jeph H. Lehmann (\$5.95).

Now a slow stroll through the book section. **New England** a portrait in text and full page illustrations by Griffin, edited by Robb (\$14.95), **The Atlas of the World** in volumes (\$25.00 each) edited by John Bartholomew, **The Youth Bible** by Roy B. (\$10.95), **An Encyclopedia of World History** edited by William L. Langer (\$10.00), **Treasury of Christmas and Carols** by Henry A. (\$5.95), and **Thoughts on Festive Foods** (\$6.50).

Just published, in its own wrapping, a gift for every man who has longed to share perfect Christmas with her grown-up children, **Little Christmas** by Sligh Turner (\$3.00).



Happy Holidays!

ians, to recall the places and people they knew in early childhood. The chapter on the author's father is an affectionate, yet critical, memoir, marked by a very English reticence. Somehow we do not feel that the whole truth is being told about the elder Waugh, a minor English man of letters who, in the period of this memoir, was managing director of the English publishing firm of Chapman and Hall. Only when the author emerges from his minor public school and goes up to the high jinks of Oxford University in the early 1920s does the real biography begin.

A portrait emerges of a bookish boy, easily bored by people, content in solitude yet passionate in his friendships, fond of drink and elaborate jokes. At Oxford he discovered his education in his friends, not his books, in forming drinking clubs of obscure purpose and ridiculous title, in a life of youthful, reckless dissipation which led, inevitably, to a sense of failure and, at the conclusion of this volume, to a halfhearted attempt at suicide.

Somehow, one is reminded of the early years of another great English writer, Samuel Johnson. The hard drinking, the fits of melancholia, the male friendships, the aimless years of early manhood in which the future writer has not yet discovered his purpose in life and, drifting, procrastinating, moving from one dead end to the next, becomes the despair of his relatives—these are beginnings common not only to Waugh and Dr. Johnson, but, indeed, to many good writers. In retrospect, in Waugh's case, they seem to constitute an essential *education sentimentale* which provided him with the raw material and the detached outlook on life necessary for the composition of his early great comic novels.

There are flashes of his old manner. At Oxford, "So little did I follow the news that at the beginning of one term I blithely greeted a man in Balliol with what seemed a pleasantry: 'I suppose all your sisters were raped during the vac?' to which the sad and candid answer was simply: 'Yes.' For he came from Smyrna."

There are glimpses of some of the originals of his memorable early comic figures including a portrait of a fellow schoolmaster at a remote pri-



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(where there are
3,000 other languages)

do 300,000,000
people make love
and war,
and dream,
and utter their
first and last
words in English?

such great Americanisms as *okay*,
blue jeans, *jazz*, *Lookie Strookies*
and *Koka Kora*?

Why is English spreading with
such rapidity (and, ironically, by the Russians.)

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and radio-ese ("like a cigarette
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erson*

KNOPI



THE NEW BOOKS

vate school where the young Waugh served a term, having failed as an art student. This man was to become, in time, the disreputable schoolmaster, Captain Grimes, in Waugh's first novel, *Decline and Fall*, and here is presented as he really was in an hilarious anecdote of stunning indecency quite at variance with the elderly uncle tone of the autobiography.

This tone, which continues to the end of the volume, is astonishing when one recalls that the writer is the author of more than twenty books, seven of them, in this reader's opinion, comic masterpieces. For example: "John is a lifelong friend, loyal, hospitable and above all humorous; a mimic of genius. In 1932 the telephone rented an *actor*

form of communication and in John's custom to regale us with binary conversations on an imaginary instrument."

Finis. No description of these conversations, no illustration of Sutro's humor. The paragraph typical of this book which, in part, is devoted to similar catalogues of the virtues of the author's and future friends. It is said that great clowns, in their private lives are melancholic. Great satirists, in their serious moments, are dull. Yet one cannot dismiss a book of Waugh's stature. Perhaps, in future volumes, as he discovers his literary destiny, he will discover the reader the qualities which make him the finest English comic writer of our time.

An International Bouquet

by *Hermine I. Popper*

The English Garden, by Edward Hyams. Abrams, \$25.

Gardens of Italy, by Frances Margaret McGuire. Barrows, \$4.95.

A Gallery of Flowers, by Germain Bazin. Appleton-Century, \$8.95.

Men make their gardens in the images of their heavens; and heaven, so it appears, is not so much the perfection of earth as the opposite of hell. How else explain the great gardens of the apparently uninhibited and ebullient Italians—clipped and firm of outline, laced with statuary and artifice, and confined to a narrow chromatic scale? Or those of the apparently sober and convention-bound British—spacious, natural-seeming, colorful, uncabin'd, uncribb'd, and unconfined?

Actually, man makes gardens for more than one reason—to feed himself, to promote research, to press disorder back from his door. The attempt to create a heaven on earth is only the cream that rises to the surface where talent, leisure, and wealth are in flush supply. Yet even in frugal Britain the cream is abundant enough for a feast—as is sump-

tuously demonstrated by Edward Hyams in *The English Garden*. Here is a book in the grand manner—generously illustrated (188 plates, all, 17 in fine color), and provided with a full, well-articulated, and formative text. Mr. Hyams, a garden historian of considerable knowledge and firm tastes, and like Edwin Smith he has found a photographer who responds freely to romanticism at the heart of British landscape tradition. In any photographer who in that island waits invariably for the moment before snapping his shutter has already taken his stand against reality.

Mr. Hyams traces the history of the English garden from its beginnings in imitation of Roman models (for which Hampton Court stands as a prototype); through the development of a national style by the landscapers of Claude Lorraine Poussin (see Stourhead in Wiltshire), and the Paradise garden

Mrs. Popper is the editor of "A Book of Gardening" by V. Sackville-West, a selection for Americans.

THE WORLD OF BIRDS**by James Fisher
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dependent for its effects on imported exotics (see Tresco Abbey in the Scilly Isles); down to the twentieth-century garden that brings together all the best elements of the older traditions (see Bodnant in North Wales).

The author distinguishes skillfully among various styles, defining the British ideal (as opposed to the Continental) as "a natural paradise rather than a work of architecture without a roof," and exploring at length the striking and apparently spontaneous similarities between the British and the Chinese approach to nature. "Among Chinese gardeners," he writes, "that man was an artist and honoured as such who sought and found—not made but *found*—a stone having the power in its shape to affect the spirit like a work of art. In an important sense, English gardening is on the same principle."

His selection of Dartington Hall in Devon to point the way to the future of British gardening provokes speculation. This manor of the fourteenth century, reclaimed in the twentieth from a wilderness of brambles, is a rarely felicitous blend of the ancient and modern. On a high terrace at Dartington, overlooking the original jousting field, now restored, there reclines a monumental Henry Moore figure surveying eternity. This is no marble faun or nymph of the sort that trip forever like grace notes through the gardens of Britain and Western Europe. It is a serious work that emanates from the center of England's great sculptural renaissance. "I wanted the figure," Moore has written, "to have a quiet stillness and a sense of permanence as though it could stay there forever; to have strength and seriousness in its effect and yet be serene and happy and resolved, as though it had come to terms with the world, and could get over the largest cares and losses."

Perhaps here, in the works of Moore, Hepworth, Butler, Armitage, and the rest, with their intimate and profound relationship to both man and nature, lies the best source of inspiration for the future of British gardening, its new heavens on earth.

G*ardens of Italy*, though less imposing, provides an interesting companion piece to the British book. Mrs. McGuire, herself a garden de-

signer of no mean proficiency, lived in Rome for five years as the wife of the Australian Ambassador. At that time she did not spend in Rome the weedy terraces of Villa Valadier at the Australian Embassy, she had to have spent exploring other Italian gardens on the grand scale. *Gardens of Italy* is a description of some dozen of these, including among others the rarely seen papal gardens of the Quirinal in Rome and the Barberini at Castel Gandolfo. As familiar attractions as the Villa d'Este in Tivoli and the Boboli gardens in Florence; and one of the world's most remarkable gardens, the Villa Taranto, created by a Scotsman along the shores of Lake Maggiore.

Occasionally a rather breathless style invades the text, drawing attention irrelevantly away from the gardens to their possessors; and at times the material is so sketched as to be scarcely to warrant inclusion. At their best, Mrs. McGuire's observations are knowledgeable and penetrating, and illuminated at times with poetic perception. Take, for example, this description from a chapter on the Villa Barberini:

The mighty Domitian walls that remain are held by what seem first to be contorted bars of iron, are, indeed, the roots and branches of ilex trees, twisted and involved in some gigantic convulsion, looks as though it had happened in the agony of a moment but which in fact the slow growth of centuries . . . If Michelangelo had painted the Last Judgment in the form of trees instead of human figures, trees could have been his model.

The author has a sharp eye for those elements of balance, scale, and perspective which are at the heart of Italian garden design. In her descriptions there is almost invariably a pause for a backward glance along the principal axis, an exercise by definition would be impossible in a characteristic English garden. This aspect is further vividly documented in the eight pages of black and white illustrations.

Even in Italy, however, trees are a way of outgrowing the man designed for them, and cities are a burgeon where gardens once had the right of way. Fortunately, Mrs. McGuire enjoys the woman's pre-

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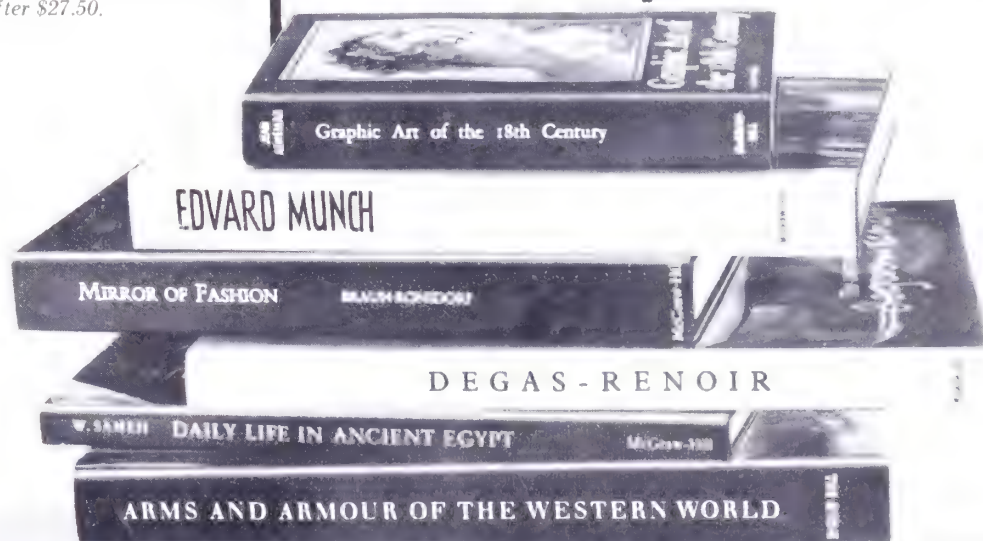
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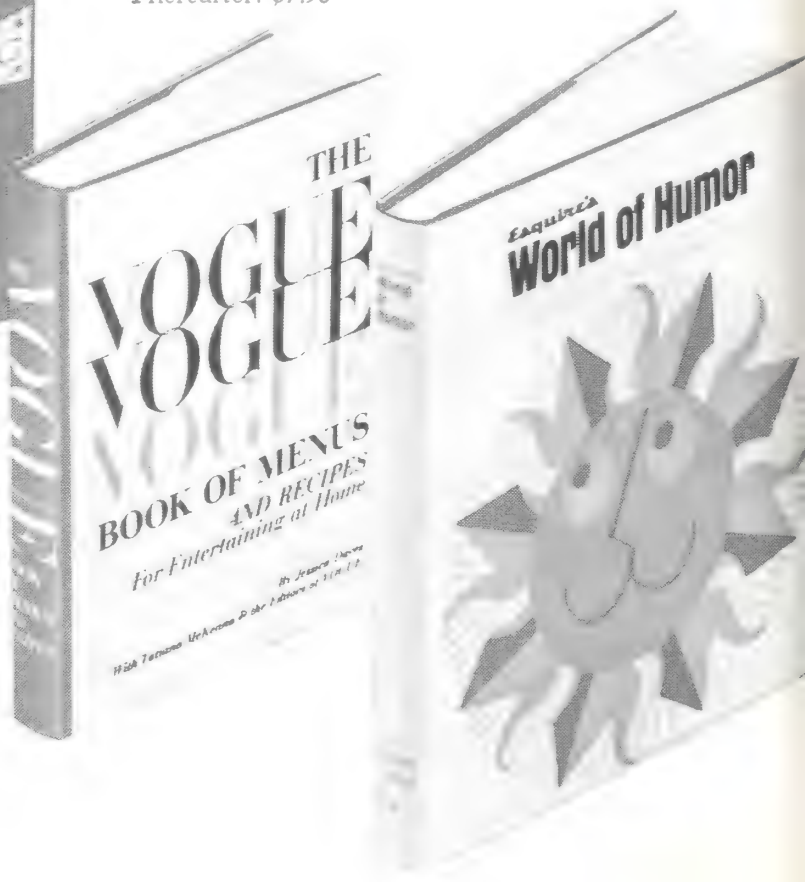
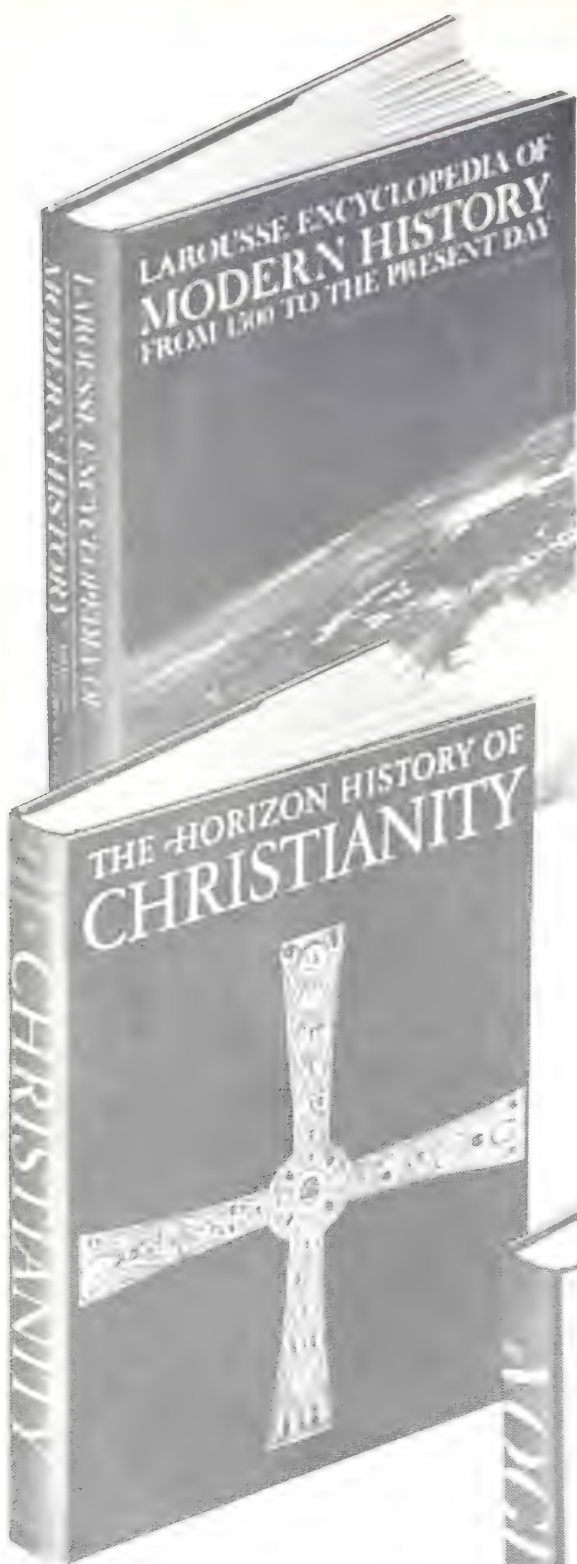
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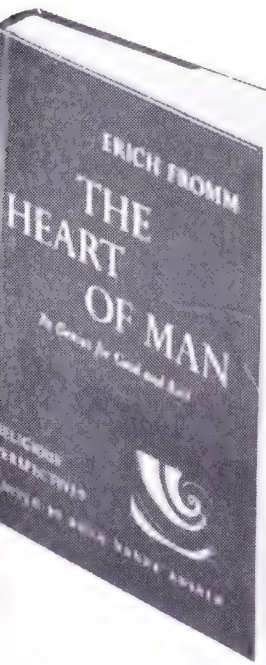
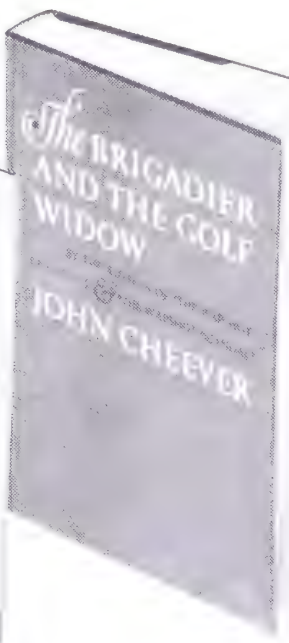
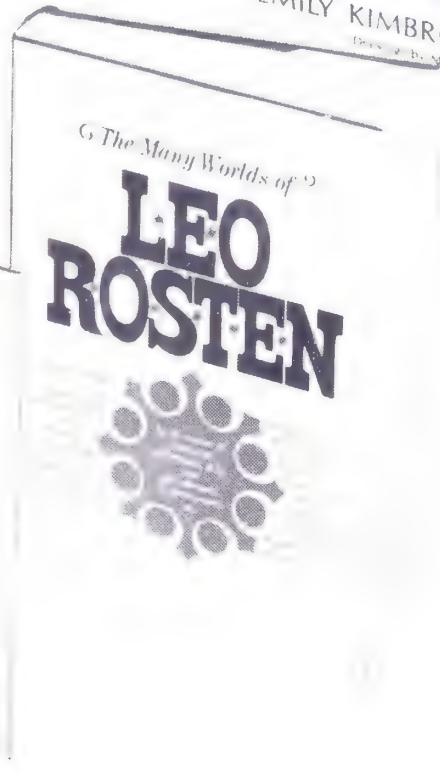
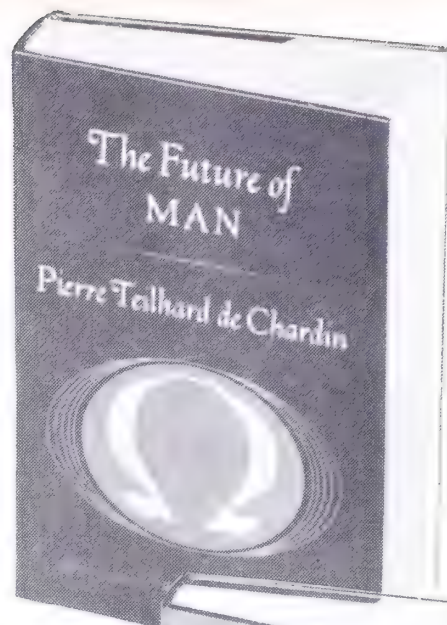
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THE NEW BOOKS

tive of looking behind their ferret out their surprises and secrets. As a result, some of the agreeable sections of her book devoted to such investigations—search for a lost garden in Val Pincio, the "hill of gardens" in Rome, for example; or a walk through that has bloomed since the days of Caesar and that still reveals the surviving survivals of many centuries—like Mrs. McGuire, you know what to look.

The principal pleasures of *Gallery of Flowers* are to be found in the 46 beautiful color pages producing garden and flower paintings of the Western World from the fourteenth century down to modern times. M. Bazin, chief curator of the Louvre, has accompanied his selections with a brief text designed "connect the history of flower painting with that of the flowers themselves." The result is a pastiche of facts and fables, comment and history, assembled in dry curatorial prose, as though the author were making notes for a catalogue.

If the reader is interested in mining nuggets of fact concerning both flower and art history, he will find a rewarding lode in the book. (He can learn, for example, that the ugees of the Renaissance carried not diamonds and paintings but flower bulbs as the currency of exile. And that the peony and the paeon of praise both owe their roots to Paeon, the doctor who used the roots of the flower to dress Paeon's wounds. And that Vincent Van Gogh was greatly influenced by the poetic talent of an obscure French provincial named Adolphe Monticelli, who, painting in the mid-nineteenth century, predicted the work of the Impressionists.)

Otherwise he would be well advised to relax and enjoy the artist's bounty of painted flowers and fruit and butterflies and small beasts in the field and shore. Monticelli's rediscovery in the 1950s was largely due to an exhibition mounted by M. Bazin at the Orangerie in Paris. One of the painters whose work, reproduced, gives a lift to the book, Albrecht Dürer appears unexpectedly as a brilliant botanical artist whose precise and elegant watercolor columbine complete and read

THE NEW BOOKS

ith its ball of sod. A sixteenth-century surrealist, Giuseppe Arcimboldo composes a witty portrait of fruits and vegetables. Jan van Eyck paints his ebullient arguments and ushers in the great flower painting in the seventeenth century, a part of the broader celebration of man's perceptions. Flower painting is sterile during the eighteenth century and takes on a new life with the Impressionists who, intoxicated with color and light, no longer reproduce so much as use it to make a characteristic comment on life. This is perhaps the chief message to be derived from M. Bazin's book—that men express their world in their gardens as well as their words, and often as eloquently as they do in their words.

Funny, Ha, Ha!

by Russell Lynes

The annual stack of what are usually classified as "cartoon books" is the two that comment most fully on our life and soft times: the best drawn and the worst. In Searle's *From Frozen North to Lusty Lucre* (Viking, \$6.95) is the work of a consummate draftsman with a remarkable visual imagination and a satirical line that draws blood and frequently (but not monotonously) does. Its antithesis is *Onion Soup and Other Stories* (Odyssey, \$2.95) by R. O. Rylan, the quality of whose drawings would do credit to a four-year-old.

Rylan's journey from Alaska to Alaska by way of British Columbia, Vancouver, Wall Street, the New York World's Fair, and Washington is an excursion that combines horrid and delicious fantasy in almost all parts without diluting either.

Russell Lynes, author of "The Tasteless" and "The Domesticated Americans," is also managing editor of *Harper's*.

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A HISTORY OF CANADA

VOLUME TWO

From the Royal Régime to
the Treaty of Utrecht,
1663-1713

by **Gustave Lanctot**

Dr. Lanctot, former Dominion Archivist and Professor Emeritus at the University of Ottawa, traces the explorations of LaSalle and d'Iberville and follows every aspect of Franco-Indian affairs in this balanced account of the half-century when New France was developing into an important and nearly self-sufficient colony.

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THE NEW BOOKS

His eye for the ridiculous and his irresistible delight in a gag (always visual, not verbal) are coupled with a sureness of observation that makes the bulls and bears of Wall Street and the fat cats of Miami more convincing than reality. Searle is a satirist, but he is also a humorist: he laughs not only at the human condition but with it, and so must anyone who looks at his drawings. He knows no peer in this world of sight-gags, satire, and insight except the master, Steinberg.

Blechman, on the other hand, is primarily a word-man who illuminates his underplayed satire with tiny, tremulous drawings. *Onion Soup and Other Fables* is sly and quiet and disturbing, a series of little moral tales, some of which are topical, others of which are comments not on our condition but our always reliable fallibility. "You can fool some of the people some of the time," says one moral, "but you can fool yourself all of the time."

Taken as a lot, this season's crop of cartoon books is uncommonly tiresome. Publishers have discovered that there is a waning market for the big, expensively produced books of drawings such as the new Searle volume. The only one of the well-known cartoonists besides Searle to have a book on this winter's list is Chas Addams. The clanking of Addams' chains has become as seasonal as sleigh bells. If you have seen the TV show that is based on the characters he invented and have not been so revolted that you can never look in Addams' direction again, you will find his *The Groaning Board* (Simon and Schuster, \$3.95) the standard Addams product with its reliable and perhaps soon to become tiresome quality of morbidity and expert drawing.

This seems to be a big year for cute kiddies and animals. The animals, by and large, are more attractive than the kiddies. There is a small volume called *Love Letters to the Beatles* (Putnam, \$2), to which Robert Osborn has unaccountably lent his expert illustration. There is another little volume with drawings by Tomi Ungerer—who produced a fascinating and vicious book of satirical drawings earlier this year called *The Under-*

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THE NEW BOOKS

Sketchbook (Viking, \$3.95) and **Dear NASA: Please Send Rocket** (Dutton, \$1.95). It is as a button and about as lively, has a solemn foreword by Dr. er Von Braun.

There is also a book of letters children to the Chief Executive, selected by Bill Adler and **Dear President Johnson** (Dutton, \$2). It is illustrated by Charles M. Schulz, the celebrated (rightly) creator of the "Peanuts" comic strip. Mr. Schulz's drawings are funnier than the letters, which I find deadening after a few of them. I recommend with a heavy heart the latest volume of Schulz's "Peanuts." It is called **As I Like It, Charlie Brown** (Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, \$1). Schulz's drawings of children are more real than human ones any day.

None, as you would suspect, has created a new animal with the wit and charm of Schulz's drawings, but there are two books of drawings that I heartily commend to all lovers and haters. The first is called **Top Dog** (Dutton, \$2.95) and is the work of Thelwell, a regular contributor to *Punch* and an expert draftsman of the old-fashioned nonsense-for-nonsense's-sake kind. **Top Dog**, subtitled "Complete Nonsense Compendium," is a manual of nine-cum-master absurdity, despair, and despair.

The other animal book is a best-seller of a sort and is called **The Zoo Animals: A Handbook of Mythological Beasts and Creatures** (Grossman, \$6). It is by Bernarda Bryson, who frequently draws for this magazine. Not only has she done the illustrations, which are watercolors and quote her line drawings in *Harper's*, but she has written the verses to go with each drawing. It is a delight to see a book that is so pretty, so lighthearted, so sophisticated, and so beautifully illustrated.

There have been far more abundant harvests of cartoon books than in years. Where is Osborn on his list? Where is François? Where are John and Ed Fisher and George Stevens? Where is Alan Dunn? Where is Stevenson? And where, oh where, is Steinberg?

(More New Books on page 144.)



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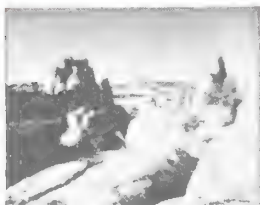


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Christianity's Search for a New Role

by Jaroslav Pelikan

Alienation: The Intellectual Climate of Our Times. Edited by Gerald Sykes. Braziller, 2 vols., \$15.
Crises in Morality. Edited by C. W. Seudder. Broadman Press, \$3.50.

Christian Morals Today, by John A. T. Robinson. Westminster Press, 65 cents.

A Time for Christian Candor, by James A. Pike. Harper & Row, \$3.50.

Varieties of Unbelief, by Martin E. Marty. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, \$5.

The Challenge to Change. The Church Confronts the Future, by Francois Houtart. Translated and edited by Mary Anne Chouteau. Sheed & Ward, \$4.50.

The Future of Man, by Pierre Teilhard de Chardin. Translated by Norman Denny. Harper & Row, \$5.

Theologians and churchmen, long regarded as incurably conservative and hopelessly out-of-date, are engaged today in a fundamental reappraisal of the Christian message and of its implications for the future of man. This reappraisal, of which all these books are evidence, leaves no issue of theology or ethics unaffected, ranging all the way from a critical look at the church's traditional condemnation of homosexuality to a study of what, if anything, the Last Judgment and the Second Coming may mean in the light of modern science. Inevitably the relation of the church to culture and the examination of issues that seem purely intramural affect each other. Thus the discovery of alienation by modern psychiatry is both a threat and a resource to the Christian understanding of man as a creature and a sinner. And a deeper sensitivity to the reasons for the modern rejections of Christian faith is accompanied by a more

sober confrontation of the great obstacles to such faith that have come from outmoded forms of religious thought and expression.

In the two-volume work entitled *Alienation*, the editor has collected an array of substantial essays from writers of the immediate recent past, but including Dostoevski and Proust. Every reader of these volumes will find passages that have been known before, but most readers will probably find at least some that are unfamiliar. Even the familiar materials, moreover, acquire a different quality in this anthology for they are related here to other stories on the same theme rather than to the other parts of the text in which they appeared originally. Their new setting makes some of these essays more interesting, but also, to me at least, more pressing. For example, John Agee's fine-grained "Let Us Praise Famous Men" seems stark and unrelieved when it is read between Stanley Kunitz and Henry Miller than it did when it was accompanied by photographs. If the purpose of the volumes is to illustrate and prove that alienation is indeed the "cultural climate of modern man," they seem to reach their point effectively, but also to labor it somewhat by the accumulation of rather more testimony than most readers will need.

An integral part of the cultural climate of modern man is certainly the decline of many old taboos and the emergence of a new morality-

Dr. Pelikan is Titus Street Professor of Ecclesiastical History at the University and author of "The Decline of Roman Catholicism" and "Dient Rebels."

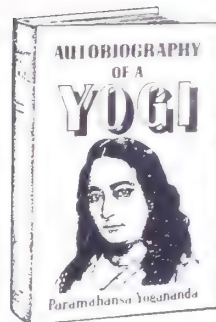
THE NEW BOOKS

of many calls for a new Both the symposium edited der and the lectures by Robinson examine the of this new morality. The m reviews current issues in of sexual morality, of "life h" (birth control, the right apital punishment), and of elations. It probes the pres- tion and suggests Christian ents of each issue. Bishop n, who is known for his onest to God, will be sure to even more controversy with n *Morals Today*, in which, eple, he demands an end to iveness of premarital sex and onest recognition of what is authentic in morality. It is entary on the state of Protes- ough in the United States Bishop Robinson's revisionism n area of Christian ethics will ay be denounced more fiercely ere his radical proposals in a of doctrine. Presumably the of the Trinity is negotiable, c stity is not.

tably and a little unfortun- James Pike's *A Time for in Candor* will be interpreted American version of *Honest d*—inevitably, because the of San Francisco has some ame passion for a revision of dition that has been voiced Bishop of Woolwich; unfor- y, because Bishop Pike's tone out is less strident and, it to me, more responsible. A or *Christian Candor* does not to be original or particularly a, but it is informed by some thinking and sound learning. d his chapter on "An Apologia rthen Vessels" a sophisticated h not a sophistic) defense of a traditional forms, but I was vanced and indeed disappointed attempt to criticize and re- the doctrine of the Trinity. e important than any of his e proposals, however, is his s-ess and integrity about impor- and delicate issues and his gness to take a fresh look at

have already suggested, the s of this readiness to revise onal patterns of Christian be- e to be found both within the

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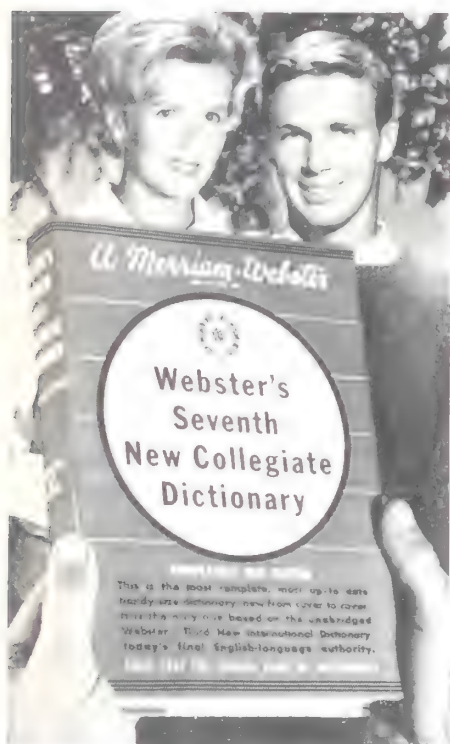
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churches and in the secular culture. Martin E. Marty's *Varieties of Unbelief* seeks to go beyond the superficial condemnation of "godlessness" that forms the prelude to so many reactionary proclamations by churchmen. With a neat *tu quoque* argument, Marty makes clear, as he has in earlier books, that much of what passes for Christianity is really unbelief by Christian standards, and that, on the other hand, Christian faith has much to learn from the serious modern unbeliever. The secular culture with which Houtart deals is also a vastly different one from the stereotypes in books on the strategy of the church in the world, and there are some interesting affinities between Houtart and Marty. What I found most gratifying in Houtart, however, was his interpretation of modern technology and, near the end of the book, his suggestions about the theological resources available for the task of addressing a technological culture. The *aggiornamento* or bringing-up-to-date to which Pope John gave his blessing is boldly and yet responsibly set forth in this new kind of Roman Catholic theology.

Even bolder and even newer is the *aggiornamento* of traditional Roman Catholic ideas in the thought of the Jesuit anthropologist and seer, the late Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, whose *Phenomenon of Man* and *The Divine Milieu* have shocked the traditionalists but intrigued the seekers to whom conventional piety and theology seem irrelevant. In *The Future of Man* he continues the work of correlating the evolutionary vision with the Christian hope. Individual paragraphs in the book are rhapsodic in their language and dazzling in their speculative range. This is, it seems to me, both the strength and the weakness of *The Future of Man*, as it was of the earlier volumes. Teilhard was a scientist who took great care in his research and who is therefore entitled to discuss larger meanings and ultimate issues, as a less disciplined thinker perhaps is not, but over and over his discussion bursts out in a dithyramb so extravagant as to defy all analysis. By this I do not mean to say that poetry is less legitimate than prose or that all rhetoric is

dishonest. The heart has its reason that the mind knows not of, the scientist would seem to have the duty of alerting his readers that he intends to shift into another realm of discourse.

Common to all these books is the recognition that the Christian church is living today in a world radically unlike the world to which it has been accustomed during most of its history. It is a world in which to use the current cliché, God is dead. The affirmations about the meaning of the world and the purpose of life which, in earlier centuries, Christianity shared with secular and even with anti-Christian thought can no longer be taken for granted, either in the world or even in the church. If Christianity is not to capitulate, it may choose to withdraw into isolation from the world, but this is slow and, religiously, a denial of the redeeming power of God. The alternative is to face the new world humbly and honestly and to seize it the new opportunities as well as the new challenges to which Christian faith and obedience must find a creative response.

For this truly is a new age in which every one of these books will agree despite their differences, that a more profound, if less sensational, symbol of the age is the death of Constantine. The conversion of the Roman Emperor to Christianity in the fourth century ushered in more than a millennium of "Christian culture," to which our modern culture owes a great deal and to which Christian nostalgia often turns. These books and the spirit for which they speak represent a break with that romantic nostalgia and a declaration of independence from Constantine. God did not die when Constantine died, just as Christ was not born when a Caesar adopted the way of the Cross. In the long run the church can only benefit from the death of Constantine and the birth of the new age—if it has the courage to challenge and the devotion to remain faithful, both at the same time. There is no guarantee that it will, but such books as these are a hopeful omen that it may and a convincing demonstration that it can.

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Forgotten Patients

by Marion K. Sanders

The Hospital, by Jan de Hartog.
Atheneum. \$5.95.

In 1959 novelist-playwright Jan de Hartog moved to Houston to teach drama at the university. Before long he was also immersed in the affairs of a very different institution—the Jefferson Davis Hospital, known locally as old JD. The result is this disturbing new book—a starkly documentary account of the author's experience working as a volunteer orderly in the JD emergency room.

Most of the book's action takes place here amid scenes of anguish, squalor, and neglect on the scale of Dante. But this is a strictly 1960 inferno, for JD is a teaching hospital staffed by skilled and dedicated doctors and nurses. They are trapped, however, by the JD smell, the JD runaround, and an appalling shortage of human hands to minister to the sick, the maimed, and the dying—most of whom happen to be Negroes. This is the story too of a running battle with mulish bureaucracy—city and county governments share responsibility for the hospital—and, finally, of some two hundred citizen volunteers who have now joined Mr. de Hartog to work in the wards and in the community, in an effort to stir the sluggish public conscience.

Mr. de Hartog is donating all the royalties of this book to the support of similar volunteer groups elsewhere. Apart from this laudable purpose, *The Hospital* should be read not merely to point the finger at Houston. There is probably not a city in the country that does not have an equivalent hidden away—a rotting jail, a slum, or a mental hospital that is a relic of the dark ages. For all their victims, Mr. de Hartog here bears witness.

Mrs. Sanders edited "The Crisis in American Medicine," published as a special supplement of *Harper's Magazine* in October 1960, and subsequently as a book by Harper & Row.



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THE DOCTRINAL INNOVATIONS that Mao professes to have made are carefully compared with the original statements of the three great theorists on such fundamentals as revolution, the dictatorship of the proletariat, transition to Communism, and contradictions in socialist society. Many of these innovations are shown to have been prompted by immediate political need rather than by philosophical conviction.

MAO AS GENIUS-PHILOSOPHER is, however, an image that the Chinese will continue to build for it is one that his successor will need to maintain authority and prestige in the world Communist movement.

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Recordings can give you an index to a singer's style—but they can fool you, too.

The lady it should be said is a young Italian lady named Mirella Freni, who recently seems to have taken Europe over. Freni has not yet sung in New York, though it is said that she has been engaged for the Metropolitan Opera next season. She has been described as a young Tebaldi—confident and sure-voiced, with a silver sheen and a perfect technique. And, they say, a pretty girl who knows how to act.

A preview of her singing and her interpretive style can be gathered from two recent operatic recordings—*La Bohème* (Angel 3643, mono; S 3643, stereo; both 2 discs), in which she of course sings the role of Mimì; and *Carmen* (Victor LD 6164, mono; LDS 6164, stereo; both 3 discs), in which she is heard as Micaela. Thomas Schippers and the chorus and orchestra of the Rome Opera officiate in the Puccini opera; Herbert von Karajan and the Vienna Philharmonic and Vienna State Opera Chorus in the Bizet.

One has learned to look with a certain amount of suspicion on records as an index to a singer. The engineers play too important a part, and if they want to they can make Lily Pons sound like Flagstad. Around 1946 or so, the aficionados went wild over the recordings of a certain Italian tenor. Such strength! Such power! On the basis of his records he was being compared to Pertile, to Lauri-Volpi—yes, to Caruso himself. Then he came over to sing at the Metropolitan. The man had style and a pretty voice—when one could hear it. And many

of us swore never again to let recordings fool us.

At least, though, records can give an index to a singer's style. Freni would appear to be a singing artist, with a firm vocal production, a voice of lovely timbre and (one guesses) good size. She does not merely project voice; she also projects character, and that is where the artistry comes in. In *La Bohème* the coloration of her voice in the last act is quite different than it is in the first. Indeed, Freni seems able to suggest character through voice alone, and not many singers are able to do that. Franco Corelli, for example, the Don José of the *Carmen* album, remains Corelli throughout, belting out the high notes and concerning himself very little with the subtleties of the role. Freni, in this opera, has relatively little to contribute in the way of characterization, for Micaela is one of the more negative roles in operatic history. But even at that she manages to make the girl unusually appealing.

The Big News

In the *Bohème* are Nicolai Gedda as Rodolfo, Mario Sereni as Marcello, and Mariella Adani as Musetta. All are good singers, but the surprise is Gedda. In the world of opera he is known as a reliable artist with a big repertory and a very good, even brilliant, top register, but somehow he has never been able to wow audiences. But, then again, on stage he never makes the full-throated, free-swinging impression he does in this recording. The engineers again? Schippers conducts well, though the second act could have stood a little less solemnity.

The big news about the *Carmen*

album is the presence of Leyla Price in the title role. Norma, great Carmens have been sopranos, though there have been exceptions. Farrar made a big thing of the role, and perhaps the most famous Carmen in history was Calvé. But unless a singer has immense chest tones, her Carmen is bound to sound pallid. Nobody is going to accuse Price's singing of pallidness. Her characterization may be a little studied and artificial, but she really sings the role. It may be forgotten that she has never sung it on any stage. When she achieves that firsthand identification, her singing will take on still another dimension at present lacking. Our age has not been notable for great Carmens and Price's is the most promising around. (Of course there is talk that Callas is going to do the role, and her recording may be available before these words are in print. Even if it is waiting, breathlessly.)

Karajan's conducting is full of original ideas (and at moments also is a bit sloppy). Often his interpretations are unorthodox, as in the *Tormentor Song*, taken at a slower tempo than usually heard. The effect is rather jaunty, and Robert Milder sings the famous aria very well (the aria that Bizet detested). All things considered, Karajan makes his presence felt, and the orchestra is for once not an accompanying instrument but the actual hero of the performance.

The considerable London catalogue of operas has been expanded to include two more of Rossini: *La Cenerentola* and *L'Italiana in Algeri*. In the former are Giulio Simionato in the title role, Igino Benelli, Paolo Montarsalo, Sesto Bruscantini, and others, with the chorus and orchestra of the Maggio Musicale conducted by Tullio Ferial (A 4376, mono; OSA 1376, stereo; both 3 discs). *L'Italiana* stars Teresa Berganza, Fernando Corena, Luigi Alva, and Rolando Panerai; and here, the Maggio Musicale is conducted by Silvio Varviso (A 4375, mono; OSA 1375, stereo; both 3 discs).

Both Simionato and Berganza are mezzo-sopranos. Rossini wrote many of his operas with mezzos or contraltos in mind. That includes *I Barbiéri di Siviglia*, though no

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SUPERSCOPE

The Tapeway to Stereo

Coming in Harper's in January—and soon after—*Sex and the Law*, in which Harriet F. Pilpel takes a thoughtful look at the tragic hypocrisy of legal intrusions into domestic morality . . . *Washington's Second Banana Politicians*, an inside report on the unsung heroes of Capitol Hill, by Larry L. King . . . *A View of Nehru from the Embassy*, by Catherine A. Galbraith . . . *Why and how St. Augustine, Florida, descended into an orgy of violence*, and remains



WIDE WORLD

exhausted, bitter, and anarchic, by Larry Goodwyn . . . David Ewing's analysis of *Russia's Envy of the American Managerial Mind* . . . Moreover: *Stalking the Muse on Publisher's Row*, by John Leggett, and *A Special Notebook for the Sophisticated Traveler* (please turn to the bill of fare on page 40).

MUSIC IN THE ROUND

often than not coloratura sopranos are heard as Rosina. In Rossini's day, all singers, basses and tenors and contraltos included, were expected to have spectacular coloratura techniques. It was also expected of them that they make the music more difficult by inserting cadenzas of their own devising. Each singer had a specialty. Some were trillers, and in their cadenzas they trilled away. Some could go way up, and their cadenzas were sung *in alt*. Some had florid scales. And so on. A few had everything.

Dependable but Tame

Today this singing has all but vanished, though Joan Sutherland has done a good deal to provide a one-woman revival. The point is that unless singers have this kind of florid, exhibitionistic technique, a good deal of the fun of bel canto operas is lost. In *L'Italiana*, for instance, Alva has a sweet voice, but it does not go up very high, and his coloratura work is so strained and forced as to make the listener uncomfortable. Corena, that old veteran, simplifies the coloratura of his part.

The only one who tries to rise to the vocal demands of the old tradition is Berganza, who does interpolate a few cadenzas, and who does have a clear, dependable technique, including some rather spectacular scale passages.

But the trouble with Berganza is that she is cold. She goes through virtuoso motions without ever creating real excitement. As a result her work is tame and the entire recording is tame. *La Cenerentola*, on the other hand, just bubbles over, as this enchanting opera should. Voice against voice, Berganza has it over Simionato, who no longer has the technical resource of yore. But artist against artist, there is no competition. Simionato has such style and spirit that she makes Cinderella come to life. The same applies to the other singers and the conductor, who seem to have a great time presenting *Cenerentola*. And if specialists point out that all the singers simplify their parts, the answer is that a clear line, well sung, is preferable to fireworks that do not come off.

JAZZ notes

by Eric Larrabee

Vari

Jazz has been noted from the start for its diversity, if only because so many disparate elements went into its make up. There was a Latin strain in the music even before Jelly Roll Morton, by his own account, invented it; and the number of Europeans capable of playing jazz is merely greater now that more of them have learned how.

What all the records listed below have in common is that you might expect to find them at the store in the bin labeled "jazz." They range from South American to Scandinavian, and from imitation Schoenberg to genuine Webern. All are not "jazzy," in any recognizable traditional sense, but all are in part of what "jazz" subsumes.

A Quartet is a . . . etc. is at least legitimate of the four, since it represents John Lewis' interest in other forms of music—in this case the Hungarian Gypsy Quartet playing a gypsy medley, and the Quartetto di Milano playing Weber's *Fünf Sätze*. The liner notes argue that all these relate to what the Modern Jazz Quartet does on the same disc are earnest but unconvincing. *Jazz Workshop* is the outcome of something called the "Rust Festspiele," and includes nationalities as varied as Arne Domner Sweden, Friedrich Gulda's Austria, Herb Geller's U.S.A., and Ton Thielemans' Belgium.

Georg Riedel is Czech by birth, Swedish by upbringing, and his is the Schoenberg imitation, plus without electronic effects based on children's voices singing nonsense phrases. *Gilberto & Jobim* are João Gilberto and Antonio Carlos Jobim and this is a reissue of the recording that started bossa nova, or jazz-samba—still a remarkably inviting blend of Brazilian and bluesy.

But it's a long way from Bas Street.

A Quartet is a Quartet is a Quartet. Atlantic 1420. *Jazz Workshop*. Odeon 83 342. *The Georg Riedel Jazz Ballet*. Philips PH 600-140. *Gilberto & Jobim*. Capitol ST 2160.

Harper's Student Study Guide

*Prepared each month by Dr. Leo Hamalian
and Dr. Edmond L. Volpe of the English
Department of the City College of New York*

- I. Harvard's Bruner and His Yeasty Ideas *by Andrew T. Weil*
- I. Behold the Grass-roots Press, Alas! *by Ben H. Bagdikian*
- I. A Christmas Dinner *a story by Noel Mostert*

I. Harvard's Bruner and His Yeasty Ideas

by Andrew T. Weil

TEST YOUR RETENTION AND COMPREHENSION

In the spaces provided, answer the following questions:

1. What characteristics does Mr. Weil emphasize in his portrait of Professor Bruner?
2. What is Mr. Weil's attitude toward Bruner and his theories?
3. What, according to Weil, are the three major points in Bruner's *The Process of Education*?

4. What is meant by cognitive psychology?

5. What did Bruner's experiment with unfocused pictures demonstrate?

6. Describe the experiment used to illustrate the effect that the availability of words has upon human perception.

7. What are the three modes that the human being, as he matures, successfully uses in representing the world to himself?

8. What is Professor Bruner's attitude toward the American academic community?

9. Who is Jean Piaget?

10. Why is *The Process of Education* sometimes called "The Gospel According to St. Jerome"?

QUESTIONS TO CONSIDER BEFORE GOING TO CLASS

1. As a young man, Jerome Bruner decided that people often disagreed because they had different ideas of reality. What is meant by the phrase "idea of reality"? Would the conflict between the Western democracies and the Communist countries be an example of differing ideas of reality? Choose from your own experience several incidents that could serve to prove Professor Bruner's point.

2. One of Bruner's basic ideas is that "a man's values and needs strongly determine his perceptions." Does your own experience support this contention? Does it serve to explain why several witnesses to the same accident frequently offer conflicting reports? Devise an experiment that would prove or disprove Bruner's idea.

3. In his experiment with recurring color patterns, Dr. Bruner illustrated his theory that man's perceptions are greatly influenced by the words available to him. From your own experiences in growing up and being educated, illustrate the way new words made you aware of things about yourself and your world that you did not perceive before. When you learned about trees, for instance, did the word *deciduous* increase your perceptiveness?

4. Bruner contends that an attitude of "I believe what I see" is the "royal road to stupidity." If the human being's sole means of perceiving the world about him are his five senses. If the senses cannot be trusted, how can we ever determine what is real and what is not?

5. Professor Bruner believes that "the factors determining perception give each person a coherent view of the universe." A person's political ideology, for example, will lead him to view world events according to his preestablished ideas: Americans view the presence of U.S. troops in Vietnam as defensive; the Communists declare the presence of troops a proof of aggression. Do our moral values determine our perception of other people's actions?

6. If the human being's perception of the world around him depends to a great extent upon his personal values and needs, what should be the aim of the educational process: to provide young people with a healthy and acceptable framework of values and ideas into which they can fit their experiences, or to train them to be observers who are constantly aware of the limitations of perception?

IMPROVE YOUR WORD POWER

The importance of words, of an extensive vocabulary, is dramatically illustrated by Professor Bruner's experiment with color patterns. Words are symbols, and intelligence "depends largely on how well a person learns to use [the] symbolic representation of experience." The purpose of formal education is to make you aware of yourself and the world about you. A psychologist, for example, conducts experiments that reveal something about the way human beings act or react. He communicates the results of his experiments by means of words. His words make you aware of something that you had not realized before. Each word that you add to your vocabulary expands your awareness and your ability to deal with that awareness. *In the space below, list five words which you learned in your studies this semester and which increased your knowledge.*

Aside from words which add to our knowledge and permit us to identify that knowledge when we communicate, there are words which permit us to express subtle observations. Mr. Weil, for instance, describes Professor Bruner as filling an "ill-defined but prestigious role as Harvard elder statesman." The word *prestigious* effectively communicates an image of Bruner's position in the academic community. *In the spaces provided, explain the effects Mr. Weil achieves by using the underlined words.*

1. A roguish good humor accompanies all this energy.
2. The most casual remark sets him off on a train of observations, and his catholicity continually astounds those around him.
3. He took enormous pleasure in parrying witticisms with the *Crimson's* best talkers.
4. Much of the time he simply elucidates the obvious, and his audience never seems to notice.
5. The factors determining perception give each person a coherent view of the universe.
6. Cognitive psychology deals with man's ability to build conceptual models of his world.
7. In those days, psychologists merely dabbled in linguistic studies.
8. Charles E. Silberman described Bruner as a "synthesizer and scholar who cares about the meaning of his work."
9. About American professors, Bruner says, "We're all becoming big, fat entrepreneurs."
10. The biologist sneers at the physician, and the theoretical physicist patronizes the engineer.

II. Behold the Grass-roots Press, Alas!

by Ben H. Bagdikian

TEST YOUR RETENTION AND COMPREHENSION

Answer True or False in the spaces provided.

1. Newspapermen call a canned editorial a mat. - ____ -
2. No more than 30 per cent of the American population is rural. _____
3. The author believes that the smaller the newspaper, the greater its relative influence in national politics. _____
4. The U. S. Press Association, Inc. writes all the editorials it sends to newspapers. .
5. To receive editorials from U. S. Press Association, small newspapers pay only \$175 a year.

In the space below, write a one-hundred word summary of Mr. Bagdikian's article.

QUESTIONS TO CONSIDER BEFORE GOING TO CLASS

1. Do you make a habit of reading the editorials in your local newspaper? Do your parents? What attraction do editorials have for newspaper readers? Do readers want someone else to form their opinions for them? Do they seek corroboration of their opinions? Or do they use editorials to test the validity of their own views?

2. Mr. Bagdikian declares that many of the editorials sent out by U. S. Press Association are disguised advertisements. He does not indicate that the readers of these editorials objected to them. Does such indifference indicate that the American public has become so accustomed to advertising that it accepts it in any form? What would your reaction be if you read an editorial in the *New York Times* advocating the use of Brand X Plastic reflecting tape on automobile bumpers?

3. The author states that many people defend rural life because rural people place a high value on individualism and independence. Is this concept of individualism in rural America a myth? Do you think it easier to be an individualist in a small town than in a large city?

4. Precisely what do you mean by individualism? Does an individualist have to have opinion different from those of the majority of his fellow citizens? Can you tell an individualist who you see one?

5. If, after reading this article, you decide that organizations which send out canned editorials are pernicious businesses, would you advocate national legislation limiting their freedom and commercial activities, or do you believe that the American concept of freedom prohibits legislative interference in business affairs?

6. The author speaks of the "unperishing myth of American journalism": the ideal of the small-town newspaper as the grass-roots opinion-maker of the nation. Such myths reveal a great deal about the values of a nation. What other American myths reveal the American ideal of individualism and democracy?

GRAMMAR: USING THE SEMICOLON

A sentence expresses a complete thought. When a thought is complicated, we frequently express it in a series of independent clauses. Such clauses may be coordinated (connected by *and*, *but*, *for*, *nor*, *yet*), or their relationship may be indicated by a semicolon. For example, Bagdikian writes:

Let the record show . . . that this writer knows such men exist; some of his best friends are creative and courageous small-town editors.

The idea expressed in the second clause of the sentence is very closely related to the idea in the first clause. Bagdikian could have placed a period after *exist*, but by using the semicolon he indicates to his reader that the two clauses are units of one thought.

Exercise:

In the spaces provided, write a sentence about each of the following topics. Use a semicolon in each sentence.

1. American myths

2. canned editorials

3. individualism

4. the local newspaper

5. rural life

III. A Christmas Dinner

a story by Noel Mostert

RHETORIC: FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE

We noted the importance of individual words in communicating observations in the exercises related to Weil's essay. The imaginative writer, who attempts to communicate not only ideas but feelings and moods, often resorts to word clusters that create images for the reader. Such clusters, called figures of speech, are effective means of communication and can also add vividness and expressiveness to your writing. The two most frequently used figures of speech are the *simile* and the *metaphor*.

The *simile* is a direct comparison of two things of different classes. To describe the principal of the reformatory, Noel Mostert writes: "his eyes were sharp and flat as a detective's and he looked with the same sinister matter-of-factness." In this comparison, the writer is using a generally shared image of the detective to describe the principal and at the same time to convey the way the young boy sees him.

The *metaphor* is an implied comparison. Lyle overhears his aunt tell a visitor that she had not intended to ask him for Christmas dinner, and that the principal of the reformatory had called and requested that she invite her nephew. Lyle's reaction is described with an implied comparison: "He felt a taste of sickness in his mouth."

In recent years, the importance of imagery in fiction and drama has been emphasized by many studies which discover the significance of literary works by examining their images. A similar examination of some of the images used by Noel Mostert can serve to interpret the story and also to reveal the effectiveness of imagery in creating mood and conveying feelings.

Exercises:

Reread the story and then, in the spaces provided, explain how the following images contribute to it. Identify each of the images as a simile or a metaphor.

1. "The bus was as empty as the road it traveled but there were colored-paper decorations inside to also remind him that it was Christmas."

2. In describing the children entering the living room, the author writes: "An army of small masters, they advanced upon the lounge to exercise their prerogatives."

3. "Another round of gift-giving began for the children, who went forward like victors and returned with expressions of vanity and smug triumph to parental fuss."

4. "He felt only a great sense of absence, himself from somewhere: the only man outside the caves, beyond the feast."

5. "Corks popped and each bottle apparently contained a gust of imprisoned laughter that burst into the room, foamed joyously around the walls, and then was reflectively amber."

Continue the analysis of the story by examining as many images as you can find. Underline the images and incidents.

A fiction writer uses not only images, but descriptions and incidents to create mood and feeling.

1. Why does Mostert describe the profusion of Christmas goodies in Lyle's aunt's house so

2. Why does the author provide a good description of Mr. Hendriks, the principal of the reformatory, and of the sailor whom Lyle feels, but avoid giving descriptions of Lyle's aunt and

3. What incidents in the early scenes of the story convey Lyle's feeling of being an outsider?

4. How does the author use the incident of the sailor's drinking cup to

6. How is Lyle's story made to reflect the racial problem in South Africa?

8. Do the brief references to Lyle's childhood experiences provide sufficient explanation of the

